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McClure's Magazine

ILLUSTRATED
PUBLISHED MONTHLY

Volume XX
November 1902 to April 1903

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Pears' Soap

Goes farther than any other but if you go farther you'll fare worse.

OCT 31 1902

Drawn by J. N. Marchand

OIL TRANSPORTATION IN THE EARLY DAYS

(See "The History of the Standard Oil Company," page 7)

McClure's Magazine

VOL. XX NOVEMBER, 1902 NO. 1

THE HISTORY OF THE STANDARD OIL COMPANY

BY IDA M. TARBELL

Author of "The Life of Lincoln"

CHAPTER I—THE BIRTH OF AN INDUSTRY

ONE of the busiest corners of the globe at the opening of the year 1872 was a strip of Northwestern Pennsylvania, not over fifty miles long, known the world over as the Oil Regions. Twelve years before, this strip of land had been but little better than a wilderness its only inhabitants the lumbermen, who every season cut great swaths of primeval pine and hemlock from its hills, and in the spring floated them down the Allegheny River to Pittsburg. The great tides of Western emigration had shunned the spot for years as too rugged and unfriendly for settlement, and yet in twelve years this region avoided by men had been transformed into a bustling trade center, where towns elbowed each other for place, into which the three great trunk railroads had built branches, and every foot of whose soil was fought for by capitalists. It was the discovery and development of a new raw product, petroleum, which had made this change from wilderness to market-place. This product in twelve years had not only peopled a waste place of the earth, it had revolutionized the world's methods of illumination and added millions upon millions of dollars to the wealth of the United States.

GEORGE H. BISSELL

The man to whom more than any other is due the credit of what is called the "discovery" of oil; for it was he who first took steps to find its value and to organize a company to produce it. It was he, too, who suggested the means of getting oil which proved practical. After the oil company which he organized obtained oil in the Drake well, he aided in establishing the needed industries and institutions in the new country.

Petroleum as a curiosity was no new thing. For more than two hundred years it had been described in the journals of Western explorers. For decades it had been dipped up from the surface of springs, soaked up by blankets from running streams, found in quantities when salt wells were bored, bottled and sold as a cure-all—"Seneca Oil" or "Rock Oil," it was called. One man had even distilled it in a crude way, and sold it as an illuminant. Scientists had described it, and travelers from the West often carried bottles to their scientific friends in the East. It was such a bottleful, brought as a gift

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Fac-simile of a label used by S. M. Kier in advertising Rock Oil obtained in drilling salt wells near Tarentum, Pennsylvania. Mr. Kier first "struck oil" in 1847. He tried refining it for a luminant, but with no success. Later he bottled his oil and sold it as a cure-all. It was his label which first suggested to George H. Bissell the possibility of obtaining petroleum from artesian wells.

to the professor of chemistry of Dartmouth College, in 1854, that at last found a man willing to take it seriously. This man was George H. Bissell, a graduate of Dartmouth, who, worn out by an experience of ten years in the South as a journalist and teacher, had come North for a change. At his old college the latest curiosity of the laboratory was shown him — the bottle of rock oil, — and the professor contended that it was as good as, or better than, coal for making illuminating oil. Hundreds of others had seen bottles of rock oil and

THE DRAKE WELL IN 1859—THE FIRST OIL WELL

The entire plant of the Drake well consisted of a derrick boarded in (a practice of the very early days of the industry), the engine house, boarding house for the "hands," and a small saw mill. Oil was struck August 27th, 1859, and that year the well produced 1,500 barrels, a portion of which was sold at 65 cents a gallon. The well produced for over two years from the first sand. Later it was deepened to 500 feet. After the well gave out the machinery was carried off piece meal as souvenirs. Louis Emery, Jr., of Bradford, has the drilling tools in his private collection. The engine house and derrick were exhibited at Philadelphia at the Exposition of 1876, and later sold as rubbish. The site of the Drake well is unmarked to-day.

heard its value speculated about, but Bissell was the first man to take means to find out what it was worth.

He began in a practical way. He formed a company —the Pennsylvania Rock Oil Company—the first in the United States, and leased the land on which the principal oil springs were known to be. Then he sent a quantity of the oil to Professor Silliman of Yale College, and paid him for analyzing it. The professor's report was published, and received general attention. From the rock oil might be made as good an illuminant as any the world knew. It also yielded gas, paraffine, and lubricating oil. "In short," Professor Silliman declared, "your company have in their possession a raw material from which by simple, and not expensive process they may manufacture very valuable products. It is worthy of note that my experiments prove that nearly the *whole* of the raw product may be manufactured without waste, and this solely by a well-directed process which is in practice in one of the most simple of all chemical processes."

This was well; but so far not enough of the oil had been obtained to manufacture anything in quantities. Mr. Bissell was not sanguine, but he was thinking. One day, walking down Broadway, he halted to rest in the shade of an awning before a drug store. In the window he saw on a bottle a curious label. "Kier's Petroleum, or Rock Oil," it read. "Celebrated for its wonderful curative powers. A Natural Remedy; Produced from a well in Allegheny Co., Pa., four hundred feet below the earth's surface," etc. On the label was the picture of an artesian well. It was from this well that Mr. Kier got his "Natural Remedy." Hundreds of men had seen the label before, but this was the first to look at it with a "seeing eye." As quickly as the bottle of rock oil in the Dartmouth laboratory had awakened in Mr. Bissell's mind the determination to find out the real value of the strange substance, the label gave him the solution of the problem of getting oil in quantities—it was to bore down into the earth where it was stored, and pump it up.

E. L. DRAKE

"Col" Drake, as he was called in the Oil Regions, was born in Vermont in 1819. He never had a settled occupation, but served in different parts of the country as a clerk, express agent, or railway conductor. In 1854 he fell in with one of the stockholders of the Pennsylvania Rock Oil Company, and was persuaded to put $200 into the concern. When it was decided to put down an artesian well for oil, Drake was sent by the company to conduct the operations. His final success made him an important person in the Oil Regions, but he never availed himself fully of the opportunities which were open to him, and in 1863 left the region. He took with him about $16,000, which he promptly dropped in Wall Street. Soon after his health broke down completely, and he and his family were without the necessities of life. When this became known in the Oil Regions a sum was raised to aid him, and in 1873 the Legislature of Pennsylvania granted him an annuity of $1,500. Drake died in 1881 in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. In 1901 a handsome monument to Drake was unveiled at Titusville, Pennsylvania, and in the present year his remains were removed to that town.

Drake Strikes Oil

The company accepted the idea, and in the spring of 1858 sent a small stockholder, E. L. Drake, to sink an artesian well for oil. Drake had had no experience to fit him for his task. A man forty years of age, he had spent his life as a clerk, an express agent, and a railway conductor. His only qualifications were a dash of pioneer blood and a great persistency in undertakings which interested him. The spot to which he was sent was Titusville, a lumberman's hamlet on Oil Creek, seventeen miles from where that stream joins the Allegheny River. Its chief connection with the outside world was by stage to Erie, forty miles away. This remoteness from civilization, Drake's own ignorance of artesian wells, and the general skepticism of the community concerning the enterprise, caused great difficulty and long delays. It was months before Drake succeeded in getting together the tools, engine, and rigging necessary to bore his well, and before he could get a driller who knew how to manipulate them winter had come, and he had to suspend operations. People called him crazy for sticking to the enterprise, but it had no effect on him. As soon as spring opened he borrowed a horse and wagon and drove a hundred miles to find a driller. He brought back a man, and after a few more months of experiments and accidents the drill was started. On August 29th, Titusville was electrified by the news that Drake's Folly, as many of the onlookers had come to consider it, had justified itself. The well was full of oil. The next day a pump was started, and twenty-five barrels of oil were gathered.

There was no doubt of the meaning of the Drake well in the minds of the people of the vicinity. They had long ago accepted all Professor Silliman had said of the possibilities of petroleum, and now that they knew how it could be obtained in quantity, the whole countryside rushed out to obtain leases.

On every rocky farm, in every poor settlement of the region, was some man whose ear was attuned to Fortune's call, and who had the daring and the energy to risk everything he possessed in an oil lease. It was well that he acted at once; for, as the news of the discovery of oil reached the open, the farms and towns of Ohio, New York, and Pennsylvania poured out a stream of ambitious and vigorous youths, eager to seize what might be there for them, while from the East came men with money and business experience, who formed great stock companies, took up lands in parcels of thousands of acres, and put down wells along every rocky run and creek, as well as over the steep hills. In answer to their drill, oil poured forth in floods. In many places pumping was out of the question; the wells flowed: 2,000, 3,000, 4,000 barrels a day; such quantities of it that at the close of 1861, oil which in January of 1860 was twenty dollars a barrel had fallen to ten cents.

JONATHAN WATSON

The third well put down in the Oil Regions was drilled by Jonathan Watson, a lumberman and merchant of Titusville. Mr. Watson long had had faith in petroleum if it could be found in quantities, and as soon as he heard of the Drake well he mounted his horse, and, riding down the valley of Oil Creek, spent the day in leasing farms. His first well started off in March at sixty gallons a minute, and oil was selling at sixty cents a gallon. In two years the farm where this third well was struck had produced 165,000 barrels of oil. Mr. Watson, who was one of the most daring of the oil pioneers, became one of the richest men of the regions, but late in life he lost his fortune by bad investments, and in 1893 he died a poor man.

Here was the oil and in unheard-of quantities, and with it came all the swarm of problems which a discovery brings. The methods Drake had used were crude and must be improved. The processes of refining were those of the laboratory and must be developed. Communication with the outside world must be secured. Markets must be built up; indeed, a whole new commercial machine had to be created to meet the discovery. These problems were not realized before the region teemed with men to wrestle with them—men "alive to the instant need of things." They had to begin with so simple and elementary a matter as devising something to hold the oil. There

not barrels enough to be
ht in America, although tur-
ne barrels, molasses barrels,
ry barrels—every sort of barrel
ask—were added to new ones
especially for oil. Reservoirs
rated in the earth and faced
logs and cement, and box-like
tures of planks or logs were
at first but were not satisfac-
A young Iowa school teacher
farmer, visiting at his home
ie County, went to the region.
diately he saw his chance. It
to invent a receptacle which
l hold oil in quantities. Cer-
arge producers listened to his
ne and furnished money to
a trial tank. It was a success,
efore many months the school
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of lumber, employing scores of
and working them and him-
lay and night. For nearly ten
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s to tank.

SAMUEL VAN SYCKEL

The first successful pipe line in the Oil Regions was constructed by Mr. Van Syckel in 1865. It was four miles long, and consisted of two 2-inch pipes laid side by side. Van Syckel put $100,000 into his pipe line, but through bad business management lost his money. He then went to refining oil. Here his great inventive faculty had ample opportunity, and he introduced various valuable methods and devices. Others reaped the benefit, for, again, Van Syckel became involved, and was obliged to sell his refining interest. He patented a continuous process of refining oil which he and many others believed of great value. He made an agreement with the Acme Oil Company of Titusville—a Standard Oil Company concern—to build a plant to manufacture by this method. This was never done. Van Syckel in 1888 sued the Acme Oil Company for breach of contract. The case was decided in his favor, and six cents damages were allowed. Van Syckel died in 1894, aged 83 years.

Problem in Transportation

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nsportation. There was one
way leading out—Oil Creek,
ad been called for more than a
ed years,—an uncertain stream
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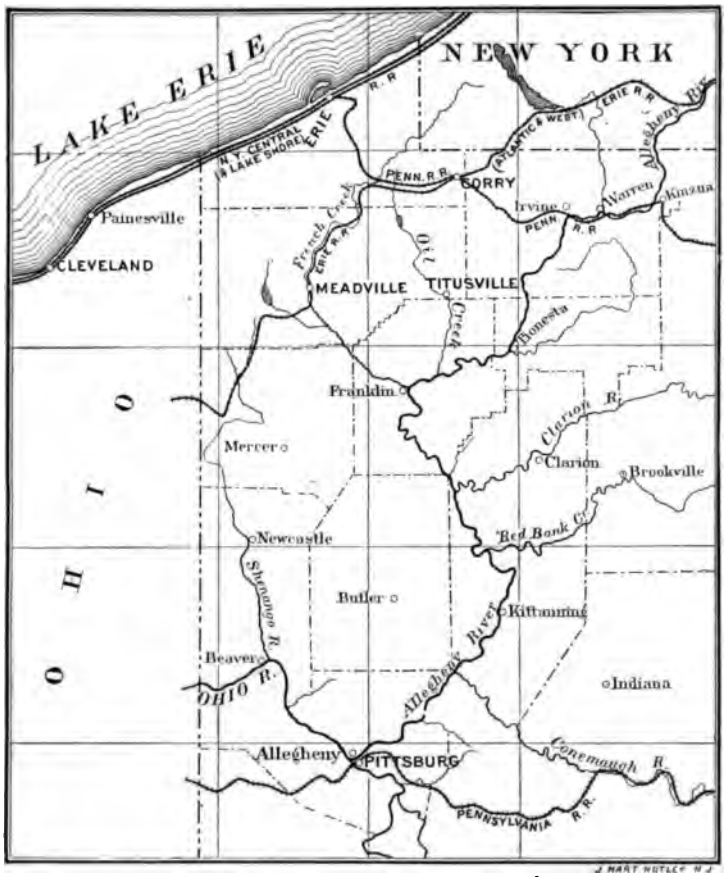
in which the oil was found
uniting with the Allegheny
, at what is now known as Oil
From this junction it was 132
to Pittsburg and a railroad.
es this waterway were rough country
leading to the railroads; at Union
Corry, Erie, and Meadville. There was
ne way to get the oil to the bank of Oil
or to the railroads, and that was by put-
t in barrels and hauling it. Teamsters
ped for this service seemed to fall from
y. The farms for a hundred miles around
up their boys and horses and wagons
ply the need. It paid. There were times
three and even four dollars a barrel
paid for hauling five or ten miles.

It was not too much for the work. The best roads over which they traveled were narrow, rough, unmade highways, mere openings to the outer world, while the roads to the wells they had to break themselves, across fields and through forests. These roads were made almost impassable by the great number of heavily freighted wagons traveling over them. From the big wells a constant procession of teams ran, and it was no uncommon thing for a visitor to the Oil Regions to meet oil caravans of a hundred or more wagons. Often these cara-



MAP OF NORTHWESTERN PENNSYLVANIA, SHOWING THE RELATION OF THE OIL REGIONS TO THE RAILROADS IN 1859, WHEN OIL WAS "DISCOVERED"

vans were held up for hours by a dangerous mud hole into which a wheel had sunk or a horse fallen. If there was a possible way to be made around the obstruction it was taken, even if it led through a farmer's field. Indeed, a sort of guerilla warfare went on constantly between the farmers and the teamsters. Often the roads became impassable, so that new ones had to be broken, and not even a shot-gun could keep the driver from going where the passage was least difficult. The teamster, in fact, carried a weapon which few farmers were brave enough to face—his terrible "black-snake," as his long, heavy black whip was called. The man who had once felt the cruel lash of a black-snake around his legs did not often oppose the owner.

With the wages paid him the teamster could easily become a kind of plutocrat. One early producer tells of having a teamster in his employ who for nine weeks drew only enough of his earnings to feed himself and horses. He slept in his wagon and tethered the team. At the end of the time he "thought he'd go home for a clean shirt" and asked for a settlement. It was found that he had $1,900 to his credit. The story is a fair illustration both of the habits and the earnings of the Oil Creek teamsters. Indispensable to the business, they became the tyrants of the region—working and brawling as suited them, a class not unlike the flat-boatmen who once gave color to life on the Mississippi, or the cowboys who make the plains picturesque to-day. Bad as their reputation was, many a man found in their ranks the start which led later to wealth and influence in the oil business.

In the problem of transportation the most important element after the team was Oil Creek and the flat-boat. A more uncertain stream never ran in a bed. In the summer it was low, in the winter frozen; now it was gorged with ice, now running mad over the flats. The best service was gotten out of it in time of low water through artificial freshets. Mill dams, controlled by private parties, were frequent along the creek and its tributaries. By arrangement these dams were cut on a certain day or days of the week—usually Friday, and on the flood or freshet the flat-boats loaded with barrels of oil were floated down stream. The freshet was always exciting and perilous, and frequently disastrous. From the points where they were tied up, the boatmen watched the coming flood and cut themselves loose the moment after its head had passed them. As one fleet after another swung into the roaring flood the danger of collision and jams increased. Rare indeed was the freshet which did not leave a few wrecks somewhere along the creek, often scores, piled high on the bank—a hopeless jam of broken boats and barrels, the whole soaked in petro-

leum and reeking with gas. If the boats rode safely through to the Allegheny River, there was little further danger.

The Allegheny River traffic grew to great proportions—fully 1,000 boats and some thirty steamers were in the fleet, and at least 4,000 men. This traffic was developed by men who saw here their opportunity of fortune, as others had seen it in drilling and teaming. The foremost of these men was an Ohio River captain, driven northward by the war, one J. J. Vandergrift. Captain Vandergrift had run the full gamut of river experiences from cabin-boy to owner and commander of his own steamers. The war stopped his Mississippi River trade. Fitting up one of his steamers as a gunboat, he turned it over to Commodore Foote and looked for a new stream to navigate. From the Oil Region at that moment the loudest cry was for barrels. He towed 4,000 empty casks up the river, saw at once the need of some kind of bulk transportation, took his hint from a bulk-boat which an ingenious experimenter was trying, ordered a dozen of them built, towed his fleet to the creek, bought oil to fill them, and then returned to Pittsburg to sell his cargo. On one trip alone he made $70,000.

WESLEY CHAMBERS

One of the shrewdest, kindest, oddest men the Oil Regions ever knew was Wesley Chambers. He had found his way to the creek in 1861, after eight years of unsuccessful gold-hunting in California. When he saw the lack of teams and boats, he set about organizing a service for transporting oil to Pittsburg. In a short time he was buying horses for himself and building boats. He saw, a few years later, that the teamster and the boat were to be replaced by the pipe-line and the railroad, and forestalled the change by becoming a producer. Mr. Chambers was not only a bold and successful operator, he was an active and intelligent force in all efforts to improve the social conditions of the towns of the Oil Regions.

But the railroad soon pressed the river hard. At the time of the discovery of oil, three trunk lines—the Pennsylvania, the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern (connecting with the Central), and the Atlantic and Great Western (connecting with the Erie)—were within teaming distance of the region. The points at which the Pennsylvania road was reached were Erie, forty-four miles from Titusville, Union City, twenty-two miles, and Corry, twenty-six miles. The Lake Shore was reached at Erie. The Atlantic and Great Western was reached at Meadville, Union City, and Corry, and the distances were twenty-eight, twenty-two, and twenty-six miles, respectively. Erie was the favorite point at first, as the roads in that direction were the best. The amount of freight the railroads carried the first year of the business was enormous. It was said that in January, 1861, the Pennsylvania had earned enough in this one year carrying oil and machinery to pay six per cent. on the entire cost of the construction of the road. Of course, connecting lines were built as rapidly as men could work. By the beginning of 1863 the Oil Creek Road, as it was called, had reached Titusville from Corry; this gave an eastern connection by both the Pennsylvania and the Erie, but as the Erie was constructing a branch from Meadville to Franklin, the Oil Creek road became the feeder of the Pennsylvania principally. Both of these roads were completed to Oil City by 1865.

The railroads built, the vexatious, time-taking, and costly problem of getting the oil from the well to the shipping point, still remained. The teamster was still the tyrant of the business. His day was almost over. He was to fall before the pipe-line. The feasibility of carrying oil in pipes was discussed almost from the beginning of the oil business, and early in 1862 a company was organized for the pur-

FLEET OF OIL BOATS AT OIL CITY IN 1864

pose. Various experiments were made, both gravity and pumps being trusted for propelling the oil, but there was always something wrong; the pipes leaked or burst, the pumps were too weak. The idea had been almost abandoned when the man for the need appeared, Samuel Van Syckel. He came to the creek in 1864 with some money, hoping to make more. He struck oil several miles from a shipping point and saw his profits eaten up by teamsters. Their tyranny aroused his ire and his wits, and he determined to build a pipeline from his wells to the railroad. He was greeted with jeers, but he went doggedly ahead, laid his pipes, put up his pumps, and turned in his oil. From the start the line was a success, doing the work of 300 teams working ten hours a day. On the day that the Van Syckel pipe line began to run oil a revolution began in the business. After the Drake well it is the most important event in the history of the Oil Regions.

The teamsters saw its meaning first and turned out in fury, dragging the pipe, which was for the most part buried, to the surface, and cutting it so that the oil would be lost. It was only by stationing an armed guard that they were held in check. A second line of importance suffered even more than that of Van Syckel. The teamsters did more than cut the pipe; they burned the tanks in which oil was stored, laid in wait for employees, threatened with destruction the wells which furnished the oil, and so generally terrorized the country that the governor of the State was called upon in April, 1866, to protect the property and men of the lines. The day of the teamster was over, and the more philosophical of them accepted the situation; scores disappeared from the region, and scores more took to drilling. They died hard, and the cutting and plugging of pipe-lines was for years a pastime of the remnant of their race.

Making and Marketing a New Product

If the uses to which oil might be put and the methods for manufacturing it had not been well understood when the Drake well was struck, there would have been no such imperious demand as came for the immediate opening of new territory and developing methods of handling and carrying it on a large scale. But men knew already what the oil was good for and, in a crude way, how to distill it. The process of distillation also was free to all.

The essential apparatus was very simple—a cast-iron still, usually surrounded by brick-work, a copper worm, and two tin or zinc-lined tanks. The still was filled with crude oil, which was subjected to a heat high enough to vaporize it. The vapor passed through a cast-iron goose-neck fitted to the top of the still into the copper worm, which was immersed in water. Here the vapor was condensed and passed into the zinc-lined tank. This product, called a distillate, was treated with chemicals, washed with water, and run off into the tin-lined tank, where it was allowed to settle. Anybody who could get the apparatus could "make oil," and many men did it—badly, of course, to begin with, and with an alarming proportion of waste and explosions and fires, but with experience they learned, and some of the great refineries of the country grew out of these rude beginnings.

JAMES S. TARR

One of the richest oil farms on Oil Creek was the Tarr Farm, a tract of 200 acres owned by James S. Tarr. Its first well, the Crescent, put down in June, 1861, flowed an average of 300 barrels a day for thirteen months. The second, "Philadelphia No. 1," flowed 4,000 barrels a day, and in its life yielded nearly one million barrels. Tarr is said to have made $3,000,000 in four years from a farm worth in 1859 barely a thousand dollars. He left the region with this fortune, and spent the rest of his life quietly on a farm in a neighboring county.

WILLIAM BARNSDALE

The second well in the Oil Region was drilled by a Titusville shoemaker, William Barnsdale, an Englishman, who at his majority had come to America to make his fortune. The day the Drake well was struck he formed an oil company and began to drill a well. It took three months, and cost $3,000 to do it, but he had his reward. On February 1, 1860, he struck oil—twenty-five barrels a day—and oil was selling at eighteen dollars a barrel. Mr. Barnsdale was interested in the first refinery built in the Oil Regions, and was one of the pioneers in the Bradford field.

Luckily, not all the men who undertook the manufacturing of petroleum in these first days were inexperienced. The chemists to whom are due chiefly the processes now used—Atwood, Gessner, and Merrill—had for years been busy making oils from coal. They knew something of petroleum, and when it came in quantities began at once to adapt their processes to it. Merrill at the time was connected with Samuel Downer, of Boston, in manufacturing oil from Trinidad pitch and from a coal bought in Newfoundland. The year oil was discovered Mr. Downer distilled 7,500 tons of this coal, clearing on it at least $100,000. As soon as petroleum appeared he and Mr. Merrill saw that here was a product which was bound to displace their coal, and with courage and promptness they prepared to adapt their works. In order to be near the supply they came to Corry, twenty-six miles from the Drake well, and in 1862 put up a refinery which cost $250,000. Here were refined thousands of barrels of oil, most of which was sent to New York for export. To the Boston works the firm sent crude, which was manufactured for home trade and for shipping to California and Australia. The processes used in the Downer works at this early day were in all essentials the same as are used to-day.

As men and means were found to put down wells, to devise and build tanks and boats and pipes and railroads for handling the oil, to

adapt and improve processes for manufacturing, so men were found from the beginning of the oil business to tackle every problem raised. They came in shoals, young, vigorous, resourceful, indifferent to difficulties, greedy for a chance, and with each year they forced more light and wealth from the new product. By the opening of 1872, they had produced nearly 40,000,000 barrels of oil, and had raised their product to the fourth place among the exports of the United States, over 152,000,000 gallons going abroad in 1871, a percentage comparing well with what goes to-day.* As for the market, they had developed it until it included almost every country of the earth—China, the East and West Indies, South America, and Africa. Over forty different European ports received oil. In 1871 nearly a million gallons were sent to Syria, about a half million to Egypt, about as much to the British West Indies, and a quarter of a million to the Dutch East Indies.

The oil field had been extended from the Valley of Oil Creek and its tributaries, down the Allegheny River for nearly fifty miles, and probably covered 2,000 square miles. The early theory that oil followed the streams had been exploded, and wells were now drilled on the hills. It was known, too, that if oil was not found in the first sand struck in the drilling, it might be found in a second or third sand, and even a fourth or fifth. The Drake well had struck oil at 69½ feet, but wells were now drilled as deep as 1,600 feet. The extension of the field, the discovery that oil was under the hills as well as under streams, and to be found in various sands, had cost enormously. It had been done by "wildcatting," as putting down experimental wells was called, by following superstitions in locating wells, such as the witch-hazel stick, or the spiritualistic medium, quite as much as by studying the position of wells in existence and calculating how oil belts probably ran. As the cost of a well was from $3,000 to $8,500,† according to its location, and as 4,374 of the 5,560 wells drilled in the first ten years of the business (1859 to 1869) were "dry-holes," or were abandoned as unprofitable, something of the daring it took to operate on such small means as most producers did in the beginning, is evident. But they loved the game, and every man of them would stake his last dollar on the chance of striking oil.

With the extension of the field rapid strides had been made in tools, in rigs—in all of the various essentials of drilling a well. They had learned to use torpedoes to open up hard rocks, naphtha to cut the paraffine which coated the sand and stopped the flow of oil, seed bags to hold back the inrush of a stream of water. They lost their tools less often, and knew better how to fish for them when they did. In short, they had learned how to put down and care for oil wells.

Equal advances had been made in other departments. Fewer cars were loaded with barrels; tank cars for carrying in bulk had been invented. The wooden tank had been replaced by the iron tank holding twenty or thirty thousand barrels. The pipe-lines had begun to go directly to the wells instead of pumping from a general receiving station, or "dump," as it was called, thus saving the tedious and expensive operation of hauling. From beginning to end the business had been developed, systematized, simplified. There is no part of this rapid development more important than the commercial machine they had devised by 1872 for marketing oil. A man with a thousand-barrel well on his hands in 1862 was in a plight. He must sell his oil at once for lack of storage room or let it run on the ground; and there was no exchange, no market, no telegraph, not even a post-office within his reach where he could arrange a sale. He had to depend on buyers who came to him. These buyers were the agents of the refineries in different cities, or of the exporters of crude in New York. They went from well to well on horseback, if the roads were not too bad, on foot if they were, and at each place made a special bargain varying with the quantity bought and the difficulty in getting it away; for the buyer was the transporter, and, as a rule, furnished the barrels or boats in which he carried off his oil. It was not long before the speculative character of the oil trade, due to the great fluctuations in quantity, added a crowd of brokers to the regular buyers who tramped up and down the creek. When the railroads came in, the trains became the headquarters for both buyers and sellers. This was the more easily managed, as the trains on the creek stopped at almost every oil farm. These trains became, in fact, a sort of traveling oil exchange, and on them a large percentage of all the bargaining of the business was done.

The brokers and buyers first organized and established headquarters in Oil City in 1869, but there was an oil exchange in New York City as early as 1866. Titusville did not have an exchange until 1871. By this time the pipe-

* In 1871 the petroleum exports were 152,195,617 gallons. The production was 5,795,000 barrels, or 243,390,000 gallons.

† Estimate of J. T. Henry in his "History of Petroleum," 1873. The "Petroleum Monthly" of 1873 estimates cost to be from $2,725 to $4,416.

lines had begun to issue certificates for the oil they received, and the trading was done to a degree in these. The method was simple, and much more convenient than the old one. The producer ran his oil into a pipe-line, and for it received a certificate showing that the line held so much to his credit; this certificate was transferred when the sale was made, and presented when the oil was wanted. It was a device of Charles P. Hatch, the man who, as early as 1869, had evolved the pipe-line methods of doing business practically as they stand to-day.

One achievement of which the oil men were particularly proud was the increase in the refining capacity of the region. At the start the difficulty of getting the apparatus for a refinery to the creek had been so enormous that the bulk of the crude had been driven to the nearest manufacturing cities—Erie, Pittsburg, Cleveland. Much had gone to the seaboard, too, and Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore were all doing considerable refining. There was always a strong feeling in the Oil Regions that the refining should be done at home. Before the railroads came the most heroic efforts were made again and again to get in the necessary machinery. Brought from Pittsburg by water, as a rule, the apparatus had to be hauled from Oil City, where it had been dumped on the muddy bank of the river—there were no wharfs—over the indescribable roads to the site chosen. It took weeks—months sometimes—to get in the apparatus. The chemicals used in the making of the oil, the barrels in which to store it, all had to be brought from outside. The wonder is that under these conditions anybody tried to refine on the creek. But refineries persisted in coming, and after the railroads came, multiplied; by 1872 the capacity had grown to nearly 10,000 barrels, and there were no more complete or profitable plants in existence than two or three of those on the creek. The exultation was great, and the press and people boasted that the day would soon come when they would refine for the world. There in their own narrow valleys should be made everything which petroleum would yield. Cleveland, Pittsburg, the seaboard, must give up refining. The business belonged to the Oil Region, and the oil men meant to take it.

The Troubles of a New Industry

The odds against the oil men in developing the business had not been merely physical ones. There had been more than the wilderness to conquer, more than the possibilities of a new product to learn. Over all the early

BENNINGHOFF FARM

When the oil excitement broke out one of the best farms on the creek was owned by a German, John Benninghoff. There were about 300 acres in his tract, and all of it proved producing territory, the wells yielding from twenty-five to 300 barrels a day. Benninghoff made a great fortune, but would never deposit his money in a bank. In 1868 he was robbed, at the homestead on the farm, of nearly $300,000, most of it currency.

AN EARLY REFINERY

years of their struggle and hardship hovered the dark cloud of the Civil War. They were so cut off from men that they did not hear of the fall of Sumter until four days after it happened, and the news for the time blotted out interest even in flowing wells. Twice at least, when Lee invaded Pennsylvania, the whole business came to a standstill, men abandoning the drill, the pump, the refinery, to make ready to repel the invader. They were taxed for the war—the taxes rising as high as $10 per barrel in 1865, $1 on crude, and twenty cents a gallon on refined (the oil barrel is usually estimated at forty-two gallons). They gave up their quota of men again and again at the call for recruits, and when the end came and a million men were cast on the country, this little corner of Pennsylvania absorbed a larger portion of men probably than any other spot in the United States. The soldier was given the first chance everywhere at work: he was welcomed into oil companies, stock being given him for the value of his war record. There were lieutenants and captains and majors—even generals—scattered all over the field, and the field felt itself honored, and bragged, as it did of all things, of the number of privates and officers who immediately on disbandment had turned to it for employment.

It was not only the Civil War from which the Oil Regions had suffered; in 1870 the Franco-Prussian War broke the foreign market to pieces and caused great loss to the whole industry. And there had been other troubles. From the first oil men had to contend with wild fluctuations in the price of oil. It had begun in 1859 at $20 a barrel, and in 1861 it had averaged fifty-two cents. Two years later, in 1863, it averaged $8.15, and in 1867 but $2.40. In all these first twelve years nothing like a steady price could be depended on, for just as the supply seemed to have approached a fixed amount a "wildcat" well would come in and "knock the bottom out of the market." Such fluctuations were the natural element of the speculator, and he came early, buying in quantities and holding in storage tanks for higher prices. If enough oil was held or if the production fell off, up went the price, only to be knocked down by the throwing of great quantities of stocks on the market. To develop a business in face of such fluctuations and speculation in the raw product took not only courage—it took a dash of the gambler.

Speculation in oil stock companies was another great evil. It reached its height in 1864 and 1865—the "flush times" of the business. Stocks in companies whose holdings were hardly worth the stamps on the certificates were sold all over the land. In March, 1865, the aggregate capital of the oil companies whose charters were on file in Albany, New

York, was $350,000,000, and in Philadelphia alone in 1864 and 1865 1,000 oil companies, mostly bogus, are said to have been formed. These swindles were dignified by the names of officers of distinction in the United States Army, for the war was coming to an end and the name of a general was the most popular and persuasive argument in the country. Of course, there came a collapse. The "oil bubble" burst in 1866, and it was nothing but the irrepressible energy of the region which kept the business going in the panic which followed. Then there was the disturbing effect of foreign competition. What would become of the business if oil was found in quantities in other countries? A decided depression of the market occurred in 1866, when the Government sent out reports of developments of foreign oil fields. If there was oil in Japan, China, Burmah, Persia, Russia, Bavaria, in the quantities the Government reports said, why there was trouble in store for Pennsylvania, the oil men argued, and for a day the market fell—it was only for a day. Men forgot easily in the Oil Regions in the '60's.

An evil in their business which they were only beginning to grasp fully in 1871 was the unholy system of freight discriminations which the railroads were practising. Three trunk lines competed for the business by 1872—the Pennsylvania, the Erie, and the Central. (The latter road reached the Oil Regions by a branch from Ashtabula on the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern division to Oil City; this branch was completed in 1868.) The Pennsylvania claimed the oil traffic as a natural right, for the Oil Regions were in Pennsylvania, and did not Tom Scott own that State? The Erie road for about five years had been in the hands of those splendid pirates, Jay Gould and "Jim" Fisk. Naturally, they took all they could get of the oil traffic, and took it by freebooting methods. "Corners" and "rings" were their favorite devices of securing trade, and more than once their aid had carried through daring and unscrupulous speculations in oil. The Central in this period was waging its famous desperate war on the Erie, Commodore Vanderbilt having marked that highway for his own along with most other things in New York State. All three of the roads began, about 1868, to use secret rebates on the published freight rates in oil as a means of securing traffic. This unlawful practice had gone on until, in 1871, any big producer, refiner, or buyer could bully a freight agent into a special rate. Those "on the inside"—those who had "pulls"—also secured special rates. The result was that the open rate was enforced only on the innocent and the weak.

Serious as all these problems were, there was no discouragement or shrinking from them. The oil men had rid themselves of bunco men and burst the "oil bubbles." They had harnessed the brokers in exchanges and made strict rules to govern them. They had learned not to fear the foreigners and to take with equal *sang froid* the "dry-hole" which made them poor, or the "gusher" which made them rich. For every evil they had a remedy. They were not afraid even of the railroads, and loudly declared that if the discriminations were not stopped they would build a railroad of their own. Indeed, the evils in the oil business in 1871, far from being a discouragement, rather added to the interest. They had never known anything but struggle—with conquest—and twelve years of it was far from cooling their ardor for a fair fight.

The Conquests of a Decade

More had been done in the Oil Regions in the first dozen years than develop a new industry. From the first there had gone with the oil men's ambition to make oil to light the whole earth a desire to bring civilization to the wilderness from which they were drawing wealth, to create an orderly society from the mass of humanity which poured pell-mell into the region. A hatred of indecency first drew together the better element of each of the rough communities which sprang up. Whisky-sellers and women flocked to the region at the breaking out of the excitement. Their first shelters were shanties built on flat-boats, which were towed from place to place. They came to Rouseville—a collection of pine shanties and oil derricks, built on a muddy flat—as forlorn and disreputable a town in appearance as the earth ever saw. They tied up for trade, and the next morning woke up from their brawl to find themselves twenty miles away, floating down the Allegheny River. Rouseville meant to be decent. She had cut them loose, and by such summary vigilance she kept herself decent. Other towns adopted the same policy. By common consent vice was corralled almost entirely in one town. Here a whole street was given up to dance-houses and saloons, and those who must have a "spree" were expected to go to Petroleum Center to take it.

Decency and schools! Vice cut adrift, they looked for a school teacher. Children were sadly out of place, but there they were, and

these men, fighting for a chance, saw to it that a shanty, with a school teacher in it, was in every settlement. It was not long before there was a church—a union church. To worship God was their primal instinct; to defend a creed a later development. In the beginning every social contrivance was wanting. There were no policemen, and each individual looked after evil-doers. There were no firemen, and every man turned out with a bucket at a fire. There were no bankers, and each man had to put his wealth away as best he could until a peripetic banker from Pittsburg relieved him. At one time Dr. Egbert, a rich operator, is said to have had $1,800,000 in currency in his house. There were no hospitals, and in 1861, when the horrible possibilities of the oil fire were first demonstrated by the burning of the Rouse well—a fire at which nineteen persons lost their lives—the many injured found welcome and care for long weeks in the little shanties of women already over-burdened by the difficulties of caring for families in the rough community.

Out of this poverty and disorder they had developed in ten years a social organization as good as their commercial. Titusville, the hamlet on whose outskirts Drake had drilled his well, was now a city of 10,000 inhabitants. It had an opera house, where in 1871 Clara Louise Kellogg and Christine Nilsson sang, Joe Jefferson and Janauschek played, Wendell Phillips and Bishop Simpson spoke. It had two prosperous and fearless newspapers. Its schools prepared for college. Oil City was not behind, and between them was a string of lively towns. Many of the oil farms had a decent community life. The Columbia Farm kept up a library and reading-room for its employees; there was a good school-house, used on Sunday for services, and there was a Columbia Farm Band, of no mean reputation.

Indeed, by the opening of 1872, life in the Oil Regions had ceased to be a mere makeshift. Comfort and orderliness, even opportunities for education and for social life, were within reach. It was a conquest to be proud of, quite as proud of as they were of the fact that their business had been developed until it had never been, on the whole, in so satisfactory a condition.

Nobody realized more fully what had been accomplished in the Oil Regions than the oil men themselves. Nobody rehearsed their achievements so loudly. "In ten years," they were fond of saying, "we have built this business up from nothing to a net product of six millions of barrels per annum. We have invented and devised all the apparatus, the appliances, the forms needed for a new industry. We use a capital of $200,000,000, and support a population of 60,000 people. To keep up our supply we drill 100 new wells per month, at an average cost of $6,000 each. We are fourth in the exports of the United States. We have developed a foreign market, including every civilized country on the globe."

But what had been done was, in their judgment, only a beginning. Life ran swift and ruddy and joyous in these men. They were still young, most of them under forty, and they looked forward with all the eagerness of the young who have just learned their powers, to years of struggle and development. They would solve all these perplexing problems of over-production, of railroad discrimination, of speculation. They would meet their own needs. They would bring the oil refining to the region where it belonged. They would make their towns the most beautiful in the world. There was nothing too good for them, nothing they did not hope and dare.

Suddenly, at the very heyday of this confidence, a big hand reached out from nobody knew where, to steal their conquest and throttle their future. The suddenness and the blackness of the assault on their business stirred to the bottom their manhood and their sense of fair play, and the whole region arose in a revolt which is scarcely paralleled in the commercial history of the United States.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE

Author of "The Hound of the Baskervilles"

Illustrated by A. Castaigne

MY friend, Lionel Dacre, lived in the Avenue de Wagram, Paris. His house was that small one with the iron railings and grass plot in front of it on the left-hand side as you pass down from the Arc de Triomphe. I fancy that it had been there long before the avenue was constructed, for the gray tiles were stained with lichens, and the walls were mildewed and discolored with age. It looked a small house from the street, five windows in front, if I remember right, but it deepened into a single long chamber at the back. It was here that Dacre had that singular library of occult literature, and the fantastic curiosities which served as a hobby for himself, and an amusement for his friends. A wealthy man of refined and eccentric tastes, he had spent much of his life and fortune in gathering together what was said to be a unique private collection of Talmudic, cabalistic, and magical works, many of them of great rarity and value. His tastes leaned toward the marvelous and the monstrous, and I have heard that his experiments in the direction of the unknown have passed all the bounds of civilization and of decorum. To his English friends he never alluded to such matters, and took the tone of the student and *virtuoso*; but a Frenchman whose tastes were of the same nature has assured me that the worst excesses of the black mass have been perpetrated in that large and lofty hall, which is lined with the shelves of his books, and the cases of his museum.

Dacre's appearance was enough to show that his deep interest in these psychic matters was intellectual rather than spiritual. There was no trace of asceticism upon his heavy face, but there was much mental force in his huge dome-like skull, which curved upward from amongst his thinning locks, like a snow-peak above its fringe of fir trees. His knowledge was greater than his wisdom, and his powers were far superior to his character. The small bright eyes, buried deeply in his fleshy face, twinkled with intelligence and an unabated curiosity of life, but they were the eyes of a sensualist and an egotist. Enough of the man, for he is dead now, poor devil, dead at the very time that he made sure that he had at last discovered the elixir of life. It is not with his complex character that I have to deal, but with the very strange and inexplicable incident which had its rise in my visit to him in the early spring of the year '82.

I had known Dacre in England, for my researches in the Assyrian Room of the British Museum had been conducted at the time when he was endeavoring to establish a mystic and esoteric meaning in the Babylonian tablets, and this community of interests had

Drawn by A. Castaigne

"His house was that small one with the iron railings"

brought us together. Chance remarks had led to daily conversation, and that to something verging upon friendship. I had promised him that on my next visit to Paris I would call upon him. At the time when I was able to fulfil my compact I was living in a cottage at Fontainebleau, and as the evening trains were inconvenient, he asked me to spend the night in his house.

"I have only that one spare couch," said he, pointing to a broad sofa in his large salon; "I hope that you will manage to be comfortable there."

It was a singular bedroom, with its high walls of brown volumes, but there could be no more agreeable furniture to a bookworm like myself, and there is no scent so pleasant to my nostrils as that faint, subtle reek which comes from an ancient book. I assured him that I could desire no more charming chamber, and no more congenial surroundings.

"If the fittings are neither convenient nor conventional, they are at least costly," said he, looking round at his shelves. "I have expended nearly a quarter of a million of money upon these objects which surround you. Books, weapons, gems, carvings, tapestries, images—there is hardly a thing here which has not its history, and it is generally one worth telling."

He was seated as he spoke at one side of the open fireplace, and I at the other. His reading table was on his right, and the strong lamp above it ringed it with a very vivid circle of golden light. A half-rolled palimpsest lay in the center, and around it were many quaint articles of bric-à-brac. One of these was a large funnel, such as is used for fillingwine casks. It appeared to be made of black wood, and to be rimmed with discolored brass.

"That is a curious thing," I remarked. "What is the history of that?"

"Ah!" said he, "it is the very question which I have had occasion to ask myself. I would give a good deal to know. Take it in your hands and examine it."

I did so, and found that what I had imagined to be wood was in reality leather, though age had dried it into an extreme hardness. It was a large funnel, and might hold a quart when full. The brass rim encircled the wide end, but the narrow was also tipped with metal.

"What do you make of it?" asked Dacre.

"I should imagine that it belonged to some vintner or maltster in the middle ages," said I. "I have seen in England leathern drinking flagons of the seventeenth century—'black jacks' as they were called—which were of the same color and hardness as this filler."

"I dare say the date would be about the same," said Dacre, "and no doubt, also, it was used for filling a vessel with liquid. If my suspicions are correct, however, it was a queer vintner who used it, and a very singular cask which was filled. Do you observe nothing strange at the spout end of the funnel."

As I held it to the light I observed that at a spot some five inches above the brass tip the narrow neck of the leather funnel was all haggled and scored, as if some one had notched it round with a blunt knife. Only at that point was there any roughening of the dead black surface.

"Some one has tried to cut off the neck."

"Would you call it a cut?"

"It is torn and lacerated. It must have taken some strength to leave these marks on such tough material, whatever the instrument may have been. But what do you think of it? I can tell that you know more than you say."

Dacre smiled, and his little eyes twinkled with knowledge.

"Have you included the psychology of dreams among your learned studies?" he asked.

"I did not even know that there was such a psychology."

"My dear sir, that shelf above the gem case is filled with volumes, from Albertus Magnus onward, which deal with no other subject. It is a science in itself."

"A science of charlatans."

"The charlatan is always the pioneer. From the astrologer came the astronomer, from the alchemist the chemist, from the mesmerist the experimental psychologist. The quack of yesterday is the professor of to-morrow. Even such subtle and elusive things as dreams will in time be reduced to system and order. When that time comes the researches of our friends in the book-shelf yonder will no longer be the amusement of the mystic, but the foundations of a science."

"Supposing that is so, what has the science of dreams to do with a large black brass-rimmed funnel?"

"I will tell you. You know that I have an agent who is always on the lookout for rarities and curiosities for my collection. Some days ago he heard of a dealer upon one of the Quais who had acquired some old rubbish found in a cupboard in an ancient house at the back of the Rue Mathurin, in the Quartier Latin. The dining-room of this old house is decorated with a coat of arms, chevrons,

and bars rouge upon a field argent, which prove, upon inquiry, to be the shield of Nicholas de la Reynie, a high official of King Louis XIV. There can be no doubt that the other articles in the cupboard date back to the early days of the king. The inference is, therefore, that they were all the property of this Nicholas de la Reynie, who was, as I understand, the gentleman specially concerned with the maintenance and execution of the Draconic laws of that epoch."

"What then?"

"I would ask you now to take the funnel into your hands once more and to examine the upper brass rim. Can you make out any lettering upon it?"

There were certainly some scratches upon it, almost obliterated by time. The general effect was of several letters, the last of which bore some resemblance to a B.

"You make it a B?"

"Yes, I do."

"So do I. In fact, I have no doubt whatever that it is a B."

"But the nobleman you mentioned would have had R for his initial."

"Exactly! That's the beauty of it. He owned this curious object, and yet he had some one else's initials upon it. Why did he do this?"

"I can't imagine; can you?"

"Well, I might, perhaps, guess. Do you observe something drawn a little further along the rim?"

"I should say it was a crown."

"It is undoubtedly a crown; but if you examine it in a good light, you will convince yourself that it is not an ordinary crown. It is a heraldic crown—a badge of rank, and it consists of an alternation of four pearls and strawberry leaves, the proper badge of a marquis. We may infer, therefore, that the person whose initials end in B was entitled to wear that coronet."

"Then this common leather filler belonged to a marquis?"

Dacre gave a peculiar smile.

"Or to some member of the family of a marquis," said he. "So much we have clearly gathered from this engraved rim."

"But what has all this to do with dreams?" I do not know whether it was from a look upon Dacre's face, or from some subtle suggestion in his manner, but a feeling of repulsion, of unreasoning horror, came upon me as I looked at the gnarled old lump of leather.

"I have more than once received important information through my dreams," said my companion, in the didactic manner which he loved to affect. "I make it a rule now when I am in doubt upon any material point to place the article in question beside me as I sleep, and to hope for some enlightenment. The process does not appear to me to be very obscure, though it has not yet received the blessing of orthodox science. According to my theory, any object which has been intimately associated with any supreme paroxysm of human emotion, whether it be joy or pain, will retain a certain atmosphere or association which it is capable of communicating to a sensitive mind. By a sensitive mind I do not mean an abnormal one, but such a trained and educated mind as you or I possess."

"You mean, for example, that if I slept beside that old sword upon the wall, I might dream of some bloody incident in which that very sword took part?"

"An excellent example, for, as a matter of fact, that sword was used in that fashion by me, and I saw in my sleep the death of its owner, who perished in a brisk skirmish, which I have been unable to identify, but which occurred at the time of the wars of the Frondists. If you think of it, some of our popular observances show that the fact has already been recognized by our ancestors, although we, in our wisdom, have classed it among superstitions."

"For example?"

"Well, the placing of the bride's cake beneath the pillow in order that the sleeper may have pleasant dreams. That is one of several instances which you will find set forth in a small *brochure* which I am myself writing upon the subject. But to come back to the point, I slept one night with this funnel beside me, and I had a dream which certainly throws a curious light upon its use and origin."

"What did you dream?"

"I dreamed—" He paused, and an intent look of interest came over his massive face. "By Jove, that's well thought of," said he. "This really will be an exceedingly interesting experiment. You are yourself a psychic subject—with nerves which respond readily to any impression."

"I have never tested myself in that direction."

"Then we shall test you to-night. Might I ask you as a very great favor, when you occupy that couch to-night, to sleep with this old funnel placed by the side of your pillow?"

The request seemed to me a grotesque one; but I have myself, in my complex nature, a hunger after all which is bizarre and fantas-

Drawn by A. Castaigne

"'It is the very question which I have had occasion to ask myself'"

tic. I had not the faintest belief in Dacre's theory, nor any hopes for success in such an experiment; yet it amused me that the experiment should be made. Dacre, with great gravity, drew a small stand to the head of my settee, and placed the funnel upon it. Then, after a short conversation, he wished me good-night and left me.

▼▼▼

I sat for some little time smoking by the smouldering fire, and turning over in my mind the curious incident which had occurred, and the strange experience which might lie before me. Skeptical as I was, there was something impressive in the assurance of Dacre's manner, and my extraordinary surroundings, the huge room with the strange and often sinister objects which were hung round it, struck solemnity into my soul. Finally I undressed, and, turning out the lamp, I lay down. After long tossing I fell asleep. Let me try to describe as accurately as I can the scene which came to me in my dreams. It stands out now in my memory more clearly than

anything which I have seen with my waking eyes.

There was a room which bore the appearance of a vault. Four spandrels from the corners ran up to join a sharp cup-shaped roof. The architecture was rough, but very strong. It was evidently part of a great building.

Three men in black, with curious top-heavy black velvet hats, sat in a line upon a red-carpeted dais. Their faces were very solemn and sad. On the left stood two long-gowned men with portfolios in their hands, which seemed to be stuffed with papers. Upon the right, looking toward me, was a small woman with blonde hair and singular light-blue eyes —the eyes of a child. She was past her first youth, but could not yet be called middle-aged. Her figure was inclined to stoutness, and her bearing was proud and confident. Her face was pale, but serene. It was a curious face, comely and yet feline, with a subtle suggestion of cruelty about the straight, strong little mouth and chubby jaw. She was draped in some sort of loose white gown. Beside her stood a thin, eager priest, who whispered in her ear, and continually raised a crucifix before her eyes. She turned her head and looked fixedly past the crucifix at the three men in black, who were, I felt, her judges.

As I gazed the three men stood up and said something, but I could distinguish no words, though I was aware that it was the central one who was speaking. They then swept out of the room, followed by the two men with the papers. At the same instant several rough-looking fellows in stout jerkins came bustling in and removed first the red carpet, and then the boards which formed the dais, so as to entirely clear the room. When this screen was removed I saw some singular articles of furniture behind it. One looked like a bed with wooden rollers at each end, and a winch handle to regulate its length. Another was a wooden horse. There were several other curious objects, and a number of swinging cords which played over pulleys. It was not unlike a modern gymnasium.

When the room had been cleared there appeared a new figure upon the scene. This was a tall thin person clad in black, with a gaunt and austere face. The aspect of the man made me shudder. His clothes were all shining with grease and mottled with stains. He bore himself with a slow and impressive dignity, as if he took command of all things from the instant of his entrance. In spite of his rude appearance and sordid dress, it was now *his* business, *his* room, his to command. He carried a coil of light ropes over his left forearm. The lady looked him up and down with a searching glance, but her expression was unchanged. It was confident—even defiant. But it was very different with the priest. His face was ghastly white, and I saw the moisture glisten and run on his high, sloping forehead. He threw up his hands in prayer, and he stooped continually to mutter frantic words in the lady's ear.

The man in black now advanced, and taking one of the cords from his left arm, he bound the woman's hands together. She held them meekly toward him as he did so. Then he took her arm with a rough grip and led her toward the wooden horse, which was little higher than her waist. On to this she was lifted and laid, with her back upon it, and her face to the ceiling, while the priest, quivering with horror, had rushed out of the room. The woman's lips were moving rapidly, and though I could hear nothing, I knew that she was praying. Her feet hung down on either side of the horse, and I saw that the rough varlets in attendance had fastened cords to her ankles and secured the other ends to iron rings in the stone floor.

My heart sank within me as I saw these ominous preparations, and yet I was held by the fascination of horror, and I could not take my eyes from the strange spectacle. A man had entered the room with a bucket of water in either hand. Another followed with a third bucket. They were laid beside the wooden horse. The second man had a wooden dipper—a bowl with a straight handle—in his other hand. This he gave to the man in black. At the same moment one of the varlets approached with a dark object in his hand, which even in my dream filled me with a vague feeling of familiarity. It was a leathern filler. With horrible energy he thrust it —but I could stand no more. My hair stood on end with horror. I writhed, I struggled, I broke through the bonds of sleep, and I burst with a shriek into my own life, and found myself lying shivering with terror in the huge library, with the moonlight flooding through the window and throwing strange silver and black traceries upon the opposite wall. Oh, what a blessed relief to feel that I was back in the nineteenth century—back out of that medieval vault into a world where men had human hearts within their bosoms. I sat up on my couch, trembling in every limb, my mind divided between thankfulness and horror. To think that such things were ever done —that they *could* be done without God striking the villains dead. Was it all a fantasy,

or did it really stand for something which had happened in the black, cruel days of the world's history? I sank my throbbing head upon my shaking hands. And then, suddenly, my heart seemed to stand still in my bosom, and I could not even scream, so great was my terror. Something was advancing toward me through the darkness of the room.

It is a horror coming upon a horror which breaks a man's spirit. I could not reason, I could not pray; I could only sit like a frozen image, and glare at the dark figure which was coming down the great room. And then it moved out into the white lane of moonlight, and I breathed once more. It was Dacre, and his face showed that he was as frightened as myself.

"Was that you? For God's sake what's the matter?" he asked in a husky voice.

"Oh, Dacre, I am glad to see you! I have been down into hell. It was dreadful."

"Then it was you who screamed?"

"I dare say it was."

"It rang through the house. The servants are all terrified." He struck a match and lit the lamp. "I think we may get the fire to burn up again," he added, throwing some logs upon the embers. "Good God, my dear chap, how white you are! You look as if you had seen a ghost."

"So I have—several ghosts."

"The leather funnel has acted, then?"

"I wouldn't sleep near the infernal thing again for all the money you could offer me."

Dacre chuckled.

"I expected that you would have a lively night of it," said he. "You took it out of me in return, for that scream of yours wasn't a very pleasant sound at two in the morning. I suppose from what you say that you have seen the whole dreadful business."

"What dreadful business?"

"The torture of the water—the 'Extraordinary Question,' as it was called in the genial days of 'Le Roi Soliel.' Did you stand it out to the end?"

"No, thank God, I woke before it really began."

"Ah! it is just as well for you. I held out till the third bucket. Well, it is an old story, and they are all in their graves now anyhow, so what does it matter how they got there. I suppose that you have no idea what it was that you have seen?"

"The torture of some criminal. She must have been a terrible malefactor indeed if her crimes are in proportion to her penalty."

"Well, we have that small consolation," said Dacre, wrapping his dressing-gown round him and crouching closer to the fire. "They *were* in proportion to her penalty. That is to say, if I am correct in the lady's identity."

"How could you possibly know her identity?"

For answer Dacre took down an old vellum-covered volume from the shelf.

"Just listen to this," said he; "it is in the French of the seventeenth century, but I will give a rough translation as I go. You will judge for yourself whether I have solved the riddle or not."

"The prisoner was brought before the Grand Chambers and Tournelles of Parliament, sitting as a court of justice, charged with the murder of Master Dreux d'Aubray, her father, and of her two brothers, MM. d'Aubray, one being civil lieutenant, and the other a counsellor of Parliament. In person it seemed hard to believe that she had really done such wicked deeds, for she was of a mild appearance, and of short stature, with a fair skin and blue eyes. Yet the Court, having found her guilty, condemned her to the ordinary and to the extraordinary question in order that she might be forced to name her accomplices, after which she should be carried in a cart to the Place de Greve, there to have her head cut off, her body being afterwards burned and her ashes scattered to the winds."

The date of this entry is July 16, 1676."

"It is interesting," said I, "but not convincing. How do you prove the two women to be the same?"

"I am coming to that. The narrative goes on to tell of the woman's behavior when questioned. 'When the executioner approached her she recognized him by the cords which he held in his hands, and she at once held out her own hands to him, looking at him from head to foot without uttering a word.' How's that?"

"Yes, it was so."

"'She gazed without wincing upon the wooden horse and rings which had twisted so many limbs and caused so many shrieks of agony. When her eyes fell upon the three pails of water, which were all ready for her, she said with a smile, "All that water must have been brought here for the purpose of drowning me, Monsieur. You have no idea, I trust, of making a person of my small stature swallow it all."' Shall I read the details of the torture?"

"No, for Heaven's sake, don't."

"Here is a sentence which must surely show you that what is here recorded is the very scene which you have gazed upon to-night: 'The good Abbé Pirot, unable to contemplate the agonies which were suffered by his penitent, had hurried from the room.' Does that convince you?"

"It does entirely. There can be no question that it is indeed the same event. But who,

Drawn by A. Castaigne

"I burst with a shriek into my own life"

then, is this lady whose appearance was so attractive and whose end was so horrible ?''

For answer Dacre came across to me, and placed the small lamp upon the table which stood by my bed. Lifting up the ill-omened filler, he turned the brass rim so that the light fell full upon it. Seen in this way the engraving seemed clearer than on the night before.

" We have already agreed that this is the badge of a marquis or of a marquise," said he. " We have also settled that the last letter is B."

" It is undoubtedly so."

" I now suggest to you that the other letters from left to right are M, M, a small d, A, a small d, and then the final B."

" Yes, I am sure that you are right. I can make out the two small d's quite plainly."

" What I have read to you to-night," said Dacre, " is the official record of the trial of Marie Madeleine d'Aubray, Marquise de Brinvilliers, one of the most famous poisoners and murderers of all time."

I sat in silence, overwhelmed at the extraordinary nature of the incident, and at the completeness of the proof with which Dacre had exposed its real meaning. In a vague way I remembered some details of the woman's career, her unbridled debauchery, the cold-blooded and protracted torture of her sick father, the murder of her brothers for motives of petty gain. I recollected also that the bravery of her end had done something to atone for the horror of her life, and that all Paris had sympathized with her last moments, and blessed her as a martyr within a few days of the time when they had cursed her as a murderess. One objection, and one only, occurred to my mind.

" How came her initials and her badge of rank upon the filler. Surely they did not carry their medieval homage to the nobility to the point of decorating instruments of torture with their titles ?''

" I was puzzled with the same point," said Dacre, " but it admits of a simple explanation. The case excited extraordinary interest at the time, and nothing could be more natural than that La Reynie, the head of the police, should retain this filler as a grim souvenir. It was not often that a marchioness of France underwent the extraordinary question. That he should engrave her initials upon it for the information of others was surely a very ordinary proceeding upon his part."

" And this ?'' I asked, pointing to the marks upon the leathern neck.

" She was a cruel tigress," said Dacre, as he turned away. " I think it is evident that like other tigresses her teeth were both strong and sharp."

" ' That he should engrave her initials upon it . . . was surely a very ordinary proceeding ' "

Drawn by A. Castaigne

OXENFORD HORSEMAN.

BY CLARA GAILLARD BYRNES

Illustrated by Jay Hambidge

TO use Oxenford's expression, Mary was choice. She had always loved what was serene and pure and dainty since the days when she wore socks and a big frilled hat, and accompanied "Honest John" Petrie in his daily spin over Macomb's Dam. Honest John was not above stopping at various roadhouses for various whiskies, and he loudly boasted that he could leave the child outside to hold the lines. She was not afraid, by God!

Oxenford's first glimpse of her was in front of one of these roadhouses. There was little of her visible except her gorgeous hat, and the two small, steady hands that guided Honest John's quivering trotters round and round the grassy circle. It was a winter afternoon and the horses refused to stand.

"That's John Petrie's daughter," said Colonel Frayne, who was with Oxenford, and Oxenford looked curiously at the child. Her little nose was blue, and her eyes watering in the cold wind, but she had taken three wraps of the lines around her hands and waited, faithful and patient, with her eyes fixed on the horses. She had always been that way, and Oxenford paid her his highest compliment when he likened her to his first love, Straightaway, whose little steel racing-shoe was hung up in the place of honor in their great racing-stable. Straightaway had been like that, so little, so game, so fearless, and so exquisite.

Honest John often drove out to see Oxenford's father, to whom he was well known as a recklessly successful plunger on the turf. Sometimes he brought Mary. She was six, and young Oxenford nearly twenty, but she suited him exactly, even then. He used to carry her out to see the colts. She never clung nor gabbled, nor seemed conscious of her ultra gorgeous clothes. Just as she kept sweet in spite of the elaborate finery with which Honest John overloaded her, so she kept her odd little personality aloof from the coarseness and fever of the sporting world into which Honest John had dragged her.

When she was sixteen, Honest John crippled himself by injudicious plunging, and want of money relieved Mary of the incubus of his choice in dress. She took to the clean-cut styles that her soul loved, and Oxenford was smitten with painful delight in this new aspect of her.

"You've hit it this time, Mary," he said, after serious consideration of her appearance. "Those clothes are all right. You look like a little swell in 'em."

Mary was very fond of Oxenford, and, pleased with his unreserved approbation, she hastened to confide a great project to him. Dad was down on his luck, and she was afraid he was a steady loser. She loved to study things, and she wanted to be able to do something for herself, something nice. She wanted to go to the Normal School. She wanted to be a teacher.

Oxenford looked soberly at her. He had very different ideas for her, but they had to stand for a little.

"What do you want me to do?" he asked.

Mary wanted him to put in a word with her father. Honest John laughed at her. That his little girl should meditate such flights was absurd, something to be denied, with roars of Homeric laughter.

"Give him a tip—on the quiet," said Mary, falling into the vernacular in her earnestness.

"Tell him you're on the inside, and you know I'm stuck on it, and I won't give it up."

Oxenford put it that way to Honest John, and Mary went to the Normal School.

Mary found it easy going. Oxenford watched her progress with mingled pain and pride. He noticed that she ran with the nicest girls in the school. He liked that. He and his father, to whose great racing-stable Oxenford had succeeded, had always run with men like Colonel Frayne, and Tom Travis, and Philip Hunter, and the rest, who loved the Oxenfords for men's men, and thoroughbreds at heart, in spite of their breezy grammar.

He was deeply relieved to find that Mary remained friendly and sweet in spite of the magnitude of her interests. She studied in the basement dining-room, where there was a droplight, and Oxenford strayed in occasionally. Honest John regarded Mary's piles of books and dictionaries as a huge joke, but Oxenford took it all seriously and reserved questions of erudition against the times he stopped in to see Honest John. Since Mary had explained that the names of Colonel Frayne's horses all meant something, Oxenford had been deeply interested in Greek mythology, and blue-penciled names that looked classic, on his racing programme.

One night he found Mary preparing for an examination. He was aghast to see her hot little head bound with a wet towel, a shade over her eyes, and a cup of tea at her elbow. She greeted him cheerfully enough, but Oxenford sat down and stared at her with serious concern.

"Oh, I'm all right, Oxie," said she, laughing. "I'm as fit as possible."

"What's all this?" asked Oxenford, indicating the various stimuli to study. Mary explained. She also explained to him the beautiful theories of the Faculty as to exams. Oxenford saw.

"This Faculty thing is bull-headed, like the judges," he said. "You run your own way, Mary. By the way," he produced a blue-penciled card. "What's Penelope? Who was he?"

Mary leaned both elbows on her book, and plunged into the romantic history of Penelope, her big eyes shining tragically under her wet towel. Oxenford was a good listener.

"Bully for Pen!" he ejaculated, when the tale ended. "That was a grand-stand finish." And he ruminated for a short time. "I say, Mary, give me a good name for my new colt. One that'll faze the starter."

"'*You've hit it this time, Mary*'"

"One night he found Mary preparing for an examination"

"How would Thor do?" said Mary. "That's Norse."

Oxenford shook his head. Too short. Mary burrowed in her Greek lexicon.

"Here's one," she said triumphantly, "Agamemnonides. Six syllables. How's that?"

"That'll do," said Oxenford thoughtfully. "Fancy Jimmy Wood yelling all that through the megaphone. Write it on a piece of paper, Mary."

"What's his stable name?" asked Mary, alluding to the newly-christened Agamemnonides.

"They'll call him the Tub," said Oxenford. "But he's all right, when the time comes. Give your father that tip from me."

Mary shook her head, all the girlish fun dying away from her mouth and pretty eyes.

"I wish he'd give up betting," she said. Oxenford knew her father's recklessness was a sore point with her. Honest John had lost his nerve and was drinking heavily. All Oxenford could do for Mary was to put Honest John on to a sure thing occasionally, which helped him to retrieve his heavy losses.

"Well," Oxenford said, looking respectfully at the slip of paper Mary handed him. "When we have company, you'll have to say it for us, Mary. When are you coming up to see us?"

"After Commencement," Mary said.

When Mary graduated, Oxenford sent her the biggest floral horseshoe money could buy. Mary was appalled when she beheld it towering on her desk, but her white-gowned classmates fortunately did not understand its significance, and thought her a whimsical little creature when she first laughed and then cried over it. They had never been lifted to Oxenford's shoulder to see a winning jockey borne high above the crowd.

Oxenford was there to see Mary graduated. He approved of it all, but it hurt him somehow, the removed charm of it, so different from his own outdoor world of track and paddock; the white dresses and the flowers, the stained glass windows, and the sweet girl voices.

If Honest John had had his way, Mary would not have been wearing that unassuming little white dress. Mary's father! How was he to tell her that he had stopped for Honest John, and found him in no condition to come to Mary's Commencement!

Mary found Oxenford, when the assembly broke up, leaning against a doorway, big and silent, in an unusually gorgeous waistcoat. She had left a group of classmates, and classmates' brothers, to go to him, and accepted his stumbling explanation about her father, with a quivering mouth.

It was not the last hurt Honest John was to cause her; for he plunged on recklessly, sinking lower and lower, until finally he put a bullet through his head in a fit of drunken melancholia.

After it was all over, Mary saw Oxenford. She put aside his sympathy with a hardness quite unusual in her.

"They say he owes you any amount of money, Oxie," she said, her eyes fixed on his. "I want to go over it with you. I want to square everything."

Oxenford looked at her hopelessly. He knew that Honest John was in debt to him to an amount far beyond Mary's power to square, and inwardly he cursed the long tongues that had given her the tip.

"Why, it don't amount to anything," he said, "perhaps eight or nine hundred." It was a worthy lie, but it was no use. Mary looked at him with bitter reproach.

"I know of twenty-five hundred he owed you myself," she said, "because he told me."

"He paid it," protested Oxenford sullenly. "I ain't out a thou'. Honest, Mary!"

"Five thou', more likely," said Mary. "You've got to take the horse, Oxie."

"What horse?" growled Oxenford. He was at a loss for the next move, if Mary insisted on considering herself in his debt. The bigness of mind that lifted him out of commonness made it impossible for him to force his love on her when she was handicapped by this ugly legacy. He knew she was fond of him, but his large humility led him to see nothing in this but the survival of her old childish fondness for the great fellow who had carried her about, her cheek against his stiff red curls.

"The Western horse. He's a two-year-old," Mary explained. "Dad lost thousands on him, but he's overtrained. I think he's a good one."

"I'll take him and train him for you," said Oxenford, beginning to get interested.

"You are to take him and keep him," said Mary fiercely. "I never want to see or hear of a horse again. I hate racing, and everything connected with it."

Oxenford winced. He found it easy to forgive her outburst, but it cut him.

"How's he bred?" he asked.

Mary had been sorting her father's papers, he noticed, and she had a copy of the animal's family tree at hand. Oxenford glanced over it.

"He ought to be a good one," he said, folding up the paper slowly. The idea of taking possession of his old friend's one asset, the horse poor old John had no doubt hoped would retrieve a fortune for Mary, was impossible. "But I can't take him, Mary. If he won a good race, you could sell him for twice as much as you owe me."

"I've tried to sell him, but they say he's no good," said Mary forlornly. "I can't get anything for him."

"Well, I tell you what I will do," said Oxenford brightening. "I'll take a half interest in him, and run him that way."

"Oh, no," objected Mary. "I couldn't do that."

Oxenford misunderstood her, and flushed uncomfortably.

"I forgot you were so down on racing," said he. "Of course you wouldn't want to be dragged into it."

"It isn't that," Mary explained remorsefully. "Only I want to square things, Oxie, and you may lose on this deal. Henry Graves says Flittermouse will never be anything but an old selling-plater."

"First laughed and then cried over it"

"Selling-plater himself!" said Oxenford hotly. "Tried to get the horse from you for about three hundred, didn't he?"

"Yes," Mary confessed.

"We'll show Graves a thing or two," Oxenford said grimly, "if you want to give me half of Flittermouse."

Mary sat in thought for some minutes. "I don't see any other way out," she said.

"All right, partner," said Oxenford cheerfully. "We'll pull enough out of our first race to make us square."

But Flittermouse lost his first race. Mary, that sedate and dainty little lady, burst forth from her school-room when the last of the wicked small boys she had been keeping in had clumped out. Rosy and hatless, she fell upon the newsboy who was shrieking the sporting extra under her school-room window. She crushed the paper between her hands and tossed it aside after one glance down the column. She and Oxenford were heavy losers.

She dropped down on one of the tiny desks and sat for an hour or more blankly staring at the wall. Between her and her father Oxie had been well robbed. And now she had forced him into running a third-rate horse for her. She was still sitting there when the janitor came in and began to raise the dust with a huge brush. Mary rose, stiff and sick and cold. She scribbled a little note to Oxenford, but at the post-box withheld her hand.

"He'll be around to-night to tell me it's all his fault," she told herself, with forlorn humor.

Oxenford did turn up at eight o'clock, big and grave and troubled. He knew precisely how Mary was going to take it, and he was prepared for the fight of his life. Mary kept him waiting some time. She had taken a flat with two girls she knew. They were nice girls. One was big and brown and handsome, a stenographer to some important political man; the other a kindergartner, a wisp of a creature, elfish and humorous. They came in and entertained Oxenford, but the good opinion they had previously entertained of him died. It is not easy to make small talk with a big man who watches the door and scowls. Finally Mary made her appearance, and they escaped gladly. She took her seat by the table, with a business-like air, and looked across it at Oxenford.

"Hard luck, wasn't it?" she said cheerfully, though her small features were disfigured with much crying. "I've been trying to figure out our losses, and I think I've got it straight." She flattened out her little account-book preparatory to reading items to Oxenford. But he moved over to the table and rested his arms upon it.

"You stop right there, Mary," he said. "It's my loss, whatever it is. There isn't anything to speak of. It was my bad judgment in pulling him in that race when he wasn't fit. I tried to push him, when I ought to have waited, and you ain't going to lose by my blunders."

He did not meet Mary's eyes, which was unfortunate, as he might have learned something to his advantage. When he looked at her, she was figuring stubbornly in the red-covered notebook.

"Did you hear me?" he persisted.

Mary pushed the book from her, and sat up very straight.

"Oxie," she said deliberately, "I know your game. Partners if we win, but if we lose, you stand to pay. Well, I don't play it that way."

"Don't you believe what I say?" demanded Oxenford, with righteous heat.

Mary studied him a few minutes with a curious smile.

"Never mind what I believe," said she, "Is that horse any good at all?"

"He's sure to win later on," said Oxenford, with conviction.

"Well, then," said Mary, "You've either got to take my half of him, or let me pay you that money."

"You're awfully afraid I'm going to do a little for you," Oxenford said with a sullenness so foreign to him that Mary stared in silence. She was looking very little and tired, but Oxenford plunged on savagely. "What's a few thou'? If you cared anything, you wouldn't mind. I know you don't care for me or my horses. I never had the cheek to think you'd care, though you always were such a bully little pal. But I've had enough of this. Square with me!" And he laughed. "What good's money and horses to me, if I see you worrying yourself sick, and I can't stop you?"

He stopped, and Mary, as if released, got to her feet. But she held to the back of a big chair, for her knees were shaking.

"Don't you care for me at all?" demanded Oxenford.

Mary looked beyond him over his shoulder. Her small face was set, though she spoke gently enough.

"You're always good, Oxie," she said. "It's good of you to be sorry for me. You always were sorry for things that had a tough time of it. And it's so square of you not to pretend to care for me; but just to put it that way. Thank you a lot, Oxie, for all you've done for me, and for running the horse, and that, but let's forget the rest of it." And she would

have slipped by him had not Oxenford thrown out a detaining arm.

"Look here, Mary," he said. "If that's the way it is, I'm going to take my racing stable to England. I've been thinking of it for some time. I'd like to try it over there—unless you care to have me stay."

"Don't let me interfere with your plans," Mary said politely.

Oxenford released her suddenly. "I won't," he growled. "And what's more, you're not going to bully me. I'm not going to take your half of the horse."

"Well, then," said Mary, "we'll continue as we are. And I owe you that money."

"All right then, you do," said Oxenford, and added with some bitterness, "It's a wonder you don't ask me to put in a bill for training. Good-night, Mary. I'll keep you informed about the horse. And if you want me——"

"I shan't," Mary said with dignity.

"If you want me," Oxenford repeated, stubbornly, "you'll have to send for me." And he went, without more leave-taking.

"Between her and her father Oxie had been jolly well robbed"

Oxenford went to England. Mary subscribed to an English sporting-paper, which was scarcely relevant to the career of Flittermouse, for that ornament of the turf remained on this side, and continued to lose races. Though the little kindergartner was engaged to a curate, and Miss Hutchins was a rigid Presbyterian, the fortunes of Mary's horse had a distinct fascination for them. The call of a sporting extra would send any one of the three flying down the four flights of stairs to get a copy.

At last luck changed, and Flittermouse won a race and a modest purse. Mary fluttered the check jubilantly before her two friends.

"But, Mary," Miss Hutchins said, with some reproach, "I thought you were going to sell the horse."

Mary set her little jaw. "Not yet," she said; "I'm not square with Oxie yet. He wouldn't touch a cent of the money if I sold Flittermouse, but this way he has to take his share."

She wrote occasional business-like notes to Oxenford, always with reference to Flittermouse. Oxenford's replies were not always so business-like, and he sometimes wandered from the subject of Flittermouse. He wanted to know how Mary was, and what she was doing, and whether she was not working too hard. She was not to let those ungrateful little devils wear her out. To Mary's mind, the truth would have been a bid for Oxenford's sympathy, so she told him very little about herself.

As a matter of fact, she had thrown herself into her work with the dogged enthusiasm characteristic of her. She grew big-eyed and thin, and the "ungrateful little devils" got on her nerves. Also, after the manner of the youthful modern schoolmarm, she attended various courses of lectures, and took endless notes. The little tin gods who were her superiors praised her devotion, and in the middle of the winter she broke down.

The little kindergartner came home in the winter dusk, and blundered about the sitting-room, feeling for matches. Presently she stumbled over an inert bunch by the fireplace. Terrified, she hurried to light the gas. Mary sat up, with a cut on her forehead.

"I fell," she said apologetically. "Things began to go round. My eyes are all wrong."

"Here's Helen!" The little kindergartner breathed a sigh of relief as the latchkey rattled in the door. Miss Hutchins was their tower of strength.

"See a specialist," was Helen's dictum. "I'll get off to-morrow and take you to the big man who treated my eyes."

"It's all nonsense," muttered Mary defiantly. "The big man will say it's nothing."

But, sadly enough, the big man was final and inexorable. No more work for the much-abused eyes. Some time in a darkened room, and then an operation. After that, perhaps. Mary came home white and pitiful.

That night's mail brought a letter from Oxenford.

"Read it to me, will you, Dicksie?" Mary said to the little kindergartner, for her eyes were bandaged. "And I'll get you to answer it, too, if you will? It's only business."

But the little kindergartner hesitated over the last paragraph, which was not strictly business-like.

"Are you all right, Mary?" Oxenford wrote.

"She reached up very deliberately and ran her small fingers across his face."

"You don't say anything about yourself. I was a fool to come over here. But if you want me, you've only got to say the word. You know that."

"Never mind that part," Mary cut in. "Just write a few lines for me." The little kindergartner scribbled obediently to dictation.

"Is that all?" she asked rather wistfully. She had liked Oxenford's letter, and she was not satisfied with the brief reply Mary had dictated.

Mary laughed sharply. "Perhaps you think I ought to write the truth, Dicksie. Something like this: 'Dear Oxie, I'm tired out, and half blind, and I want you. Even if you're only sorry for me, I want you just the same'—you're not a good sport, Dicksie, or you wouldn't advise it. His address is in that little red book."

"I'm writing it." And abandoning once for all the rôle of an eminently truthful and self-righteous little kindergartner, she deliberately wrote a few lines across the foot of Mary's letter.

"Dear Mr. Oxenford: Mary will never forgive me for writing this, but I can't help it. She's ill, and her eyes are all wrong, and I think she would like to see you, but she will not let you know." And signing her name hastily, she bundled the letter into its envelope.

"All right. Post it for me," said Mary, wearily. And so the news came to Oxenford, who swore over it in mingled pain and tenderness. "Stubborn little devil!" he said, but with admiration rather than censure. "I've got to get out of this." But that squareness for which Mary loved him kept him chafing there in England until his affairs were fairly settled. Meantime his intentions got abroad.

Mary, putting out her hand, one morning at breakfast, felt the familiar slippery surface of her English turf paper. She sighed and pushed it from her.

"Want to hear the news?" asked the little kindergartner. She loathed the sheet with all her Puritanical little soul. To read aloud the contaminating columns of its sporting notes required on her part the extreme of devotion, but she plunged in gallantly.

"Oh!" she said, in a surprised voice, and stopped half-way down a column. She was not lacking in a certain delicate malice.

"Go on," snapped Mary.

The few paragraphs were to the effect that Mr. James Oxenford, the well-known American turfman, was about to sell out his English stable, and return to America.

It went on to elaborate some slurs at his expense.

"Of course it isn't true," said Miss Hutchins, soothingly, for Mary was in a white rage before the finish.

"True!" said Mary. "True!" And she laughed. "You don't know Oxie. Except Colonel Frayne, he's the best sport I ever knew. Go on, Dicksie."

Dicksie finished the article. It closed with a statement that Mr. Oxenford's retirement was perhaps due to the fact that he was crippled by recent heavy losses.

Mary plucked off her bandage and blinked at them like a sick kitten.

"Well," she said, "I'm going to write one letter before I go blind." And she started rather uncertainly for the sitting-room, in spite of a thunder-gust of protest.

"Dear Oxie:" she wrote, "They say you're a heavy loser. I wish you hadn't gone over there. I haven't touched the 'Quentin' money, and I want you to do something for me. I want you to take it, for it really never was mine. You know that I owe it to you. *Please, please*, Oxie, don't send this check back to me. Yours, Mary.

"How *dare* those people say such things about you!"

Oxenford sailed the day after he got that letter. He smiled his quiet smile over the villainous pink clipping. The old racing gossips had done a big thing for him when they printed those vicious paragraphs. It had been a mischievous lie, yet he owed them something, since through it Mary had come to write that letter. Plucky little pal! Not a word about going blind, either. He had been going back, but without definite hope, merely to be of service to her if he could, but now England couldn't hold him another day. Somehow he knew that she cared. Bully little pal! who wouldn't let them blackguard him!

Oxenford reached New York on the day when Flittermouse was to have his try for the Greenwich sweepstakes. But Oxenford was not thinking of Flittermouse as he made his way uptown. When he reached the landing outside the flat, he almost fell over Miss Hutchins. She was talking in a low tone to an old man of a distinctly sporting type. Oxenford recognized Con Dalaney, who had been Honest John's driver for years. He put his hand on the old man's shoulder.

"Hello, Con," he said, heartily. "Come to see Miss Mary?"

"Yes, sir. That is, I have to tell her—" Con stammered with such trouble in his face that Miss Hutchins hastened to explain.

"It's that wretched Flittermouse," she said, indignantly. "They say there's something wrong with him, and he can't race."

Oxenford remembered then and understood. "That foot of his again?" Old Con nodded. "Too bad, but it can't be helped. You needn't wait, Con; I'll tell Miss Mary."

Old Con hesitated. He knew very little outside of horses, but he was devoted to Mary, and somehow the idea was fixed in his old head that Miss Mary was worrying over what she owed Mr. Oxenford. Con knew something of Honest John's affairs.

"Mr. Oxenford," he muttered. Oxenford turned on him, and under his surprised look, Con found his words with difficulty. "You won't push Miss Mary for the money," he said. "The horse ain't done yet, sir."

"You old fool!" said Oxenford, but not unkindly. "Get out!" and waited for Miss Hutchins to lead the way into the flat.

But that young woman faced him desperately, her face almost tragic under the tiny jet of gas that flickered on the stairway.

"I don't believe she'll see you, Mr. Oxenford."

"Why not?" asked Oxenford, quietly. "Did she find out Miss Murray wrote to me?"

"Yes," Miss Hutchins admitted, somewhat startled by the presence of this big, quiet horseman.

"Dicksie's curate made her tell Mary last night."

Oxenford did not damn Dicksie's curate, but his expression spoke for him. There were tears in Miss Hutchins' dark eyes.

"If Flittermouse wins this race, she says she is going to take the money, and go off somewhere. She never wants to see any of us again."

"How about me?" asked Oxenford thoughtfully. He was not sorry that Flittermouse had a bad foot.

"She says she can never face you again. She doesn't want you to think she's a whimpering little blind beggar."

Oxenford did not smile even at that, for he could imagine Mary's misery.

"But I've got to see her, you know," he said, frowning. "Tell her it's Con."

And Miss Hutchins did, regardless of the clamor of a Presbyterian conscience. Presently Oxenford, waiting in the little sitting-room, heard Mary moving through the hall. She came very slowly, and Oxenford had time to think up what he intended to say. It had not occurred to him that she was feeling her way along the hall until she entered, and then he saw that her eyes were bandaged.

"Well?" she said. "Well, Con?" And because there was an oppressive silence, Oxenford could see her shrink in expectation of something unpleasant to come, and longed to simplify matters by taking her in his arms, and telling her a few plain truths. Yet little and half blind and hard up, Mary was Mary and had to be treated accordingly. She felt her way quite close to him, and gripped his coat sleeve.

"Don't tell me he lost, Con," she said.

"No," muttered Oxenford. "No, but he can't run."

At his voice Mary grew rigid for a moment. Then she reached up very deliberately and ran her small fingers across his face.

"Oh, it's you, Oxie," she said, and raised her hands to her eyes as if to push up the bandage. But Oxenford caught her wrist.

"Don't do that," he said in alarm. "You'll hurt your eyes."

"I want to look at you, Oxie," Mary said simply.

"What!" said Oxenford. "Then what do you tell your friends to keep me out for? I guess you must believe some of those lies about me after all."

"Oxie!" cried Mary, her face quivering, "You know I'd never believe anything about you that wasn't kind and square and all right. You know it."

"You must have believed some of it," Oxenford persisted, "or you wouldn't have sent me the check. Did you think I'd take it?"

"I was afraid you wouldn't," Mary said, smiling faintly.

"Well, you were right there," Oxenford returned deliberately. "If you cared anything about me, I might have taken it."

"I do care, Oxie," Mary protested. "I do care."

"Oh, that way," scoffed Oxenford. "A lot of good that does me!"

"Oxie," said Mary suddenly, "if I loved you, would you take that money?"

"No," said Oxenford with an effort. He found it hard to be square just then. "Because I don't need it, Mary."

"Then you never lost anything?" Mary demanded, her face hardening.

"Not enough to count," Oxenford admitted.

Mary turned on him like a little cat. "I wish you had," she flung at him, savagely. "I wish something would happen to you. But you're so beastly lucky." This was enigmatic, but Oxenford began to see things clearer.

"I don't see how you make that out," he said slowly. "I may be lucky with money and horses, but how about the rest of it? You know that little pal I used to have. I thought sometime I could get her to care for me, but it's no good. She's gone back on me."

"She hasn't!" Mary said fiercely. "She hasn't. If they'd let her alone she'd have asked you to come back herself. But she was afraid if she asked you now, you'd come out of pity."

"Pity! oh rot," said Oxenford, brutally. "That girl had more sense than you, Mary. She knew I loved you."

Mary wavered where she stood.

"Oxie," she said, and a great fear grew on her face, "suppose that pal of yours goes blind?"

"She won't," said Oxenford. "We won't let her." But Mary went on:

"She was afraid of that. And she wanted to be square with you before—before——" She found it impossible to finish that sentence. "If Flittermouse had won, Oxie——"

"Oh, hang Flittermouse!" growled Oxenford. "I'm sick of horses. I love you, and all you talk about is getting square with me. You don't seem to understand, Mary. I've loved you for years, and I'm going to marry you, Flittermouse or no Flittermouse!"

Mary freed her eyes with one desperate gesture.

"Oxie," she said, staring at him, "you're sorry for me!"

"Sorry for you?" Oxenford repeated. "Sorry for you? No, I'm not sorry for you. I think you're a regular little brute, Mary."

Mary put out her hands to him with a laugh that was tremulously near tears.

"Oh, don't, Oxie," she said, "don't! I thought it was just like you to marry me, because I was such an unlucky little devil. And I didn't want that, because I cared so much."

Oxenford swept her into his arms.

"I know," he said, and held her close. "My bully little pal!"

Sitting Bull's Defiance

by Hamlin Garland

Illustrated by E. L. Blumenschein

ONE day some twenty years ago an officer of the Interior Department was seated on the porch of a hotel in a small town, gazing gloomily across the Missouri River. It was in June, and the oily, tawny flood of the river made a wide shining circle in the midst of the green land.

From the hotel the officer could see the tips of the smoke-yellowed teepees in Black Moon's great camp of Uncapapa Sioux. They filled the cottonwood grove which lay green in the wide flat of the valley, and hundreds of spirals of blue smoke marked the beginnings of evening fires. The officer's name was Elsdon, and he was biting his thumbs in sad predicament. An appropriation of ninety thousand dollars had been made by Congress to procure a treaty from the hostile tribes of "Blackfoot Sioux," and he had discovered that there was no such tribe, and certain traders who had contracted to furnish the goods to that tribe were anxious.

You will see that to have a ninety thousand dollar profitable contract on your hands and to find no Indians upon whom to unload your goods may become disheartening. The commissioner had decided that the only tribe which would pass for "Blackfoot Sioux" was the most powerful, the most warlike, and the most unassuageable of all the Sioux, the Uncapapas, headed by old Black Moon, Sitting Bull, and Chief Gall. And there they were, just out of gun-shot on the opposite side of the river, insolent and unapproachable.

For days the commissioner pondered, and at last he said: "If I can't make a treaty with one tribe I will try to bring in another. I will entice the Uncapapa Sioux." In this way the goods in the hands of his friends could be disbursed with profit, and his stay in the Northwest brought to an end.

"I want some one to cross the river and carry a message to Black Moon," he said to the landlord; but no one was seeking such honor. He offered one hundred dollars as a reward, and though the fort was filled with bordermen of the most reckless type, thirsty and penniless, no one came forward.

Old Hermit Kelly, bold to recklessness, refused the offer, and even Jack Varnell, who was called "the Wolf," because he always hunted alone, and was as sullen and dangerous as a crippled bear, a man who feared neither God nor man—even this man put aside the Commissioner's offer with impatient hand. "I'm not ready to cross the big river yet," he said.

One evening a couple of days later the Com-

missioner said to Clarke, the trader, "Clarke, how is this? I've been told that the West was full of men who took all the chances there were, and yet when I hold up three hundred dollars nobody wants it."

Clarke was a post trader who had married a Sioux woman. He spoke the Sioux language and knew Sitting Bull well. He was fitted to explain.

"Well, General, it's like this. We know the Uncapapas out here. They are warriors and they will die warriors. When they send out word not to enter their camp they mean it. It is taking all the chances even for me to cross that river, but I know the chiefs and I'm going to make the attempt. I need the three hundred dollars."

The Commissioner started up. "When will you go?"

"To-morrow morning."

"Clarke, if you bring me one chief, so that I can say I held a council, I will give you the three hundred dollars—and more. I must talk with a Sioux before I can return to Washington. What can I do for you? What do you need?"

Clarke considered. "Well, I will want some goods to take with me for presents and for trade. They know I am a trader here, and I've got to have an outfit."

"You shall have it. What else?"

The trader looked down a moment before answering. "I'm going to write a letter before I go, which I want you to take, and if I don't return I want you to carry it to my father, and smooth things over as well as you can with him." His voice broke a little and he stopped.

"I'll do that. But, Clarke, see here. If you feel that the chances are so great, don't go," the Commissioner had the grace to add.

The trader had entered into the matter, and he had no thought of turning back. "I'll need a steamboat yawl and a couple of men to row me and my goods across the river. Then have the colonel load his howitzers, and if you see me running for the boat, or hear shots, open up on the camp, and under cover of it I will escape."

That night Clarke made his preparations amid the protests of his friends. He was the one man who could attempt the desperate journey with the slightest hope of returning. His marriage into Sitting Bull's family, his acquaintance with Gall and Black Moon, made it barely possible that he might be allowed to enter the camp and return to the fort.

He asked two old trappers and border companions to row the boat across to the big sand-bar. They raised profane protest also.

"Clarke, you're crazy as a loon. We'll be shot before we touch ground on the other side," said "the Wolf."

"No, you won't be in any danger until they begin on me. You can hold the boat out in the stream, and when you hear me yell, or hear shots, then is your call to pull like time for the other shore."

They at last consented, and about nine o'clock of a warm, windless morning, the three men pushed out with the loaded boat and began rowing directly across the river. The air was deathly still. The water ran soundless as oil, the smoke of the camps rose straight into the air, the poplar leaves hardly moved, so light was the breeze, and the two men rowed steadily as if in deep midnight. Clarke, looking into their grave faces, saw a curious pallor there. At any moment a rifle might sound from the willows and one of them fall dead across his oars.

"I don't mind being shot," said "the Wolf," "but I hate to be shot in the back."

They touched the farther shore in the unbroken hush. The goods were unloaded on the sand, and in a low voice Clarke said:

"All right, boys; shove off."

They seized their oars, and with a straining of their hard muscles sent the boat shooting back over the swift yellow water.

Clarke, with his pack on his shoulder, waded ashore, and stood for a moment in the path which led under over-arching willows up toward the clear space where the camp of Black Moon stood. As he paused there, the spring had never seemed so beautiful. The sunlight filtering through the willow leaves dappled the path, worn smooth by deft mocassined feet. The smell of fruit and flowers was deliciously refreshing after the hot air of the dry plateau. He thought of his wife and his little brown babies, and wondered if he were to see them again. The pathway had the quiet of a sleeping rattlesnake—death was hid in the silence.

This irresolution lasted only for a moment, and then he started up the path. He had made but a few steps when he met a brown girl coming down to the river for water. She was looking about at the birds, and did not see him until he was almost within reach.

The instant her eyes fell upon him she uttered a shriek of terror, dropped her bucket, and fled like a fawn back toward the camp. For a few moments Clarke stood waiting, expecting each moment further outcry. This was the end—a rifle bullet—and then!——

silence remained unbroken, and at last ntinued his way toward the village. He next a tall young man muffled to the in a blanket.

'here is Black Moon's camp?" Clarke l.

young man neither started nor changed enance. He merely pointed toward a edteepee, r larger the rest. ke passed ıd escaped vation till ached the eof Black . He knew ıdian cus- well, and ng aside ap of the he en- and stood ence.

re, on a ket, sit- Chinese on, was Moon, old and led, but vigorous On his sat Gall, rt man of ike pres- of dark olexion, without . He was ıg on his in the ıde of lis- g to Black , who was ed in all olendor of lian king, s' feath- ne beaded kin, and breast-plate and bracelets of silver. is left sat a still more renowned war- the scourge of the Missouri, a man who ought his way from the ranks of the un- n to a command second only to Black . This was Sitting Bull, a grim-visaged n the prime of his early manhood. No r young, he still was not yet old. He was a warrior every inch of him, and in his face was written unconquerable will, cold calculation, and serene command. He scowled slightly as Clarke bent and laid the bundle of presents at the feet of Black Moon and waited his action—his life was at stake.

Black Moon peered up at the bold white man with curious eyes, then at Gall and Sitting Bull, whose faces darkened into wrath, and after a moment's pause reached and took up the bundle. This was a sign that the bearer could speak, that his presents were acceptable.

Sitting Bull's autograph, written at Belvedere Hotel, Washington, D. C. Original loaned by A. S. Gardner, Cuba, Ill.

Clarke drew a deep breath of relief. "Great chief, I am a messenger from a soldier of the Great Father, who wishes to see you and have a talk with you."

"What does he want to say to me?" asked the old man. Gall appeared not to listen.

"Chief, I will not lie to you. He wants to make a treaty with you."

"I have no treaty to make with him. I can't talk to him unless my people are willing."

"I will pay you if you will go," urged Clarke. "The agent will give you anything you need if you will come over even for a half hour."

Black Moon mused. "I want nothing except a pair of blankets." Why should I go? I am old, and do not like to move." Nevertheless, the idea of crossing seemed to interest him.

"It may be I will go," he said after some talk. "Come, Gall, you go with me." He seemed to banter.

Gall shook his head. "No; what is the use?"

He turned to Sitting Bull. "Come, my son; you go with me to see the white man."

found no fault. You may want to trade with me again."

Sitting Bull rose, drew his blanket up over his arm with the gesture of a king, and turned contemptuously on his heel. "You are a fool."

Followed by Old Black Moon, Clarke led the

"Sitting Bull drew his blanket up over his arm with the gesture of a king, and turned contemptuously on his heel"

Sitting Bull drew down his brows until he looked like an angry tiger. "No, I will not talk with the agent." He turned to Clarke, whom he knew well. "Don't you know better than to come into my camp?" he asked, and his deep voice trembled threateningly. "You know I kill all the white men who come into my camp."

Clarke put on a bold face. "You know me, Sitting Bull. I am a trader. You know I am not an enemy. You have traded with me and

way down to the boat. On the path he met the same young man from whom he had inquired the way to Black Moon's tent.

The old chief laid a hand on Clarke's arm. "My son, Whistling Elk." His face beamed with pride. "It is well that he should go too."

Clarke was delighted. "Good! I will give him a fine carbine if he will go."

The young man nodded his head, "I will go," and Clarke signalled for the boat. While

it was approaching Gall came running down the path. "Well, little brother chief," he said to Clarke, "I think, after all, I will go too."

"That is good also," said Clarke. "You shall have blankets and the best gun I can find."

The boat was not able to come close to shore, and Gall waded out and got into the boat, but Old Black Moon said:

"My son, I can't go into the cold water. I am old, and pains rack my knees. You must go alone." He seemed disappointed.

"No, chief," said Clarke, "I will carry you." He turned his back for the burden.

"Little chief, you are too small." The old man smiled as he spoke.

"I am as big as you and I am young," Clarke replied.

The old man climbed on the white man's back, and so was landed safely in the boat. When Clarke started to push off the boat, he looked across the river and saw the banks fringed with soldiers and the colonel pacing to and fro on the edge of the bluff. He was alarmed for fear the commander would disregard his orders to keep the soldiers out of sight, but as the boat started out into mid-stream, every soldier disappeared. The chiefs appeared not to see anything.

At the landing the old chief was assisted up the bank to the post, and all entered the Indian room, where the commander and the Commissioner were introduced. Then the Commissioner made his speech. He promised Black Moon everything. He promised him a steamboat load of goods. He said: "You shall have rations every seven days for all your people, and money besides, if you will come over and sign a treaty with me."

The two great chiefs listened in silence to these golden promises. Then one by one they rose and made answer.

Black Moon said: "Once I would not have opened my ears to you—but I am no longer young, I am indeed old. My limbs fail me, and my heart is no longer hungry for fighting. I would like to smoke my pipe and fight no more, but my people must decide. If they say so, then I can do nothing. I will go home and talk with them in council. I will sleep, and then I will tell you my thoughts. If my people will sign the treaty I will return."

Gall rose and stood at full height and looked at the soldiers.

"What Black Moon says is true. All depends upon the people. I am tired of fighting, not because I am old, but because it does no good. I would sign the treaty if my

"Then the commissioner made his speech"

"This is the way Sitting Bull makes treaties with you—white dogs, liars, and robbers"

people could be left alone to hunt and dance and live the ways of our fathers. I don't know what my people will say. I will tell them what you have said and will let you know."

Whistling Elk was still more non-committal, and so, loaded with presents, the three chieftains entered the boat and started across.

In the boat, in accordance with Clarke's suggestion, were sacks of flour and strips of bacon, and blankets and calico. These were for a feast and for presents for the women. It was nearly sunset as they landed on the sand-bar, which gleamed like sifted gold in the western light.

Clarke again carried the old chief on his back, while Gall and Whistling Elk waded ashore with their new guns in their arms. Black Moon shook hands in a friendly way and said, "To-morrow I will let you know."

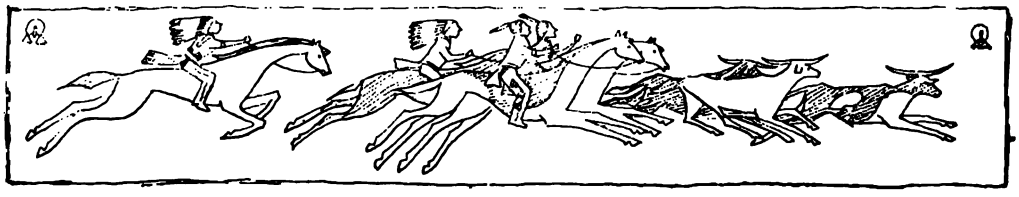
As they talked the other white men unloaded the goods upon the sand, well knowing that the squaws would come down and carry it to camp.

At last all was ready, and as the boat was shoved off Clarke looked around. The three chiefs were lost in the willows. He turned his face to the fort, and was guiding the boat toward the landing when one of the men cried:

"Look out Clarke!"

Clarke turned, expecting to hear the whistle of a bullet or see the gleam of a lifted knife. No one was near, but the bar of golden sand swarmed with redmen. They were flinging the opened sacks of flour into the water, and the river was white with the spread of it, and gay with the fragments of slitted blankets; and in the midst of it stood Sitting Bull, the single tall painted feather which he wore quivering with his anger, and he lifted his clenched fist into the air with disdainful gesture, and his booming voice sounded clear across the sullen flood:

"This is the way I make treaties with you white dogs, liars, and robbers!"



IN THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW

BY JOSEPHINE DODGE DASKAM

Author of "The Madness of Philip"

Illustrated by Orson Lowell

TO Belden, pacing the library doggedly, the waiting seemed interminable, the strain unnecessarily prolonged. A half-hour ago quick feet had echoed through the upper halls, windows had opened, doors all but slammed, vague whisperings and drawn breaths had hovered impalpably about the whole place; but now all was utterly quiet. His own regular footfall alone disturbed the unnatural stillness of a large house.

Outside, the delicious October sun poured down through an atmosphere of faultless blue. The foliage was thick yet, and the red and yellow leaves danced heartlessly in the wind. A year ago they had gone on a nutting-party, and Clarice had raced with the children and picked up more than anybody else. Now—even to think of her brought that faint odor of salts-of-lavender and beef-tea that disheartened him so, somehow, when he sat by her bed coaxing her into sipping the stuff.

Some one was coming down the stairs. It was Peter's step—his new one since last Friday, when they had all, it seemed, begun to walk and talk and breathe a little differently. Belden hurried across the room and caught him at the foot of the steps.

"Well, old man, how goes it?" he demanded, with a determined cheerfulness.

His brother-in-law stared at him emptily.

"It's to-morrow," he said, gripping the newel-post, "to-morrow afternoon. Jameson is coming—they'll do it here. Jameson brings his special nurse for the—the operation, but the other one is due at five, and you get her just the same. I told Henry to put up the dog-cart. I don't know, though—maybe the runabout—no, the tire's loose. Still it might do——"

"For heaven's sake, Peter, don't bother about it! I'll find a rig. What else does he say?"

"He says there's a good fighting chance—a very good one. He says her grit alone— Oh, Belden, what shall we do? *What* shall we do?"

Peter sat down heavily on the lowest stair.

"Only last week she was so well—and yet she really wasn't. I suppose he knows. But it doesn't seem possible—I can't get it through my head. Poor little Caddy! She never had a sick day in her life. No headaches, like most women, even, no nonsense— Oh, Belden, *what* shall we do?"

"Brace up, Peter—think what a good fighting chance means, think of that! It's not as if Caddy were old; she has that on her side. She's seven years behind me, you know."

Peter scowled. "You're fifty, aren't you?"

"Not a bit. Only forty-eight, and just that, too. Now you go out and get the nurse, and I'll stay here. It'll do you a lot of good. Don't mope around in the house all day—what's the use?"

"I can't leave the house. Honestly, Belden, I can't. I've tried twice, and I just walk right back. It's no good. There's the cart—and you won't be long, will you?"

Belden took up the reins with a vague sense of momentary relief; it was something to do. Under the influence of the fresh autumn air his spirits rose; he found himself enjoying the swift rattle of the cart and the beat of the horse's feet. After all, think of Caddy's grit, think of her fine constitution! A fighting chance—that was little enough to say, though. Why couldn't he have put it a little stronger? Hitchcock was always a pessimist.

At the station the usual crowd of well-dressed suburbanites quieted their horses and waited impatiently for the express. As Belden drew up into line, they greeted him with a subdued interest; coachmen left their seats to ask how Mrs. Moore was to-day, and when could one see her? A sudden mist came over his eyes as he answered briefly, "Very soon—I hope."

The train thundered in; in an incredibly short time all the guests and commuters were hurried off toward town—where was that nurse?

As his glance wandered through the thinning crowd, it was met suddenly and squarely by two brown eyes, set in a fresh pink face, framed by dark hair lightly sprinkled with gray. The second that he looked into that woman's eyes taught him her character, absolutely, as finally as if he had grown up with her. One could trust her to the last ditch, he thought.

She walked straight up to the cart. "I am the nurse sent for by Dr. Hitchcock. Are you Mr. Moore?"

"I am Mrs. Moore's brother—Mr. Belden," he explained. "Have you your checks?"

"That is all arranged," she returned briefly. "I am all ready. May I ask you to hurry? Dr. Hitchcock was anxious for me to see her before six, when the fever begins."

His nerves were more sharply edged than he knew: an instant irritation seized him.

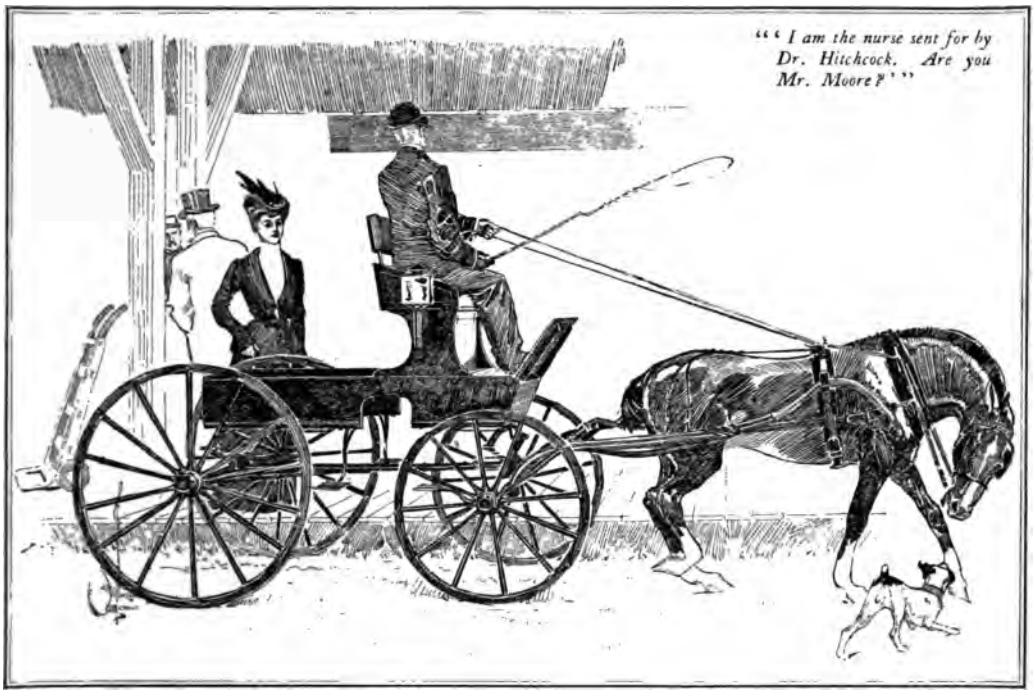
"There is plenty of room in the back of the cart," he insisted; "the express people are very uncertain. Would you not better give me the checks?"

She swung herself up beside him with a firm, assured motion; for a heavily built woman she carried herself very lightly.

"I think not," she said decidedly; "the man has started, I am sure. I would rather lose no time."

He bowed and started the horse; he disliked her already. To a deep-seated, involuntary disgust that any woman should have to earn her

"'Oh, Belden, what shall we do?'"



"'I am the nurse sent for by Dr. Hitchcock. Are you Mr. Moore?'"

living he added a displeased wonder that one should choose this method of doing it. There must be disagreeable details connected with it, embarrassments, absolute indignities—why did they not marry? This woman was good-looking enough. She was very obstinate—almost dictatorial. His idea of womanhood was hopelessly confused with clouds of white *tulle*, appealing eyes, and a desire for guidance. It was impossible to connect any of these characteristics with the woman beside him.

For a while they drove in silence. Then compunction seized him and he remarked on the beauty of the foliage. She assented easily, but seemed no more relieved by the speech than embarrassed by the silence. It was impossible to treat her as a hired servant: one felt a strong personality in her. Before they reached the house he was searching for conversation that should not bore her.

As they stepped into the wide hall, where he observed with a shade of displeasure that her luggage had come before them, Dr. Hitchcock met them.

"Ah, Miss Strong, glad to see you. Come right up. On time, as usual, of course! I was afraid you couldn't make it. Jameson comes to-morrow, you know——"

They were up the stairs; Belden stood idly in the hall where they had left him. He had an idea of showing her the house, stating some of the facts of Clarice's sudden and terrible need of her, indicating that in a family so jarred from the very foundations it would be wiser to look to him than to the bewildered master of the establishment; but this was not necessary. Evidently she persisted in dispensing with his services.

His hand slipped to his vest pocket, but he replaced the cigar uncertainly: it seemed not quite the thing to smoke. Ought he go to Peter? In his mind's eye he saw the poor fellow haunting the landing by Caddy's door; he had an idea that in some way he kept things quiet by doing this. And how could one be sure that the troubled creature wanted company?

There was a violent ring at the bell, a jarring of wheels on the asphalt. The door flew open and the prettiest little woman imaginable, all fluffy ends and scarlet flowers and orris scent, rushed toward him.

"Oh, Will! Oh, Will!" she gasped, "isn't it terrible? Where is Peter? Can I see her? Oh, Will!"

Instinctively he took her in his arms—one always did that with Peter's sister—and she put her head on his shoulder and cried a little, while he patted her and murmured, "There, there!"

She was so manifestly comforted, and it was so pleasant to comfort her—this was what a woman should be. He felt a renewed sense of capacity, of readiness for even the most terrible emergency. He led her gently to the great cushioned window-seat and listened sympathetically to her excited babblings.

"'Oh, Will! Oh, Will!' she gasped, 'isn't it terrible?'"

"It will kill Peter—it will kill him! In—in a great m-many ways, you know, Will, Peter isn't so—so c-calm as Caddy. He is just bound up with her. Suppose— Oh, Will!"

"Don't cry, Sue dear, don't!" he said soothingly. "She has a good chance—a fine chance, really. These things are mostly resisting power, you know, and grit, and think what a lot of grit Caddy's got!"

"Oh, I know, I know! Don't you know when the baby died—that first baby—and s-she was so weak she could hardly speak? 'Never mind, P-Peter, we'll have another!' Oh, dear, she was so pl-plucky, Will! And now to think——"

He choked a little. "I know, I know," he murmured, "Caddy's a brick. She always was."

She sat up, not wholly withdrawing from his arm, and patted her eyes, breathing brokenly. Little gusts of orris floated toward him.

"Where are the children?" she asked, almost herself now.

"They're here—Peter wants them one minute and sends them away the next. I should send them to Grandmother's, but he won't hear of it."

A light step sounded on the stair. The nurse appeared on the lower landing. She was dressed in cool blue gingham; the straps of her white apron marked the firm, broad lines of her bust and shoulder.

"Is this Mrs. Wylie?" she said in her clear, assured voice. "Mrs. Moore would like to see her a moment. Will you come with me?"

"I will come directly," and Sue gathered together her gloves and hand-bag.

"She's very good-looking—it's a pity her hair is so gray," she breathed in his ear. As the two women stood together a moment on the landing he realized, not for the first time, that Sue was a little too small. But he had never thought her sallow before.

Peter came in by the greenhouse door, walking slowly, his hands behind his back. He looked old for the first time in his jolly, persistently boyish life.

"Those chrysanthemums are all drying up," he complained fretfully; "not one of the blamed servants has done a thing since—since—O Lord, Will, what shall we be doing this time to-morrow? Where are the children?

Where's Miss Strong? There's a woman for you! Caddy took to her directly. She's there now. She's talking to her about the children. Oh, my God!"

Belden grasped his hand and they walked silently up and down the hall.

"Aunt Lucia's coming to-night," Peter resumed nervously. "She will drive me mad. Take care of her, will you? If I could have choked her off—but when you think she was just like a mother to Cad all these years, what can you do? She's got a right. You'd think she'd have got some sense from living with Cad so long. I told Henry to go for her—and there they are," he added, as the cart drew up before the open door.

Belden went slowly down the steps; he detested Aunt Lucia, and Clarice had always stood between them.

"How do you do?" he began, assisting her from the high seat. Her long crape veil caught in the wheel, and the numberless black and floating ends of her costume wound themselves about him as he bent down to disentangle her.

"Oh, Wilmot, this is a terrible day for us all, is it not? Be careful of the hem of that veil, please. When I kissed Clarice good-by last Christmas I little thought *what* a good-by it was! Is she conscious? You have muddied the boa, I think, but never mind. Can I see her once more?"

"For Heaven's sake, Aunt Lucia, anybody would think Caddy was in her grave! She's a long way from it yet, thank God! Of course she's conscious, and spunky as the—as ever. I don't think you really needed to——"

"My dear Wilmot, I prepared Clarice for her confirmation, I dressed her for her wedding, and I was here when the children were born. If you think that I would fail her in this crisis you have a very poor idea of my character. But then, I am perfectly aware that you always had. Oh, there is Peter! My poor Peter!" She rushed toward him, and Belden smiled sardonically as his brother-in-law planted a perfunctory kiss on her chin.

"This may comfort you, Peter, as it has me so often in such circumstances. So short, so true, so helpful. '*Underneath are the everlasting arms!*' Do you feel that, Peter?"

"I—I—yes, indeed, Aunt Lucia—you must want a bite of something, I'm sure, driving so far."

Peter writhed miserably in Aunt Lucia's crape-and-jet arms.

"Not till I have seen her, Peter. Afterward I shouldn't mind. I have brought such a beautiful address by Bishop Hunter. It was delivered on the occasion of the death of Governor ——, unless I forgot to put it in with my knitted shawl. I believe I did. I will send for it directly. When my dear husband—he was so fond of Clarice—died, I read it more than anything else, except the Prayer-book, of course. You will surely find it a help."

"Yes, Aunt Lucia. Your room is ready, and——"

"Not till I have seen her, Peter."

"Susy is there now, and Miss Strong says nobody else this evening. To-morrow——"

Aunt Lucia drew away.

"Do I understand that Susy Wylie—no relation at all—is preferred before the only mother Clarice has had for all these years?"

Peter winced. "But you weren't here, Aunt Lucia," he argued wearily.

"Who is Miss Strong?"

"Here she is!" There was great relief in Peter's voice. "Miss Strong, my aunt, Mrs. Wetherly."

"Mrs. Moore sends you her best love, and wants you to get thoroughly rested, so that you can see her the first thing in the morning, Mrs. Wetherly. She says you are not to let them frighten you."

As if by magic the formidable frown faded from Aunt Lucia's forehead. She smiled approvingly at the nurse.

"Very well. I should like to ask you a few questions—Clarice was always thoughtful."

They moved away together. The two men stared at each other.

"How do you account for that?" Belden queried.

"Oh, it's her calm way and her voice. You want to do everything she says. Norah says she's sure Mrs. Moore will get well now, with her to take care of her. By George, Will, if she pulls Caddy through it'll be worth her while, I tell you."

"Oh, they always do their best. And they all have that habit, I fancy. It's part of the training."

Peter looked up surprised.

"You don't like her, eh?"

"How absurd. I never considered her particularly. I don't care for masculine, dictatorial women, on general principles——"

"Oh, nonsense! I tell you you've taken a grudge against her, and you want to get rid of it as soon as possible."

"I suppose I have a right to my opinion," Belden began hotly, but a wave of remorse surged over him at sight of the other man's drawn, nervous face.

"Any one would think we had nothing to do but scrap over a trained nurse," he said lightly.

"She's all you say, I haven't a doubt, old man, and if she pulls Caddy through, I'll sing her praises louder than any of you."

They sat in silence. A burst of laughter from the kitchen garden startled them, and Belden started up as if to check it.

"Don't stop 'em—it's the servants. Why shouldn't they laugh?" said Peter quietly. "I've been thinking it all over. If Caddy—if—if she doesn't get well, she doesn't want a lot of black and all that. It's bad for the children. And she said the children oughtn't to grow up without a mother—think of that!"

"I guess that's all right," said Belden sadly. "Look at my boy there!"

A slender, stoop-shouldered lad slouched by the window, his hands in his pockets, an unlighted cigarette in his mouth.

"Well, well, we all have our load!" Peter's mood had changed utterly, to the other's astonishment. He seemed gentler, more thoughtful, controlled beyond belief.

"I don't see why we shouldn't smoke," he added, and they lighted cigars.

"You see, we talked it all over," he said, half to himself, "and she's so reasonable and calm, herself. . . . . She says Margaret's going to grow up just like her. That's a comfort. And there's the boy."

Suddenly the cigar dropped from his lips to the floor.

"Good God, Belden!" he shouted, "I kept thinking she'd be here, too! I forgot—I— Oh, what rot! Do you think I'll stand it? Do you think I'll put up with it? Why didn't Hitchcock know before? It was his business to know! I tell you I'll ruin that man if it takes every dollar I've got!"

Belden stared at him helplessly. Was this Peter, this red-faced, scowling menace? As he watched him silently the nurse came in from the greenhouse.

"Mrs. Moore wants to say good-night to you, Mr. Moore," she said, her deep, clear voice echoing strangely after the hoarse passion of Peter's rage. "I found these all picked—were you going to take them to her?"

Peter drew a deep breath and put out a shaking hand for the flowers.

"I don't know what's the matter with me, Will—I talk like a fool," he half whispered. "I can't get used to this damned see-saw. First I'm all ready for it, and then I'm nearly wild. And so it goes—up and down, up and down."

"How is she? Is it all settled for to-morrow? Hitchcock said that perhaps——?"

"Mrs. Moore is doing very well—really very well. She was a little excited when Mrs. Wylie was with her, but she is nicely sleepy, now. I think it will be better to stay only a moment. She will get a good night's rest to-night, it is so cool. The weather is on our side."

She smiled into his eyes and nodded gravely. He brightened and squared his shoulders. As he went quickly up the stairs, Belden stopped the woman.

"Tell me," he said authoritatively, "how is my sister, really? What do you consider her chance?"

She looked him easily in the eyes. "It is impossible to say," she returned gravely. "Your sister is a very brave, self-possessed woman, and seems to have a good constitution. That is, of course, half the battle. But her case is very complicated, and until the operation, no one can tell. You may have every confidence in Dr. Jameson. He is a magnificent surgeon."

Before her non-committal eyes his own fell baffled. He was more irritated than he cared to own. Could she not see that he was prepared for anything, that his self-control was as great as her own? She treated him like a child; those professional reserves, necessary, doubtless, in the case of Peter and his excitable sister, were wasted on him. Why could she not see it?

"I am quite aware of Dr. Jameson's skill," he said coldly, "but I had hoped that you would find yourself able to break through the professional attitude sufficiently to give me your real opinion, which, of course, you must have formed."

She threw him a quick glance. "Ah, my friend," he thought exultingly, "you have a temper, then!" But in an instant it was gone.

"I have told you all I was able to tell," she said evenly. "I have been here but a short time, you know."

She turned and left the hall, and he, chafing under a sense of merited rebuke, conscious of a foolish petulance, went discontentedly into the library. He seemed to be continually at fault with Miss Strong, but unable to resist the effort to master her.

The evening was very lonely and still. Peter had gone to his room early and the children had effaced themselves: Susy was with them. Aunt Lucia read the "Imitation of Christ," by the fire. Belden's mind turned unconsciously to the old days when Caddy and he dreamed out their future in the nursery. It had all come out just as she had planned, except this. Poor little Caddy—a fighting chance!

The next morning seemed to fly by them: it was nine o'clock, ten, eleven.

At this hour a feverish activity suddenly

spread through the house. They met and passed each other, hurrying, troubled, secretive; the servants stumbled and quarreled in their purposeless haste. To Belden, quieting when he could, sternly optimistic everywhere, at heart heavy and uncertain, it seemed that the one anchor of their hopes was this calm, clear-eyed woman in her uniform of authority!

Peter hung pathetically on her lightest word; the children, dazed and terrified, ate and exercised at her command; his own boy, a strange hard look in his furtive eyes, followed her like a dog, and Aunt Lucia submitted with unprecedented meekness to an abrupt curtailment of her interview with Clarice. He himself went into the bedroom for a moment, half uncertain of the reality of the experience. It was absurd to remember that he might never see her, conscious, again—his own little Caddy.

He sat awkwardly on the side of the bed.

"Well, little woman, how goes it?"

"Queen's taste, Will!"

"Good for you! I'm proud of the Beldens, Caddy—Billy acts like a drum-major."

Her eyes softened.

"The dear boy," she murmured. Their eyes met. "*Look after him,*" hers said, and his, "*As long as I live!*" He stooped and kissed her lightly. "Mind you look as well as this tomorrow!"

"Oh, I shall be all right. Miss Strong will take care of me. When I think how I have the best of everything—such care—I've been a very happy woman, Will, dear."

His eyes filled. He threw her a kiss and went out blindly. A hand touched his arm.

"You've done her good," said the nurse softly. "You stayed just long enough. She'll take her nap now."

He went heavily into his own room. Below him a little porch led out from the smoking-room, and as he sat lost in a miserable reverie, voices rose from it to his window.

"Nobody knows what she's been to me. As much like a mother as I'd let her. I did everything but the cigarettes, and I meant to tell her I'd do that too, next month—that's her birthday."

Was this his boy, that pleading, shaken voice? He looked out: the lad was fingering Miss Strong's white apron nervously. She leaned over the railing of the little porch, her hand on his shoulder.

"You tell her about it—I'll never smoke another one. It was the last thing she asked me."

"I'll tell her—she will be so pleased, I know.

"'*I dare say you are surprised*'"

She asked about you, yesterday. I'll let you know as soon as I can."

Belden, a little later, hurried down stairs, with a confused idea of thanking her. On the threshold of the library he paused, amazed. Dr. Hitchcock sat before a small green baize table, studying five playing cards held fan-shape in his left hand. Opposite him sat Miss Strong, holding the pack expectantly.

"You can give me two, my dear, I think," he said as Belden entered. Looking up, he smiled apologetically.

"I dare say you are surprised," he suggested, "but I have been much exasperated, Mr. Belden, and a long experience has taught me that nothing so quickly clears the mind as throwing a few hands of poker. Miss Strong —an invaluable person—is kindly assisting me. Did I say three? Yes, of course. Thank you. We are playing for beans, only, you see."

Belden watched them curiously. She sat as imperturbably as by Caddy's bedside, her eyes fixed thoughtfully on her cards.

"—And raise you three," she said.

"Five more—you will excuse me, Belden, but your aunt, Mrs. Wetherly, is a somewhat unusually irritating woman. I'll see you, Miss Strong,—ah, yes, two pair, queens up."

"What has she done?"

"She insists that Mrs. Moore shall not only see Mr. Burchard, to which I have not the least objection, but that he shall hold a Communion Service, directly, there. Now, if your sister had asked for this herself, it would be another matter, but unless this is the case I always regard it as a depressing agent. It is a strain, in any case."

"I think Mrs. Moore will go through with it very easily, Doctor," Miss Strong interposed, slipping the cards into their leather envelope and gathering up the beans. "She will be fresh from her nap, and it will be very short. She has promised Mrs. Wetherly, you know, and it would distress her more to break it——"

"All right, all right. Have it your way. Much obliged."

He took the cards from her and went out.

"My aunt is very trying," Belden began.

"Oh, many people feel so about it," she assured him, "especially High Church people. She only did what she thought right."

He drew a breath of relief.

"You'll see she's not too tired?" he asked, and as he went to luncheon he wondered at the comfort he derived from her mute nod.

He was roused from the table, where the dishes left by them were untouched for the most part, by a disturbance in the hall.

"It's the priest," the waitress murmured, and with a frown he checked her rising tears.

Aunt Lucia bustled through the room.

"You must come, Wilmot," she whispered eagerly, "she asked for you. Peter is locked into his room, and neither of the children has been confirmed. Susy, of course, is a Presbyterian. Not that dear Mr. Burchard would object—he is so broad. But you have no excuse. Oh, it is beautiful, Wilmot! She looks so lovely!"

He followed her wearily. What did it matter? It seemed to him ominous, terrible—but it would please Caddy. She sat propped up in the bed. Her cheeks were crimson, her eyes bright. White chrysanthemums stood in silver vases, candles burned softly on the white-draped dresser. Mr. Burchard, in the hall just beyond, was slipping his surplice over his head. A faint odor of wine mingled with the flowers.

Belden dared not look at her. She was to him, in that moment, mystic, holy, a thing apart. He dropped on his knees beside a silvery white apron, his eyes on the floor, his heart beating hard.

The clergyman entered slowly, the service began. It was all a murmured maze to him. Aunt Lucia sobbed quietly beside him, but as he glanced at her he caught a light on her wet, uplifted face that thrilled him strangely. Her deep responses spoke a faith and surety that swallowed for the moment all her little sillinesses and obstinacies.

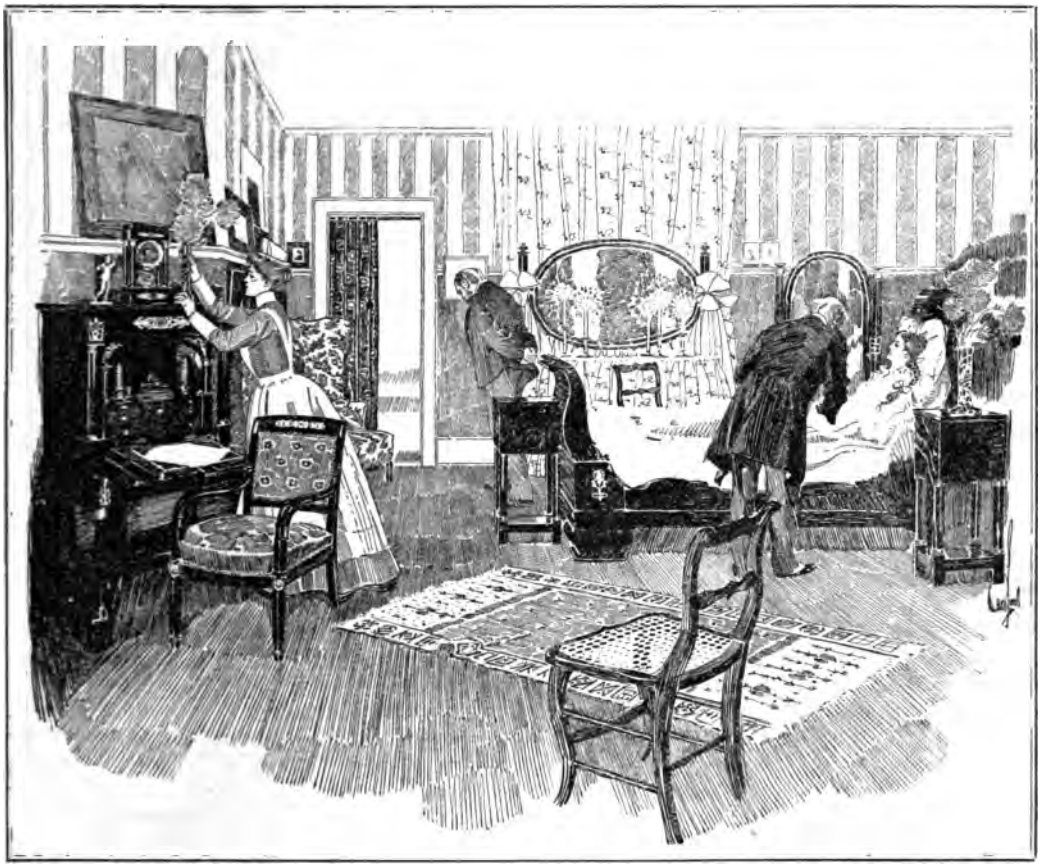
The solemn words grew in intensity, the candles flickered audibly in the secret hush. The clergyman moved toward the bed, and they heard Caddy's breath draw out in a deep, shuddering sob; her teeth chattered against the Cup.

Belden set his jaw; it was cruel, brutal! They were killing her. His clenched fist moved blindly toward his neighbor: he touched her hand and gripped it fiercely.

In front of him on the wall hung a large photograph of Billy's base-ball nine in full uniform. He could have drawn it from memory, afterward. Billy, he remembered, was a great catcher. He held hard to that cool, firm hand.

"— *be amongst you and remain with you always. Amen.*" There was a little stir. The hand was drawn from his.

"Come, now," whispered Aunt Lucia, and he walked, stumbling and stiff from kneeling, from the room. At the door he glanced a second backward, but only Dr. Hitchcock was to be seen, bending over the bed. Miss Strong had already taken away candles and flowers,



"Miss Strong had already taken away candles and flowers"

and Caddy's triple mirror was back on the dresser.

Mr. Burchard, in his long black cassock, offered his hand cordially.

"I am glad you could be with us, Mr. Belden," he began, but the other broke in:

"If you have tired her, if this—makes a difference—" he muttered fiercely, "you will have me to settle with. Mind that!"

He hurried down the stairs, his hands still clenched. Peter was starting off with the road wagon. They nodded shortly at each other.

From then, the time raced on incredibly. The great surgeon, with his two assistants, was in the hall; he was on the stairs; he was lost to sight. There was a momentary rush and bustle, the closing of a door. Peter came out, whispering to himself, and disappeared somewhere. The others, clustered in the library, spoke fitfully.

"They carried her on a cot into the west room," somebody murmured close to Belden. It was little Margaret. "I saw her. She waved her hand at me! I threw her a kiss. Miss Strong smiled at me—I love Miss Strong."

Aunt Lucia sobbed. Susy bit her lip and played with Billy's unwilling hand.

"Where's my father? Where's he gone?" he demanded. "Who's that other woman with the apron?"

Miss Strong appeared at the door. "She has taken the ether very well indeed; they are much pleased," she said softly. They hung on her words; they overwhelmed her with questions. She soothed them like children.

It grew suddenly clear to Belden that Caddy would die. It must be so. He wondered that they had hoped for anything else. He was sorry for them all. He watched indifferently while Miss Strong led the children away—he knew she was taking them to their father. Later, while Aunt Lucia, on her knees, read through streaming eyes from her prayerbook, and Susy talked nervously to him, he watched the firm, full figure of the woman pacing up

"A drawn, old, white-faced man . . . leaned weakly in a chair"

and down the piazza outside, her arm drawn through his restless boy's.

"God bless her!" he said aloud.

▾▾▾

Afterwards, he could never recall the consecutive happenings of the end. He saw only separate pictures.

In one, a strange young man opened the door and said the words that frightened them with delight.

In another, a drawn, old, white-faced man —surely not Dr. Jameson—leaned weakly in a chair, while a woman handed him a tiny glass of colored liquid.

In yet another, a father hid his face in his little daughter's bosom and sobbed, with shaking shoulders; his tall son smiled bravely over the bent head.

In the last picture he himself bore a part; for when he came upon his shy, suspicious boy clasped in the kind arms of the woman whose brown eyes, once seen, had haunted his thoughts ever since, he gathered them both to him irresistibly. As he laid his cheek against hers, he felt that it was wet with tears.

"It lies with you now," he whispered in her ear, "to give her back to us, well and strong. He says you can. Afterwards—"

She drew away from him.

"I—I must go. I am so glad—I will do my best," she answered unsteadily.

He caught her hand. "And afterwards?" he repeated, a growing mastery in his voice. She tried to meet his eyes, but her own fell, conquered.

THE BALLAD OF THOMPSON'S SHACK

BY HENRY WALLACE PHILLIPS,

Author of "Red Saunders"

TWO dozen women and their kids was holed in Thompson's shack
With just six men that happened there to scrap a blasted pack
Of hootin', shootin', whoopin' Sioux that pranced upon the prairie,
Their minds made up to do us harm, but just a little scary,

For we had knocked it to 'em stiff when they first tried to jump us.
A slew of Reds with cold, cold feet was all that marked that *rumpus.*

But then they played it at long range, a quiet, hold-on course—
Also a three-ply, air-tight cinch for which we was the horse.

This latter racket made our stack of little hopes diminish.
We felt, unless we got some help, that we could see our finish.

A fat man, by the name of Jones, was kind of running us—
The sort that always grabs aholt when things get in a muss.

We two had had a falling out, before the Sioux uprisin'.
He put two loads of shot in me, and I lammed him surprisin'.

But all bad feeling was called off when we met in the shack.
The way he braced and stood his work made me take some things back.

A busy, sassy cuss was Jones, and bad *as Hebrew sin;*
But when affairs was on the loose that fat man sailed right in,

Took off his coat, and ran the game as though he'd played before.
It didn't lie in hard luck's hand to make that porpoise roar.

Now, we was up ag'in it, hard, *and plenty to the bad.*
To hear them gals and children screech just fairly drove me mad.

As night come on, Jones says to me, "There's that dam Pearson whelp—
He's scart plum out of any use; let's let him go for help.

"If I have this thing puzzled out, he stands no chance in three
Of ever getting through their lines, but you can't go, nor me,

"Nor any of the other boys. We're flying too light now;
And if they gather Pearson's hair, it's no loss, anyhow."

I couldn't help but pity him, poor devil-harried gawk;
His eyes bunged out, his face was green, he couldn't hardly talk;

Yet, if he stayed, his chance was small, as, likewise, if he flew,
For any way you viewed the scene, the gen'ral tone was blue.

But when it comes to cashin' in, and payin' nature back,
You'll take out doors in preference to any man's durn shack.

So Pearson put his best hoof front the liveliest he knew;
And, blast my hide! if, by some scratch, he didn't sneak right through!

He pasted high, and wide, and swift, clean up to Bradley's Branch,
Where seven men with seven guns was holdin' down the ranch;

Not holler-eyed by any means, yet mindful of the text,
"When Injuns' hearts is very bad, the devil knows what's next."

Then Pearson tells 'em how the game is going, Thompson's way,
And makes a break due east once more when he has said his say.

'Twas Stevens told me all that part; ses he, "He's skipped, you bet!
Unless he's fell down some one's well, I guess he's movin' yet!"

The sup'rintendent of that branch, a red-haired man named Bill,
Said he didn't see how he could spare a hand, and make any kind of a decent
stand if he got jumped, but still,
As long's 'twas kids and women there
He s'posed he'd have to whack up fair.

Four men was picked to help us out, thus leavin' Billy two—
A hefty lot on either side to fight a hundred Sioux.

So out pulls Cock-eyed Stevens,
And Caspar Hazeltine,
And Old Man Snow from Idaho,
And Texas Sliver Greene.

About a mile to east of us they stopped and had a chin,
To figure out the cutest scheme to work their passage in.

It didn't take 'em long to see the safest thing to do,
Instead of waiting to get jumped, was just to jump the Sioux.

"Our cards ain't good," says Sliver Greene, "and they're dead sure to call.
Unless we bluff 'em out of it, the bank is bust—that's all."

I ain't a-sayin' that it waren't well-nigh the only way,
But backin' fours agin a gang is mighty hard to play.

Our checks was getting mighty low about this time of night.
The Injuns touched our shanty off and then we had to fight

Both man and fire. It looked like our style of game was barred,
For while we sloshed the water on, they fanned it to us hard.

Against the leaping flames behind we made an easy mark,
With nothing we could see to shoot outside there, in the dark.

We lost three men, and all our hope. Old Jones and me, we shook,
And said "Good-bye," and cussed our luck, and one good breath we took

To meet our ends like men—when out there bust a bunch of hoots
That brought my hairs all standin' up a-tiptoe on their roots.

"Well, what's loose now? *" says Jones to me. Then off the Injuns flew*
Across the buttes to left of us as fast as they could screw.

"By God, we're saved!" says I to him. "The cavalry is here!
They didn't sound no bugle, though; that smells a little queer;

"But it's sure *them. Now, let's get down and open up the gate.*
Three minutes more 'ud done for us, and they'd 'a' been too late."

Well! . . . When that army cantered up, Old Jones and me fell dead
We just stood still and looked at them, and never a word we said;

For here come Cock-eyed Stevens,
And Caspar Hazeltine,
And Old Man Snow from Idaho,
And Texas Sliver Greene!

MEN OF LETTERS

Personal Recollections and Appreciations

BY GEORGE W. SMALLEY

WHETHER the world or those hundreds of thousands of its best inhabitants who read this magazine have much curiosity about men of letters seems a little uncertain. And nothing is more difficult than to gratify a curiosity which does not exist; it is like creating the appetite you have to appease. However, the men of letters are perhaps interested in each other, and they are numerous enough to constitute an audience by themselves; unhappily, but necessarily, a critical audience. The late Mr. Traill, one of the most accomplished and, vulgarly speaking, least successful of modern writers in England, once wrote an article on "The Minor Poets of the Day." There were sixty-seven of them, by themselves a respectable and ready-made public. But I have heard it said—this was in London—that authors in the flesh are disappointing when met in society. Society expects them to be as clever as their books, but if they have put the best of themselves into their books, as they are bound to do, how much is likely to be left for social purposes?

Sometimes, no doubt, a great deal. Thackeray had enough for all purposes, but Thackeray was a giant—a great, healthy, hearty, human being, as well as the first—and by far the first—writer of modern fiction. Browning was another. He wrote each morning versified studies in psychology, and every night of his life while the London season lasted, dined out and dined well, and talked with prodigious energy in a strident voice; sometimes, if his companion so willed, of the weather, more often of music and books and men (and women), and of philosophy, religion, and other high matters. Perhaps he was a little prone to discourse, to monologue rather than talk, and certainly he liked a gallery. Thackeray I never knew; he had said his last good-by to England before I ever set foot on its shores. Browning I saw often and in many ways. I have curious books which he gave me and letters he wrote to me, of which I shall say something hereafter. But I suppose I met him most often at dinner, and often he dined with me; and London is a place so vast, even social London, that the company is never twice the same or nearly the same; so that I saw Browning tried in all ways. There was no company in which he did not shine.

Possibly it will seem odd to his admirers, but he was, as a rule, least admirable when other writers were of the company. I will suggest it as a rule for young entertainers that it is a false ambition to invite too many lions to the same table; their joint roar is apt to be discordant. There arises a sense of competition; a thing fatal to that harmony which more than anything else is, in social life, an element of success. Challenged, Browning could be aggressive, and a dinner-table is not a convenient place for carrying on military operations. I could name a host who delighted to collect about the same board with Browning, Matthew Arnold, Lowell, and one or two other celebrities. The atmosphere was always a little hot. Each of these eminent men of letters had a just sense of his own place in the world and in society, which he was by no means disposed to relinquish in favor of others. Lowell had the honor of the flag to maintain as well as his own, besides which, a habit of correcting the errors of his pupils at the University clung to him in the world, which he regarded as a larger university. His impatience of inaccuracy showed itself heedlessly among people to whom pedantic accuracy in mere dates and facts, or even in the pronunciation or use of a word, seemed less vital than ease and security in convivial moments. He had, as all those I have named had, a delightful courtesy of manner, and was alike a delightful host and a delightful guest. But no rebuke stings so sharply as the rebuke courteous. They all had repartee, and all practised this dangerous gift with freedom with and upon each other as well as in general society. They were each and all brilliant exceptions to the general rule or theory that the writer has not enough both for his books and for the best table talk with his fellow-men and women. Browning was the most argumentative and the most fond of bringing heavy artillery into action. Arnold, in conversation as with his pen, found humor a more effective weapon, and his humor could be merciless, sportive, and charming, as it was when his mind had free play and his ascendancy was undisputed. Lowell had wit, between which and the humor he liked best there was no very clear dividing line; at any rate, when you were dazzled and perhaps a little alarmed by his conversation you hardly cared to dis-

tinguish one from the other. When that Damascus blade began to perform conic sections in the air the victim was lucky if he knew enough to get out of the way of the lightning, if he could. Not a spark of malice, nor any enjoyment of pain or terror. Lowell simply sat in the judgment seat and delivered judgment, which his innate kindness would temper with mercy when sentence had to be pronounced. Still, for social and conversational ends, the judicial bench is not the best model, nor the Old Bailey the best school. Lowell himself after a time felt this, and his manner and methods softened. England taught him much. He used to say it certainly taught him, among other things, the habit of toleration. He learned to keep the critic and the pedagogue under, and to be himself; with charity to all, and that abounding love for others and sympathy with others, and the absolute unselfishness which were among his best traits. I should say the same of Arnold; once let him satisfy his literary conscience and he became altogether lovable. He knew perfectly well that the best talk is never controversial.

I have been speaking of these three—Browning, Lowell, Arnold—together, because each brings out the other in relief. Browning was perhaps the most overpowering personality of the three; the one who most obviously took possession of the company and kept it. Certainly he was, of the three, the greatest social figure and for the longest time. Lowell became social in obedience to the demands of his official position; abandoning because he must, and for a long time only because he must, the better-loved library, his favorite and scarce edition of "Don Quixote" in red morocco, the converse of the single friend or two he loved to have about him, and his pipe. Perhaps Mr. Leslie Stephen was as often to be met there as any one—Du Maurier, also, and one or two men less known. Lowell's likings ran wide, and his tolerance had no ascertainable limits where bores were concerned, provided the bores had done something in literature, could talk on their own subject, and did not misquote.

Perhaps Arnold was the best loved of the three; best by his intimate friends if not by those for whom his superiorities were not always kept in check. I do not know a more touching proof of the affection he won than a remark of the late George Smith, that prince among publishers to whom we owe the "Dictionary of National Biography," and in more senses than one, since he paid many scores of thousands of dollars out of his own pocket to carry it through. He published some of Matthew Arnold's books, and he loved Arnold, who was often his guest. "You know," said Mr. Smith to me one day at dinner when Arnold had been expected but detained, "I gain one thing by his absence. When he comes, I give him my best wine, and he likes the wine; but he likes me to drink it with him, and I do. The result is I have an attack of gout next day. But I had rather have the gout than not have Arnold."

To Browning, also, George Smith was a frequent host, during a long series of years, though Browning was in such demand that he had to be asked weeks in advance if you would be sure of getting him. Browning loved port before all other wines. He would drink no other if he could get that. "I gave him," said George Smith, "my 1820 port while it lasted; then the 1834; and the 1847 till they were exhausted; then finally 1851. Now you know that the 1851, though a great wine, is not equal to any one of the others. Browning drank the 1820 and the rest in silence, but when I set before him the first decanter of 1851 he said, for the first time, 'Ah, that's a good wine.'" For Browning also, Smith was publisher, and it was many years before any volume of verse by Browning proved profitable to either publisher or author. Not for that or for any other reason did the poet swerve from the path he had marked out for himself, or which had marked itself out for him. He could live without royalties; without pen in hand each morning he could not live. He had a message that he must deliver. For fame he did not care, and cared the less because it came late. "There are," said the late Lord Houghton while he was still "Dicky Milnes," "but two lines in 'Sordello' I can understand—the first and last—'Who will may hear Sordello's story told,' and 'Who would hath heard Sordello's story told.' And both are false." But the passion for obscurity never died out of Browning's mind. I find myself wondering what has become of the house in Warwick Place where he lived so long, with his sister, a woman of fine character, and of the library where he read and thought and wrote. Many of his books came to him from his father. Some of them were rare, and interesting for other reasons. I said so to him one day. "You know I don't care for a book," he answered, "because it is rare; still less because it is curious or well bound. Except those which were my father's you may have them all and welcome." Indeed, I wish I had accepted some of them as souvenirs of a wonderful writer and a good friend.

If I am to speak of living men of letters in England in their personal or social relations, it is impossible not to remark on the different social position of men of letters in London and in New York. Mr. Howells has lately told us that the attitude of American writers toward New York society is one of exclusion. If his view be true of New York, it certainly is not true of London. The English writer does not hold himself superior to society; nor, on the other hand, does English society refuse to stretch out the hand of good fellowship to him who lives by pen and ink, provided he lives well and attains to a certain distinction in his business of book-writing. For English society is eclectic; it chooses out the best; and means to be composed of the best; and the best only, in many differing kinds. It does not readily tolerate eccentricity or ill manners or outlandish dress; since conformity in such matters is necessarily a condition of admittance. If a man does not choose to wear a dress coat it is presumed he does not care to dine where dress coats are worn. From what I have said above, it will be seen what place the great men of letters of the immediate past held, and how they valued it. And will anybody explain how the novelist who deals with social life is to deal with it accurately if he never finds himself in contact with it? How could Thackeray have written "Vanity Fair" if he had always dwelt outside of Vanity Fair? And how could Mr. Anthony Hope have written the "Dolly Dialogues" if he had had no acquaintance with the Carters and Lady Micklehams of actual life?

As I have mentioned Mr. Anthony Hope—to give him the name by which he chooses to be known as a writer—I may as well add that his relations with people who compose society have saved him from those errors which less fortunate writers do not seem able to escape. Why do some of the dramatists who concern themselves with the comedy of society put impossible people on the stage in circumstances that are also impossible? It is the first business of the dramatist, as it is of the novelist, to observe, but how can he observe through a closed door? How can the note be caught if you are not in a position to hear it? You sit through a comedy in which the men and women say and do things they never could have said or done in actual life, or would have said and done once only and no more. Even Mr. Howells would admit that this is unfortunate, and that these gentlemen ought either to leave society alone or depict it as it really is.

You will remark one thing about Mr. Anthony Hope and his use in fiction of the material which his acquaintance with the upper world supplies him. He never photographs. He never puts a single living person into a book as a single character in fiction. He takes no liberties, violates no confidence. What he does is to compose a picture, selecting, arranging, and giving the reader not a reproduction of any one scene, but a scene to which several have contributed. You can identify no individual though you may recognize in a single character some of the traits of several whom you happen to know. It is the opposite method which sometimes brings suspicion upon the good faith of eminent writers, as in the case of a living Frenchman who, in a very French story and in very questionable surroundings, has drawn a perfectly recognizable portrait of an English lady to whom he was under considerable obligation.

Mr. Howells himself, turning his back resolutely on the people of fashion whom he holds unworthy to mingle with the people of letters, contents himself with describing the life he sees at a Saratoga hotel or on a river steamboat, which he does with admirable fidelity. Mr. Henry James has, or long had, a different method. Less intolerant of the unlettered world than Mr. Howells, he has spent a good part of his life in the various societies of Boston, of New York, of Paris, of Rome, Florence, Venice, and of London. His novels are exact and admirable studies of these societies, or they were until he chose to concern himself with a world which neither he nor anybody else can do much more than guess about. It is something more than a coincidence that the changes in his methods of work and of life occurred about the same time. He renounced London where for many years he had been known and sought after; where everything was open to him; where clubs and drawing-rooms knew him almost equally well. Because he thought there would be more leisure for writing if away from all these sources and inspirations of his own kind of writing, he banished himself to Rye. There he lives the life of a recluse, tempered by the visits of friends. Needless to say that the social attractions of this little port on the Channel do not distract him from literary pursuits. It is perhaps for this reason that he has turned his mind inward. What is there to observe outwardly? The marshes which stretch from his rear windows to the Channel; an ancient steamer threading its way to port; a few small coasting vessels or fishing smacks; dingy relics of a past when Rye was, as indeed it still is, one of the Cinque Ports of England. The

railway whistle and the scream of the sea-gull vie with each other in shrillness; a cyclist or two wheels past; a golf player with his burden of clubs may be seen in the distance. The town itself is a town of shops and shop-keepers, close built, with devious streets; with solid brick houses and solid brick garden walls, massive enough for a fortress, so that you almost expect a challenge from a sentry as you pass. Instead of which you find an open door and a welcoming host—or would, except that he has met you at the railway station and taken charge of you. The house is airy, old-fashioned, with a garden, with rooms charming in their simplicity and a certain antique taste. From the time you enter till you depart you feel the genial presence of the owner, and perhaps are only reminded of the writer as you hear him dictating to his stenographer, a habit acquired of recent years, and acquired with pain, after much experimenting. If Mr. James does not tell you somebody else will, that it is a tradition of Rye that the tenant of Lamp House has always been mayor of the town. So perhaps that high dignity awaits Mr. Henry James also.

Were Mr. John Morley offered his choice whether to be dealt with as man of letters or man of politics, I know not which of the two he would elect. He has been both. He has won a permanent renown in literature. What he has won in politics it were more difficult to say, unless we are content to regard a man as successful because he found his way into the Cabinet, and to the Front Bench of the House of Commons, and to Dublin Castle. He had, indeed, a triumph greater than all these. To him belongs the credit, if credit it be, of having more strongly influenced Mr. Gladstone toward Home Rule than anybody else. To measure the value of that you must try to conceive of Gladstone as a man seldom much influenced by anybody, and still more seldom giving any part of his confidence to anybody not like himself a staunch believer, and a Churchman; and especially a Churchman, for it is doubtful whether Mr. Gladstone held a Dissenter or an Agnostic in the greater abhorrence. Two things, I imagine, attracted him to Mr. John Morley: the remarkable intellectual powers Mr. Morley brought to bear on subjects not his own, and his profound sincerity of character and conviction. Mr. Morley had both, and Mr. Gladstone valued both.

Yet no training could have seemed less promising for public life than Mr. Morley's. He never likes to be reminded, with reference to the conduct of affairs, that he was first of all a student and a writer. The antithesis between books and affairs he holds cheap. Perhaps journalism, in which for some years he was eminent, may be regarded as transitional between the two. It touches literature, not always with a sure hand, and must deal with affairs. Thiers said of journalism that it was a good profession provided you got out of it soon enough; and in this Mr. Morley seems to have agreed with Thiers. Kinglake said of it that a first-rate leading article, or what we call an editorial, ought to be in the tone of a Cabinet Minister's speech. I don't know that Mr. Morley will think it a compliment if I say that as between his leaders in the "Pall Mall Gazette" and his speeches in the House the tone of the Cabinet Minister is as marked in the former as in the latter. There was, at any rate, in both, the honest effort to get at the root of the matter, and the penetration of view which seconded well the moral aspiration.

Probably it is by pure perverseness of fate that this historical student should seem unable to take anything but the modern view. The fault of his learned book on Cromwell is that he applies to the acts of Cromwell in the seventeenth century and during a civil war the test which he applies to events in the nineteenth or twentieth centuries in time of peace. He cannot rid himself of the moral notions which have become embedded in his nature. On that side of him he is austere, unbending, uncompromising, at times narrow, and at all times a fanatic, a man who would go to the stake for his own ideas or send you there for yours.

And yet on the personal side he has a sweetness of nature and a sweet reasonableness in talk which I can only call lovable. He impresses the men who are most unlike him with his fairness of mind and fairness of purpose. Years ago occurred a conversation between Mr. Morley and a man as unlike him in most points as can be conceived, a Conservative and a Scotland lad. They talked freely and parted friends. "You seem to get on well with Morley, Radical as he is," said a bystander. He answered, "If all Radicals were like Morley they would be easy to get on with." Then he added, "And perhaps there would be fewer Conservatives." Yet Mr. Morley had been implacable in argument. What had impressed and softened the Conservative was this very sweetness and sweet reasonableness, with which the mere doctrinaire is so seldom endowed.

He looks like a Puritan and talks like a philosopher. Better than that, his talk, his presence, his life persuade you that here is a man

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ROBERT BROWNING

who cares for men, and for humanity. He puts emotional conceptions into sparkling epigrams, as if to dazzle you into the belief that the sentimental view of affairs is the practical view. There is a hint of the millennium in his political teachings, nor is it always quite clear whether his radicalism does not slide imperceptibly into socialism. He has written the best book extant on Burke, unless Mr. Payne's " Preface to the Select Works " be an exception. Yet Mr. Morley's is not the real Burke. He is the apostle of the socialistic radicalism of the eighteenth century in France, and he taught the doctrine of " somber acquiescence " in the anarchy and terror to which it led. And now he is writing the " Life of Mr. Gladstone," to whom all these things were profoundly repugnant. It will be a unique piece of biography—the biography of a believer by an unbeliever, of the real adroit pro-

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THE RT. HON. JOHN MORLEY, M.P.
Courtesy of Messrs. Macmillan & Company, Ltd., London

fessional politician of his times by a political amateur; of an Imperialist by a Little Englander; of a *bon-vivant* by an ascetic; of a great orator by a writer; and a biography by a real man of letters, of a man who had literature, indeed, and much literature and wrote many books, yet never a book which the world would not willingly let die. For writing it he receives, say those who ought to know, not less than $50,000. It has been the work of two busy years, and will be ready in the spring. The "Life of Cobden" in two thick volumes, is said to have been completed within two months in a lonely Scottish moor.

Mr. Morley was for many years the "reader" to Messrs. Macmillan, and is still, I think, their literary adviser. There could be none with more literature, few of sounder literary judgment, or with a more conscientious sense of responsibility in letters. He is a student of history as well as of literature. He cares for books not as books, but as literature. It is characteristic of him that in his study of Voltaire his references are to a discredited and obsolete edition. He asked for a book once at Bains, the well-known little book-shop in the Haymarket. "Which edition, sir?" "Oh, any edition is good enough for me, and any copy." What he cared for was the substance, not the form.

The most careless sketch of living authors would not omit the Poet Laureate. I give him the style and title of the dignity he holds, the style he prefers. You may hear it as the servant throws open the door of the room where dinner guests are assembling: "The Poet Laureate and Mrs. Austin." It may provoke a smile, but Mr. Alfred Austin has long since made his appeal to posterity rather than to the present. Criticism, even ridicule—quite undesired—falls off from him and leaves him unscathed; his confidence in himself unimpaired; his faith in the justice the unknown future is to do him, wholly unshaken. Well, in days when we are all supposed to expect the immediate verdict of the democracy and to abide by it, there is something fine in the attitude of a poet who regrets it with contumely and goes his way and writes more verse to be met with real dispraise.

In truth, Mr. Alfred Austin has written much more prose than verse, and prose of high merit in a particular way. He was for many years a leading writer on "The Standard." He would not, I imagine, reject the general verdict of his fellow-journalists in England on his editorial prose. They rank it with the very best. "There never was anybody," said an expert, "who could deal with an important subject more rapidly, more firmly, more attractively, or with a better gift of making his points clearly, broadly, convincingly." The writing of a good editorial article is so much an art by itself, and so difficult, that even a poet laureate need not disdain such a tribute to his powers. He begins his letters to the Prime Minister, "My dear Salisbury." On the other hand, Lord Randolph Churchill, when leader of the House of Commons, used the style, "My dear Lord Salisbury," although his chief wrote to him "My dear Randolph."

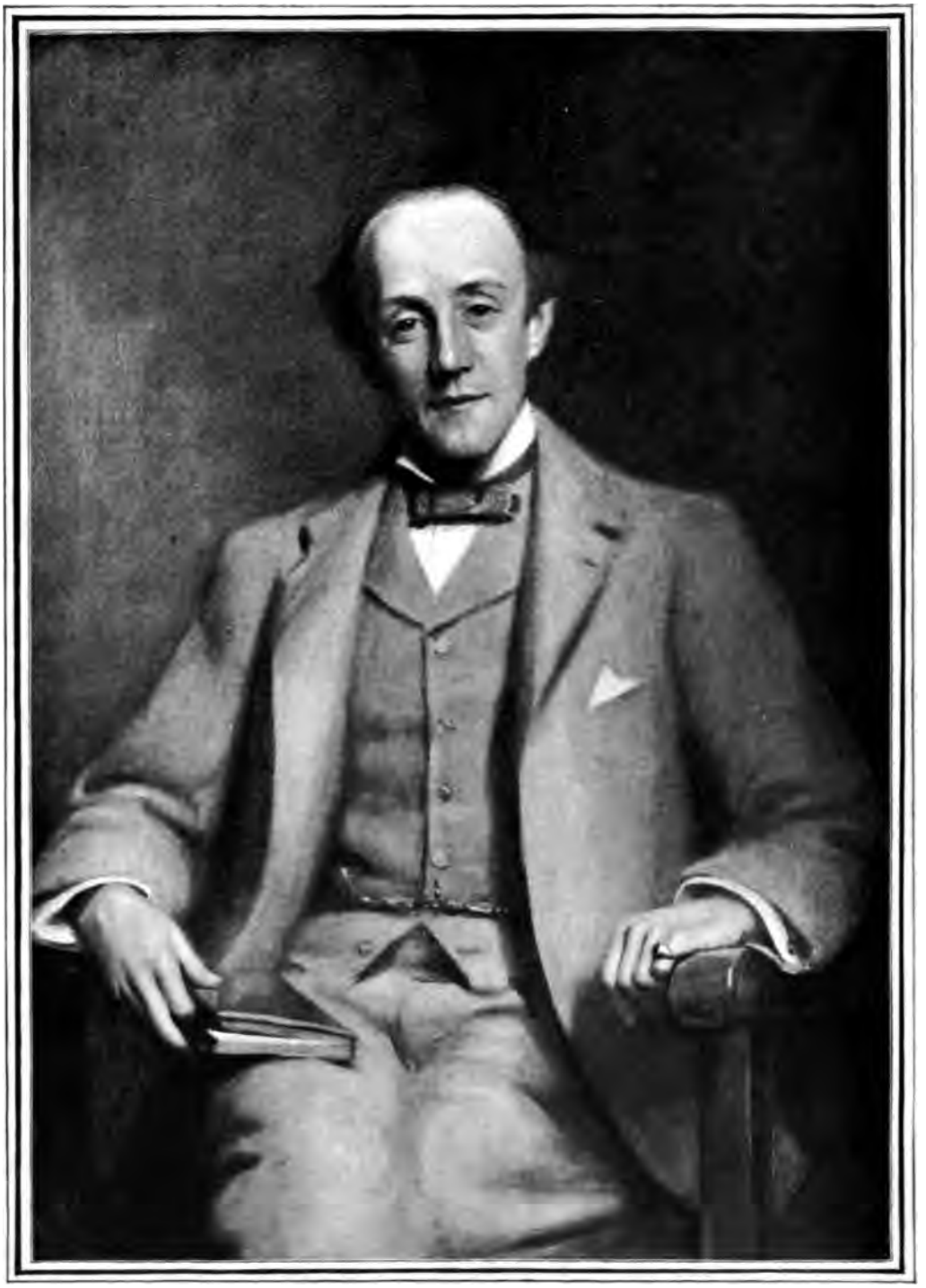
Photograph by Hollinger

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

Mr. Gladstone did not like to be called "My dear Gladstone" —he had been known in reading to the House a letter from a colleague which omitted the "Mr." to restore it, as more consonant with the dignity of his office, and of himself. However, Mr. Austin is the friend of many persons, whom his caprices do not alienate, and a guest at many well-known houses. He has a house and place of his own in the lovely country of Sussex, and perhaps in his prose books on the country and on the charms of nature and of gardens there is as much poetry as in his books of verse. He has been rather hardly dealt with by the American press. Yet to this country he has proved himself a friend.

Mr. Swinburne, to whom the Poet Laureateship would naturally have fallen had he not chosen to make himself impossible as a candidate, is, even to the world of letters, more a name than a man. He has lived a life apart. One stanch friend, Mr. Watts-Dunton, has been his guardian angel; a few others are admitted to his acquaintance; he may be met at a Royal Academy private view where many a finger points him out, and there are houses where also he is to be met. But his real life is among his books and with himself; an ideal life in certain ways, with a wide, sound scholarship as one basis of it, and a life-long communion with the Greeks, whose literature he deeply admires and, except by way of experiment or adventure, refrains from taking as a model. Nobody is more modern, and if he be not entirely modern his literary godfathers need not be sought farther back than the Renaissance.

It was not merely as a Republican that he put himself out of the running as Poet Laureate. The Queen, to whom the Prime Minister had to submit the name proposed for that honor, was understood to hold that Mr. Swinburne's verse had at times failed to conform to the standards of strict decorum which she enforced in her own court and desired to see prevail throughout her realm. The eulogist of Théophile Gautier was scarce likely to be a favorite with his sovereign. And Mr. Swinburne has shown often enough in his own poetry that he holds himself bound by no conventional law of propriety.



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ANTHONY HOPE

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HENRY JAMES

Other conventions have scarce a firmer hold on him, or had. Many years ago there was in London, though on a visit only, an American who greatly admired Mr. Swinburne, and knew him. The poet went to see the American at his hotel. To a friend who passed him on his way out the American said: "Do you know that man?" "No." "That is Swinburne. He came to tea three days ago, and has been here ever since." And the American, with the true instinct of hospitality and of hero-worship, rejoiced in the poet's visit and was proud of the easy comradeship he had shown. But, as I said, that was many, many years ago. If I mention such an incident I suppose I ought to add that Mr. Swinburne comes of an old family, and was born into that state of life in which social usages are of inheritance. If he departed from them it was as a man takes liberties with a language of which he is master. That also Mr. Swinburne does.

The author of "Elizabeth and her German Garden" and of "A Solitary Summer" has revealed so much of herself in those books that it may not be indiscreet to lift another corner of the veil. Those books are, in truth, autobiographies on autobiographical fragments. Her ideas, her emotions, her relations to other persons, including her husband—many of those matters which we are wont to regard as personal and intimate—are handled freely: hence the charm of the book. As Pascal says, we are delighted and astonished to find not only an author, but a living human being. Well, this living human being and mother of the April, May, and June babies is the Countess von Arnim. Her husband is son to that Count Arnim, once German Ambassador in Paris, whom Prince Bismarck felt obliged to crush. He flung down a diplomatic gauntlet to Prince Bismarck. Too rashly that accomplished and agreeable German measured himself against the Iron Chancellor, and in that unequal conflict was destroyed, as befell so many others who miscalculated their strength and his.

The wife to this present Count Arnim is English, and before her marriage was Miss May

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MATTHEW ARNOLD

Beauchamp. She was staying in Rome, and her habit was to go often to one of the Roman churches to play the organ while there was no service. Count Arnim, passing one day, heard the organ, and went in to listen. He loved music, and the organ especially, and presently came to love the organist, whom there were other opportunities of meeting. "Man of Wrath," as she chooses to call him in her books, she makes plain enough her devotion to him; it is writ so that all men may read. Between them was a certain difference of age, at which love laughed. They were married, and the German took his English wife to live in Berlin in one of those stately, but somber palaces, and amid a stately, but somber society, which she did not like. Her heart was in the country, with the flowers and blue

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ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

skies and pine forests. Presently it appeared that Count von Arnim had an estate in the north, not far from the Baltic; a place, to his mind, quite uninhabitable. They journeyed thither to have a look at it, when lo! to her mind it appeared not only habitable, but a paradise. They went there as an experiment, and stayed there finally as in the home both liked best.

Out of this came the first book which, I hear, was published not only anonymously, but unknown to her husband. German counts are not all lovers of literature. It was not till her first book had won public favor and piqued the public curiosity and taken a place of its own —I think a permanent place—that the wife confessed her authorship to the husband.

But "Elizabeth and her German Garden"

From the painting by Mrs. Anna Lea Merritt, which hangs in University Hall, Harvard University

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

From the painting by Mrs. Ridley Corbet *Permission of Mr. Austin*

ALFRED AUSTIN

was a success from the beginning, much more because of Elizabeth than because of the German garden. Edition followed edition, and presently "A Solitary Summer" followed the "German Garden," with better fortune than sequels usually have. More distinctly in the second than in the first is seen the true critical gift this lady possesses, and her true feeling for literature. And now comes "The Benefactress," for which, they tell you in London, the publishers paid $5,000 down. Meantime, the April, May, and June babies have been succeeded by a fourth; of what month I know not. The new book is not, like the two others, a *causerie*, but a novel. It is also a study of German life, curiously minute, vivid, and true. But a first novel, whatever else it may be, is necessarily an experiment. The American reader may presently find an occasion of saying to the author, if he likes, whether he thinks her experiment successful or not. On the same authority on which rest these few personal details, I am allowed to say that the Count and Countess von Arnim will visit the United States early this year. There can be no doubt of the welcome that awaits them.

HAVING drawn his number in the pool formed to speculate on the daily run of the ship—a privilege that cost him one dollar, and gave him one chance in ten—the Hon. Frederick Baddington left the smoking-room and strolled down the deck to where his wife was sitting in her steamer-chair, snugly protected against the fresh breeze blowing from the sea by a heavy Scotch rug. He tossed his cigar over the rail and sat down beside her. She was a very attractive woman even at sea, where only a few women retain their good looks, and he was very fond of her.

"Fred, I have been thinking about the steerage," she said. "They are just what you want."

Baddington smiled. He knew his wife so well that he had been expecting the calling up of his immigration bill ever since the ship left Rotterdam. One reason for their trip abroad for the summer had been his desire to gather original material in support of the measure that he intended to introduce at the next session of Congress. He smiled to himself when he thought how few immigrants they had met during their travels. Surely there had been none at the Cecil in London, and none in the Embassy circles in Paris, and in the Netherlands they had not found them to any extent either in the museums or in the churches.

"There appears to be a heavy steerage list," he said. There had been nothing lower than second cabin on their trip over from New York.

"Five hundred and sixty," she answered; for she was of good Yankee descent, and took a just pride in figures.

"That is an omen or a coincidence," he said lightly. "It is just the size of my majority in the district last fall."

"I had forgotten that," she replied. The fact certainly was of interest.

The Hon. Frederick Baddington was a member of Congress. There are Congressmen who have been abroad several times. He had been one of that larger number who spend their summers at American resorts, not assuming that a knowledge of foreign conditions at first hand is necessary in the business of making national laws.

In Washington Mrs. Baddington was not recognized as a political factor. That was due to the skillful management of her husband, who made it appear that in his home the consideration of political matters was ruled out; though there was a perfect domestic understanding as to the real part played by his wife in his political career.

She was a woman of superior education and wide social experience, and, like many other American women of similar qualifications, had that tireless energy that could not be satisfied with remaining a passive spectator to the progressive life about her. She was not of the class of women who desire the franchise for her sex. She was, however, of that more important class who hold their husbands to an intelligent account of their civic duties, and understand the value of a political career.

Baddington had been well aware of this before he entered the transitory stage of city and State politics that had paved the way for his seat in Congress. A man of university train-

ing and of cultured tastes, he would have devoted his energy to his private business, and buried his talents in his own library indefinitely, had not his wife directed them elsewhere. At the time of which we write he was, in many respects, a typical representative of the best element in his district; not a politician in the common acceptance of the word, but an honest, conscientious legislator; successful in business, and, consequently, well posted as to the trade conditions in his part of the country; a gentleman in society, and credited with having fair literary attainments.

The further discussion of the subject was interrupted at that point by the ringing of the dinner bell, and it was not until the following morning, as they started on their after-breakfast promenade, that it was resumed.

"I was down in the steerage before you came up," said Baddington as they reached the end of the promenade deck, and could look to the steerage deck below.

She at once lost interest in the gray lines of the sea, from which the fog was just lifting. "What did you find?" she asked.

"They are a sorry lot," he replied. "The Senator's bill, even if it was defeated, was not half strong enough."

The Senator's bill had aimed at a radical restriction of immigration, but had failed to pass the last Congress, partly for political reasons, and partly through the failure of the Western members to recognize its importance. But in Baddington's district the sentiment had been strongly in favor of it. His wife had pointed out the opportunity to win where the Senator had failed. He had been weak in the presentation of his bill. A more vigorous man, with all the facts at his command, would compel a favorable hearing; and success might mean as an ultimate reward an election as the Senator's successor. For these reasons it meant much to Mrs. Baddington that her husband was at last seriously interested in the subject, and she entered vigorously into the discussion as they stood where they could look down upon the mass of unwashed and unkempt humanity on the lower deck.

A number of Assyrian women were prostrate on one side of the steerage deck, unable to rally from the effects of a night of rough sea, while half a dozen unhappy-looking Cossacks, in high boots and astrakhan caps, dragged themselves back and forth in a hopeless promenade on the other; but a more striking picture was a group of half a hundred Roumanian Jews, huddled together in blankets, half drenched by the last wave that had broken over the bows.

Many of the men had soiled rags tied about their foreheads, the women were limp upon the deck in their misery; and the litter of children and kettles, and the evidence of woe unspeakable, completed a picture that might have been recalled from that past when the

"Prostrate on one side of the steerage deck, unable to rally from the effects of a night of rough sea"

Jews encamped outside the walls of Jerusalem in helpless forlornness when driven out by their Babylonian conquerors.

"The doctor took me with him on his rounds this morning," said Baddington. "There are at least a dozen nationalities, and many families appear to be almost destitute."

"If that could be shown, would they be allowed to land in New York?" she asked suddenly.

"Certainly not," he replied. "Of what are you thinking?"

"Of your future!"

"Thank you. And your plan?" He knew that she had one in mind.

"When we reach New York you must turn back as many of these people as possible," she said. "The newspapers will send men to interview you, and you will talk. It will pave the way for your immigration bill."

"Mary, you are a born politician," he said with spirit.

"I am your obedient wife," she replied; and left him to think over what she had suggested.

Frederick Baddington, like many other members of Congress, was not a linguist. Waiters in Switzerland may speak three languages, and cabmen in Italy may know something of four; but this is a proof of the ascendency of the Anglo-Saxon race. Even the fact that we are obliged to strain our knowledge of Latin to translate the State mottoes adopted by our forefathers is no argument that the times require any language other than English.

While Baddington was not a politician in the common sense, his power of political perception was entirely good, and the longer he considered his wife's suggestion, the clearer he recognized its feasibility. Now that he was prepared to make a systematic study of the steerage, he regretted his inability to speak any but his own language, and in his necessity he looked about him for an interpreter. He found one in the person of a Chicago man, Frank Louber by name, a genial fellow, somewhat past the prime of life. They became good friends under the advances made by the Congressman. His wife was observant, but held her peace for a couple of days. Then she asked her husband for a report of progress.

"We are progressing capitally," he told her. It was late in the afternoon, and their chairs were set forward, where they could watch the setting sun; for the ship was in the Gulf Stream, and the sea was a mass of undulating color. There were young people promenading the deck, and friendly groups were looking over the rail; while from the steerage below there came the sound of laughter, and of wild Assyrian singing.

The lower deck swarmed like an ant hill, for the somber dullness of the first storm had been cleared away by the sunshine, which was reflected in the bright headdress of the women, and the fantastic shirts and vests worn by the men. There was a deck-house well forward, and this was now crowded with immigrants, seated with their backs to the wind, while in the midst of them, on a great coil of rope, a young couple sat simply, with arms about each other's waists, in the ecstasy of a happy courtship. Perfect health was stamped upon their faces. All else about them bespoke absolute poverty.

"If cleanliness is next to godliness, they are the most God-forsaken people that I have ever seen," the ship's doctor had said to Baddington. The Congressman repeated the statement to his wife, and added: "They don't know the first thing about sanitary laws, and fully half of them will be upon the State within a month after they land."

"If they land," suggested his wife.

"Yes, if they land," he corrected, laughingly.

Baddington was a systematic worker, and on the fifth day he had made such progress in his investigation that the first draft of his proposed immigration bill was written. It went even farther than the Senator's had ventured, but with the data that he would have at hand, he hoped to be able to carry it through to a triumphant passage.

Aided by Louber, he was now at work on the subject of wages paid to the immigrants in their own country. He already had found that if they were willing to work for double, and, in many cases, for quadruple what they had received in their villages, the rate would still be so low as to prove a menace to American workmen. If he could learn something more definite of their antecedents, it would aid his object greatly. It was at this point that he made an important discovery.

It was on a Saturday morning, and going into the steerage with Louber he found the Roumanians—two hundred or more Jews—gathered aft, as far away as possible from their fellow-passengers, for worship. For the time being the place had become a synagogue, and in the absence of a Rabbi one of the elders was reading from the Scriptures. His head, a type of the race, was covered in part by a little round hat, and a silky beard, streaked with gray, reached nearly to his waist. The attitude of the congregation was peculiarly devout, and the faces of the men were, for the moment, lifted above the sordid surroundings of the dingy, littered deck to a higher spiritual plane, in which there was both pride and a hope of the future.

"Clannish people," suggested Baddington, as they stood a little apart, watching the service.

"He was now at work on the subject of wages"

"For the time being the place had become a synagogue"

"They came from the same village," replied the Chicago man.

"Indeed!" said the Congressman. "How did that happen?"

"They have suffered both from taxes and persecution, and the people of the village have been raising a fund for a year, to pay the passage of these, the most unfortunate, across the Atlantic."

"So they land as paupers!"

"Not exactly. They go to friends who left the village a year ago, and who have been saving from their earnings against the time of the coming of these people. But that is not the point. These Roumanians have tramped across Europe to Holland, three months by the way, footsore by day, and unsheltered in the open country at night, in order to reach Rotterdam and take passage upon this boat."

"You are certain that they tramped across Europe in order to immigrate?"

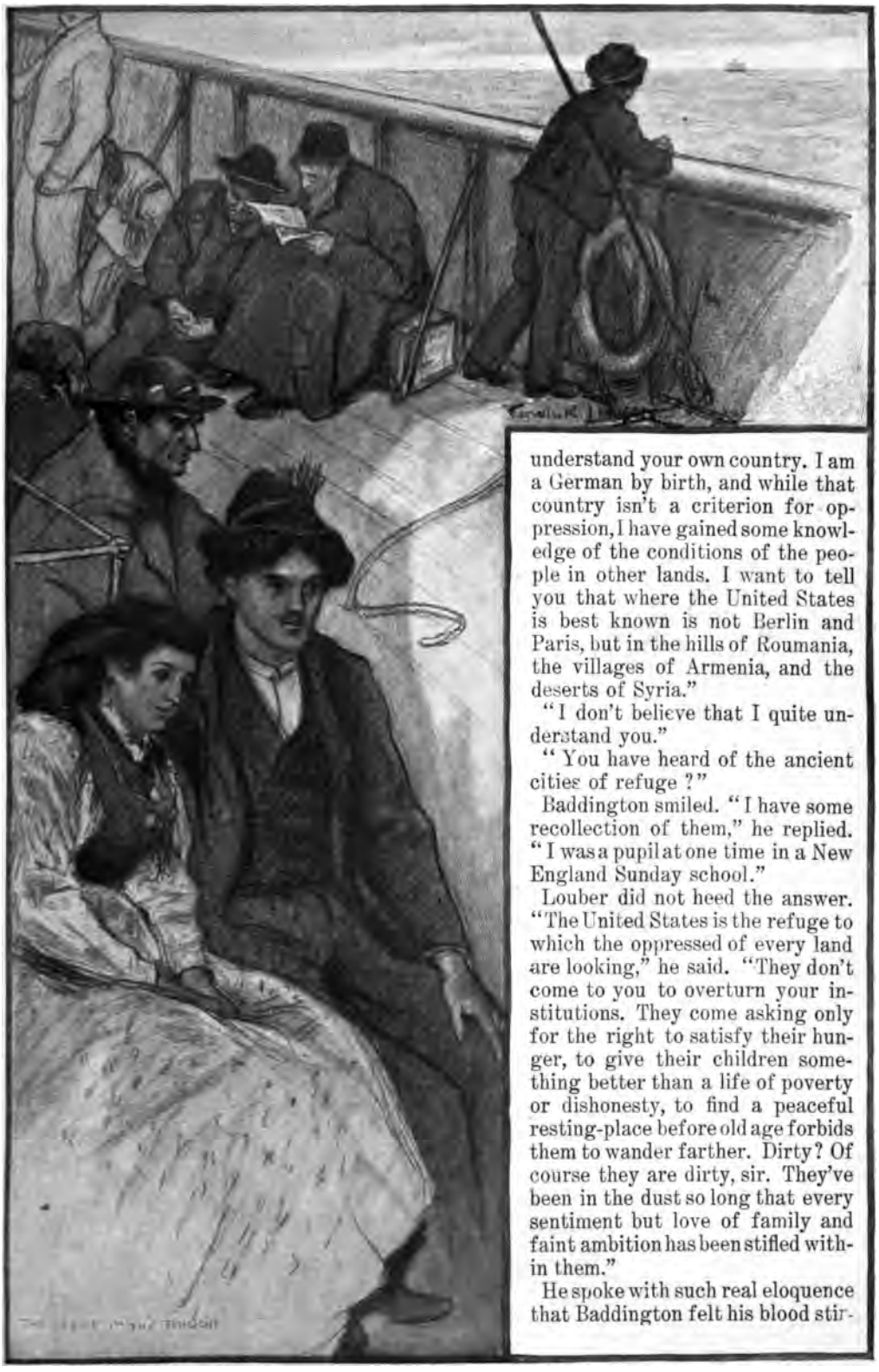
"Their chief men have told me in their own tongue, and they do not lie," replied Louber.

Baddington returned to the saloon deck for reflection. The picture of those believing people turned back at New York, after their weary weeks of tramping, came back sharply before his mind. He could not get the women and the children out of his mind, and he came very near stating the case to his wife for her judgment upon it.

But his wife had met a nobleman traveling incognito, and dragged him away for an introduction. In the evening he rejoined Louber, tramping the deck for his after-dinner cigar, and after a turn or two on the lee side of the ship he brought up the subject of the afternoon.

"I can't get those Roumanians out of my mind," he said. "It was only a few miles from Rotterdam, at Delfshaven, that the Pilgrims first set sail for America. What was it that influenced these people to go there?"

Louber stopped short in his walk and faced him. "Mr. Baddington," he said. "I wonder sometimes just how well you native Americans



understand your own country. I am a German by birth, and while that country isn't a criterion for oppression, I have gained some knowledge of the conditions of the people in other lands. I want to tell you that where the United States is best known is not Berlin and Paris, but in the hills of Roumania, the villages of Armenia, and the deserts of Syria."

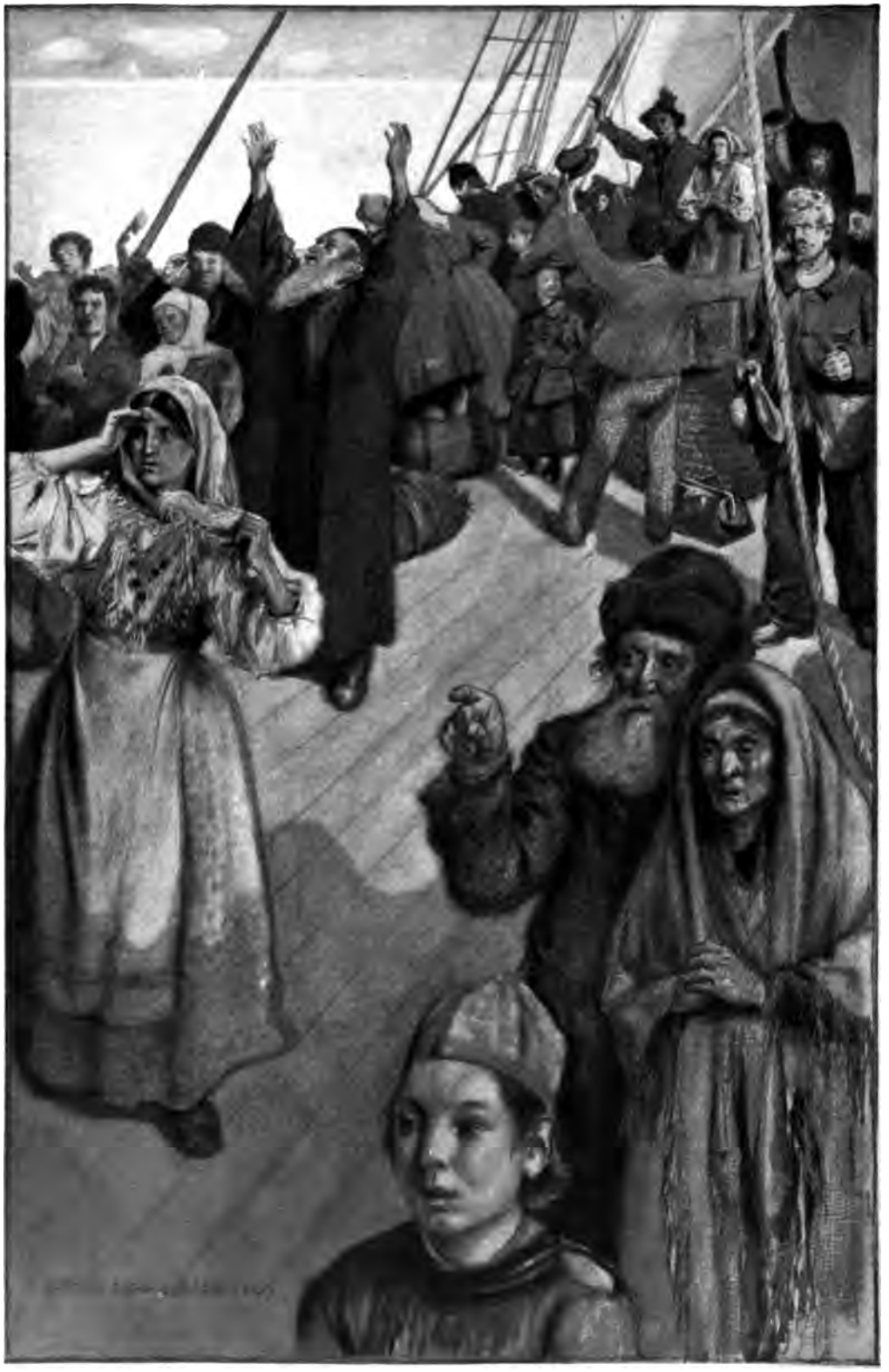
"I don't believe that I quite understand you."

"You have heard of the ancient cities of refuge?"

Baddington smiled. "I have some recollection of them," he replied. "I was a pupil at one time in a New England Sunday school."

Louber did not heed the answer. "The United States is the refuge to which the oppressed of every land are looking," he said. "They don't come to you to overturn your institutions. They come asking only for the right to satisfy their hunger, to give their children something better than a life of poverty or dishonesty, to find a peaceful resting-place before old age forbids them to wander farther. Dirty? Of course they are dirty, sir. They've been in the dust so long that every sentiment but love of family and faint ambition has been stifled within them."

He spoke with such real eloquence that Baddington felt his blood stir-



"A wild shout rang out"

ring only as it did when he threw himself into the arena of debate in Congress. "You say that they have ambition," he said. "How can you prove it?"

"How can I prove it? I know it, even when I don't realize a tenth of the ambitions that exist among them. What are the ambitions of the first cabin deck? I am going back to my business; you to your politics. Mr. Sledger over there is a judge. Dr. Myer can afford to leave his patients whenever he wishes to go abroad. Jones, who throws away his money in the smoking-room, made it in the silver mines. They are all prosperous, and know to what they are returning. Now look over the rail at the scene down there in the twilight. Do you see that young couple on the coil of rope? They have been there together for the greater part of three days. It looks absurd enough on the face of it, but they are only anticipating a happy home in the land that they have never seen.

"Look at the old man still trying to read his book. I was talking with him this morning. He is a scholar, but an Armenian, and he saw his wife and daughter murdered in Turkey. Then look at that brown skinned lad staring at the sea. He told me that his sister was thrown into prison for repelling the insults of a tax collector in Russia."

He paused for a moment, and snapped the thumb and forefinger of his right hand vigorously, as though the action relieved him of the tension under which he was laboring. "They come to you in their ignorance, knowing far more of your land and your customs than you dream," he continued. "They are not cultured, and err because they still cling to their own customs. But I tell you that at heart they are safe. They will work for you, fight for you, die for you; and their children will become the real Americans."

"But your proof?" asked Baddington, quietly.

"I came over in the steerage myself forty-five years ago, and both I and my sons have fought for your flag since then," replied Louber, and walked away abruptly.

Baddington paced the deck alone for half an hour. He was beginning to regret not having completed his education earlier in life with a study of European conditions. His data on the American side of the immigration question were sound. He knew the dangers of a lowered standard of wages, the relative increase in pauperism and crime due to the foreign element, and the undesirable quality of certain "machine made" citizenship. Yet there now stared him in the face this other side of the question—the pilgrimage from Roumania to nearly that same port in Holland from which his own honored ancestors had set sail for the same land of refuge nearly three centuries before. The first mate, who met him once on his solitary promenade, told him that the ship might sight land before another night, and this warned him of the necessity of a speedy decision as to the course that he should follow when New York was reached.

A ship bound from America to Europe sails at night into the cold East, but homeward bound again it seeks at sunset the golden West. The mate's prophecy came true, and by early evening there was land hard ahead in the yellow haze that hung over the sea. Everybody was upon the decks of the ship, and the Congressman and his wife stood with others looking over the rail into the changing West.

"Fred, there was a burial at sea this morning," Mrs. Baddington said suddenly.

"I had not heard that," he replied.

"It was a child in the steerage, ill since that day of the storm," she said. "A priest read the service, and they dropped the body into the sea in a sack. The mother fainted, though she has five poorly clad children left. It was an awful thing!"

The Baddingtons had lost their only son when a child. The Congressman understood why the incident had so deeply touched his wife.

"I have been thinking that it will be a great disappointment to many of these people to be sent back," she continued. "I inquired about the woman who lost her child. She is going to her husband, who settled in Syracuse six months ago. Isn't it possible—just possible, you know, that we may have been hasty in our conclusions? Are either of us, Fred, great enough to be the judge of all these people?"

It was a real effort for her to make this speech, but she was bound to do it, because it seemed right for her to do so. The death of the child had changed her whole view of the question, and if her husband still desired to carry out the plan that she had urged upon him, he must do it without her further aid.

"After all, if these people were really prosperous and happy, they would not wish to come to us, and there would be no need of immigration laws," he said, so kindly that she looked up into his face.

"See them now," she replied, directing his attention to the deck below. "You would hardly know them for the people who came aboard the ship."

The steerage passengers had cast away their

remaining rags, and were dressed in clean and not unattractive garments. They had swarmed forward, and were hanging over the rails, their faces, too, toward the West. They crowded the bows, and the lovers stood, arm in arm, on the vantage ground of their coil of rope, chattering loudly, regardless of the rest of their world.

The outline of the land grew more distinct, until the islands of the outer harbor stood revealed. A wild shout rang out from the lower deck, and a Jew with a flowing beard and a round velvet cap threw his hands straight above his head and began to recite from the Scriptures. The young man whose arm was about the girl suddenly discovered that his coil of rope was a rostrum, and prepared to address the people below him. He clapped his hands, and the wild murmur of the throng gradually became hushed.

On the deck above Mrs. Baddington had just asked her husband what steps he had decided to take against the immigrants, when she paused to listen to the curious sounds coming from below. A few voices were wavering in a song, gathering courage as others joined them, until, from the unintelligible chorus there finally came the clearly defined strains of a well-known air.

"Do you hear it? Do you hear it?" asked Mrs. Baddington, excitedly.

"I hear it."

"They are trying to sing 'America.'"

The Congressman had been tearing a sheet of closely written paper into small pieces. "Mary, there goes the first and last draft of my immigration bill," he said, as he threw it from his hand.

The pieces fell in a tiny shower upon the heads of the steerage.

SOPHISTRY

BY PAUL KESTER

WHAT gain is there
In sorrow?
What health in suffering?
Does misfortune teach
Us charity?
Is bitterness the seed
Of joy,
And pain
The sure precursor of delight?
Are not these teachings
False, when all
Seek to escape the road
That we are told
Shall lead us upward?
Sophistry would take
From courage, patience,
And the stern virtues
That marshal the iron front
Of self-control,
Their only glory
With their only need.

THE ADVOCATE'S FIRST PLEA

BY GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON

Author of "Graustark"

TALL and ungainly, young and self-conscious, he walked into the crowded court room, fresh from the law school, utterly without advice or experience. His pale boyish features wore the flush of knowledge, but it was the painful knowledge that every one was looking at him. Convinced that he was creating an unusual stir among the old and staid lawyers, the straight-laced bailiffs, and the habitual hangers-on, he took a seat at one of the broad tables and assumed that posture of importance attained only by extreme youth.

By his side was another youth, not over sixteen, fair, ruddy-cheeked, and comely. It may seem strangely coincident that, on the day Edward Gray first entered the court room as a full-fledged attorney, his younger brother should be there as a witness—a witness in a case wherein a man was being tried for forgery. The brothers had gone to the court room together, the elder leading the way with the importance of his position, the younger following in some trepidation, full of inquiry as to how he should act, what he should do. With superior indifference the attorney replied gruffly, affording the earnest interrogator but little satisfaction, no consolation, and the assurance that he was going into a place where none but the greatest of men could enter.

When Frank Gray stepped into the big court room for the first time in his life he knew no more of its etiquette than if he had been an untutored savage. His magnificent brother, upon whom he looked with respect and awe, had told him nothing, except that it was the home of justice, of truth, and of dignity. Little did he know that the strutting attorney at whose heels he tagged was filled with a fear and trembling in comparison with which his own was but a trifling flutter. Ignorant as was the honest country lad, raw from the district school, unlearned in the ways of the great city proudly known as the county seat of a community whose total population did not exceed 50,000, he was not half so crude as the mighty brother felt himself at heart. His dignity was assumed, his importance the fruit of a determined ambition, his superiority as feeble in reality as the years which marked his bare majority. But he assumed, he acted all three with the desperation of an unpractised intelligence; he distressed himself with the wish that he could be seen for all he was worth, that he could display in himself all that had taken others a lifetime to achieve—ability. Such is youth.

The cause on trial was of considerable prominence. A cashier, holding a responsible position in a large mercantile establishment, had forged the name of a customer and had drawn the money, intending to replace it and destroy the check before discovery. His plans had gone awry, and he was arrested. Frank Gray, the boy, was in the store when the sergeant of police served the warrant on the forger, and heard every word of the conversation which passed between them. He was subpœnaed by the defendant, who wished by him to disprove certain allegations made by the officer.

The boy was alarmed at the prospect, dreaming for nights before of the ordeal through which he expected to pass on that awful day when he faced the court. His brother merely—and sharply—instructed him to see that nothing but the truth was told—"the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

The lad's honest, wondering blue eyes had barely become accustomed to the strangeness of his surroundings, when he was suddenly startled by hearing his brother's name called out in the metallic, rasping tones of the court's voice:

"Any motions, Mr.—Mr.—" (here the court leaned over and asked the nearest bailiff a question) "Mr. Gray?"

"None, your—your honor," came the wee small voice of the mighty brother, notwithstanding the ponderous effort put forth to make the tones loud and firm.

"Then, bailiff, you may call the case of the State vs. Royal."

The usual preliminaries were rushed through, the indictment read, and the opening statement made by the prosecuting attorney before

Frank quite understood what was happening. Several witnesses were introduced, examined, and cross-examined, proving the fact that the signature was a forgery, and then the police sergeant was called to the stand.

The officer was asked to detail or to give in substance the conversation which had passed between him and Royal, the accused man. By this time young Gray was deeply interested, his ruddy face the picture of rapt attention. He drank in every word of the sergeant's story, approving it as remarkably accurate. In fact, he could hardly comprehend how the man remembered everything so clearly. His learned brother apparently ignored the case on trial, looking over the pages of a volume of reports with a very intellectual frown between his eyes.

"You may state, Sergeant Greeting, if possible, the exact reply of the defendant when you asked what cause required him to secure the money at that particular time," asked the counsel for the state.

"You want me to give his very words?"

"Yes, sir; if you can."

"Well, he said this: 'I just had to have $35 that night. I had been gambling and had to pay my losses or be kicked out of the club—I belong to the "Bear Club."'"

Frank heard this statement with growing wonder. He straightened up in his chair and allowed his astonished eyes to wander from the witness to the prisoner, on whose face there was a look of hopeless misery. Then his own sturdy frame stiffened, his honest blue eyes flashed from beneath a flushed brow, and his strong young voice cried out boldly:

"He didn't say that at all. He said——"

"Silence!" shouted the astonished court, and two bailiffs hurried toward the dissenter threateningly. His brother half started from his chair with the shock he had received, his cheek flushing and then blanching, as if a sort of terror had seized upon his heart.

"I ask to have this young man ejected from the court room," cried the state's attorney, sputtering in amazement. The sergeant of police looked guiltily defiant, the prisoner's face lit up, and a whole room full of people strained their necks to see the owner of the disturbing voice.

"Well, he lied, that's all! Mr. Royal didn't say that—he said he had to have it because his wife had been sick two months and the doctor wouldn't come to see her any more if he didn't pay him. I heard him say it, Judge," cried Frank, his heart now beating with a fright which strove to overpower the truth that struggled to his indignant lips.

"Take him from the room, sheriff! I never heard of such impudence," cried the outraged judge. "I never did in all my life."

"But I'm a witness," stammered Frank, a surly resentment taking possession of him. He was looking at the court manfully.

"That's enough, sir! Is it possible that you do not know enough to observe order in a court room? Where do you come from? I shall attend to your case in a few moments, sir. You cannot disturb the order of this court with impunity—why, I never heard of such a thing!" blustered the judge, and to see his expression was to believe him.

By this time the young fellow's face was white and drawn. Humiliation was stamped all over his crushed, drooping person. Still the boyish indignation and resentment would not down, his pride was cut to the quick, his very heart cried out within him. A sharp glance at the white face of his brother—a glance which was a prayer for help—showed him that he was alone in the fight; the ally was trembling and his eyes were riveted on the floor. As the court concluded his last exclamation the boy's lips trembled, his teeth clashed together sullenly, and his angry voice rang out with:

"Oh, I don't care, you darned old fool!"

Imagine the consternation this rash retort produced. There followed a moment's silence, like unto the space which intervenes between the flash of lightning and the clap of thunder. Scores of eyes peered at the bowed, stubborn head of the boy, whose face was red and twitching; then they turned toward the court, upon whose turkey-red features grew the blue of rage. His eyes were glaring down upon the boy ominously; his back was very straight; the cords in his neck were strained and hard with the tension his anger imposed.

"Young man," he began, and then stopped to clear the lump of wrath from his throat. "Young man, you have committed an indiscretion which cannot be overlooked; you have insulted this court; you have outraged this bench of justice. In sheer amazement I realize that you are almost a man and not a child, as one might suspect from your rashness, from your utter indifference to the consequences which you must certainly have known would be the result of your outburst. I do not know who you are, but you surely have not been reared with an absolute disregard for the respect due to age and to men who occupy such positions as that held by this court. To me it looks like pure viciousness on your part, and I shall certainly teach you the

error of your way. It will be a painful duty for me to fine you and to send you to jail, but I firmly believe it is the only course to pursue where one of your age and apparent intelligence commits an act such as you have committed."

Frank's sudden burst of uncontrollable weeping interrupted the court at this juncture. The poor boy threw his arms upon the table beside which he sat; his face was instantly buried upon them, and his body shook with the most pitiful sobs. Before the judge could resume his reprimand, the tall, unsteady figure of that deserting brother arose, his embarrassed face turned toward the bench, his bloodless lips moving stiffly as if they were uttering words. No sound, however, came from them. There was a supreme effort put forth. One hand clutched the back of the chair against which his stiff legs braced themselves, and these words came out in strange, unnatural tones, clear and strong, as if some unusual power produced them :

"Your honor, I beg your indulgence for a moment. You certainly will listen to a weak appeal for leniency before you too severely condemn my brother—my ignorant, impulsive brother. If a penalty must be inflicted for the dishonor shown to this court, I feel that all the punishment should fall upon another and more deserving head. Your honor, upon me should be cast all the blame, all the indignant reproaches brought about by this unfortunate occurrence. It was I who, knowing full well the conduct he should have pursued during the hours when justice reigns, refused, through an unbrotherly exaltation of my own superiority, to respond to his eager questions when he sought for information. I revelled in my knowledge and in his ignorance. He had never seen a court room before; knew nothing of its rules, its exactions. In my miserable heart I felt that I was unkind to him, but my foolish pedestal was too high to allow me to come down to him in his helplessness. It was, perhaps, an added fault of mine that I told him to tell the truth only while here; a fault, I say, your honor, because he needed no such caution, no such insult from one who knows his virtues as I know them. He has never told a lie, that I swear. Not all the power on earth could make my brother utter a falsehood. What he interposed during the testimony of that witness was true, absolutely true, or he would not have said it. His blunder in crying out was due to his own uncovered honesty and to my injunction to tell the truth. He did not know the rules; he knew nothing, may it please your honor, save that a lie was being told, and his heart cried out the truth. I am to blame for his first mistake. For the second —the insult to the court—nature itself must be held accountable. I ask you to go back to the day when you were of his age, the years when youthful pride overruled discretion, judgment—everything. Place yourself in his position, your heart bursting with injury to your boyish pride, filled with that young anger, turbulent resentment and youthful horror of ridicule stirring every fiber, and how would you have felt it? He, with the unfortunate courage of ignorance, blurted out his ill-suppressed feelings; you would have felt as he did, you might have done as he did. I leave that to the considerate remembrance of your own boyish impressions. Remember, your honor, the heat of your despairing anger when you, as a boy, were subjected to sharp criticism, merited or not; whether before the eyes of others or not; whether by age or youth. Remember, sir, your resentment even against your father, your best of friends, the mother you now hold so dear, and then put yourself in this boy's place. Can you again feel the insufferable rankling of pride, of scorned immaturity in your heart—you, a judge of men and all their emotions? Go back, your honor, to the days when your very soul burned with the fires of resentment, and have pity on this offender. He is innocent of a wrong intention. He would not show the least dishonor to you or to any man on earth had he not felt that a man—that prisoner—was being harshly treated. He is honest; he is a boy, a boy such as you were; such as all of these men were; such as I am who speak to you. I ask you not to punish him, for he would never forget the disgrace. I ask you to suspend further reprimand and allow me to take him from the room until he is asked to come and tell his honest story under oath. What more you might say to him could have no more weight than what you have said. Your first command, 'Silence'! crushed him. It was sufficient for the tender, untried heart. He feels as you felt when you were a boy, your honor!"

The stiff figure relaxed, the pleading white face dropped forward, as if unsupported, the tall frame sank into the chair, and the advocate's first plea was over. Tears stood in the eyes of the court, a glow of sympathy went around the room, a clapping of hands arose from the reminiscent old lawyers, and it was evident that the young fellow had won his point.

He did not hear the plaudits, for he had fainted!

THE TWO VANREVELS

BY BOOTH TARKINGTON

Author of "The Gentleman from Indiana," and "Monsieur Beaucaire"

Illustrated by Henry Hutt

CHAPTER XVII

The Price of Silence

IT was the misfortune of Mr. Cummings's final literary offering to annoy one of the editor's friends. The "Journal" was brought to the new Corporal at noon, while he was considering whether he should rise from his bed or sleep another hour. Reclining among his pillows, he glanced through Cummings's description with the subdued giggle he always had for the good William's style, but as his eye fell upon one paragraph, he started, sat upright, and proceeded to read the passage several times with anxious attention.

"Only two or three sources of regret occurred to mar the delight (in which young and old participated) of that festal and dazzling scene. One was the absence of Miss Fanchon Bareaud, one of the donors; another, that of Corporal Gray; a third was the excessive modesty of Major Vanrevel, who, although present at the time, refused to receive the ladies' sumptuous offering, and insisted that Captain Marsh was the proper person to do the honors, to which the latter reluctantly, though gracefully, consented. Also, we were sorry that the Major appeared in citizen's dress, as all were anxious to witness him in his uniform. However, in our humble judgment, he will be compelled by etiquette to don it this afternoon, to receive the officers of the regular army, who will arrive by the stage about five o'clock, it is expected, to inspect the company and swear them into the service of the Federal Government at the Court House. We, for one, have little doubt that, owing to the Major's well-known talent in matters of apparel, his appearance will far eclipse in brilliancy that of his fellow-officers."

Crailey dressed slowly, returning to the paper now and then with a perturbed countenance. How would Miss Betty explain this paragraph to herself, and how account for the fact that she had not seen Crailey, how for the fact that she had seen Tom? It seemed unlikely that she could have overlooked the latter—Tom was one of those whom everybody saw, wherever he went. And what inquiries would she make? For Crailey had no means of knowing that she would not see the "Journal." To-morrow he would be gone—it would be all over—but he wanted this last day to run smoothly. What wild hopes he had of things that should happen when they all came marching home, no one can say; even if it were not to be doubted that Crailey ever entertained hopes of any kind whatever, since to hope is to bestow thought upon the future.

But, however affairs ran with him so far as hope was concerned, he seldom lacked an idea; and one came to him presently, a notion that put the frown to rout and brought the old smile to his lips—his smile of the world-worn and tolerant prelate. He flicked the paper lightly from him, and it sped across the room like a big bird in awkward flight. For he knew how to preserve his last day as he wished, and to make it all smooth.

Finishing his toilet with particular care, he took a flower from a vase on his table, placed it in his coat, and went down to the dusty street, where everything was warm and bright with summer. It was joy to be alive; there was wine enough in the air; and Crailey made up his mind not to take a drink that day—the last day! The last day! The three words kept ringing through his head like a minor phrase from a song. To-morrow, at noon, they would be churning down the river; and this was the last day—the last day!

"But not too late to make another friend at home," he said, stopping to pat the head of a mangy street cur that came crouching and wobbling toward him like a staveless little keg worried by scurries of wind. Dogs and children always fell in love with Crailey at first sight, and he never failed to receive them in the spirit of their approach. Now the mongrel, at his touch, immediately turned himself over and lay upon the pavement with all paws in air, as if to say: "Great lord, magnificent in the graciousness which deigns to cast a glimpse upon this abject cluster of ribs, I perceive that your heart is too gentle to kick me in my present helplessness; yet do with me as you will."

"I doubt if you've breakfasted, brother," Crailey responded aloud, rubbing the dog's

head softly with the tip of his boot. "Will you share the meagre fare of one who is a poet, should be a lawyer, but is about to become a soldier? Eh, but a corporal! Rise, my friend. Up! and be in your own small self a whole corporal's guard! And if your Corporal doesn't come home from the wars, perhaps you'll remember him kindly? Think?"

He made a vivacious gesture, the small animal sprang into the air, convoluted with gratitude and affection, while Crailey, laughing softly, led the way to the hotel. There, eating sparsely himself, he provided munificently for his new acquaintance, and recommended him, with an accompaniment of silver, to the good offices of the Rouen House kitchen. After that, out into the sunshine again he went, with elastic step, and a merry word and a laugh for every one he met. At the old English gardener's he bought four or five bouquets, and carried them on a round of visits of farewell to as many old ladies who had been kind to him. This done, leaving his laughter and his flowers behind him, he went to Fanchon and spent part of the afternoon bringing forth cunning arguments cheerily, to prove to her that General Taylor would be in the Mexican capital before the volunteers reached New Orleans, and urging upon her his belief that they would all be back in Rouen before the summer was gone.

But Fanchon could only sob and whisper, "Hush, hush!" in the dim room where they sat, the windows darkened so that, after he had gone, he should not remember how red her eyes were, and the purple depths under them, and thus forget how pretty she had been at her best. After a time, finding that the more he tried to cheer her, the more brokenly she wept, he grew silent, only stroking her head, while the summer sounds came in through the window: the mill-whirr of locusts, the small monotone of distant farm-bells, the laughter of children in the street, and the gay arias of a mocking-bird swinging in the open window of the next house. So they sat together through the long, still afternoon of the last day.

No one in Rouen found that afternoon particularly enlivening. Even Mrs. Tanberry gave way to the common depression, and, once more, her doctrine of cheerfulness relegated to the ghostly ranks of the purely theoretical, she bowed under the burden of her woe so far as to sing, "Methought I Met a Damsel Fair" (Her of the Bursting Sighs) at the piano. Whenever depression sat upon her soul she had acquired the habit of resorting to this unhappy ballad; and to-day she sang it thrice. Mr. Carewe was not at home, and had announced that he intended to honor the evening meal by his attendance, but should be away for the evening itself; as comment upon which statement Mrs. Tanberry had offered ambiguously the one word, "Amen!" He was stung to no reply, and she had noted the circumstance as unusual, and also that he had appeared to labor with the suppression of a keen excitement, which made him anxious to escape from her sharp little eyes; an agitation for which she easily accounted when she recalled that he had seen Vanrevel on the previous evening. Mr. Carewe had kept his promise to preserve the peace, as he always kept it when the two met on neutral ground, but she had observed that his face showed a kind of hard-leashed violence whenever he had been forced to breathe the air of the same room with his enemy, and that the thing grew on him.

Miss Betty exhibited not precisely a burning interest in the adventure of the Damsel Fair, and wandered out of the room during the second rendition, wandered back again, and once more away. She had moved about the house in this fashion since early morning, wearing what Mamie described as a "peak-ed look." White-faced and restless, with absent and distressed eyes, to which no sleep had come in the night, she could not read; she could no more than touch her harp; she could not sleep; she could not remain quiet for three minutes together. Often she sank into a chair with an air of languor and weariness, only to start immediately out of it and seek some other part of the house, or to go and pace the garden. Here, in the air heavy with roses and tremulous with June, as she walked rapidly up and down, late in the afternoon, at the time when the far-away farm-bells were calling men from the fields to supper, the climax of her restlessness came; nay, it was more than restlessness. The old rebellion against the law that inaction must be her part—that anguish and desperation, so old in her sex—had fallen upon her for the first time. She came to an abrupt stop and struck her hands together despairingly, and spoke aloud.

"What shall I do? What shall I do?"

"Ma'am?" asked a surprised voice, just behind her.

She wheeled about, to behold a shock-headed urchin of ten in the path near the little clearing. He was ragged, tanned, dusty; neither shoes nor coat trammeled his independence; and he had evidently entered the garden through the gap in the hedge.

"I thought you spoke to me?" he said inquiringly.

"I didn't see you," she returned. "What is it?"

"You're Miss Carewe?" he asked; but before she could answer he said, reassuringly, "Why of course you are! I remember you perfect, now I git the light on you, so to speak. Don't you remember me?"

"No, I don't think I do."

"Lord!" he responded, wonderingly. "Why, I was up on them boxes with you the night of your pa's fire!" Mingled with the surprise in his tone was a respectful unction which intimated how greatly he honored her father for having been the owner of so satisfactory a conflagration.

"Were you? Perhaps I'll remember you if you give me time."

But at this point the youth recalled the fact that he had an errand to discharge; and assuming an air of business-like haste too pressing to permit farther parley, he sought in his pocket and produced a sealed envelope, with which he advanced upon her.

"Here. There's an answer. He told me not to tell nobody who sent it, and not to give it to nobody on earth but you, and how to slip in through the hedge and try and find you in the garden when nobody was lookin', and he give a pencil for you to answer on the back of it, and a dollar."

Miss Betty took the note, glancing once over her shoulder at the house, but Mrs. Tanberry was still occupied with the Maiden, and no one was in sight. She read the message quickly:

"I have obeyed you, and shall always. But you have not sent for me. Perhaps that was because there was no time when you thought it safe—or maybe you have still felt there would be a loss of dignity. Does *that* weigh with you against good-by? Tell me, if you can, that you have it in your heart to let me go without seeing you once more, without good-by—for the last time. Or was it untrue that you wrote me what you did? Was that dear letter but a little fairy dream of mine? Ah, will you see me again, this once—this once—let me look at you, let me talk with you, hear your voice? The last time!"

There was no signature.

Miss Betty hastily and nervously wrote four lines upon the same sheet: 'Yes—yes! I *must* see you, must talk with you before you go. Come at dusk. The garden—near the gap in the hedge. It will be safe for a little while. He will not be here." She replaced the paper in its envelope, drew a sharp line through her own name on the letter, and wrote "Mr. Vanrevel" underneath.

"Do you know the gentleman who sent you?" she asked.

"No'm; but he'll be waitin' at his office, 'Gray and Vanrevel,' on Main Street, for the answer."

"Then hurry!" said Betty.

He needed no second bidding, but, with wings on his bare heels, made off through the gap in the hedge. At the corner of the street he encountered an adventure—a gentleman's legs and a heavy hand at the same time. The hand fell on his shoulder, arresting his scamper with a vicious jerk; and the boy was too awed to attempt an escape, for he knew his captor well by sight, although never before had he found himself so directly in the company of Rouen's richest citizen. The note dropped from the trembling fingers, yet those small fingers of the boy did not tremble as did the man's when, like a flash, Carewe seized upon the missive with his disengaged hand and saw what two names were on the envelope.

"You were stealing, were you!" he cried, savagely. "I saw you sneak through my hedge. What did you steal?"

"Nothing!"

Mr. Carewe ground his teeth. "What were you doing there?"

"Nothing!"

"Nothing!" mocked Carewe. "Nothing! You didn't carry this to the young lady in there and get her answer?"

"No, sir!" answered the captive, earnestly. "Cross my heart, I didn't. I found it!"

Slowly the corrugations of anger were leveled from the magnate's face, the white heat cooled, and the prisoner marveled to find himself in the presence of an urbane gentleman whose placidity made the scene of a moment ago appear some trick of distorted vision. And yet, curious to behold, Mr. Carewe's fingers shook even more violently than before as he released the boy's shoulder and gave him a friendly tap on the head, at the same time smiling benevolently.

"There, there," he said, bestowing a wink upon the youngster. "It's all right; it doesn't matter—only I think I see the chance of a jest in this. You wait, while I read this little note, this message that you *found!*" He ended by winking again with the friendliest drollery.

He turned his back to the boy as he opened the note; and he continued to stand in that position while he read the two messages. It struck the messenger that, after this, there need be no great shame in his own lack of this much-vaunted art of reading, since it took so famous a man as Mr. Carewe such length of time to peruse a little note. But

perhaps the great gentleman was ill, for it appeared to the boy that he lurched several times, once so far that he would have gone over if he had not saved himself by a lucky stagger. And once, too, except for the fact that the face that had turned away had worn an expression of such genial humor, the boy would have believed that from it issued a sound like the gnashing of teeth.

But when it was turned to him again it bore the same amiable jocosity of mouth and eye, and nothing seemed to be the matter, except that those fingers still shook so wildly, too wildly, indeed, to restore the note to its envelope.

"There," said Mr. Carewe, "put it back, laddie, put it back yourself. Take it to the gentleman who sent you. I see he's even disguised his hand a trifle—ha! ha!—and I suppose he may not have expected the young lady to write his name quite so boldly on the envelope! What do *you* suppose?"

"I d'know," returned the boy. "I reckon I don't hardly understand."

"No, of course not," said Mr. Carewe, laughing rather madly. "Ha, ha, ha! Of course you wouldn't. And how much did he give you?"

"Yay!" cried the other joyously. "Didn't he go and hand me a dollar!"

"How much will you take not to tell him that I stopped you and read it; how much not to speak of me at all?"

"What?"

"It's a foolish kind of joke, that's all. I'll give you five dollars never to tell any one that you saw me to-day."

"Don't shoot, Colonel!" exclaimed the youth, with a riotous fling of bare feet in the air. "I'll come down."

"You'll do it?"

"Five!" he cried, dancing upon the boards. "Five! I'll cross my heart to die I never hear tell of you, or ever knew they *was* sich a man in the world!"

Carewe bent over him. "No! Say: 'God strike me dead and condemn me eternally to the everlasting flames of hell if I ever tell!'"

This entailed quick sobriety, though only solemn benevolence was in the face above him. The jig-step stopped, and he pondered, frightened.

"Have I got to say that?"

Mr. Carewe produced a bank-bill about which the boy beheld a halo. Clearly this was his day; heaven showed its approval of his conduct by an outpouring of imperishable riches. And yet the oath misliked him; there was a faint savor of the demoniacal contract; still that was to be borne and the plunge taken, for there fluttered the huge sum before his dazzled eyes. He took a deep breath.

"'God strike me dead,'" he began slowly, "'if I ever'——"

"No. 'And condemn me to the everlasting flames of hell'——"

"Have I got to?"

"Yes."

—"'And condemn me to—to the everlasting flames of—of hell, if I ever tell!'"

He ran off, pale with the fear that he might grow up and take to drink, and some day tell in his cups, but so resolved not to coquet with temptation that he went round a block to avoid the door of the Rouen House bar. Nevertheless, the note was in his hand and the fortune in his pocket.

And Mr. Carewe was safe. He knew that the boy would never tell, and he knew another thing, for he had read the "Journal," though it came no more to his house—he knew that Tom Vanrevel wore his uniform that evening, and that, even in the dusk, the brass buttons on an officer's breast make a good mark for a gun steadied along the broad ledge of a window. As he entered the gates and went toward the house he glanced up at the window which overlooked his garden from the cupola.

CHAPTER XVIII

The Uniform

CRAILEY was not the only man in Rouen who had been saying to himself all day that each accustomed thing he did was done for the last time. Many of his comrades went about with "Farewell, old friend," in their hearts, not only for the people, but for the usual things of life and the actions of habit, now become unexpectedly dear and sweet to know or to perform. Thus Tom Vanrevel, relieved of his hot uniform, loose as to collar, wearing a big dressing-gown, and stretched in a chair, watched the sunset from the western window of the dusty office, where he had dreamed through many sunsets in summers past, and now took his final leave of this old habit of his in silence, with a long cigar, considering the chances largely against his ever seeing the sun go down behind the long wooden bridge at the foot of Main Street again.

The ruins of the warehouses had been removed, and the river was laid clear to his sight; it ran between brown banks like a river of rubies, and, at the wharf, the small evening steamboat, ugly and grim enough to behold from near-by, lay pink and lovely in that

broad glow, tooting imminent departure, although an hour might elapse before it would back into the current. The sun widened, clung briefly to the horizon, and dropped behind the low hills beyond the bottom lands; the stream grew purple and then took on a luster of pearl as the stars came out, while the rosy distances changed to misty blue; the chatter of the birds in the Main Street maples became quieter, and, through lessening little choruses of twittering, fell gradually to silence. And now the blue dusk crept on the town, and the corner drug store window-lights threw mottled colors on the pavement. From the hall, outside the closed office door, came the sound of quick, light footsteps; it was Crailey going out; but Tom only sighed to himself, and did not hail him. So these light footsteps of Crailey Gray echoed but a moment in the stairway, and were heard no more.

A few moments later, a tall figure, wrapped from neck to heels in a gray cloak, rapidly crossed the mottled lights, and disappeared into Carewe Street. This cloaked person wore on his head a soldier's cap, and Tom, not recognizing him surely, vaguely wondered why Tappingham Marsh chose to muffle himself so warmly on a June evening. He noted the quick, alert tread as unlike Marsh's usual gait, but no suspicion crossed his mind that the figure might be that of his partner.

A rocket went up from the Rouen House, and then another, followed by a salvo of anvils and a rickety discharge of small arms; and a noble display of fireworks was begun in celebration of the prospective victories of the United States and the utter discomfiture of the Mexicans when the Rouen Volunteers should reach the seat of war, an exhibition of patriotism which brought little pleasure to Mr. Vanrevel.

But over the noise of the street he heard his own name shouted from the stairway, and almost instantly a violent knocking assailed the door. He bade the visitor enter, and the door was flung open by a stout and excited colored woman, who, at sight of him, threw up her hands in tremulous thanksgiving. It was the vain Mamie.

She sank into a chair, and rocked herself to and fro, gasping to regain her lost breath. "Bless de good God 'lmighty you ain' gone out!" she panted. "I run an' I run, an' I come so fas' I got stitches in de side f'um head tuh heel!"

Tom brought her a glass of water, which she drank between gasps.

"I nevah run so befo' enduin' my livin' days," she asserted. "You knows me, who I am an' whuh I cum f'um, nigh's well's I knows who you is, I reckon, Maje' Vanrevel?"

"Yes, yes, I know. Will you tell me who sent you?"

"Miz Tanberry, suh, dat who sended me, an' in a venomous hurry she done de same!"

"Yes. Why? Does she want me?"

Mamie emitted a screech. "'Deed she mos' everlas'in'ly does not! Dat de ve'y exackindes' livin' t'ing she does not want!"

"Then what is it, Mamie?"

"Jass lemme git my bref, suh, an' you hole yo'ne whiles I tell you! She say tuh me, she say: 'Is you 'quainted Maje' Vanrevel, Mamie?' s' she, an' I up'n ansuh, 'Not tuh speak wid, but dey ain' none on 'em I don' know by sight, an' none betterer dan him,' I say. Den she say, she say: 'You run all de way an' fin' dat young man,' she say, s' she, 'an' if you don' git dar fo' he leave, er don' stop him on de way, den God 'lmighty fergive you!' she say. 'But you tell him f'um Janę Tanberry not tuh come near dis house or dis gyahden dis night! Tell him dat Jane Tanberry warn him he mus' keep outer Carewe's way ontel he safe on de boat to-morrer. Tell him Jane Tanberry beg him to stay in he own room dis night, an' dat she beg it on her bented knees!' An' dis she say tuh me when I tole her what Nelson see in dat house dis evenin'. An' hyuh I is, an' hyuh *you* is, an' de blessed Jesus be thank' you *is* hyuh!"

Tom regarded her with grave attention. "What made Mrs. Tanberry think I might be coming there to-night?"

"Dey's cur'ous goin's-on in dat house, suh! De young lady she ain't like herself; all de day long she wanduh up an' down an' roun' about. Miz Tanberry are a mighty guessifying woman, an' de minute I tell her what Nelse see, she s'pec' you a-comin' an' dat de boss mos' pintedly preparin' fo' it!"

"Can you make it a little clearer for me, Mamie? I'm afraid I don't understand."

"Well, suh, you know dat ole man Nelson, he allays tell me ev'yt'ing he know, an' ev'yt'ing he think he know, jass de same, suh. An' dat ole Nelse he mos' 'sessful cull'd man in de worl' tuh crope roun' de house an' pick up de gossip an' git de 'fo' an' behine er what's goin' on. So 'twas dat he see de boss, when he come in to'des evenin', tek dat heavy musket offn' de racks an' load an' clean her, an' he do it wid a mighty bad look 'bout de mouf. Den he gone up tuh de cupoly an' lef' it dar, an' den come down agin. Whiles dey all is eatin', he 'nounce th'ee time' dat he goin' be 'way endu'in' de evenin'. Den he gone

out de front do', an' out de gates, an' down de street. Den, suh, den, suh, 'tain't no mo'n a half-'n-hour ago, Nelse come tuh me an' say dat he see de boss come roun' de stable, keepin' close in by de shrubbery, an' crepe in de ballroom winder, w'ich is close tuh de groun', suh. Nelse 'uz a cleanin' he harness in de back yo'd an' he let on not tuh see him, like. Miss Betty, she walkin' in her gyahden an' Miz Tanberry fan' on de po'che. Nelse, he slips in de house whuh de lights ain' lit, an' stan' an' listen long time in de liberry at de foot er dem sta'hs; *an' he hyuh dat man move, suh!* Den Nelse know dat he done gone up tuh de cupoly room an'—an' dat he settin' dah, *waitin'!* Soze he come an' tole me, an' I beg Miz Tanberry come in de kitchen, an' I shet de do' an' I tole her. An' she sended me hyuh to you, suh. An' if you 'uz a-goin' de good God 'lmighty mus' er kep' you ontel I got hyuh!"

"No; I wasn't going." Tom smiled upon her sadly. "And I dare say there's a simpler explanation. Don't you suppose that if Nelson was right and Mr. Carewe really did come back, it was because he did not wish his daughter and Mrs. Tanberry to know that—that he expected a party of friends, possibly, to join him there later?"

"What he doin' wid dat gun, suh? Nobody goin' play cyahds ner frow dice wid a gun, is dey?" asked Mamie, as she rose and walked toward the door.

"Oh, that was probably by chance."

"No, suh!" she cried vehemently. "An' dem gelmun wouldn' play t'-night, no way; mos' on 'em goin' wid you to-morrer an' dey sayin' good-by to d'er foks dis evenin', not gamblin'! Miz Tanberry 'll be in a state er mine ontel she hyuh f'um me, an' I goin' hurry back. You won' come dar, suh? I kin tell her dat you say you sutney ain' comin' nigh our neighborhoods dis night?"

"I had not dreamed of coming, tell her, please. Probably I shall not go out at all this evening. But it was kind of you to come. Good night."

He stood with a candle to light her down the stairs, but after she had gone he did not return to the office. Instead, he went slowly up to his own room, glancing first into Crailey's—the doors of neither were often locked—to behold a chaos of disorder and unfinished packing. In his own chamber it only remained for him to close the lids of a few big boxes, and to pack a small trunk which he meant to take with him to the camp of the State troops, and he would be ready for departure. So he set about his task, and, concluding that there was no necessity to wear his uniform on the steamboat, he decided to place it in the trunk, and went to the bed where he had folded and left it. It was not there. Nor did a thorough search reveal it anywhere in the room. Yet no one could have stolen it, for when he had gone down to the office Crailey had remained on this floor. Mamie had come within a few minutes after Crailey went out, and during his conversation with her the office door had been open; no one could have passed without being seen. Also, a thief would have taken other things as well as the uniform; and surely Crailey must have heard; Crailey would—Crailey——!

And Tom remembered the figure in the long cloak and the military cap, and, with a sick heart, he began to understand. He had read the "Journal," and he saw why Crailey might wish to masquerade in a major's uniform that night. If Miss Carewe read it too, and a strange wonder rose in her mind, this and a word would convince her. Tom considered it improbable that the wonder would rise, for circumstances had so settled her in a mistake—trivial and ordinary enough at first, merely the confusing of two names by a girl new to the town, but strengthened by every confirmation Crailey's wit could compass—that she would, no doubt, only set the Cummings paragraph aside as a newspaper error. Still, Crailey had wished to be on the safe side!

Tom sighed rather bitterly. He was convinced that the harlequin would come home soon, replace the uniform (which was probably extremely becoming to him, as they were of a height and figure much the same), and afterward, in his ordinary dress, he would sally forth to spend his last evening with Fanchon. Tom wondered how Crailey would feel and what he would think about himself while he was changing his clothes; but he remembered his partner's extraordinary powers of mental adjustment—and for the first time in his life Vanrevel made no allowance for the other's temperament; and there came to him a moment when he felt that he could almost dislike Crailey Gray.

At all events he would go out until Crailey had come and left again; for he had no desire to behold the masquerader's return. So he exchanged his dressing-gown for a coat, fastened his collar, and had begun to arrange his cravat at the mirror, when, suddenly, the voice of the old negress seemed to sound close beside him in the room:

"He's settin' dah—*waitin'!*"

That cravat was never tied; Tom's hands dropped to his sides as he started back from

the staring face in the mirror. Robert Carewe was waiting—and Crailey—— All at once there was but one vital necessity in the world for Tom Vanrevel, that was to find Crailey; he must go to Crailey—even in Carewe's own house—he must go to Crailey!

He dashed down the stairs and into the street. The people were making a great uproar in front of the hotel, exploding bombs, firing muskets in the air, sending up rockets; and rapidly crossing the outskirts of the crowd, he passed into Carewe Street, unnoticed.

Here the detonations were not so deafening, though the little steamboat at the wharf was contributing to the confusion with all in her power, screeching simultaneously approval of the celebration and her last signals of departure. At the first corner Tom had no more than left the sidewalk when he came within a foot of being ridden down by two horsemen who rode at so desperate a gallop that (the sound of their hoof-beats being lost in the uproar from Main Street) they were upon him before he was aware of them.

He leaped back with an angry shout to know who they were that they rode so hastily. At the same time a sharp explosion at the foot of the street sent a red flare over the scene, a flash, gone with such incredible swiftness into renewed darkness that he saw the flying horsemen almost as equestrian statues illumined by a flicker of lightning, but he saw them with the same distinctness that lightning gives, and recognized the foremost as Robert Carewe. And in the instant of that recognition Tom knew what had happened to Crailey, for, remembering Mamie's story, he read the truth in the ghastly face of his enemy.

Carewe rode stiffly, like a man frozen upon his horse, and his face was like that of a frozen man; his eyes glassy and not fixed upon his course, so that it was a deathly thing to see. The animal bounded and swerved under him in the mad rush down the street, but he sat rigid, bolt upright in the saddle, his face set to that look of coldness. The second rider was old Nelson, who rode with body crouched forward, his eyeballs like shining porcelain set in ebony, and his arm like a flail, cruelly lashing his own horse and his master's with a heavy whip.

"De steamboat!" he shouted, hoarsely, bringing down the lash on one steed and then on the other. "De steamboat, de steamboat —fo' God's sake, honey, de steamboat!"

They swept into Main Street, Nelson leaning far across to the other's bridle, and turning both horses toward the river, but before they had made the corner Tom Vanrevel was running with all the speed that was in him toward his enemy's house. The one block between him and that forbidden ground seemed to him miles long, and he felt that he was running as a man in a dream, and, at the highest pitch of agonized exertion, covering no space, but only working the air in one place, like a treadmill. All that was in his mind, heart, and soul was to reach Crailey. He had known by the revelation of Carewe's face in what case he would find his friend; but as he ran he put the knowledge from him with a great shudder, and resolved upon incredulity in spite of his certainty. All he let himself feel was the vital necessity to run, to run until he found Crailey, who was somewhere in the darkness of the trees about the long, low house on the corner. When he reached the bordering hedge he did not stay for gate or path, but hurled himself with a loud shout half over, half through the hedge, like a bolt from a catapult.

Lights shone from only one room in the house, the library; but as he ran toward the porch a candle flickered in the hall, and there came the sound of a voice sobbing with terror.

At that he called desperately upon his incredulity to aid him, for the voice was Mrs. Tanberry's. If it had been any other than she who sobbed so hopelessly—she who was always steady and strong! If he could, he would have stopped to pray, now, before he faced her and the truth; but his flying feet carried him on.

"Who is it?" she gasped, brokenly, from the hall. "Mamie? Have you brought him?"

"It's I," he cried, as he plunged through the doorway. "It's Vanrevel."

Mrs. Tanberry set the iron candlestick down upon the table with a crash.

"You've come too late!" she sobbed. "Another man has taken your death on himself."

He reeled back against the wall. "Oh, God!" he said. "Oh, God, God, God! It's Crailey!"

"Yes," she answered. "It's the poor vagabond that you loved so well."

Together they ran through the hall to the library. Crailey was lying on a long sofa, his eyes closed, his head like a piece of carven marble, the gay uniform, in which he had tricked himself out so gallantly, open at the throat, and his white linen stained with only a few little splotches of red.

Miss Betty was kneeling beside him, holding her lace handkerchief upon his breast; she was as white as he, and as motionless;

so that, as she knelt there, immovable beside him, her arm like alabaster across his breast, they might have been a sculptor's group. The handkerchief was stained a little, like the linen, and like it, too, stained but a little. A flask of brandy and a pitcher of water were on the floor near-by.

"You!" Miss Betty's face showed no change, nor even a faint surprise, as her eyes fell upon Tom Vanrevel, but her lips soundlessly framed the word—"You!"

Tom flung himself on his knees beside her, but, though she drew back a little, mechanically, she did not move the handkerchief from its place.

"Crailey!" cried Tom, in a sharp voice that had a terrible shake in it. "Crailey! Crailey, I want you to hear me!" He took one of the limp hands in his and began to chafe it, while Mrs. Tanberry grasped the other.

"There's still a movement in the pulse," she faltered.

"*Still!*" echoed Tom, roughly. "You're mad! You made me think he was dead! Do you think Crailey Gray is going to die? He couldn't, I tell you—he couldn't; you don't know him! Who's gone for the doctor?" He dashed some brandy upon his handkerchief and set it to the white lips.

"Mamie. She was here in the room with me when it happened."

"'Happened!' 'Happened!'" he mocked her, furiously. "'Happened' is a beautiful word!"

"God forgive me!" sobbed Mrs. Tanberry. "I was sitting in the library, and Mamie had just come from you, when we heard Mr. Carewe shout from the cupola room: 'Stand away from my daughter, Vanrevel!' Only that—and Mamie and I ran to the window, and we saw through the dark a man in uniform leap back from Miss Betty—they were in that little open space near the hedge. He called out something and waved his hand, but the shot came at the same time, and he fell. Even then I was sure in spite of what Mamie had said, I was as sure as Robert Carewe that it was you. He came and took one look—and saw—and then Nelson brought the horses and made him mount and go. Mamie ran for the doctor, and Bettie and I carried Crailey in. It was hard work."

Miss Betty's hand had fallen from Crailey's breast, where Tom's took its place. She rose unsteadily to her feet and pushed back the hair from her forehead, shivering convulsively as she looked down at the motionless figure on the sofa.

"Crailey!" said Tom, in the same angry, shaking voice. 'Crailey, you've got to rouse yourself! This won't do; you've got to be a man, Crailey!" He was trying to force the brandy through the tightly clenched teeth. "Crailey!"

"Crailey!" whispered Miss Betty, leaning heavily on the back of a chair. "Crailey?" She looked at Mrs. Tanberry with vague interrogation, but Mrs. Tanberry did not understand.

"Crailey!"

It was then that Crailey's eyelids fluttered and slowly opened; and his wandering glance, dull at first, slowly grew clear and twinkling as it rested on the ashy face of his best friend.

"Tom," he said, feebly, "it was worth the price—to wear your clothes just once!"

And then, at last, Miss Betty saw and understood. For not the honest gentleman, whom every one except Robert Carewe held in esteem and affection, not her father's enemy, Vanrevel, lay before her with the death-wound in his breast for her sake, but that other—Crailey Gray, the ne'er-do-weel and light-o'-love, Crailey Gray, wit, poet, and scapegrace, the well-beloved town scamp.

He saw that she knew, and as his brightening eyes wandered up to her he smiled faintly. "Even a bad dog likes to have his day," he whispered.

CHAPTER XIX

The Flag Goes Marching By

WILL CUMMINGS had abandoned the pen for the sword until such time as Santa Anna should cry for quarter, and had left the office in charge of an imported substitute; but late that night he came to his desk once more, to write the story of the accident to Corporal Gray; and the tale that he wrote had already been put into writing by Tom Vanrevel as it fell from Crailey's lips, after the doctor had come, so that none might doubt it. No one did doubt it. What reason had Mr. Carewe to injure Crailey Gray? And only five in Rouen knew the truth; for Nelson had gone with his master, and, except Mamie, the other servants of the Carewe household had been in the crowd in front of the Rouen House when the shot was fired.

And so the story went over the town: how Crailey had called to say good-by to Mrs. Tanberry; how Mr. Carewe happened to be examining the musket his father had carried in 1812, when the weapon was accidentally discharged, the ball entering Crailey's breast; how Mr. Carewe, stricken with remorse and

horror over this frightful misfortune, and suffering too severe anguish of mind to remain upon the scene of the tragedy his carelessness had made, had fled, attended by his servant; and how they had leaped aboard the evening boat as it was pulling out, and were now on their way down the river.

This was the story, too, that Tom told Fanchon; for it was he who brought her to Crailey. Through the long night she knelt at Crailey's side, his hand always pressed to her breast or cheek, her eyes always upward, and her lips moving with her prayers, not for Crailey to be spared, but that the Father would take good care of him in Heaven till she came. "I had already given him up," she said to Tom humbly in a small voice. "I knew it was to come, and perhaps this way is better than that—I thought it would be far away. Now I can be with him, and perhaps I shall have him a little longer, for he was to have gone away before noon."

The morning sun rose upon a fair world, lively with bird chatter in the big trees of the Carewe place, and sweet with the odors of Miss Betty's garden, and Crailey, lying upon the bed of the man who had shot him, hearkened and smiled good-by to the summer he loved; and, when the day broke, asked that the bed be moved so that he might lie close by the window. It was Tom who had borne him to that room. "I have carried him before this," he had said, waving the others aside.

Not long after sunrise, when the bed had been moved near the window, Crailey begged Fanchon to bring him a miniature of his mother which he had given her, and urged her to go for it herself; he wanted no hands but hers to touch it, he said. And when she had gone he asked to be let alone with Tom.

"Give me your hand, Tom," he said faintly. "I'd like to keep hold of it a minute or so. I couldn't have said that yesterday, could I, without causing us both horrible embarrassment? But I fancy I can now, because I'm done for. That's too bad, isn't it? I'm very young, after all. Do you remember what poor André Chénier said as he went up to be guillotined?—'There were things in this head of mine!' But I want to tell you what's been the matter with me. It was just my being a bad sort of poet. I suppose that I've never loved any one; yet I've cared more deeply than other men for every lovely thing I saw, and there's so little that hasn't loveliness in it. I'd be ashamed not to have cared for the beauty in all the women I've made love to—but about this—the most beautiful of all—I——"

"She will understand!" said his friend, quickly.

"She will—yes—she's wise and good. If Fanchon knew, there wouldn't be even a memory left to her—and I don't think she'd live. And do you know, I believe I've done Miss Betty a favor in getting shot; Carewe will never come back. Ah, was ever a man's knavery so exactly the architect of his own destruction as mine? And for what gain? Just the excitement of the comedy from day to day!—for she was sure to despise me as soon as she knew—and the desire to hear her voice say another kindly thing to me—and the everlasting perhaps in every woman, and this one the heart's desire of all the world! Ah, well! Tell me—I want to hear it from you—how many hours does the doctor say?"

"Hours, Crailey?" Tom's hand twitched pitifully in the other's feeble grasp.

"I know it's only a few."

"They're all fools, doctors!" exclaimed Vanrevel, fiercely.

"No, no. And I know that nothing can be done. You all see it, and you want me to go peacefully—or you wouldn't let me have my own way so much! It frightens me, I own up, to think that so soon I'll be wiser than the wisest in the world. Yet I always wanted to *know*. I've sought and I've sought—and now to go out alone on the quest of the Grail—I——"

"Please don't talk," begged Tom in a broken whisper. "For mercy's sake, lad. It weakens you so."

Crailey laughed weakly. "Do you think I could die peacefully without talking a great deal? There's one thing I want, Tom. I want to see all of them once more, all the old friends that are going down the river at noon. What harm could it do? I want them to come by here on their way to the boat, with the band and with the flag I was to follow. But I want the band to play *cheerfully!* Ask 'em to play 'Rosin the Bow,' will you? I've never believed in mournfulness, and I don't want to see any of it now. It's the most sacrilegious doubt of all! And besides, I want to see them as they'll be when they 'come marching home again'—they must look gay!"

"Ah, don't, lad, don't!" Tom flung one arm about his friend and buried his face in the coverlet, and Crailey was silent, but rested one hand gently on the other's head. In that attitude Fanchon found them when she came.

The volunteers gathered at the court-house two hours before noon. They met each other

ılly, talking only in undertones as they
ɔd in lines of four, while their dispirited
showed that the heart was out of
. Not so with the crowds of country
ınd townspeople who lined the streets
ɜ the last of them. For these, when the
came marching down the street and took
ace, set up a royal cheering that grew
r as Jefferson Bareaud, the color-bearer,
ɔd the flag to the head of the proces-
With the recruits marched the veterans
12 and the Indian wars, the one-legged
er stumping along beside General Trum-
vho looked very dejected and old. The
stood in silence, and responded to the
ing by quietly removing their hats; so
the people whispered that it was more
n Odd Fellows' Sunday funeral than the
ture of enthusiastic patriots for the seat
ır. General Trumble's was not the only
'ace in the ranks; all were sorrowful,
those of the lads from the country, who
not known the comrade they were to
behind.

erson unfurled the flag; Marsh gave the
of command, the band began to play a
step, and the procession moved forward
the cheering lane of people, who waved
flags and handkerchiefs and threw their
in the air as they shouted. But, con-
to expectation, the parade was not di-
ɾ along Main Street to the river. "Right
l! March!" commanded Tappingham,
ely, waving his sword, and Jefferson led
ay into Carewe Street.

ɔr God's sake, don't cry now!" and Tap-
ıam, with a large drop streaking down
wn cheek, turned savagely upon Lieu-
t Cummings. "That isn't what he wants.
ants to see us looking cheery and smil-
We can do it for him this once, I guess!
er saw *him* any other way."

ɔu look damn smiling yourself," snuffled

will when we turn in at the gates," re-
l his captain. "On my soul, I swear I'll
very sniffling idiot that doesn't!—In
there!" he stormed ferociously at a big
it.

lively strains of the band and the shout-
f the multitude grew loud in the room
ɜ Crailey lay. His eyes glistened as he
, and he smiled, not the old smile of the
ly prelate, but gladly, like a child when
is heard. The room was darkened, save
ıe light of the one window which fell
upon his head and breast and upon
er fair head close to his, where Fanchon
In the shadows at one end of the room
were Miss Betty and Mrs. Tanberry and Mrs. Bareaud, and the white-haired doctor, who had said, "Let him have his own way in all he asks." Tom stood alone, close by the head of the couch.

"Hail to the band!" Crailey chuckled softly. "How the rogues keep the time. It's 'Rosin the Bow' all right! Ah, that is as it should be. Mrs. Tanberry, you and I have one thing in common, if you'll let me flatter myself so far: we've always believed in good cheer in spite of the devil and all, you and I, eh? The best of things, even if things are bad, dear lady, eh?"

"You darling vagabond!" Mrs. Tanberry murmured, trying to smile back to him.

"Hark to 'em!" said Crailey. "Only *hear* the people cheer them! They'll 'march away so gaily,' won't they?—and how right that is!" The vanguard appeared in the street, and over the hedge gleamed the brilliant, oncoming banner, the fresh, strong colors flying out on a good breeze. Crailey greeted it with a breathless cry. "There's the flag—look, Fanchon, *your* flag!—waving above the hedge; and it's Jeff who carries it. Doesn't it always make you want to *dance!* Bravo, bravo!"

The procession halted for a moment in the street, and the music ceased. Then, with a jubilant flourish of brass and the roll of drums, the band struck up "The Star Spangled Banner," and Jefferson Bareaud proudly led the way into the gates and down the driveway, the bright silk streaming overhead. Behind him briskly marched the volunteers, with heads erect and smiling faces, as they knew Corporal Gray wished to see them, their Captain flourishing his shining sword in the air.

"Here they come! Do you see, Fanchon?" said Crailey. "They are all there, Jeff and Tappingham, and the two Madrillons and Will, the dear old fellow—he'll never write a decent paragraph as long as he lives, God bless him!—and young Frank—what devil-tries I've led the boy into!—and there's the old General, forgetting all the tiffs we've had. God bless them all and grant them all a safe return! What on earth are they taking off their hats for?—Ah, good-by, boys, good-by!"

They saw the white face at the window, and the slender hand fluttering its farewell, and Tappingham halted his men.

"Three times three for Corporal Gray!" he shouted, managing, somehow, to keep the smile upon his lips. "Three times three, and may he rejoin his company before we enter the Mexican capital!"

He beat the time for the thunderous cheers that they gave; the procession described a circle on the lawn, and then, with the band playing and colors flying, passed out of the gates and took up the march to the wharf.

"The flag shows that you helped to make it, Fanchon." Crailey whispered, following it with his eyes. "It's so beautiful. Ah, Tom, they've said we abused it, sometimes—it was only that we didn't like to see any one make it look silly or mean. But, after all, no man *can* do that—no, nor no group of men, nor party!" His voice grew louder as the last strains of the music came more faintly from the street. "They'll take your banner across the Rio Grande, Fanchon, but that is not all—some day it will spread over the world!—Don't you all *see* that it will?"

After a little while he closed his eyes with a sigh; the doctor bent over him quickly, and Miss Betty started forward unconsciously and cried out.

But the bright eyes opened again and fixed themselves upon her with all their old, gay inscrutability.

"Not yet," said Crailey. "Miss Carewe, may I tell you that I am sorry I could not have known you sooner? Perhaps you might have liked me for Fanchon's sake—I know you care for her."

"I do—I do!" she faltered. "I love her, and—ah!—I like you, Mr. Gray, though I never—met you until—last night. God bless you—God bless you!"

She wavered a moment, like a lily in the wind, put out a hand blindly; said sharply, "Not you!" as Tom Vanravel started toward her. Mrs. Tanberry came quickly and put an arm about her, and together they went out of the room.

"You must be good to her, Tom," said Crailey then, in a very low voice.

"I!" answered Tom, gently. "There was never a chance of that, lad."

"Listen," whispered Crailey. "Lean down—no—closer." He cast a quick glance at Fanchon, kneeling at the other side of the bed, her golden head on the white coverlet, her outstretched hand clutching his; and he spoke so close to Tom's ear and in so low a tone that only Tom could hear.

"She was never in love with me. She felt that she ought to be—but that was because I masqueraded in your history. She wanted to tell me before I went away that there was no chance for me. She was telling me that, when he called from the window. It was at the dance, the night before, that she knew. I think there has been some one else from the first—and God send it's you! Did you speak to her that night or she to you?"

"Ah, no," said Tom Vanrevel. "All the others."

Mrs. Tanberry and Betty and Mr. Bareaud waited in the library, the two women huddled together on a sofa, with their arms round each other, and all the house was very still. By and by, they heard a prolonged, far-away cheering, and the steamer's whistle, and knew that the boat was off. Half an hour later Will Cummings came back alone, entered the room on tip-toe, and sank into a chair near Mr. Bareaud, with his face away from Miss Betty. He was to remain in Rouen another week, and join his regiment with Tom. None of the three appeared to notice his coming more than dimly, and he sat with his face bowed in his hands, and did not move.

Thus perhaps an hour passed, with only a sound of footsteps on the gravel in the driveway, now and then, and a low murmur of voices in the rear of the house, where people came to ask after Crailey; and when the door of the room where he lay was opened, the four watchers started as at a loud explosion. It was Mrs. Bareaud and the old doctor, and they closed the door again, softly, and came in to the others. They had left Crailey alone with Fanchon and Tom Vanrevel, the two who loved him best.

The warm day beyond the windows was like Sunday; no voices sounded from without in the noon hush, though sometimes a little group of people would gather across the street to eye the house curiously and nod and whisper. The strong, blue shadows of the veranda pillars stole slowly across the white floor of the porch in a lessening slant, and finally lay all in a line, as the tall clock in a corner of the library asthmatically coughed the hour of noon. In this jarring discordance there was something frightful to Miss Betty. She rose abruptly, and, imperiously waving back Mrs. Tanberry, who would have detained her—for there was in her face and manner the incipient wildness of control overstrained to the breaking-point—she went hurriedly out of the room and out of the house, to the old bench in the garden. There she sank down, her face hidden in her arms; there, on the spot where she had first seen Crailey Gray.

From there, too, had risen the serenade of the man she had spurned and insulted; and there she had come to worship the stars when Crailey bade her look to them. And now the strange young teacher was paying the bitter price for his fooleries—and who could doubt

that the price was a bitter one? To have the spirit so suddenly, cruelly driven from the sprightly body that was, but a few hours ago, hale and alert, obedient to every petty wish, could dance, run, and leap; to be forced with such hideous precipitation to leave the warm breath of June and undergo the lonely change merging with the shadow; to be flung from the exquisite and commonplace day of sunshine into the appalling adventure that should not have been his for years—and hurled into it by what hand! . . . Ah, bitter, bitter price for a harlequinade! And, alas, alas! for the brave harlequin!

A gentle touch fell upon her shoulder, and Miss Betty sprang to her feet and screamed. It was Nelson who stood before her, hat in hand, his head deeply bowed.

"Is *he* with you?" she cried, clutching at the bench for support.

"No'm," answered the old man humbly. "I reckon we all ain' goin' see dat man no mo'."

"Where is he?"

"On de way, honey, on de way."

"The way—to Rouen!" she gasped.

"No'm; he goin' 'cross de big water." He stretched out his hand and pointed solemnly to the east. "Him an' me, we cotch de boat, an' yo' pa mek 'em taken de hosses on bode. Den we git off at Leeville, five mile down de rivuh, an' yo' pa hol' de boat whiles I rid back alone an' git de news, an' what de tale is you all is tole, f'um ole Mist' Chen'eth; an' Mist' Chen'eth, he rid back wid me an' see yo' pa at Leeville, an' dey talk in de shed by de landin', an' yo' pa tell Mist' Chen'eth what 'rangements he goin' make wid de proprety, den he git on de boat ag'in an' dey sto't her agoin'; an' he ain' wave no good-by, ner say no mo' wu'ds. Mist' Chen'eth rid back whens de light come. But I res' de hosses an' come back slow, 'case I ponduh on de worl', an' I mighty sorry fer yo' pa, Missy. He ain' comin' back no mo', honey, an' Miz Tanberry an' me an' Mamie, we goin' take keer er you. Yo' pa goin' back dar to de F'enchmun, whar he 'uz a young man. He mighty sick, an' he scairt, honey; an' he ain' goin' git ovah dat, neider. 'Peah tuh me, Missy, like he done had a vizhum er he own soul, when he come an' look down at dat young man layin' on de grass, las' night!"

The old fellow bent his back before her in a solemn bow, as a feudal retainer in allegiance to the heir, but more in deference to the sorrow written upon her, and respecting its magnitude. With no words of comfort, for he knew she wanted only to be alone, he moved away, with infirm steps and shaking head, toward the rear of the house.

Miss Betty threw herself upon the bench again, face downward in her arms. And still the house lay in dead silence under the sunshine.

An hour had passed, and the shadows slanted strongly to the east, when the stillness was broken by a sound, low and small at first, then rising fearfully—a long, quavering wail of supreme anguish that clutched and shook the listener's heart. No one could have recognized the voice as Fanchon's, but every one who heard it knew that it was hers; and that the soul of Crailey Gray had gone out upon the quest of the Holy Grail.

Miss Betty's hands clenched convulsively round the arm of the bench, and a fit of shuddering seized her as if with the grip of a violent chill, though her eyes were dry. Then she lay quiet.

A long time afterward she became aware of a step that paced the garden path behind her, and turned her face upon her arm so that she saw, but made no other motion. It was Tom Vanrevel, walking slowly up and down, his hands behind his back and his hat pulled far down over his eyes. He had not seen her.

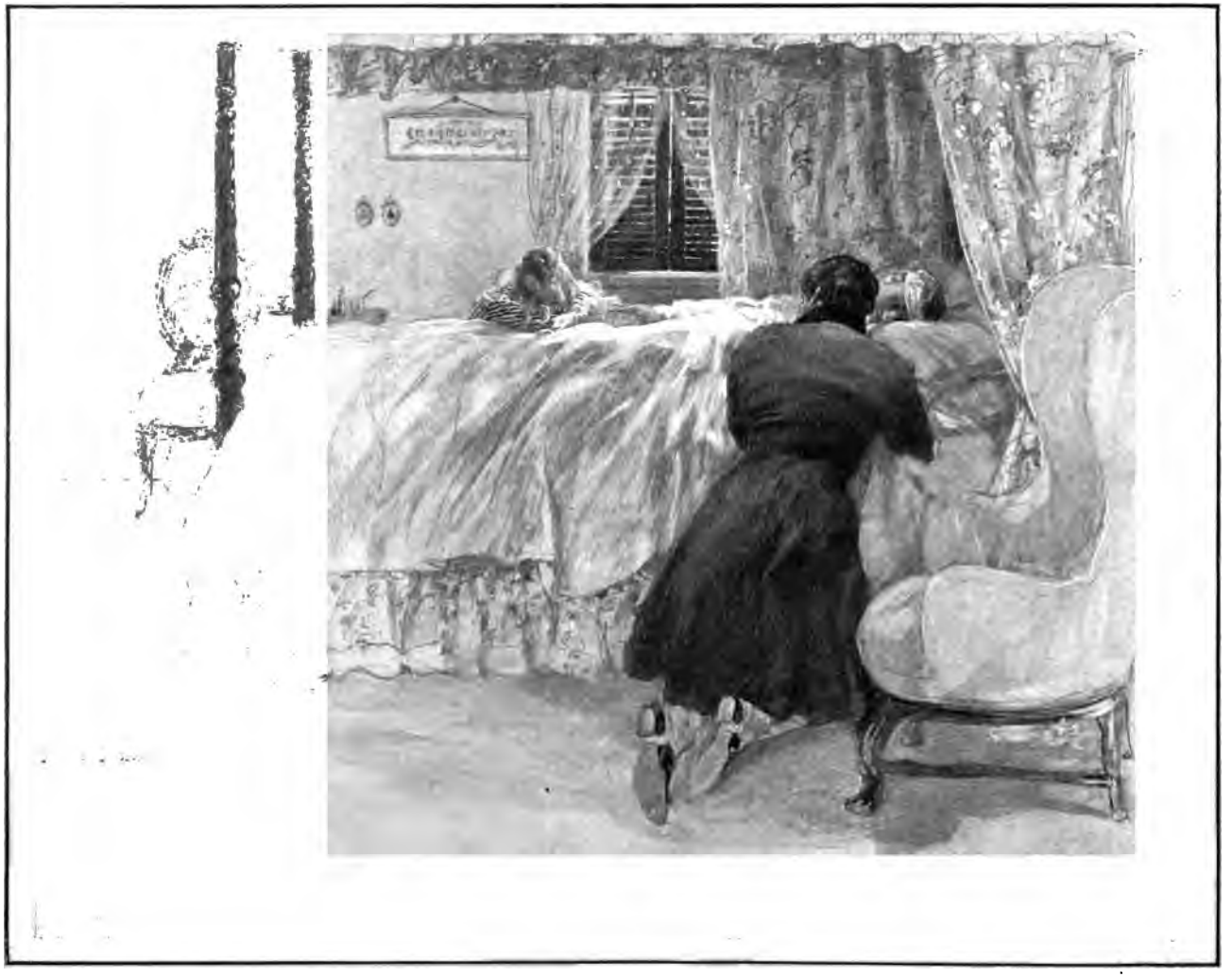
She rose and spoke his name.

He turned and came to her. "Almost at the very last," he said, "Crailey whispered to me that he knew you thought him a great scamp, but to tell you to be sure to remember that it was all true about the stars."

CHAPTER XX

"*Good-by*"

It was between twilight and candlelight, the gentle half-hour when the kind old Sand Man steals up the stairs of houses where children are; when rustic lovers stroll with slow and quiet steps down country lanes, and old bachelors are loneliest and dream of the things that might have been. Through the silence of the clear dusk came the whistle of the evening boat that was to bear Tom Vanrevel through the first stage of his long journey to the front of war, and the sound fell cheerlessly on Miss Betty's ear as she stood leaning against the sun-dial among the lilac bushes. Her attitude was not one of reverie; yet she stood very still, so still that, in the wan shimmer of the faded afterglow, one might have passed close by her and not have seen her. The long, dark folds of her gown showed faintly against the gray stone, and her arms, bare from the elbow, lay across the



"'Listen,' whispered Crailey. 'Lean down—no—closer.'"

face of the dial, with unrelaxed fingers clenching the cornice; her head drooping, not languidly but with tension, her eyes half closed, showing the lashes against a pale cheek; and thus motionless, leaning on the stone in the dusk, she might have been Sorrow's self.

She did not move; there was not even a flicker of the eyelashes when a step sounded on the gravel of the driveway, and Vanrevel came slowly from the house. He stopped at a little distance from her, hat in hand. He was very thin, worn and old-looking, and in the failing light might have been taken for a tall, gentle ghost; yet his shoulders were squared and he held himself as straight as he had the first time she had ever seen him.

"Mrs. Tanberry told me I should find you here," he said, hesitatingly. "I have come to say good-by."

She did not turn toward him, nor did more than her lips move as she answered, "Good-by," and her tone was neither kind nor cold, but held no meaning whatever, not even indifference.

There was an interval of silence; then, without surprise, he walked sadly to the gate, paused, wheeled about suddenly, and returned with a quick, firm step.

"I will not go until I know that I do not misunderstand you," he said, "not even if there is only the slightest chance that I do. I want to say something to you, if you will let me, though naturally I remember you once asked me never to speak to you again. It is only that I have thought you did that under a misconception, or else I should still obey you. If you——"

"What is it that you wish to say?" Her tone was unchanged.

"Only that I think the hardest time for you has passed, and that——"

"Do you?" she interrupted.

"Yes," he returned, "the saddest of your life. I think it has gone forever. And I think that what will come to you will be all you wish for. There will be a little time of waiting——"

"Waiting for what?"

He drew a step nearer, and his voice became very gentle. "Cummings and I reach our regiment to-morrow night; and there in the camp is a group of men on the way to the war, and they all go the more bravely because each one of them has you in his heart; not one but will be a better soldier because of you. And I want you to believe that if all of them don't come back, yet the one whose safety you think of and fear for, *will* return. For, you see, Crailey told me what you said to him when—when he met you here the last time. I have no way to know which of them you meant; but—he will come back to you! I am sure of it, because I believe you are to be happy. Ah, you've had your allotment of pain! After all, there is so little to regret: the town seems empty without its young men, yet you may rejoice, remembering how bravely they went and how gaily! They will sing half the way to Vera Cruz! You think it's strange I should say there is so little to regret, when I've just laid away my best friend. It was his own doctrine, and the selfish personal grief and soreness grow less when you think of the gallant end he made, for it was he who went away most bravely and jauntily of all. Crailey was no failure, unless I let what he taught me go to no effect. And be sure he would have told you what I tell you now, that all is well with all in the world."

"Please!" she cried, with a quick intake of breath through closed teeth.

"I will do anything in the world to please you," he answered sorrowfully. "Do you mean that——"

She turned at last and faced him, but without lifting her eyes. "Why did you come to say good-by to me?"

"I don't understand."

"I think you do." Her voice was cold and steady, but it was suddenly given to him to perceive that she was trembling from head to heel.

An exclamation of remorse broke from him. "Ah! You came here to be alone. I——"

"Stop," she said. "You had said good-by to me once before. Did you come to see again what you saw then?"

He fell back in utter amazement, but she advanced upon him swiftly.

The unfortunate young man could make no reply, and remained unable to defend himself from her inexplicable attack.

"You have not forgotten," she went on impetuously. "It was in the crowd, just before they gave you the flag. You saw—I know you saw—and it killed me with the shame of it! Now you come to me to look at the same thing again—and the boat waiting for you! Is it in revenge for that night at the Bareauds'? Perhaps this sounds wild to you—I can't help that—but why should you try to make it harder for me?"

From the porch came a strong voice: "Vanrevel!"

"God knows I haven't meant to," said Tom in bitter pain. "I don't understand. It's Cummings calling for me; I'll go at once. I'd

hoped, stupidly enough, that you would tell me who it was you meant when you spoke to Crailey, so that I could help to make it surer that he'd come back to you. But I've only annoyed you. And you were here—away from the house—avoiding me, and fearing that I——"

"Vanrevel!" shouted William. (Mrs. Tanberry had not told Lieutenant Cummings where to find Miss Betty.)

"Fearing? Yes?"

"Fearing that I might discover you." He let his eyes rest on her loveliness once more, and as he saw that she still trembled, he extended his hand toward her in a gesture of infinite tenderness, like a blessing, heaved one sigh, and, with head erect and body straight, set his face manfully toward the house.

He had taken three strides when his heart stopped beating at an ineffable touch on his sleeve. For, with a sharp cry, she sprang to him; and then, once more, among the lilac bushes where he had caught the white kitten, his hand was seized and held between two small palms, and the eyes of Miss Betty Carewe looked into the very soul of him.

"No!" she cried. "No! Fearing with a sick heart that you might not come!"

Her pale face, misty with sweetness, wavered before him in the dusk; and he lifted his shaking hand to his forehead; her own went with it, and the touch of that steadied him.

"You mean," he whispered brokenly, "you mean that you——"

"Yes, always," she answered, rushing through the words, half in tears that made her eyes only dazzle him the more. "There was a little time when I loved what your life had been more than you. Ah, it was you I saw in him. Yet it was not what you were, after all, but just you! I knew there could not be any one else—though I thought it could never be you—that night, just before they gave the flag."

"We've little time, Vanrevel!" called the voice from the porch.

Tom's eyes filled slowly. He raised them and looked at the newly come stars. "Crailey, Crailey!" he murmured.

Her gaze followed his. "Ah, it's he—and they—that make me know you will come back to me!" she said.

THE END

A CHANGE OF PROFESSION

BY HARVEY J. O'HIGGINS

Illustrated by Everett Shinn

GORMAN and Hanrahan, the two probationers newly assigned to Engine Company No. —, were the first of their crew to reach the roof of the sixteen-story Mansard Building. They had the nozzle of a line of hose that was being laid from the stand-pipe of the top floor to wet down the north wall of the "sky-scraper"; and they came out into the night, dragging their length of the line, to face a gale of wind that took the breath from between their teeth. They struggled against it, through the darkness, toward the light of fire over the parapet; and they looked down there, through the smoke, at the flames in the roof of an adjoining clothing house twelve stories below them.

Captain Ball had followed them. "Turn on your water," he bellowed above the storm to the men behind them; and in a moment a feeble stream swelled the line of hose and gushed from the "pipe." He swore at it. "It can't spit past its chin," he said.

It strengthened slowly as they watched it. "Keep wettin' her down," he shouted in Gorman's ear. "Get up another line," he cried to the rest of the crew.

The rushing of the wind drowned their answer, but they hurried below to obey him. He remained with Gorman and Hanrahan, watching the fire spread and brighten in the roof of the clothing house. Gorman was still grinning at his "Can't spit past its chin."

They were two hundred feet above the street level, and the storm, hurling itself across the huddled roofs below them, drew up a draft of heat and smoke to them as if they were looking down a chimney. They could guess

THE FIRE

what the heat must be in the street, for across the road the woodwork of the windows of a five-story building had caught fire without the touch of any flame, and a pigmy crew were drenching it with a stream which they shot up straight from the sidewalk. Officers the size of mannikins ran up and down in the ruddy glow, waving their little arms. The fire flowed over the roof as if it were a burning oil; and the smoke came up to them thicker, and the heat more stifling, with every breath.

Their weak stream dribbled down the wall, to dry out on the hot bricks before it touched the point of danger; and Gorman leaned over the parapet to see that the paint was beginning to peel off in great scales far below. Hanrahan and he tried hopelessly to reach these by swinging the pipe from side to side. They might as well have tried to irrigate a desert with it. Their eyes were dry and beginning to smart.

The rest of the crew came up again, dragging a second line.

Captain Ball turned to the lieutenant. "No use bringin' more lines up here," he shouted. "Windows 'll be breakin'. There ain't a shutter on the whole blamed buildin'. Fireproof! She's matchwood! Back down to the twelfth floor. Get lines stretched to the air-shaft there."

The men went back with their hose.

"Do the best you can up here," he advised Gorman. "Chief's orders to wet her down. Look out for the air-shaft."

Gorman caught the first of these instructions, but the wind carried away that last warning of danger, and the captain turned and left the two men unconscious of the catastrophe which was preparing for them.

The air-shaft, in fact, was acting as a sheltered flue for the flames. It cut a deep groove into the wall of the Mansard Building at Gorman's left; and the wind, rushing into it, rose straight aloft, blowing up sparks like the draft of a blast furnace. Gorman, watching only the wall and the windows below him, pitied the crews at work in the street. He was wishing for a quid of chewing tobacco, and he remembered with exasperation that Hanrahan would have none.

That was one of Hanrahan's social limitations—he did not chew. He had been nicknamed "Delicate Pete" by his fellow-probationers at Fire Headquarters, and Gorman—who was known as "Bull" Gorman, being the big man of his class—had despised him from the day that the instructor, having pitted them against each other in a race with scaling ladders, had then publicly compared Gorman to a baby hippopotamus in point of nimbleness, because Hanrahan had run away from him.

These two were being "broken" together with all the hard work of the company, but there was no friendship between them. They rarely spoke to each other; for Gorman had found Hanrahan's conversation all "hot air an' free silver," and had quarreled with him about this wearisome enthusiasm for politics. They continued stolidly at their work, now, in the silence of mutual indifference. The growing strength of the stream threatened to tear the nozzle from their hands, and they raised the hose to their shoulders to bend it in a swan's neck arch that sent the water hissing down the bricks.

They were busied so, when they saw a bluish-green flame flash in the red of the fire in the roof below, and a belch of smoke rolled up to them on the burst and echo of an explosion. Before it reached them, they heard another roar beneath it; the cloud of smoke was split with flame, and they leaped back from the parapet as if from the crater of a volcano, and threw themselves on their faces, as the burning gases, freed by the collapse of the roof—flaring two hundred feet in the air and licking up the side of the Mansard Building, to break every window glass in its upper ten stories and ignite every window curtain, window sash, and "trim" in its north wall—rolled over them in a heat that nipped their ears like a frost-bite and was gone.

Gorman pinned down the pipe that was threshing about on the roof, and staggered back to the parapet with it. The heat of heat was unendurable, and he could see nothing for the smoke that blinded him with tears. He did not know that the gale was carrying a solid tongue of fire into the hidden air-shaft, and that every window on that shaft was already spitting flames. He could just see that the woodwork of the window below him was afire, and he called Hanrahan to train the pipe on it with him. They doused it black at once, and scattered the smoke, to see another blaze below. Then, suddenly, the stream from their hose weakened and fell short. It was plain that the crews were using the water on the lower floors.

"We're wanted down below, I guess," Hanrahan said. "We're no good up here now."

Gorman nodded. They shut off the nozzle and turned to drag the line to the door of the stairs.

They were too late. Gorman saw the blaze in the air-shaft, and cried out an oath. That shaft, he knew, lit the stairway from the

ground up, and cut them off from the elevator shaft in the center of the building. They dropped the line and ran to the door. Smoke was pouring from it; and flame was behind the smoke. Gorman ran back for the hose, turned the neck-guard of the helmet over his face, and with the water to open the way for him, fought down three steps into a blaze that could not be faced. The wind, blowing in the broken windows of the air-shaft, brought up a smother of heat and smoke against which his pipe was useless. He was fighting a prairie fire with the stream of an extinguisher.

Hanrahan pitched forward on his shoulders. Gorman braced himself against the weight, turned to catch him under the arm-pits, and carried him up, himself half suffocated, to lay him on the roof. They were greeted by the fierce purring of the flames. Hanrahan groaned.

"Y' all right?" Gorman asked him.

He rolled his eyes. "Let's get down out of this," he gasped.

Gorman straightened up and looked around him. The doorway was the only entrance to the roof. He walked back, to kick the useless hose down the staircase and shut the tin-sheathed door on the blaze below. He went to the stone railing that surmounted the cornice on the front of the building. The coping overhung the lower windows in a sheer drop to the street. He hurried to the south wall. The windows there were twelve feet down, and there was no pipe—no foothold. He went to the back of the roof and found another coping.

He turned, to see Hanrahan running from parapet to parapet, now hidden in a cloud of whirling smoke, now black in the red glow of wind-blown flames. He saw him lean over the marble railing that surmounted the cornice on the front of the building, and put his hands in a trumpet to his mouth; the voice was lost in the roar of the wind. He saw him take off his helmet and try to throw it down into the street; and the gale snatched it from his hand, tossed it aloft, and blew it away to the south with the smoke and the flying embers.

He came running back to Gorman. "Let's get down," he panted. "Let's get down."

Gorman did not answer him.

"For the Lord's sake, Bull," he cried, "don't let us burn alive up here."

Gorman shook his head. "I can't get down," he said.

He could see that there was nothing on the brick roof to burn; the heat and not the flames would be their danger. The fire was at its worst in the light-well, and at the point farthest from it there was an enormous water tank, protected with a covering of tin, and supported across the angle of the walls on steel beams, so that, even if the roof should fall, the tank would not go with it. Here was the greatest safety. They would have water to prevent the heat from baking them alive, and they would have the tank to shelter them from the drift of smoke.

Gorman went over to it and crouched to peer beneath the beams. Hanrahan stumbled against him. "Bull," he whimpered, "I can't—I can't get down."

Gorman thrust him aside. "Well, who said you could?" he snarled. "You're up here to stay. You better make up yer mind to that an' shut yer yap."

Hanrahan threw up his arms and screamed at the sky in a high, dry voice, clutching with his fingers and snapping like a dog with his teeth. Then he pitched forward into the smoke on a run for the street parapet again.

Gorman climbed slowly up the iron ladder to the top of the tank. He came on a scuttle there and raised it, to find that the tank was almost full. He took off his rubber coat and dipped it down, and it came up dripping. He rubbed it over his face, and licked at the moisture on the smooth tarpaulin; and the touch of water sent a burning fever-flush of thirst through him. He reached down with his helmet, drew it up half full, and emptied it over his head and down his back, again and again. Then he drank in great gulps, sighing with satisfaction.

The relief brought back his energies. The tank ladder took his eye, and it occurred to him that if he could get it loose he might be able to reach a lower window with it. He took hold of it in his huge hands, drew a long breath, and strained to wrench it from its iron sockets, tightening on it slowly until the blood drummed in his ears. He bent the upright of it, but the socket held it still. When he paused for breath, he remembered Hanrahan and shouted to him for aid.

He got no answer, and he descended the roof to find him lying on his face in the worst of the heat that blew from the air-shaft. He dragged him back from it and emptied a helmet full of water on his face.

Hanrahan rolled his head from side to side, muttering to himself.

"Say," Gorman said. "Say, look-a-here——"

He opened staring eyes, moving his lips in a whisper.

"Better get up to the tank an' take a dip. I want you to help me get that ladder loose."

Hanrahan slipped an arm around his neck, raising himself on his elbow. "Get me down out of this, Bull," he whispered. "Get me down out of this, an' I'll make it good. I got a pull. I got a promise——"

Gorman threw off his arm. "Stop talkin' foolish. I can't get you down, man. Here, take a drink."

Hanrahan caught at his collar, thrusting aside the water. "Get me down," he said. "You get me down, Bull. I'll make it good. I'm right in with the gang. Dorgan said——"

Gorman threw him from him with a curse. "*I* can't get you down," he yelled at him. "What's the matter with you?"

Hanrahan fell back heavily and lay breathing hard, with open mouth. A puff of smoke blew down and choked him with a sob.

Gorman dragged him across the roof to the tank, and sat down beside him—uncertain what to do—with his back to the parapet and his face to the light-well. The heat swam over them in a suffocating current. Hanrahan threw out his arms and lay as if stretched on a cross, rolling his head from side to side, agonized and speechless.

He began to mumble the "confession" of a Roman Catholic, beating his breast with a whispered "through my fault, through my fault, through my most grievous fault."

Gorman scowled. The smoke irritated him; the heat pricked him. "Can't you shut yer yap for half a minute," he complained.

Hanrahan groaned and turned to him. "D'you think there's any hell?" he asked in a husky whisper.

Gorman laughed. "Aw, cut it out," he said. "You're scared. That's all that's wrong with *you*."

There was a crash of breaking windows in the air-shaft. The flames roared up, flapping like a banner in the wind.

"Help!" Hanrahan screeched. "Help! Hel- -"

Gorman clapped a hand over his mouth. "Well, *you lobster*," he said.

"Aw, don't, Bull," he pleaded. "Don't!"

Gorman stood up in the thickening smoke and looked down on him. "Say," he said, "if you got any breath to waste, you'd better save it fer yer prayers. This roof's goin' to drop you in a hole so hot it won't leave enough of you fer the devil to raise a blister on. Shut up, will you?"

He turned away from him, and climbed the ladder to the top of the tank, so that he might sit down there in quiet. He could hear the engines in the street whistling frantically for coal from the fuel wagons; and they sounded very far away. He reached down into the scuttle and drank from his helmet again. The air came up cool from the tank. He lay with his face in the draft of it, and shut his dry eyelids on his aching eyes.

Although he had threatened Hanrahan with the collapse of the roof, he had spoken in anger, to terrify him into silence, and not because he believed that either of them would lose his life. He was not a man of imagination, and his breath was too strong in his body for him to realize the possibility of death. If the crew below did not find some means of reaching him, he hoped to live out the fire where he was. Chiefly, he was angry—and bewildered by his own anger—because Hanrahan had gone to pieces and made such a noise. He could not think. The heat was wearing on him. He lay there, waiting.

And in fact the men below were already planning to reach him. For a time Captain Ball had been so busy fighting back the flames on the twelfth floor that he did not think of the two men whom he had left on the roof. It was not until sparks and burning woodwork began to pour down the elevator shaft that the possibility of their situation occurred to him. Fortunately, the building was "fireproofed," and the progress of the flames would be slow.

He called two of his crew to get scaling ladders, and leaving his lieutenant in charge of the pipes, he ran to the southwest end of the building—to be farthest from the fire—and opening a window there, looked up. He could see no signs of fire in any window above him. "Looks all right," he told the men. "But you'll have to be quick. Keep your eyes open for the windows behind you."

They had a coil of life-line and two ladders. They used but one of the latter, going up together for greater speed. At their first window they saw the wisdom of Captain Ball's instructions. The room within was stifling with smoke and heat; and as soon as they opened a vent into it, the fire showed in the darkness.

At the fourteenth story, a light of flames was already glimmering behind the broken pane. The smoke poured out on them as they beat in the glass and hauled up the ladder. They went ahead, however; and while they were climbing up the wall from that window, they heard the rush of a "back draft" below them, and looked down to see the flames in the thirteenth story cutting them off.

A cry of warning from Captain Ball was

"They . . lowered the ladder into the tank, and slid down"

answered by a faint shout above them. They looked up, to see Gorman peering down over the edge of the water tank. Captain Ball shouted to them, "Come down the rope!" They looked down, to see him waving to them. They looked up, to see that Gorman had disappeared.

"Jim," the upper man said, "we can't reach 'em." They tied the end of their rope hurriedly around the shaft of the ladder, and each took a twist of it in the hook of his belt, and dropped.

They slid down through fire and smoke, blistered and blinded, to Captain Ball, who caught each, as he came, and drew him in the window. A fireman, sent by the lieutenant, came up shouting, "Fire's at the elevator shaft!" They turned and ran.

▾▾▾

Gorman had gone down to the roof to get Hanrahan, and found him lying on his face on the bricks.

"The men're comin' up the ladders," he said. Hanrahan sprang to his feet with this new hope of life, and followed him around the tank to the parapet.

They looked down, to see the empty ladder, twenty feet below them, hanging in the flames, with a blazing rope dangling from the center of it into the smoke. "Hell!" Gorman said disgustedly.

Hanrahan stared at the abandoned apparatus. "*I* guess," he said, in a new voice.

He turned back with Gorman to the front of the tank again. There was a lull in the wind; the smoke and the flames rose up straight on two sides of the roof; and the bricks were hot under their feet. There was no escape now.

"We got one chance left," Gorman said. "We can get in the tank."

Hanrahan shook his head. "No use, Bull," he answered. "I got to cash in, I guess."

Gorman cursed him. "Well, I ain't," he said. "Get a hold of this ladder."

He braced himself, with a foot against the tin covering of the tank, bent his back, and tugged to loosen the ladder from its fastenings. Hanrahan helped him. They strained and struggled with all the strength of every muscle, and the great screws in the sockets of the uprights came out slowly, as if they had been sunk in wax. Once having loosened its hold, they levered the ladder, twisted it, and wrenched it free. Gorman crawled under the steel beams and turned off the stop-cock there. Then they both climbed aloft, lowered the ladder into the tank, and slid down, one on each side of the rungs, into the water. They drank together, sunk to the teeth.

Gorman ducked. "You'd better tie yourself on," he spluttered. "We'll be eating smoke here before long."

The scuttle was a red square of light above them, and they could see each other's faces as pale blurs of no recognizable feature in the darkness. They stripped off their upper clothing, and bound themselves under their arms to the ladder.

They could hear the crackle and roar of flames outside. There was a pecking of scattered rain on the tin above them.

"I wish I had somethin' t' eat," Gorman said.

Hanrahan sighed again. "I'd like something to breathe better."

He was choking with heat and smoke. He rested his chin on the rung of the ladder. He was tired and dizzy. He seemed to be drifting on clouds of smoke, blown about in storm and heat, a glowing spark above the flames. His mind wandered in a delirium of suffocation. He heard Gorman's voice, at a great distance, say, "Wind changed . . . south."

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Daybreak found the "fireproof" Mansard Building a smoking and blackened shell above its tenth story, with the firemen putting out the last smoulder in the gutted rooms. They fought their way up slowly from floor to floor, until by noon Captain Ball and a squad of his company, looking for their dead, reached the stairs leading to the roof.

They found there the blackened nozzle which Gorman had abandoned to the fire. They went up the stairs, hopelessly, and burst open the door, to see Gorman himself—red-eyed and dripping, and stripped to the waist—sitting on the edge of the tank, beating with his heels on its sides, and singing crazy nothings in the voice of insanity.

Captain Ball went over to him and called up, "Where's Hanrahan?"

He winked and pointed down into the tank. "I'm the king of the castle," he sang. "I'm the king of the castle. I'm the king—what's Hanrahan? Pete, Pete, Delicate Pete! Oh, he's a spell-binder," he said with a grin. "He's a spell-binder, talkin' hot air. . . . Comin' up? Come on up. It ain't as hot up here as it was."

And they found Hanrahan, unconscious but alive, still tied to the ladder, and floating with his head between the rungs.

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Two weeks later, when Gorman reported for duty at the engine-house, his first question was for "Delicate Pete." "Him?" the lieutenant said. "Oh, he's quit the department. He's goin' to join the police."

GEORGE DOUGLAS

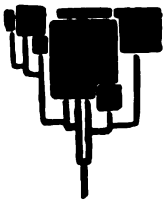
BY C. WHIBLEY

THE untimely death of George Douglas has made impossible the fulfillment of a brilliant promise. A brief year ago he was unknown to all save a small circle of friends; a sudden leap to fame put him upon the pinnacle of good fortune; and now he is gone from us, leaving behind him one great achievement and a poignant regret. No other novelist of our generation has written a first book at once so delicately finished in execution, and so vivid with youth. It has few rough edges; it is composed with the sureness of one who has profoundly studied the classics; it is distinguished by a simple mastery of both Scots and English; and yet in another sense it is almost boyish. There is an exuberance in its brutality which, doubtless, the passing years would have tempered. Its savage presentation of life was the outcome of a mind strangely alive and alert. And these two qualities of freshness and maturity are peculiarly characteristic of George Douglas, who was at once a sound scholar and an uncompromising realist.

Of his brief life there is little enough to tell. Like Burns and Galt, he was an Ayrshire man. He was born at Ochiltree on January 26, 1869, of an Ayrshire father and an Irish mother. Brought up upon the land, he had a rare insight into the life of a farmer, and had discovered the secrets of the open-air by hard experience. "He could turn hay with any man," said an old comrade at his funeral, and one can well believe it. But his restless intelligence very soon drove him from the home of his fathers. After some years spent at Ochiltree Parish School, he was sent at fifteen to Ayr Academy, to which, said he, "I owe everything I am." With all modesty he confessed that "he might be a bad debt," but his book has repaid far more than he received, and the debt remains on the side of the academy. However, it was here that his talents first met with appreciation. The head master, Mr. William Maybin, to whom George Douglas dedicated "The House with the Green Shutters," recognized his pupil's extraordinary intelligence, sympathized with his literary ambitions, and showed him the way first to Glasgow University, and then to Balliol College. From the outset he proved himself a fine scholar, carried off such prizes for Greek and Latin as Glasgow has to give, was selected to the Eglinton Classical Fellowship in 1890, and presently resigned it when he won the Snell Exhibition, which took him to Oxford. I do not think that he took much delight in the formality of an English University, nor was he such a man as Dr. Jowett was likely to approve. But, if the environment was unsympathetic, he turned the four years which he spent at Oxford to excellent account. He worked hard, and read wisely, nor did he confine his researches to textbooks which are warranted to give the industrious student academic distinction. Yet, for all his discursiveness, he should have done better in the schools than he did. But it is fairly explained by a bereavement, which in his last year made work impossible. From Oxford, George Douglas came to seek his fortune in London, with a vague ambition of going to the bar, with a settled ambition of literary success. And though from the first he depended upon his pen for support, though he had been an industrious contributor to many newspapers, he never confused literature and journalism. Journalism was for him a trade to be quietly followed for the profit it might bring. He took no more pride than that of the honest craftsman in what he wrote for the papers, and he did not desire, like the most of his colleagues, to win fame for his journey work. At the same time, he kept steadily in view his fixed determination to do well in literature. He did not let his scholarship rust for lack of use, and he was always a sedulous reader. "I can read anything I ever came across," he said, "except algebra, the 'Elements of Logic,' and the speeches of the late Mr. Gladstone." Thus, in Lord Bacon's phrase, he became "a full man." But above all he husbanded his talent. He did not fritter his abilities in temporary and uncongenial toil. Though he possessed great energy of mind, he was at the same time a man of stern restraint. There was scarce a subject upon which he did not hold a headstrong opinion, and while in talk he would adorn that opinion with many embroideries, he never wished to dissipate his energies by giving it expression in print. In other words, he was an artist, not a prophet. He preferred fitting himself for the real calling of letters to improving the taste or shaping the morals of his contemporaries. Wherefore he was in no hurry to challenge the public verdict. If we except an article upon Burns,

which he contributed to "Blackwood's Magazine," he printed nothing during the first six years of his life in London which he cared to preserve. And then, after mature reflection, came "The House with the Green Shutters." I do not wish to sing the praises of this admirable book. But I would refer to one or two qualities, which distinguish not only the book, but the author. In the first place, none but a scholar could have written George Douglas's masterpiece, which is composed severely upon the lines of a Sophoclean tragedy. There is a real nemesis in the grandeur of the house; there is a true irony in the poker just the same size as the rim of the fender, which is at once Gourlay's pride and death. And the critics who compared George Douglas to Balzac would have been wiser had they remembered the Greeks. The "bodies," too, who comment upon the action of the drama, and constantly feed the fire of Gourlay's irritation, are nothing more nor less than a Greek chorus, and though the book is far more complex in construction than the simple model upon which it is built, its origin is clearly demonstrated. In the second place, the book is, like its author, perfectly sincere. Its very savagery is imposed by a transparently honest purpose. It is quite possible that had not the school of the Kailyard flourished, "The House with the Green Shutters" would have taken on a different shape. But once George Douglas was resolved to tell the truth of his native Scotland he spared none of the facts. It is true that there is a certain griminess in the book, but it is not griminess for its own sake. Mr. Douglas did not heap up statistics as M. Zola is wont to heap them up, merely to astonish the Philistine. He drew what he believed to be an accurate picture, and he added no details which did not illustrate the whole or enhance the effect. Above all, he was an accomplished writer, whose style was always sound and always appropriate. And since his gifts were very rare in the literature of to-day, his premature death is a severe blow to the art which he practised with so much fidelity and success.

But, while the world may deplore a public loss, those who were privileged to know George Douglas cherish a double regret. For them the loss is human as well as literary. It will be long before they encounter another companion so brilliant and sympathetic. Writers are not seldom the antithesis of their books. The mind of man is often made so skilfully in water-tight compartments that the talker reveals no hint of the writer. But George Douglas was sincere throughout; he spoke as he wrote, with a genial fierceness of conviction. He was copious and eloquent. He knew a great deal; he had made acquaintance with many literatures; and he delighted to set forth his steadfast opinions in a flood of talk. And above all, he was daring in conversation. He delighted to support what might seem the unpopular side. He was an adept in sophistries, and, like all men of talent, he had more than a touch of Rabelais in his temperament. Those who knew him will never forget the shrewd, kindly cynicism with which he swept aside a conclusion he did not approve. They will never forget the quick irony wherewith he overcame an opponent, nor the unexpected grief which disposed of a specious argument. His Scots accent, and a humorous twinkle in his eye, added to the effect of his speech, and it is hard, indeed, to think that so vivid a spirit is forever extinguished. Simple in his thought, he was simple also in his life. The success which came sudden upon him after six years of patient work delighted but did not disturb him. He was, and he would have remained, quite simple and unspoiled. The curiosity of newspapers offended his sense of humor, and he declined with some brusquerie to come out of his shell. But he had not learned to take himself seriously, nor to exact that incense should be offered upon the altar of vanity. Known only to a few friends, he lived his life and did his work without fuss or ostentation. He loved the country better than cities, and wrote his books in a secluded corner of Surrey, another testimony to the simplicity of his mind. What he might have achieved it is idle to speculate. It is enough that he has left the world a remarkable book, and bequeathed to his friends an imperishable memory of high spirits, keen humor, and brilliant talk.



GEORGE DOUGLAS BROWN

From a photograph—probably the last of Mr. Brown—taken at Teddington by Mr. Robert McClure, whose son, Colin, sits on Mr. Brown's lap

THE CLOSING OF THE SHUTTERS

BY ROBERT BARR

WHEN death visits a house in England the shutters are at once closed. If there are no shutters, the blinds are drawn down, and the house looks out sightless to the world. In many novels this fact has formed a climax, and if I remember aright, in William Black's last book, the hero of the story knows that the girl he loved is dead by coming suddenly upon her house and seeing the blinds down. Many a man has hurried home in response to a telegram, and if, as is often the case, no one met him at the statoin, and no news had reached him since the hurried message of the wire, words can hardly depict his anxiety as his own house comes into view and the windows tell him their tale.

That awful book, "The House with the Green Shutters," ends with these words:

"No man dared to speak. They gazed with blanched faces at the House with the Green Shutters sitting dark there and terrible beneath the radiant arch of the dawn."

Doubtless the green shutters were closed, not because of the triple death within, but because the tragedy occurred in the night, and no one was left alive in that ill-fated house to open the blinds when morning came.

As I write these words, the shutters are closed in a house on Highgate Hill, to the north of London, because George Douglas Brown, the author of one famous book, lies dead in a darkened room. Even yet his strident voice is ringing in my ears, while it seems but yesterday that he sat in the chair beside my table. If ever a man was built for a long life it was Brown. He was as stalwart as Harold Frederick; tall, broad-chested, huge, with a massive jaw that betokened dogged determination. He was a man with very few friends and apparently no relatives, for at the present moment there seems to be no next-of-kin to inherit the money that came to him from America for his first and only book, and the lawyers say that the British Government will seize upon what remains to his credit at the bank unless he has left a will, which is extremely unlikely, for no man thought himself so likely to live long as did Brown one short week ago.

I met him for the first time not much more than a month since, and after the conventional conversation which is preliminary to an acquaintance of two men just introduced, we adjourned from the room in which I write to an unkempt place called the Edinburgh Castle, a spot where Scotsmen foregather. There is little about the place to suggest either castle or palace. The ground floor is furnished with uncomfortable chairs and small round tables made of the heads of barrels that have contained Islay whiskey. The apartment immediately above is celebrated in London because the walls are lined with the tartans of all the Highland clans. The liquors sold at the Edinburgh Castle are of the best, and represent every vintage in Scotland. This public house is situated just off the Strand, in the very midst of journalistic London. On every side of it presses are threshing night and day. Cheek by jowl with it are the editorial rooms of the "Daily Graphic," and across the narrow alley are the offices of the "Illustrated London News." Almost any hour of the day or night you will meet there at least a dozen men of world-wide celebrity. The smoking-room of the most noted club in London is neither so dirty nor so distinguished.

Sitting at the barrel head Brown outlined to me the novel on which he was working, and when I heard it dealt with the times of Cromwell, I cried out in alarm, saying this was unfair competition, because my own next novel dealt with the same theme. He answered with a laugh: "Then this is a timely meeting. If I am knocked down by a cab you will finish my novel, and if you are run over by a 'bus I'll finish yours."

The talk drifted to "The House with the Green Shutters," and now that the formality of meeting had melted away, Brown spoke freely about it, and about its purpose. I said that there could not possibly be in existence any village in Scotland or elsewhere which contained so many objectionable characters. He agreed that this was so, but maintained that his chief characters were true to the life, and told stories about them, naming the hamlet where they had lived. His chief character, John Gourlay, was a photograph from life, and so were most of the other subordinate figures in his book.

One story he told me it is almost impossible to set down in print, because of the fierce profanity that characterizes it. Brown said that his own father was the most profane man in the district, and yet a man of sterling good heart. As a little boy he remembers listening appalled to a conversation which took place between his father and an elder of the church who had just risen from what had been supposed his death bed, and now was crawling tremulously out into the sun, his gaunt hand shaking on the end of the stick that supported him.

"Ye auld deevle," cried the elder Brown, "Hell hasna swallowed ye yet, when we a' thocht it yawned for ye."

"Through the mercy of God," quavered the tremulous voice of the convalescent, "I have been spared a few days longer on this earth."

"Ye doddering thief," roared Brown, "there's nae mercy about it. Grim Satan simply sees ye'r nae ripe yet for perdition, so he leaves ye in ye'r sins for a while langer."

"We're a' sinfu' men, Brown," returned the Elder solemnly, in no way offended by the harsh greeting, "and our hope rests in the benevolence of Heaven."

"Weel, weel, ye auld sinner, I'm —— glad to see ye; ——— glad to see ye on ye'r feet again. Mony's the time I've looked at ye'r hoose and feared to see the blinds doon, curse ye!"

"Thank'ee kindly, thank'ee kindly, Brown,"

said the aged Elder with tears in his eyes. "I knew I had ye'r guid wishes."

It is impossible for me to set this story down as Brown told it, in the most inimitable dialect, and with the voice and gestures of a born actor, and the point of it, which may be missed in my imperfect rendering, was that there existed the greatest kindliness and understanding between the two men. One was not blinded by the profanity to the sympathy and sorrow of the other, nor did that other make the mistake of supposing the mild and pious Elder a hypocrite. Each expressed his feeling in his own way, and each thoroughly understood the other.

As we talked at the barrel head, a hand was laid on my shoulder, and looking up I saw a man standing there whom I had some difficulty in recognizing. His face was flushed with fever, and his hand trembled on my shoulder as the old Elder's hand had trembled on his stick. He was Don Cameron, and as a boy had been a pupil of mine when I taught school in Windsor, Ontario, opposite the city of Detroit. I had no idea he was in London. He had just returned from the Gold Coast—from his third visit there—with a fortune beyond the dreams of avarice in his grasp. In the back country of the Gold Coast, for a French company, he had discovered gold in such quantities that Klondike or the Rand are as gravel pits in comparison. Three trips he had made, racing with death through that region of pestilence, and now success burned in his fever-bright eyes. I sprang up and grasped his hand, glad to welcome him again in London, but sorry to see his condition, for he had been one of my favorite boys. I introduced him to Brown, and they sat chatting together—the man of action and the man of letters. Then the talk drifted from books to the realities of life, and Cameron told us of the comical complication which a new King in England had made in his financial outlook. Although he worked for a French company in Paris, he had to pay his coolies with silver coins bearing the head of Queen Victoria. These coins, taken by him to Africa by the bagfull, are accepted by the natives, and disappear entirely from circulation. What the natives do with them no one knows. It is supposed they are melted down into grotesque ornaments, but they will accept nothing that has not the head of Queen Victoria upon it. It is rather striking to note that a French company can only carry on its enterprise in this district with old English shillings and sixpences; and now Cameron had half-a-dozen banks in London collecting for him Victorian coinage, because he knew it was useless to return to the Gold Coast with the head of Edward VII. on the silver. The darkies were well aware of the fact that the great queen could not die, and they would refuse silver that bore the effigy of another.

Brown listened entranced to the actualities related by this forerunner of civilization—a true member of Kipling's "Legion that never was 'listed," and as Cameron talked my brother dropped in on us, and then four sat round the barrel head. My brother and Cameron were old friends, and had been schoolmates in Canada. The newcomer listened to his talk less interested than Brown or I, with anxiety on his brow, and at last he asked Cameron to take him to his rooms, for he saw how ill the gold-seeker was. Cameron for years has had a flat in London always ready for him on his return to the metropolis. My brother and he bade us good-by and left us.

"That is the most interesting man I ever met," said Brown. "Lord, how little we writers amount to compared with the men who *do* things."

At midnight Cameron died in my brother's arms; alone, together, in his rooms, the African fever following him to London as the headsman had followed his victim in the play of "Richelieu."

When next I met Brown, superb in health, and told him of the fate of the man we had met, he was inexpressibly shocked, and commented on the futility of that race for gold, and the irony of the success that had death as one of its ingredients. Now Brown himself lies dead, and somehow it seems as if the strenuous life, after all, were not worth while.

HOW LADY GOWAN WAS ENTERTAINED

BY JEANNETTE COOPER

Illustrated by Will Grefé

"I KNEW when we let Amy go abroad that we were laying up trouble for ourselves."

Kate was scribbling away furiously as she spoke, tucked up at one end of the hammock, a block of paper on her knees, and a stubby pencil between her first two fingers.

Mrs. Baily, the sister from Omaha, who was accused by the others of having social aspirations, spoke persuasively:

"Now, Kit," she said, "you wouldn't want the Radcliffes to monopolize Lady Gowan;" and then there was a shout of laughter, in which she joined, for the Radcliffes might have basked in the exclusive light of Lady Gowan's society forever without objection on Kit's part.

"It will be for only one afternoon," suggested Mrs. Osborne; while Amy put her pretty head down on the cherished manuscript and said, "But, Kit, they were nice to me in London," which settled it.

And just then Mildred Radcliffe came across the lawn.

Mildred always crossed the lawn instead of going around by the walk. She could quite see herself, as a slender, white-robed figure, moving under the greenery. Mildred oscillated between the æsthetic and the conventional, and just now, in spite of the picturesque passage across the grass, the conventional was in the ascendant. She wore a gentle smile, and was trying hard to keep excited self-importance out of her tone.

"Lady Gowan and her son arrived this evening!" she said. "The Burtons gave them a letter to us, you know."

They did know, having heard it from each member of the Radcliffe family.

"I don't see why they want to come to this stupid little place," she went on after a polite murmur from Mrs. Osborne; "I am afraid the Burtons have made us out a more interesting family than we claim to be."

"Impossible!" *sotto voce* from the boy to his nearest cousin.

"Of course we shall do what we can. I want you to come over to-morrow afternoon, Amy. They will probably remember you."

"Perhaps," said Amy modestly.

"Remember her?" echoed the boy. "Do you suppose any one could forget her? In my opinion——"

"Don't notice him, Mildred," interrupted Amy gently; "he babbles." At which ungrateful remark he tipped her chair forward and slid her gently to the porch floor.

"You are the most unconventional family," said Miss Radcliffe in a tone that plainly meant undignified. "If I bring Lady Gowan here to call, you'll have to promise to behave," with a little laugh to temper the severity of her rebuke.

"Don't worry, Mildred," Mrs. Osborne hastened to forestall any remark from Kate. "I am going to send Jack home if he isn't good. He was invited to stay only during good behavior."

"Then he ought to have gone before he came," said Amy, smiling up at the tall young cousin.

"The son is only plain Mr. Gowan, you know."

"Thank you so much," Kate could not be suppressed any longer. "I was unsettled as to whether I should address him as 'Your Lordship' or 'Sire.'"

"Good boy! At him again!" whispered Jack, applaudingly.

"I hope you'll wear your blue, Amy. It looks more elegant than just muslin, and English people are so——"

"Exactly!" began Kate; but Mrs. Osborne tossed a rose she had been holding into her sister's lap, and Kate relapsed into silence. As Jack said, Marion always had something ready to throw at the family genius. Under the circumstances he felt called upon to speak.

"We are going to look over our things this afternoon," he began in a loud, cheerful tone, "and fit the poor girl out. I've a pair of galluses the cook gave me last Christmas —blue-embroidered—just the thing to catch a noble eye."

"Must you go, Mildred?" murmured Mrs. Osborne as the guest arose in the midst of Jack's eloquence.

"Yes, I've a dozen things to do. I shall expect you at four, Amy, in your blue," and with a graceful inclination Miss Radcliffe departed.

"Really, I think we shall have to drop Mil-

dred," said Jack, sinking wearily into the hammock and upsetting Kate's papers and plans. "She doesn't belong."

"I should like to entertain those people nicely," said Marion, apropos of nothing.

"Something simple, but choice," supplemented Betty.

"Something to mark the contrast between the old families of the town and the *nouveaux riches*," assented Jack with his cheerful smile.

"What sort of woman is Lady Gowan, Amy?"

"Not a bit snobbish; that is about all I know. May Jones says she is very sentimental—likes Miss Braddon, and revels in people's love affairs. At the same time she doesn't want any girl to look at her son."

"Her son is plain Mr. Gowan, you know," interjected Jack.

"She is rather an imposing old lady, but the son is very friendly and jolly."

"Did *you* look at her son?" reproved Jack.

"Only occasionally," laughed Amy. "Go and make some lemonade, Jack, while your elders prepare to entertain the Gowans."

"He seated himself upon the top step and looked up at her with a satisfied expression"

▼▼▼

Amy was on the side porch the next morning, washing out some lace ruffles for the afternoon's muslin, and singing "Bonnie Dundee."

Suddenly, around the big syringa bush that screened her from the street, appeared a young man.

"I heard your voice," he said, "so I just came around. You don't mind, do you?"

Amy gave an involuntary glance at the faded blue calico that clothed her youthful form.

"No-o, I think not," she said, blushing a trifle, and devoutly wishing she had not sung so loud.

"Your tone is doubtful, and you have not offered to shake hands. Therefore I must go away;" and he seated himself upon the top step and looked up at her with a satisfied expression.

He was a good-looking youth, broad-shouldered and straight-featured, with the girl's complexion that nature bestows on both sexes indiscriminately in the British Isles.

"We are stopping at the top of the street," he said, watching her interestedly as she rinsed her laces and sat down beside him to pull them dry.

"I suppose you mean that you are staying at the end of the street."

"In your *patois*, yes. In English pure and undefiled, we are stopping at the top of the street."

"Lady Gowan was gazing with flattering attention at the raconteuse"

Amy laughed.

"It is quite too warm to teach you your mother-tongue in half an hour," she said.

He opened his eyes.

"What put that idea into your head?" he demanded.

"What idea?"

"That I am remaining only half an hour. I assure you I have no other engagement for the day."

"But I have," she laughed.

"Have you, really?" regret in his tone.

"Yes; I am invited this afternoon to Miss Radcliffe's to meet Lady Gowan and Mr. Gowan."

"Jove! I had forgotten;" with a glance at her as sufficient explanation. "But, I say, you're not going to make me go away in half an hour because of a garden party at four o'clock. There's a good bit of time before that, and the *mater*—by Jove, there is the *mater!* Two to nothing she's coming here."

"How does she know?" began Amy, but her voice died away. The portly dame in black and rustling attire was already at the gate. Now she was going up the walk to the front porch, and Kate was on the front porch, copying one of the tales that she sent out so hopefully and received back so philosophically. Kate was quite capable of not recognizing nobility when it interrupted the flow of genius. It was a dilemma. Young Gowan, with amusement on his features, was watching Amy.

A long pause followed, while Amy listened anxiously and her companion kept his eyes on her pretty, perplexed face with evident enjoyment.

Presently:

"Yes, it is much pleasanter here in the garden, isn't it?" said Lady Gowan, and she and Kate came across the lawn and sat down in the rustic chairs before the syringa bush. "You Americans are so keen about your piazzas; now, at home we like better just sitting in the garden." She leaned back and untied her bonnet strings. "Don't trouble to call Miss Palmer now; she is busy, I dare say."

"Isn't she, though?" whispered her ladyship's son, but the whisper sounded alarmingly loud in the stillness, and Amy's imploring face impelled him to silence.

"You are younger than Miss Palmer?"

"Yes." Kate was thinking of her novel, and wondering if there was any possibility of relief. Conversation was not Kate's strong point.

"It is odd she has not married. She is quite a beauty."

"Worried about plain Mr. Gowan," thought Kate. "I must quiet her mind."

"I hardly think Amy will ever marry," she said.

"Ah!" said Lady Gowan, sympathetic interest in her tone. "Has she been crossed in love?" which expression almost proved Kate's undoing, and caused Amy to look anywhere except at the young man beside her.

"He died," sighed Kate, thinking what fun it would be to tell Jack about it.

"And she still mourns, poor dear! How sweet!"

"Don't you like the smell of the syringas?" Kate essayed to return to the paths of truth, but her ladyship would have none of it.

"How did it happen, my dear?" she inquired, with that frank desire to attend to other people's affairs while keeping one's own undisturbed, that is so delightfully British.

"Gracious, why doesn't some one come?" thought Kate.

"He was killed," she said.

"Ah, poor young man! And how was he killed, my dear Miss Palmer?"

"It's a strange story," said Kate pensively.

Lady Gowan was gazing with flattering attention at the *raconteuse*. "She is having a good time," thought that unveracious young person, "and Amy wanted her to have a good time."

"It happened in Wyoming. Amy was spending the summer there on a ranch. The man she — she cared for (the love passages in Kate's stories were always brief) used to ride out from the town on horseback. Part of the way lay through a cañon about which the cowboys told strange tales. Dead Man's Cañon, it was called."

"Gruesome name!" shuddered her listener.

"I don't know that I ought to tell this." Kit's conscience was imperfectly subjugated.

"Oh, my dear young lady, I shall, of course, never mention it. Your poor sister! So young, too! Pray, go on."

"Well," continued Sapphira, "one evening when they were expecting him he failed to come; and in the night a black storm came up in the foothills where the ranch lay. Amy was lying awake, listening to the wind roaring in the pines, when she heard a horse gallop into the yard."

Kate was now enjoying herself. Amy was not. She tried to convey the true state of affairs to Mr. Gowan by a glance, but he had stopped looking at her and was staring at the back fence with an intensity that the beauty of the fence did not warrant, so she

put both hands over her ears to shut out Kate's ridiculous tale. When she removed them Kate was saying impressively:

"Something horribly cold sprang on his horse, behind him. He knew no more till he recovered consciousness in the ranch house, to find Amy bending over him."

"And he died?"

An instant's hesitation between death and insanity ended in favor of the former.

"Yes; he lived only long enough to tell his story."

Mr. Gowan ceased from his contemplation of the fence, and turned to Amy with British determination in his blue eyes.

"Is it true?" he said.

She shook her head, and then, careless of consequences and a family in *dishabille*, rose and fled to the dining-room.

Mr. Gowan closed the door carefully behind him, and then, with relieved amusement in his gaze, confronted the flushed young woman, who stood in the middle of the room, grasping a chair-back for support, while she tried to explain that her sister had been telling his mother a most inexcusable and baseless romance.

"I am partly to blame," she said, scarlet with embarrassment, but doubly trying to shield her erring sister. "I told her that—that Lady Gowan was—liked love stories, and Kate knew that none of us was presentable, and she tried to entertain her. It was too dreadful of Kate."

She was really pathetic, and the smile in his eyes changed to sympathy. He moved nearer, and opened his lips to speak comforting words, when, just at this point, Jack's voice was heard outside of the dining-room windows, talking to Mrs. Baily.

"Ye gods, Betty," he said, "it was great! I didn't think Kit had it in her. I was on the piazza roof, and I nearly rolled off. You see, Kit wasn't going to have the dowager worry about Amy capturing her son, so she settled Amy with a broken heart."

"It was dreadful," said Mrs. Baily. "How could Kate! Has Lady Gowan gone?"

"Yes. Where's Amy? I've got to tell her;" and Jack and Betty appeared at the side door just as Kate burst in from the hall.

"Oh, Amy!" she cried, and then stopped, aghast.

Amy stood, a figure of tragedy in blue calico, still grasping her chair-back, and glared with reproachful woe at the newcomer. Betty and Jack supported each other in the opposite doorway. Kate saw them as in a dream; but what held her fascinated gaze was the tall, broad-shouldered, fresh-colored, unmistakably English, strange young man in the center of the room. How had he come there? Where had he been? Why did every one look so strange?

"Where—?" she gasped.

"We were on the side porch," said Tragedy icily.

The whole scene flashed upon Kate's vision—herself telling Amy's thrilling

"'You know why I came here, Amy, don't you?'"

"Amy stood, a figure of tragedy in blue calico . . ."

romance, while Amy and her Englishman sat perforce and heard it. A struggle was visible on her saucy little brown face; penitence looked from her eyes; then the corners of her mouth went up, and she leaned against the doorpost and broke into hysterical laughter.

Jack's boyish roar chimed in; and at that, with an apologetic glance at Amy, Mr. Gowan gave way to ill-tuned mirth. Betty was smiling broadly. Amy flashed one glance around, and then saved her dignity by sweeping out of the room with as much *empressement* as a too-brief blue calico would allow.

"I—I am ashamed," gasped Kate, finally, wiping her eyes and looking truly remorseful. "I don't know how I could have been so dreadful, Mr. Gowan; but I got into it, and then I couldn't stop, she was so—so nice and sympathetic."

He nodded appreciatively; it was evident that he was quite without any proper feeling of resentment.

"I know," he said, smiling at Kate with a friendliness she did not deserve. "The *mater* does love a romance."

"It was inexcusably rude," said Mrs. Baily severely.

"It was, Betty. I realized it." Kit was now sufficiently doleful to have satisfied her offended sister.

"It was the jolliest thing I ever heard," declared Mr. Gowan. "Don't you worry, Miss Kate; I'll never tell the *mater* you were chaffing. It was very nice and clever of you to be so entertaining."

"Just wait till you get Amy's opinion of your niceness and cleverness, Miss Kit," said Jack darkly.

The tender, confidence-inviting sympathy with which Lady Gowan treated Amy that afternoon was a source of deep joy to her son. He tried to catch the bereaved damsel's eye, but she firmly ignored his efforts. Inwardly, she was divided between mirth and wrath. Mildred was nonplussed at the amount of attention which her English guests be-

stowed upon Miss Palmer, who had worn muslin, after all, and presented a very undistinguished appearance. She, herself, wore a New York gown, and manners to correspond. She wondered afterward whether a picture hat and a sweet unconventionality would have been better.

Mr. Gowan walked home with Amy, refusing a seat in the carriage with his mother and Mildred.

"We leave to-morrow," he said, regretfully, trying to see the face under the big black hat. Only a round chin and a pair of red lips were visible, and the lips murmured a polite assent and settled into a firm red line. It was not encouraging, but he was English.

"I shall come back before I sail."

"Indeed?"

"Oh, I say, Miss Palmer," he protested, "I think I've been punished enough. Won't you please be nice and friendly, as you were in London?"

She laughed and melted, turning her smiling face up to her companion.

"You ought to cut us all," she said, "if you had any sense of your duty."

He bent his tall head.

"You know why I came here, Amy, don't you?" he said.

But Amy did not, so he told her, lingering at the gate to finish the story, which took a long time in the telling, because the black hat drooped so that he could not see how the tale was being received.

He waited in anxious silence when he had done. The late sun slanted under the maples and shone on the slender, motionless figure in the white gown. Jack's voice could be heard singing lustily a stave of "Bonnie Dundee."

"What would Lady Gowan say?" she said, lifting troubled eyes to his. It wasn't much of an answer, but there was something in the eyes beside the trouble, and he took possession of her hands in happy certainty.

"She may be a bit surprised, under the circumstances," he said with a laugh in his eyes, "but she is sure to love you, dear, because you are mine, and because no one could possibly help it."

THE KINGDOM

BY MARIE VAN VORST

BEHOLD I bring a Kingdom in my hand,
Oh bend your eyes upon it! . . . Ways of peace
Lead by its rivers. Fields of rest are these . . .
Above the endless skies of God expand.
Oceans of dear delight kiss on the sand,
And azure islands lift their waving trees
Where virgin forests' twined interstices
Shadow the pools of sleep, deep inland seas!

This is my lovely Kingdom. . . Tho' you reign
Over an empire, proud, imperial,
Annex this land of beauty to your part;
Else, like a mirage, seen, then lost again
It fade forever! Kingdoms vanish all—
Immortal is the land of love, Sweetheart!

From a forthcoming volume of poems to be published by Dodd, Mead & Co.

SOME PHILIPPINE PROBLEMS

BY PROFESSOR J. W. JENKS

Author of "The Trust Problem"

Professor Jenks has just returned from a trip around the world, undertaken for the purpose of studying the governments of various countries. He devoted himself particularly to conditions in the Philippines, and everything he says of them in this article has therefore been drawn from recent and first-hand observation.

I

Shall the Filipinos Keep Their Land?

TO one who looks closely at the government of dependencies remote from the mother country, certain little-noted problems appear. One of the common ones is the troublesome conflict of interests between the natives and the resident citizens of the governing country. The Government often finds it an extremely difficult problem to harmonize these interests.

The citizens of the home country go to the dependency to gain wealth; and, especially in a new country, they are not always too scrupulous regarding the means employed. The resources of the dependency ought to be exploited, but not the natives. The distinction is often not made by the wealth seekers.

The Government in the Philippines owns millions of acres of valuable land—forest, mineral, and agricultural. Other valuable land is owned by the natives. These lands ought to be developed for the good of all; they ought not to be exploited by speculators. Already, even before the Government can grant titles, Americans and foreigners are striving to put claims on valuable hotel sites, hot springs, prospective mines, fine farming lands, profitable forests. The Government, by act of Congress, has wisely decided to keep the forests in its own hands, to lease simply the right of cutting timber under Government direction. The agricultural lands also need to be no less carefully protected.

If the Filipino, the American, and the Chinese are given equal chances for obtaining land in fee simple, the State will lose the chief benefit of Government lands; the Filipino will sell his birthright. The Filipinos have many amiable qualities. In many cases they have large intelligence, but hundreds of thousands, even millions, are still thriftless and disposed to discount the future by seizing the pleasure near at hand. If they are given freely the right to sell their lands, the shrewd American or Chinese before many years will be rapidly becoming landlords, and the Filipinos will be tenants not much more fortunate than serfs bound to the soil. Java, through her free-land policy in the earlier part of the century, has now Chinese landholders with immense possessions, whose Malay tenants are absolutely under their control. The Javanese Government has been compelled to consider the need of buying these Chinese landlords out for the sake of the natives, as we are finding ourselves compelled to buy out another undesirable class of landlords—the Friars.

If our Government has the interests of the Filipinos at heart, it will see to it that they are aided in making their leases, and that they secure terms which will prevent their land from being cropped; they should be allowed to sell their lands only with the permission of the local government, which would guard their interests. The intelligent, of course, making just bargains, would be given a free hand; the simple would be protected. The composition of provincial boards, with Filipino governor and American supervisor and treasurer, appointed, as they are, on merit, would prevent corruption.

Unless care is taken, large corporations and wealthy individuals will get great tracts of land, ostensibly for growing sugar, tobacco, hemp, and fruit, which they will cultivate only in part, holding the rest idle for speculative purposes. If we in the Philippines heed the century-old lessons of India and Java, gained through many experiments, and sometimes rather severe experience, we shall in the main have the State hold its lands, leasing them on liberal terms by a perpetual grant, so that the holder may keep possession as long as he pays his rent and cultivates his land, while the State will retain the right to revise the rentals at regular somewhat long intervals, and will insist that those who fail to cultivate their lands shall forfeit their claims. Should the Government adopt a policy of this kind, there will doubtless be a great

outcry on the part of many "patriots," who will claim to have sacrificed much by going to the Philippines, but who are anxious to make wealth soon, so as to return with a competence to "God's country." It is probably true that there will be less platting of town sites, less granting of franchises, and less advertising of somewhat doubtful resources; but there will be more real prosperity and fewer corrupt dealings, while our country will fulfil much better its obligations to the Filipinos. Every effort should be made to promote prosperity, but care should be taken to prevent injurious exploitation.

II

Chinese Labor

THERE is a real dearth of labor in the Philippines. In Manila, since the American occupation, wages of common laborers have doubled and trebled. For some purposes the labor is not competent; for other purposes, it is not sufficient. The native Filipinos, as a rule, though dexterous and good-natured, are not strong, or well suited for heavy manual labor, and in far too many cases they are thriftless and disinclined to steady work.

The question of getting their labor is not primarily one of wages, though, doubtless, in individual cases, the men who are making most complaint regarding Filipino workmen are looking for cheap labor. But no wages, which in the face of competition from abroad can possibly be paid, will tempt a large proportion of native Filipinos to steady labor. Moreover, there are not enough who can be taken from their fields to do the large amount of new developing work which lies near at hand.

The Chinese now in the Philippines make their living by trading and speculating, not, with a few exceptions, by heavy labor. They are shrewd traders, self-restrained and keen, who live largely on the thriftless Filipino.

The country needs roads, railroads, harbors, and none can be built without strong manual laborers. The tobacco, sugar, and hemp plantations, with proper attention, could be developed to an enormous extent. Laborers are needed for getting out timber, for building ships, for developing commerce, but such labor is not forthcoming. One firm of shipbuilders has offered to establish a large plant in Manila Bay if they can be permitted to bring in some skilled Chinese laborers to serve both as workmen and as teachers for Filipino apprentices. One successful tobacco planter from Sumatra, who had large experience with both Malay and Chinese labor, wished to establish a large tobacco plantation in Luzon, but on learning that Chinese laborers could not be secured, returned from Hong Kong to Sumatra without even visiting the Philippines. The Filipinos like to be clerks, bookkeepers, drivers of ponies, or boatmen. They are unusually skilful as draftsmen, telegraphers, and in work requiring manual dexterity rather than strength. Many of them in the provinces raise vegetables and other products to sell, while others are skilful fishermen. If the country were to be developed by the introduction of large capital, very many more of these could be employed well in the lines in which they succeed best. Probably far more money would be paid to Filipinos than without such capital; but to any one who has looked into the problem, the need for manual laborers seems imperative; capital will not be introduced without it; and the only labor of that class which it seems practicable to get on living terms is Chinese.

The experience of other Oriental countries, as well as of our own country, argues against opening the Philippines freely to the Chinese; but there would be practically no danger in admitting them in groups, under contract, with their employers under bonds to keep them employed in the way specified in the contract, to feed, house, and care for them properly, to see that they do not desert and enter other lines of trade, and to return them to their own country when their task is done. No more Chinese are wanted to engage in mercantile work, or to drive wages down below reasonable rates; but it is useless to expect, within a reasonable time, to have built the roads, railroads, and irrigating canals that are needed, to have the larger plantations properly carried on, and the other resources of the islands suitably developed, unless some foreign labor can be introduced; and there can be no doubt that the Chinese are best fitted to meet the needs. If proper restrictions are made on immigration, the coming of the Chinese will be not merely for the benefit of the Chinaman and the American employer, but for that of the Filipino as well.

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THE RISE OF THE STANDARD OIL COMPANY

BY IDA M. TARBELL

Author of "The Life of Lincoln"

CHAPTER II OF THE HISTORY OF THE STANDARD OIL COMPANY

STRUNG along the banks of Walworth and Kingsbury Runs, the creeks to which Cleveland, Ohio, frequently banishes her heavy and evil-smelling burdens, there lay in the early sixties a dozen or more small oil refineries. Why they were there, more than two hundred miles from the spot where the oil was taken from the earth, a glance at a map of the railroads of the time will show. No railroad entered the region where oil was first discovered. To bring machinery for refineries to that distant and rugged locality was practically impossible. The simplest operation was to take the crude to the nearest manufacturing cities. Cleveland was one of these. Great as was its distance from the oil field, its advantages as a refining center more than balanced that. Cleveland commanded the entire Western market. It had two trunk lines running to New York, both eager for oil traffic, and by Lake Erie and the canal it had for a large part of the year a splendid cheap waterway. Thus, at the opening of the oil business, Cleveland was destined by geographical position to be a refining center.

Men saw it, and hastened to take advantage of the opportunity. There was grave risk. The oil supply might not hold out. As yet there was no certain market for refined oil. But a sure result was not what drew people into the oil business in the early sixties. Fortune was running fleet-footed across the country, and at her garment men clutched. They loved the chase almost as they did success, and so many a man in Cleveland tried his luck in an oil refinery, as hundreds on Oil Creek were trying it in an oil lease. From the start the refineries made money, even the rudest ones. Seeing this, and seeing, too, that the oil supply was probably permanent, men who loved the result rather than the gamble took up the business. Among these was a young firm of produce commission merchants. Both members of this firm were keen business men, and one of them had a remarkable commercial vision—a genius for seeing the possibilities in material things. This man's name was Rockefeller—John D. Rockefeller. He was but twenty-three years old at the time, but he had already got his feet firmly on the business ladder, and had got them there by his own efforts. Frugality had started him. It was the strongest trait of his character. Indeed, the only incident of his childhood preserved by biographers illustrates his love of saving. When he was eight years old, so the story runs, he raised a flock of turkeys—his earliest business venture. The flock was a fine one, for the owner had given it close care, and it was sold to advantage. A boy of eight usually earns to spend. This boy was different. He invested his entire turkey earnings at seven per cent. It was the beginning of a financial career.

Five years after this turkey episode, when young Rockefeller was thirteen years old, his father moved from the farm in Central New York, where the boy had been born (July 8, 1839), to Cleveland, Ohio. Here he went to school for three years. At sixteen he left

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school to become a clerk and bookkeeper. He was an admirable accountant—one of the early-and-late sort, who saw everything, forgot nothing, and never talked. His earnings he saved, waiting for an opportunity. In 1858 it came. Among his acquaintances was a young Englishman, M. B. Clark. Older by twelve years than Rockefeller, he had left a hard life in England when he was twenty, to seek fortune in America. He had landed in Boston in 1847, without a penny or a friend,

Roby Frank, cabinet maker, bds 17 Johnson
ROBY E. W. & CO. (Edward W. Roby and William H. Keith), wood and coal, C. & P. R. R. Coal Pier, and Merwin n Columbus St. Bridge
Rochert Conrad, h 175 St Clair.
Rock John, bar keeper, bds 11 Public Square
ROCKAFELLOW JOHN J., coal, C. & P. R. R. Coal Pier, h 183 Prospect
Rockefeller John D., book-keeper, h 35 Cedar
Rockefeller William, physician, h 35 Cedar av
Rockett Morris, rectifier, h 182 St Clair
Rockwell Edward, Sec. C. & P. R. R., bds Weddell House

Fragment of a page in the directory of Cleveland, Ohio, for 1857. This is the first year in which the name of John D. Rockefeller appears in the directory. The same entry is made in 1858. The next year, 1859, he is mentioned as a member of the firm of Clark & Rockefeller.

and it had taken three months for him to earn money to get to Ohio. Here he had taken the first job at hand, as man-of-all-work, woodchopper, teamster. He had found his way to Cleveland, had become a valuable man in the houses where he was employed, had gone to school at nights, had saved money. They were two of a kind, Clark and Rockefeller, and in 1858 they pooled their earnings and started a produce commission business on the Cleveland docks. The venture succeeded. Local historians credit Clark & Rockefeller with doing a business of $450,000 the first year, a figure that somewhat taxes credulity. However that may be, the firm prospered. The war came on, and as neither partner went to the front, they had full chance to take advantage of the opportunity for produce business a great army gives. A greater chance than furnishing army supplies, lucrative as most people found that, was in the oil business (so Clark and Rockefeller began to think), and in 1862, when an Englishman of ability and energy, one Samuel Andrews, asked them to back him in starting a refinery, they put in $4,000, and promised to give more if necessary. Now Andrews was a mechanical genius. He devised new processes, made a better and better quality of oil, got larger and larger percentages of refined from his crude. The little refinery grew big, and Clark & Rockefeller soon had $100,000 or more in it. In the meantime Cleveland was growing as a refining center. The business which in 1860 had been a gamble, was by 1865 one of the most promising industries of the town. There were thirty refineries, big and little, with a capacity of from 1,800 to 2,000 barrels of crude a day, and the refined shipments of the year amounted to nearly 200,000 barrels. It was but the beginning—so Mr. Rockefeller thought—and in that year he sold out his share of the commission business and put his capital into the oil firm of Rockefeller & Andrews.

In the new firm Andrews attended to the manufacturing. The pushing of the business, the buying and the selling, fell to Rockefeller. From the start his effect on the business was tremendous. He had the frugal man's hatred of waste and disorder, of middlemen and unnecessary manipulation, and he began a vigorous elimination of these from his business. The residuum that other refineries let run into the ground, he sold. Old Iron found its way to the junk shop. He bought his oil directly from the wells. He made his own barrels. He watched and saved and contrived. The ability with which he made the smallest bargain furnishes topics to Cleveland story-tellers to-day. Low-voiced, soft-footed, humble, knowing every point in every man's business, he never tired until he got his wares at the lowest possible figure. "John always got the best of the bargain," old men tell you in Cleveland to-day, and they wince though they laugh in telling it. "Smooth," "a *savy* fellow," is their description of him. To drive a good bargain was the joy of his life. "The only time I ever saw John Rockefeller enthusiastic," a man told the writer once, "was when a report came in from the Creek that his buyer had secured a cargo of oil at a figure much below the market price. He bounded from his chair with a shout of joy, danced up and down, hugged me, threw up his hat, acted so like a madman that I have never forgotten it."

He could borrow as well as bargain. The firm's capital was limited; growing as they were, they often needed money, and had none. Borrow they must. Rarely if ever did Mr. Rockefeller fail. There is a story handed down in Cleveland from the days of Clark & Rockefeller, produce merchants, which is illustrative of his methods.

One day a well-known and rich business man stepped into the office and asked for Mr. Rockefeller. He was out, and Clark met the visitor. "Mr. Clark," he said, "you may tell Mr. Rockefeller, when he comes in, that I

think I can use the $10,000 he wants to invest with me for your firm. I have thought it all over."

"Good God!" cried Clark, "we don't want to invest $10,000. John is out right now trying to borrow $5,000 for us."

It turned out that to prepare him for a proposition to borrow $5,000 Mr. Rockefeller had told the gentleman that he and Clark wanted to invest $10,000!

"And the joke of it is," said Clark, who used to tell the story, "John got the $5,000 even after I had let the cat out of the bag. Oh, he was the greatest borrower you ever saw."

These qualities told. The firm grew rich, and started a second refinery—William A. Rockefeller & Co. They took in a partner, H. M. Flagler, and opened a house in New York for selling their oil. Of all these concerns John D. Rockefeller was the head. Finally, in June, 1870, five years after he became an active partner in the refining business, Mr. Rockefeller combined all his companies into one—the Standard Oil Company. The capital of the new concern was $1,000,000. The parties interested in it were John D. Rockefeller, Henry M. Flagler, Samuel Andrews, Stephen V. Harkness, and William Rockefeller.

The strides the firm of Rockefeller & Andrews made after the former went into it were attributed, for three or four years, mainly to this extraordinary capacity for bargaining and borrowing. Then its chief competitors began to suspect something. John Rockefeller might get his oil cheaper now and then, they said, but he could not do it often. He might make close contracts for which they had neither the patience nor the stomach. He might have an unusual mechanical and practical genius in his partner. But these things could not explain all. They believed they bought, on the whole, almost as cheaply as he, and they knew they made as good oil and with as great, or nearly as great, economy. He could sell at no better price than they. Where was his advantage? There was but one place where it could be, and that was in transportation. He must be getting better rates from the railroads than they were. One of the rival refiners, of a firm long in the business, which had been prosperous from the start, and which prided itself on its methods, its economy, and its energy—Alexander, Scofield & Co.—went to the railroad companies' agents in 1868 or 1869. "You are giving others better rates than you are us," said Mr. Alexander, the representative of the firm. They did not attempt to deny it—they simply agreed to give him a rebate also. The arrangement was interesting. Mr. Alexander was to pay the open, or regular, rate on oil

Office of Rockefeller & Andrews, Sexton's Block, Cleveland, Ohio, in 1865. The name of the firm appeared that year for the first time in the list of members of the city's Board of Trade. In 1866 the firm name was John D. Rockefeller & Co.; in 1867, '68 and '69 Rockefeller, Andrews & Flagler; in 1870, the Standard Oil Company.

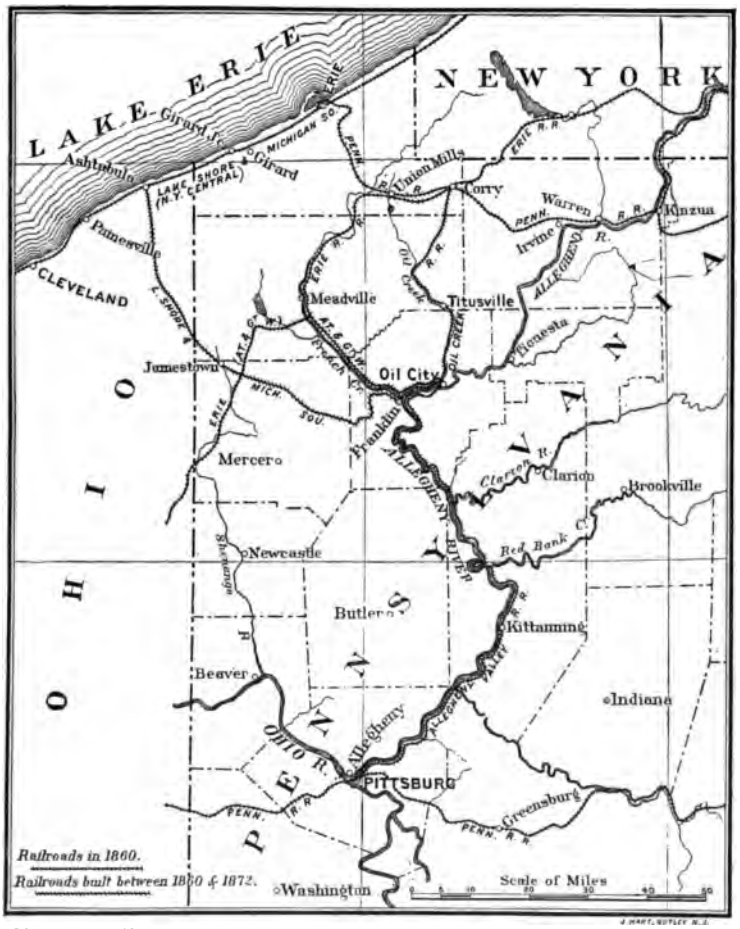
from the Oil Regions to Cleveland, which at the date was 40 cents a barrel. At the end of each month he was to send to the railroad vouchers for the amount of oil shipped and paid for at 40 cents, and was to get back from the railroad, in money, 15 cents on each barrel. This concession applied only to oil brought from the wells. He was never able to get a rebate on oil shipped eastward. When he complained to the railroads he was told that if he would ship as large quantities as the Standard Oil Company he could have as good a rate.*

Ship as large a quantity! It was a new principle in railroad policy. Were not the railroads public servants? Were they not bound, as common carriers, to carry ten barrels at the same rate per barrel as they did a hundred? If they were not, what was to become of the ten-barrel men? Could they live? Mr. Alexander remonstrated. The railroad agent was firm with Mr. Alexander. In all branches of business the heaviest buyer got the best rate; the railroad must regard this principle. It could not give him the same rate as Mr. Rockefeller unless he shipped as large amounts

* Testimony of Mr. Alexander before the Committee of Commerce of the United States House of Representatives, April, 1872.

of oil, and he went back to his refinery knowing that he must do business with a handicap, nearly, if not quite, as great as his profit.

How had it happened that Rockefeller and his colleagues had secured this advantage so out of harmony with a railroad's obligations to the public? Nobody knew then. But ten years later the railroad man who granted them this privilege, and started them on the road by which, a few years later, they reached almost a complete monopoly of the oil business, stated the reasons for the discrimination in an affidavit which has never, to the writer's knowledge, been published.* This man was General J. H. Devereux, who in 1868 succeeded Amasa Stone as vice-president of the Lake Shore Railroad. He came to this position at a moment when a lively contest was going on for the eastward oil traffic, and when the Pennsylvania Railroad, having the advantage, was claiming what General Devereux called a "patent right on the transportation of oil." The cheap rates which the Pennsylvania was giving, the wild speculations in both refined and crude, to which the officials of the Erie—Fiske and Gould—were lending aid, combined with the fact that a number of big and finely equipped refineries were going up in the Oil Regions, frightened the Cleveland refiners. Unless something was done, they told General Devereux, Cleveland would be destroyed as a refining center. Something was done—the Lake Shore ran its road still nearer to the heart of the Oil Regions, and began to give Rockefeller, Andrews, & Flagler rebates on their crude oil. General Devereux's reason for making special rates to this firm and to no other, was that while all the other refiners expressed the fear that the advantages of refining on the Creek close to the oil supply were such that they might ultimately all have to move from Cleveland to the Oil Regions, Rockefeller and his associates promised to fight it out in Cleveland if the Lake Shore would handle their oil as cheaply as the Pennsylvania could. Why the railroad should not have quieted the fears of the other firms by the same assurance as it gave the Standard General Devereux did not explain. This was the beginning. Two years later, in 1870, the Lake Shore made a broader contract with the Standard. The road had been carrying little oil eastward for the firm for some time. The rates they offered were not low enough, and the Standard firm was shipping principally by water; but this method was slow, and the way, for a portion of the year, was closed. Soon after the Standard Oil Company was formed, in 1870, Mr. Flagler, representing the firm, proposed that if General Devereux would give them a special through rate they would ship sixty carloads a day. The rate asked was considerably lower than



MAP SHOWING RAILROADS BUILT IN THE OIL REGIONS BETWEEN 1860 AND 1872

* Standard Oil Co. *vs.* William C. Scofield, *et al.* Affidavit of J. H. Devereux, Court of Common Pleas of the State of Ohio, Cuyahoga County.

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER IN 1872

the regular open rates, but the advantage of having a regular amount shipped daily was so great that the railroad company concluded that their profit would be greater than by serving all alike. It was evidently merely a question of which method paid better. The question of the railroad's duty as a public carrier was not considered. The Standard's arrangement with General Devereux, in 1870, gave them steady transportation the year round to the seaboard, at a rate cheaper than anybody else could get. It was equivalent to renting a railroad for their private use. Every Cleveland refiner was put out of the race by the arrangement. The refining business was so prosperous at the time the arrangement was made that suspicion was not at first aroused, but in a year's time the effect became apparent. Firms which had been making $10,000 to $20,000 a year found themselves making little or nothing. But why? That they did not see. The oil business in Cleveland was growing prodigiously. By 1870 the city had become the largest refining center in the United States, taking 2,000,000 barrels of crude oil from the region—one-third of the entire output of

the Oil Regions.* Instead of being destroyed by the competition of refineries built close to the wells, it was growing under the competition, but in spite of this growth only one firm—the Standard Oil Company—was making much money. This was puzzling and disheartening.

It would seem as if the one man in Cleveland who ought to have been satisfied with the situation in 1870 was Mr. Rockefeller. His organization, from his buyers on the Creek to his exporter in New York, was well-nigh perfect. His control of a railroad from the wells to the seaboard gave him an advantage nobody else had had the daring and the persuasive power to get. It was clear that in time he must control the entire Cleveland trade. But Mr. Rockefeller was far from satisfied. He was a brooding, cautious, secretive man, seeing all the possible dangers as well as all the possible opportunities in things, and he studied, as a player at chess, all the possible combinations which might imperil his supremacy. These twenty-five Cleveland rivals of his—how could he at once and forever put them out of the game? He and his partners had somehow conceived a great idea—the advantages of combination. What might they not do, if they could buy out and absorb the big refineries now competing with them in Cleveland? The possibilities of the idea grew as they discussed it. Finally they began tentatively to sound some of their rivals. But there were other rivals than these at home. There were the Creek refiners! They were there at the mouth of the wells. What might not this geographical advantage do in time? The Oil Regions, in the first years of oil production, had been an unfit place for refining because of its lack of connections with the outside world; now, however, the railroads were in, and refining was going on there on an increasing scale; the capacity of the region had indeed risen to nearly 10,000 barrels a day—equal to that of New York, exceeding that of Pittsburg by nearly 4,000 barrels, and almost equaling that of Cleveland. The men of the oil country loudly declared that they meant to refine for the world. They boasted of an oil kingdom which eventually should handle the entire business and compel Cleveland and Pittsburg either to abandon their works or bring them to the oil country. In this boastful ambition they were encouraged by the Pennsylvania Railroad, which naturally handled the largest percentage of the oil. How long could the Standard Oil Company stand against this competition?

CORNELIUS VANDERBILT
Known as the "Commodore"

Mr. Vanderbilt was elected president of the New York Central in 1867—and occupied that position at the time of the South Improvement Company.

There was another interest as deeply concerned as Mr. Rockefeller in preserving Cleveland's supremacy as a refining center, and this was the New York Central Railroad system. Let the bulk of refining be done in the Oil Regions, and that road was in danger of losing a profitable branch of business. For its own sake it must continue to support Cleveland—by which it meant the Standard Oil Company. The chief representative of the interest of the Central system in Cleveland was Peter H. Watson. Mr. Watson was an able patent lawyer, who served under the strenuous Stanton as an Assistant-Secretary of War, and served well. After the war he had been made General Freight Agent of the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railroad, and later president of the branch of that road which ran into the Oil Regions. He had oil interests principally at Franklin, Penn-

* The total production of oil in 1870 was 5,657,000 barrels.

sylvania, and was well known to all oil men. He was a business intimate of Mr. Rockefeller and a warm friend of Horace Clarke, the son-in-law of W. K. Vanderbilt, at that time president of the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railroad.

Two other towns shared Cleveland's fear of the rise of the Oil Regions as a refining center, and they were Pittsburg and Philadelphia, and Mr. Rockefeller and Mr. Watson found in certain refiners of these places a strong sympathy with any plan which looked to holding the region in check. But while the menace in their geographical positions was the first ground of sympathy between these gentlemen, something more than local troubles occupied them. This was the condition of the refining business as a whole. It was unsatisfactory in many particulars. First, it was overdone. There was at that time a refining capacity of three barrels to every one produced, and this capacity was widely scattered. The result was, every now and then, ruinous underselling in order to keep or to secure a market. The export business was not what these gentlemen thought it ought to be. Oil had risen to fourth place in the exports of the United States in the twelve years since its discovery, and every year larger quantities were consumed abroad, but it was crude oil, not refined, which the foreigners were beginning to demand; that is, they had found they could import crude, refine it at home, and sell it cheaper than they could buy American refined. France, to encourage her home refineries, had even put a tax on American refined. Competition between the railroads was so keen that nobody could be sure what freight rates his neighbor was getting, and whether he might not any day secure a special advantage in transportation which would enable him to undersell. Then the speculation in crude oil caused wide variation in the cost of their product, as well as serious fluctuation in the refined market. In short, the business had all the evils of a young, vigorous growth. Its possibilities were still undefined, its future a mere guess. Time was bound to cure the evils in it, but the refiners were impatient of waiting.

JAY GOULD

Mr. Gould was still president of the Erie Railway when the South Improvement Company was formed, and it was he who signed the contract with that company. Less than a month later he and Fiske were hoisted from power.

In the fall of 1871, while Mr. Rockefeller and his friends were occupied with all these questions certain Pennsylvania refiners, it is not too certain who, brought to them a remarkable scheme, the gist of which was to bring together secretly a large enough body of refiners and shippers to compel all the railroads handling oil to give to the company formed special rebates on its oil, and drawbacks on that of others. If they could get such rates, it was evident that those outside of their combination could not compete with them long, and that they would become eventually the only refiners. They could then limit their output to actual demand, and so keep up prices. This done, they could easily persuade the railroads to transport no crude for exportation, so that the foreigners would be forced to buy American refined. They believed that the price of oil thus exported could easily be advanced 50 per cent. The control of the refining interests would also enable them to fix their own price on crude. As they would be the only buyers and sellers, the

speculative character of the business would be done away with. In short, the scheme they worked out put the entire oil business in their hands. It looked as simple to put into operation as it was dazzling in its results. Mr. Flagler has sworn that neither he nor Mr. Rockefeller believed in this scheme. But when they found that their friend, Peter H. Watson and various Philadelphia and Pittsburg parties, who felt as they did about the oil business, believed in it, they went in and began at once to work up a company—secretly. It was evident that a scheme which aimed at concentrating in the hands of one company the business now operated by scores, and which proposed to effect this consolidation through a practice of the railroads which was forbidden by their charters, although freely indulged in, and which was regarded as the greatest commercial scandal of the day, must be worked with fine discretion if it ever were to be effective.

WILLIAM H. VANDERBILT

The contract of the South Improvement Company with the New York Central Railroad was signed by William H. Vanderbilt, vice-president of the road. Mr. Vanderbilt did his utmost to save the scheme, though there is no proof that he had stock in the company. That he soon after acquired stock in the Standard Oil Company is true, and, so far as the writer knows, he is the only one of the "Railway Kings," as they were called, who ever held stock in that organization.

The first thing was to get a charter—quietly. At a meeting held in Philadelphia late in the fall of 1871, a friend of one of the gentlemen interested mentioned to him that a certain estate then in liquidation had a charter for sale which gave its owners the right to carry on any kind of business in any country and in any way; that it could be bought for what it would cost to get a charter under the general laws of the State, and it would be a favor to the heirs to buy it. The opportunity was promptly taken. The name of the charter bought was the "Southern (usually written South) Improvement Company." For a beginning it was as good a name as another, since it said nothing.

With this charter in hand Mr. Rockefeller and Mr. Watson and their associates began to seek converts. In order that their great scheme might not be injured by premature public discussion, they asked of each person whom they approached a pledge of secrecy. Two forms of the pledges required before anything was revealed were published later. The first of these, which appeared in the New York "Tribune," read as follows:

I, *A. B.*, do faithfully promise upon my honor and faith as a gentleman, that I will keep secret all transactions which I may have with the corporation known as the South Improvement Company; that, should I fail to complete any bargains with the said company, all the preliminary conversations shall be kept strictly private; and, finally, that I will not disclose the price for which I dispose of my product, or any other facts which may in any way bring to light the internal workings or organization of the company. All this I do freely promise.

.....Signed.

Witnessed by.....

A second, published in a history of the "Southern Improvement Company," ran:

The undersigned pledge their solemn words of honor that they will not communicate to any one without permission of (name of director of Southern Improvement Company) any information that he may convey to them, or any of them, in relation to the Southern Improvement Company.

.....

.....Witness.

That they met with encouragement is evident from the fact that, when the corporators came together on January 2, 1872, in Philadelphia, for the first time under their charter, and transferred the company to the stockholders, they represented in one way or another a large part of the refining interest of the country. At this meeting 1,100 shares of the stock of the company, which was divided into 2,000 shares of $100 each, were subscribed for, and 20 per cent. of their value paid in. Just who took stock at this meeting the writer has not been able to discover. At the same time, a discussion came up as to what refiners were to be allowed to go into the new company. Each of the men represented had friends whom he wanted taken care of, and after considerable discussion it was decided to take in every refinery they could get hold of. This decision was largely due to the railroad men. Mr. Watson had seen them as soon as the plans for the company were formed, and they had all agreed that if they gave rebates all refineries then existing must be taken in.

Very soon after this meeting of January 2d the rest of the stock of the South Improvement Company was taken. The complete list of stockholders, with their holdings, was as follows:

William Frew, Philadelphia, Pa.	10	shares.
W. P. Logan " "	10	"
John P. Logan, "	10	"
Chas. Lockhart, Pittsburg, "	10	"
Richard S. Waring, Pittsburg, Pa.	10	"
W. G. Warden, Philadelphia, Pa.	475	"
O. F. Waring, Pittsburg, Pa.	475	"
P. H. Watson, Ashtabula, Ohio	100	"
H. M. Flagler, Cleveland, "	180	"
O. H. Payne, " "	180	"
Wm. Rockefeller, " "	180	"
J. A. Bostwick, New York, N. Y.	180	"
John D. Rockefeller, Cleveland, Ohio	180	"
	2,000	"

Mr. Watson was elected president and Mr. Warden secretary of the new association. It will be noticed that the largest individual holdings in the company were those of W. G. Warden, of Philadelphia, and O. F. Waring, of Pittsburg, each of whom had 475 shares. The company most heavily interested in the South Improvement Company was the Standard Oil Company of Cleveland, Messrs. J. D. Rockefeller William Rockefeller, O. H. Payne, and H. M. Flagler, all stockholders of that company, each having 180 shares—720 in the company.

The organization complete, there remained contracts to be made with the railroads. Three systems were interested: the Central, which, by its connection with the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern, ran directly into the Oil Regions; the Erie, allied with the Atlantic and Great Western, with a short line likewise tapping the heart of the region; and the Pennsylvania, with the connections known as the Allegheny Valley and Oil Creek Railroad. The persons to be won over were W. H. Vanderbilt, of the Central; W. H. Clarke, president of the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern; Jay Gould, of the Erie; General G. B. McClellan, president of the Atlantic and Great Western; and Tom Scott, of the Pennsylvania. There seems to have been little difficulty in persuading any of these persons to go into the scheme. It was, of course, a direct violation of their charters as public carriers, but such violations had been in practice for at least four years in the oil business, and for a longer period in other indus-

THOMAS A. SCOTT

Mr. Scott was the vice-president of the Pennsylvania Road in 1872, and although it was through him that the founders of the South Improvement Company made the agreement with the Pennsylvania, it was not he, but J. Edgar Thompson, the president, who signed the contract. It is probable that the friend who put Mr. Rockefeller and his associates on the track of the South Improvement Company charter, according to Mr. Watson's statement to the Investigating Committee, was Mr. Scott.

*List of stockholders given by W. G. Warden, secretary of the South Improvement Company, to a Congressional investigating committee, which examined Mr. Warden and Mr. Watson in April, 1872.

tries. Under pressure or persuasion all of these roads granted special rates. For years they had been fighting bitterly for the oil trade, often cutting rates to get a consignment, until there was no profit in it. They were glad enough to go into any arrangement which guaranteed each a sure percentage of the business and gave them a profit on it. This the South Improvement Company did. They seem not to have agreed to the contracts until the company assured them that all the refiners were going in. The contracts they made were not on condition, however, that all were included. Three months after they were signed Congress investigated the great scheme. The testimony of the secretary of the company on this point before the Congressional committee is worth reading:

Q. You say you made propositions to railroad companies, which they agreed to accept upon the condition that you could include all the refineries?

A. No, sir; I did not say that; I said that was the understanding when we discussed this matter with them; it was no proposition on our part; they discussed it, not in the form of a proposition that the refineries should be all taken in, but it was the intention and resolution of the company from the first that that should be the result; we never had any other purpose in the matter.

Q. In case you could take the refineries all in, the railroads proposed to give you a rebate upon their freight charges?

A. No, sir; it was not put in that form; we were to put the refineries all in upon the same terms; it was the understanding with the railroad companies that we were to have a rebate; there was no rebate given in consideration of our putting the companies all in, but we told them we would do it; the contract with the railroad companies was with us.

Q. But if you did form a company composed of the proprietors of all these refineries, you were to have a rebate upon your freight charges?

A. No; we were to have a rebate anyhow, but were to give all the refineries the privilege of coming in.

Q. You were to have the rebate whether they came in or not?

A. Yes, sir.

"What effect were these arrangements to have upon those who did not come into the combination?" asked the chairman.

"I do not think we ever took that question up," answered Mr. Warden.

A second objection to making a contract with the company came from Mr. Scott, of the Pennsylvania road. "You take no account here," Mr. Scott told the secretary, W. G. Warden, who discussed the matter at length with him, "of the oil producer—the man to whom the world owes the business. You can never succeed unless you take care of the producer."* Mr. Warden objected strongly to forming a combination with them. "The interests of the producers were in one sense antagonistic to ours: one as the seller and the other as the buyer. We held in argument that the producers were abundantly able to take care of their own branch of the business if they took care of the quantity produced." So strongly did Mr. Scott argue, however, that finally the members of the South Improvement Company yielded, and a draft of an agreement, to be proposed to the producers, was drawn up in lead pencil; it was never presented. It seems to have been used principally to quiet Mr. Scott.

The work of persuasion went on swiftly. By the 18th of January the president of the Pennsylvania road, J. Edgar Thompson, had put his signature to the contract, and soon after Mr. Vanderbilt and Mr. Clarke signed for the Central system, and Jay Gould and General McClellan for the Erie. The contracts to which these gentlemen put their names fixed gross rates of freight from all *common points*, as the leading shipping points within the Oil Regions were called, to all the great refining and shipping centers—New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Pittsburg, and Cleveland. For example, the open rate on crude oil to New York was put at $2.56. On this price the South Improvement Company was allowed a rebate of $1.06 for its shipments; but it got not only this rebate, it was given in cash a like amount on each barrel of crude shipped by parties outside the combination.

The open rate from Cleveland to New York was $2.00, and 50 cents of this sum was turned over to the South Improvement Company, which at the same time received a rebate enabling it to ship for $1.50. Again an independent refiner in Cleveland paid 80 cents a barrel to get his crude from the Oil Regions to his works, and the railroad sent 40 cents of this money to the South Improvement Company. At the same time it cost the Cleveland refiner in the combination but 40 cents to get his crude oil. Like drawbacks and rebates were given for all points—Pittsburg, Philadelphia, Boston, and Baltimore.*

*Testimony of W. G. Warden before Congressional Committee of Commerce.

* The full text of this system of rebates is printed in the report of the investigation of the Standard Oil Company made in 1888 by the Committee on Manufactures, of the House of Representatives. The articles arranging prices read as follows:

3. To transport and deliver petroleum and its products over the railroads of the party of the second part, and its connections, at gross rates, which shall at no time exceed the following without the consent of both parties hereto:

From any point on the Oil Creek and Allegheny River Railroad to Oil City, Union, Corry, or Irvington, which are herein designated as *common points*, on each barrel of 45 gallons, in bulk, and on each barrel of 47 gallons, in barrels, 80 cents.

On Crude Petroleum.

From any common point (for each barrel of 45 gallons) to:

Cleveland	$0.80
Pittsburg	0.80
New York	2.56

An interesting provision in the contracts was that full waybills of all petroleum shipped over the roads should each day be sent to the South Improvement Company. This, of course, gave them knowledge of just who was doing business outside of their company—of how much business he was doing, and with whom he was doing it. Not only were they to have full knowledge of the business of all shippers—they were to have access to all books of the railroads.

Philadelphia	$2.41
Baltimore	2.41
Boston	2.71

All other points, except those on the Oil Creek and Allegheny River Railway, to the places of destination last named, the same rates as from the *common points*.

On Refined Oil, Benzine, and Other Products of the Manufacture of Petroleum.

From Pittsburg (for each barrel) to :	
New York	$2.00
Philadelphia	1.85
Baltimore	1.85
From Cleveland (for each barrel) to :	
Boston	2.15
New York	2.00
Philadelphia	1.85
Baltimore	1.85
From any common point (for each barrel) to :	
New York	2.92
Philadelphia	2.77
Baltimore	2.77
Boston	3.07

From and to all points intermediate between the points aforesaid such reasonable rates as the party of the second part shall from time to time establish on both crude and refined. From Pittsburg, Cleveland, and other points, to places west of Pittsburg and Cleveland, such reasonable rates as the party of the second part may deem it expedient from time to time to establish.

4. To pay and allow to the party hereto of the first part, on all petroleum and its products, transportation for it over the railroads of the party of the second part and its connections, the following rebates, and on all transported for other parties drawbacks of like amounts as the rebates from the gross rates, the same to be deducted and retained by the party hereto of the first part, for its own use, from the amounts of freights payable to the party of the second part.

On the Transportation of Crude Petroleum.

	Rebate per barrel.
From the gross rate from any common point to :	
Cleveland	$0.40
Pittsburg	0.40
New York	1.06
Philadelphia	1.06
Baltimore	1.06
Boston	1.06

From the gross rates from all other points and the six places of destination last named rebates the same as on the rates from the common points.

On the Transportation of Refined Oil, Benzine, and Other Products of the Manufacture of Petroleum.

	Rebate per barrel.
From the gross rates from Pittsburg to :	
New York	$0.50
Philadelphia	0.50
Baltimore	0.50
From the gross rates from Cleveland to :	
Boston	0.50
New York	0.50
Philadelphia	0.50
Baltimore	0.50
From the gross rates from any common point to :	
New York	1.32
Philadelphia	1.32
Baltimore	1.32
Boston	1.32

From the gross rates to and from all points intermediate between the above points a rebate or drawback of one-third of the gross rate shall be paid.

From the gross rates from Pittsburg, Cleveland, and other points to places west of the meridians of Pittsburg and Cleveland a rebate or drawback of one-third of the gross rates shall be paid.

HENRY M. FLAGLER

Mr. Flagler's name first appeared in the oil refining business associated with that of Mr. Rockefeller in 1867, the firm name being Rockefeller, Andrews & Flagler. He was one of the organizers of the Standard Oil Company in 1870 and a stockholder in the South Improvement Company. He made his way much as Mr. Rockefeller did, starting out for himself at fourteen, sticking close to whatever he undertook, and saving carefully until he had enough to invest. He has always been one of the most energetic and influential members of the Standard Oil Company, and to-day is also largely interested in other enterprises, being a director in various railroads and banks and in the Western Union Telegraph Company. He is also the builder of the great Florida hotels, the Ponce de Leon, Alcazar, and Royal Ponciaria.

The parties to the contracts agreed that if anybody appeared in the business offering an equal amount of transportation, and having equal facilities for doing business with the South Improvement Company, the railroads might give them equal advantages in drawbacks and rebates, but to make such a miscarriage of the scheme doubly improbable, each railroad was bound to coöperate as "far as it legally might to maintain the business of the South Improvement Company against injury by competition, and lower or raise the gross rates of transportation for such times and to such extent as might be necessary to overcome the competition. The rebates and drawbacks to be varied *pari passu* with the gross rates." *

* Article Fourth: Contract between South Improvement Company and the Pennsylvania Company, January 18, 1872.

GROUP OF CLEVELAND OIL MEN TAKEN JULY 1, 1869

The majority of the refiners in this group sold to the Standard Oil Company in 1872. None of the members of the firm of Rockefeller, Andrews & Flagler is present. Figures of particular interest are M. B. Clark (first row, third from right), of the firm of Clark & Rockefeller, Commission Merchants; John Alexander (first row, sixth to the right), whose testimony on the effect of the South Improvement Company in Cleveland is quoted in this article; S. V. Harkness (first row, fourth from left), member of original Standard Oil Company of 1870; Frank Rockefeller (second row, eighth from the left), brother of John D. Rockefeller.

The reason given by the railroads in the contract for granting these extraordinary privileges was that the "magnitude and extent of the business and operations" purposed to be carried on by the South Improvement Company would greatly promote the interest of the railroads and make it desirable for them to encourage their underaking. The evident advantages received by the railroad were a regular amount of freight—the Pennsylvania was to have 45 per cent. of the east-bound shipping, the Erie and Central each 27½ per cent., while west-bound freight was to be divided equally between them—fixed rates, and freedom from the system of cutting which they had all found so harassing and disastrous.

It was on the second of January, 1872, that the organization of the South Improvement Company was completed. The day before, the Standard Oil Company, of Cleveland, increased its capital from $1,000,000 to $2,500,000, "all the stockholders of the company being present and voting therefor." These stockholders were greater by five than in 1870, the names of O. B. Jennings, Benjamin Brewster, Truman P. Handy, Amasa Stone, and Stillman Witt having been added. The last three were officers and stockholders in one or more of the railroads centering in Cleveland. Three weeks after this increase of capital Mr. Rockefeller had the charter and contracts of the South Improvement Company in hand, and was ready to see what they would do in helping him carry out his idea of wholesale combination in Cleveland. There were at that time some twenty-six refineries in the town—some of them very large plants. All of them were feeling more or less the discouraging effects of the last three or four years of railroad discriminations in favor of the Standard Oil Company. To the owners of these refineries Mr. Rockefeller now went one by one, and explained the South Improvement Company. "You see," he told them, "this scheme is bound to work. It means an absolute control by us of the oil business. There is no chance for any one outside. But we are going to give everybody a chance to come in. You are to turn over your refinery to my appraisers, and I will give you Standard Oil Company stock or cash, as you prefer, for the value we put upon it. I advise you to take the stock. It will be for your good." Certain refiners objected. They did not want to sell. They did want to keep and manage their business. Mr. Rockefeller was regretful, but firm. It was useless to resist, he told the hesitating; they would certainly be crushed if they did not accept his offer, and he pointed out in detail, and with gentleness, how beneficent the scheme really was—preventing the Creek refiners from destroying Cleveland, keeping up the price of refined oil, destroying competition, and eliminating speculation.

The perfection of the scheme, the inevitableness of the result, the persuasiveness of its advocate, the promise of great profits were different reasons for leading many of the refiners to succumb at once. Some of them took stock—more took money. The explanation of why they sold was in most cases similar to that given to the Congressional committee which later investigated the South Improvement Company, by Mr. Alexander, of Alexander, Scofield & Co.:

"There was a pressure brought to bear upon my mind and upon almost all citizens of Cleveland engaged in the oil business, to the effect that unless we went into the South Improvement Company we were virtually killed as refiners; that if we did not sell out we should be crushed out. My partner, Mr. Hewitt, had some negotiations with parties connected with the South Improvement Company, and they gave us to understand, at least my partner so represented to me, that we should be crushed out if we did not go into that arrangement. He wanted me to see the parties myself; but I said to him that I would not have any dealings with certain parties who were in that company for any purpose, and I never did. We sold at a sacrifice, and we were obliged to. There was only one buyer in the market, and we had to sell on their terms or be crushed out, as it was represented to us. It was stated that they had a contract with railroads by which they could run us into the ground if they pleased. After learning what the arrangements were I felt as if, rather than fight such a monopoly, I would withdraw from the business, even at a sacrifice. I think we received about 40 or 45 cents on the dollar on the valuation which we placed upon our refinery. We had spent over $50,000 on our works during the past year, which was very nearly all that we received. We had paid out $60,000 or $70,000 before that; we considered our works at their cash value worth 75 per cent. of what they had cost. According to our valuation, our establishment was worth $150,000—and we sold it for about $65,000, which was, as I have stated, about 40 or 45 per cent. of its value. We sold to one of the members, as I suppose, of the South Improvement Company, Mr. Rockefeller; he is a director in that company; it was sold in name to the Standard Oil Company, of Cleveland, but the arrangements were, as I understand it, that they were to put it into the South Improvement Company. I am stating what my partner told me; he did all the business; his statement was that all these works were to be merged into the South Improvement Company; I never talked with any members of the South Improvement Company myself on the subject; I declined to have anything to do with them."

A few of the refiners contested before surrendering. Among these was Robert Hanna, an uncle of Mark Hanna, of the firm of Hanna, Baslington & Co. Mr. Hanna had been refining oil since July, 1869. According to his own sworn statement he had made money, fully 60 per cent. on his investment the first year, and after that 30 per cent. Some time in February, 1872, the Standard Oil Company

asked an interview with him and his associates. They wanted to buy his works, they said. "But we don't want to sell," objected Mr. Hanna. "You can never make any more money, in my judgment," said Mr. Rockefeller. "You can't compete with the Standard. We have all the large refineries now. If you refuse to sell, it will end in your being crushed." Hanna and Baslington were not satisfied. They went to see Mr. Watson, president of the South Improvement Company, and an officer of the Lake Shore, and General Devereux, manager of the Lake Shore road. They were told that the Standard had special rates; that it was useless to try to compete with them. General Devereux explained to the gentlemen that the privileges granted the Standard were the legitimate and necessary advantage of the large shipper over the smaller, and that if Hanna, Baslington & Co. could give the road as large a quantity of oil as the Standard did, with the same regularity, they could have the same rate. General Devereux says they "recognized the propriety" of his excuse. They certainly recognized its authority. They say that they were satisfied they could no longer get rates to and from Cleveland which would enable them to live, and "reluctantly" sold out. It must have been reluctantly, for they had paid $75,000 for their works, and had made 30 per cent. a year on an average on their investment, and the Standard appraiser allowed them $45,000. "Truly and really less than one-half of what they were absolutely worth, with a fair and honest competition in the lines of transportation," said Mr. Hanna, eight years later, in an affidavit.

Under the combined threat and persuasion of the Standard, armed with the South Improvement Company scheme, almost the entire independent oil interest of Cleveland collapsed in three months' time. Of the twenty-six refineries, at least twenty-one sold out. From a capacity of probably not over 1,500 barrels of crude a day, the Standard Oil Company rose in three months' time to one of 10,000 barrels. By this manœuver it became master of over one-fifth of the refining capacity of the United States.* Its next individual competitor was Sloan & Fleming, of New York, whose capacity was 1,700 barrels. The Standard had a greater capacity than the entire Oil Creek Regions, greater than the combined New York refiners. The transaction by which it acquired this power was so stealthy that not even the best informed newspaper men of Cleveland knew what went on. It had all been accomplished in accordance to one of Mr. Rockefeller's chief business principles—"Silence is golden."

While Mr. Rockefeller was working out the "good of the oil business" in Cleveland, his associates were busy at other points. A little more time and the great scheme would be an accomplished fact. And then there fell in its path two of those never-to-be-foreseen human elements which so often block great manœuvers. The first was born of a man's anger. The man had learned of the scheme. He wanted to go into it, but the directors were suspicious of him. He had been concerned in speculative enterprises and in dealings with the Erie road which had injured these directors in other days. They didn't want him to have any of the advantages of their great enterprise. When convinced that he could not share in the deal, he took his revenge by telling people in the Oil Regions what was going on. At first the Oil Regions refused to believe, but in a few days another slip born of human weakness came in to prove the rumor true. The schedule of rates agreed upon by the South Improvement Company and the railroads had been sent to the freight agent of the Lake Shore Railroad, but no order had been given to put them in force. The freight agent had a son on his death-bed. Distracted by his sorrow, he left his office in charge of subordinates, but neglected to tell them that the new schedules on his desk were a secret compact, whose effectiveness depended upon their being held until all was complete. On February 26th, the subordinates, ignorant of the nature of the rates, put them into effect. The independent oil men heard with amazement that freight rates had been put up nearly one hundred per cent. They needed no other proof of the truth of the rumors of conspiracy which were circulating. It now remained to be seen whether the Oil Regions would submit to the South Improvement Company as Cleveland had to the Standard Oil Company.*

* In 1872 the refining capacity of the United States was as follows, according to Henry's "History of Petroleum":

Oil Regions	9,231
New York	9,790
Cleveland	12,732
Pittsburg	6,090
Philadelphia	2,061
Baltimore	1,098
Boston	3,500
Erie	1,168
Other Points	901
Total	46,571

** The third article in this series (in the January number) will deal with the "oil war" which followed the premature publishing of the scheme.*

DÜRER

BY JOHN LA FARGE

"Nürnberg's hand goes through every land"

THE very important commercial city of Nürnberg, still important, was once, and is still, proud of its great citizen, Albert Dürer. His name is one of those that help the German romance formed about the city, which supplies for poetry, for painting, and for music themes more or less altered from their original meagerness. At the end of many years of labor, which had added to the wealth and fame of his city, Albert Dürer, in a letter to the council, alluded to the little business encouragement given to him by his fellow-citizens, saying: "During the thirty years I have stayed at home I have not received from the people in this town work worth 500 florins—and not a fifth of that has been profit." Praise and admiration he had received fully, but not that support which, in a commercial community, is the only real measure of appreciation.

The free town of Nürnberg had reached by the end of the fifteenth century a position in commerce second only to the great Italian ports. It stood between Venice and the Low Countries, and sent out the work of its goldsmiths, armorers, printers, publishers, metal workers, and paper makers, to both ends of Europe. With the makers of these things the fortunes of the family of Dürer were connected. The family which was to add so much to the glory of the German name was not German, but Hungarian. The very name of Dürer (pronounced Thürer in Nürnberg) is a translation of the original—probably Eytas, the name of a little hamlet in Hungary. In the Hungarian town of Gyula, Albert Dürer's grandfather learned the art and trade of the goldsmith. One of his sons, Albert Dürer, the elder, came to Nürnberg in 1455 at the age of twenty-eight (as recorded in his son's memoranda) "on the same day, March 11th, 1455, that Pirkheimer was celebrating his wedding, and a great dance was held under the big lime tree." Dürer must have noted this association with the Pirkheimers, because in another generation, and when grown up, he was the friend of Willibald Pirkheimer, and remained his friend through life. Pirkheimer was a type of the other class, whose edges met the artists and the intellectual men. Pirkheimer was a student and a writer, and his greater wealth and position allowed him to assist Dürer for many years, and to play to some extent that part of patron and worldly friend needed by the artist in his more secluded life. He represented also for Dürer amusement and escape from the confinement of work and the narrowness of the home circle; we dimly feel this in their correspondence and in the legends of the artist's life. Hence, perhaps, a quiet animosity between the patron, who tempted the artist by outside pleasures, and the wife, who may have been grateful for money assistance, but felt also some neglect through this rivalry. Notwithstanding Pirkheimer's distinction of the moment, he lives for us only through his acquaintance with Dürer, who has made of him an immortal portrait. This was many years after, when Pirkheimer was fifty-three years old, and the marvelous engraving shows the scholar and the aristocrat, and the man fond of a life of love and enjoyment, that has left its mark. Many were the men of culture in the busy city, which held also the great bookseller and publisher, Koburger, the godfather of Albert Dürer. The art of printing had been recently invented; the beginnings of engraving on copper and on wood were already well advanced, and the successful manufacture of paper and printing ink was to secure the spread of the print as well as of the bound book. Albert Dürer's father became an important goldsmith in Nürnberg, having been first an apprentice to Jerome Holper, whose daughter Barbara he married in 1467. Of their eighteen children only three lived to grow up. Albert, born in 1471, Andrew, in 1484, and John, 1490. By marriage, Dürer the elder entered into the rights of a burgher, and held offices of repute. Dürer's account of his father says: "That he spent his life in great industry and severe work to earn by his own hand a living for himself and family; that he was poor, and met with many troubles and adversities; and was esteemed by all, since he led an honest Christian life. He was patient, gentle, and peaceful in his dealings with everybody; kept but little company and sought few pleasures; he was a man of few words and feared God; he paid great atten-

tion to his children's education, and his daily words to them were that: 'We should love God and deal truly with our neighbors.'" A goldsmith was then somewhat of an artist, and, of course, an engraver on metal. Andrew became another goldsmith, and John ended as a painter in Poland, not far from the ancestral home.

The lines that we draw to-day between the divisions of art were not of the same kind at the moments which have left their mark. Though the methods were, perhaps, even more separate than they are to-day, the attitude of the worker in art was much less specialized. Dürer's father wished to make him a goldsmith, a worker in metals, but the boy naturally passed into a desire for the study of painting, then one of the arts beginning to promise great things, which since have happened. Albert, therefore, was apprenticed to a painter, Michael Wolgemut; this was in 1486, and lasted three years, during which, Dürer says: "God lent me industry so that I learned well; but I had to suffer much annoyance from my fellow pupils."

There is such a thing as German painting; a something which is not the Flemish painting; which is not even the painting of the Rhine. Along the Rhine for centuries some flower of art had existed that must have connected with the German world on the other side. A certain harshness, a difficulty of meeting the outside mind half way, we feel through what remains. Had I time I should plead the cause of the artists struggling with inherited mental obstructions, whose work is, however, beautiful, if one can see through its ugliness. As it was mainly task work, meant to fit into churches, a part of the merits of architecture have given it form and dignity, and have assured a constructive arrangement far superior to the looseness of a later time, which had broken the laws of obedience and respect.

In the provinces of Alsatia, Martin Schön, Martin the Beautiful, was painting and engraving. The influence of Flemish masters, perhaps of Burgundian art, was beginning to give sweetness to cruder forms. The prospect before young Dürer, after his apprenticeship with Wolgemut, was a residence and study at Colmar with Martin. Meanwhile, he helped as an assistant and as a scholar with the Nürnberg painter and his associates, for the men practised in what might be called firms, and all hands helped in the manufacture of the work of art. The boy from the very first was endowed with a capacity for the use of the hand which increased to a degree which marks him as one of the principal executants the world has seen. His method, of course, was that of his teaching, but already the boy of thirteen or fifteen recorded his observations in a manner stiff, perhaps, and wanting in knowledge, but sufficient for the position of any artist, however important. His work must have been that of the style of the day, merged into the work of his employers; that excellent way by which the student learned from the inside, and not as a follower of lectures or winner of marks for proficiency. He was tested by what was actually salable then and there.

Next to the years of apprenticeship the rule was to have the years of travel (Wanderyähre). Dürer then went to Colmar and to Strassburg. Too late, however, to study under Martin the Beautiful. He worked also at Basle, and came to Venice, where the space and splendor of the art of painting first appeared to him. There he embarked in those delicious studies never to end, through which the dreamer hopes to get at the secrets of the nature whose image he is in love with. We have his own delightful young record of how he found "that things had been written about how to make out the proportions of the human body, and how a man called Jacob (Jacob 'Walsh,' or 'Italian,' Jacopo Dei Barbari), born in Venice, a lovely painter, showed him how to make out the proportions of man and woman, and how, when he had made out its meaning, it was better for him than if he had had a kingdom." In that sincerity which is the mark of the true artist, and especially of Dürer, he wished to have it printed for the honor of this brother painter and for common use. This the lesser man refused, nor even made the subject quite clear to Dürer. He goes on to say how at that time he was yet young, and had not heard of such things, but that art was very dear to him, and that "he took the matter to heart so that he might bring it to an issue. This he saw perfectly well, however: that Jacob—and he marked it well—did not wish to make the matter clearer. So that he took his own thing to himself and read in Vitruvius (he calls him Fitruvius), who has written a little about the proportion of a man. And so, beginning with one or two men, he made a beginning, and followed that study from day to day." It occupied his entire life, and after his death we have his book of "Human Proportion," published by his widow, with a preface of his friend, Camerarius, who describes the appearance of the man Dürer, who, at this earlier time, not yet twenty-two, must have

been in all the beauty which he retained through most of his life. "Nature bestowed upon him a body remarkable in build and stature, and not unworthy of the noble mind it contained. His head was intelligent, his eyes flashing, his nose nobly formed, and, as the Greeks say, tetragonon (square?). He had a long neck, broad chest, narrow waist, powerful thighs, and steady legs. As to his hands, you would have said that you had never seen anything more elegant. And of his speech, the sweetness was so great that one wished it never to end." The delightful portrait of himself (in the old-fashioned way, on parchment) in his twenty-second year we still have, and later he has twice painted himself. Camerarius goes on to say: "Almost with awe have we gazed upon the bearded face of the man, drawn by himself in the manner we have described, with the brush on the canvas, and without any previous sketch."

His long hair and beard, so beautifully and delicately painted in his portraits—which give him a little of the conventional look of the pictures of Christ—he combed and disposed with that neatness and carefulness which belong to his pictures and his drawings. But the portraits are more than representations of a handsome man. It is not accidental that they remind one of the type of Christ. There is in the expression a degree of sincerity, which is the great mark, also, of all that he has done, and which we have distinctly expressed in the written notes of his memorandum book. He remained through life somewhat of a dreamer, and always a man desiring the best, and hoping, in the purity of his intentions, that that best could happen. That charming portrait of himself at twenty-two, with the symbolical flower in his hand, must have been painted just as his father called him home to marry a girl chosen for him, Agnes, the daughter of Hans Frei, who "came to terms with the father and gave the son his daughter and two hundred gulden with her, so that they were married on the Monday before St. Margaret's Day, July 7, 1494." Though Hans Frei was a man in good position, it is unlikely that any more came to the young couple through him than her wedding dowry, and Dürer began the struggle with life in the helping of his father, who, as we know, was poor, with a wife and two boys yet to provide for. When two years after this marriage the elder Dürer died, the artist accepted the care of the entire family.

Copper engraving (1521)

PORTRAIT OF WILLIBALD PIRKHEIMER IN HIS FIFTY-THIRD YEAR

He had begun to paint, and we have some few remarkable portraits and religious compositions of this early date. He is too great a man not to have made of everything he touched a something carrying a special importance, but his methods were not yet personal; perhaps, even, were his paintings not all of his own make, and it is by engraving, to which he then turned, that he made a reputation which, great at the beginning, has never decreased. To this new art of engraving he gave some of the characters of paint-

Copper engraving (1513)

THE KNIGHT, DEATH AND THE DEVIL

ing, and developed it both on copper and on wood, in special manners whose technical success is still the highest mark reached in each special line. He progressed slowly, his first work being little distinguishable from that of others; but as he obtained control of his material, he gave to his work the result of continuous outside study, and acquired a firm confidence which is, perhaps, as striking as the delicacy of skill and the strange capacity for copying nature. And yet, it is in the ruder work that one can best gauge the extraordinary quality of mind brought to ordinary popular work. We little think to-day

Copper engraving (1514)

MELENCHOLIA

of the practical use of his religious images with the ordinary public of Catholic countries. This demand began with the invention of engraving and printing and the improved manufacture of paper, all of which are just developed as Dürer begins to draw. He made for the ordinary public a number of woodcuts, then accepted by the public as in the run of trade, and now ranking with the great works of less humble appeal and materials. "The Life of Mary," as, later, "The Passion of Christ," gave cheap pictures, as accessible to the common likings and kindly feelings of the multitude, as they seem to the special

From a photograph by Hanfstaengl

THE ADORATION OF THE TRINITY BY ALL SAINTS (1511)

IMPERIAL GALLERY, VIENNA

lovers of art masterpieces of design and examples of technical fitness. Perhaps the very fact of a more humble material allowed Dürer to display in some of these, and notably in the great "Apocalypse," without timidity or fear of comparison in technique, a grasp of imagination unsurpassed by the efforts of any artist at any time.

They are, perhaps, the only designs which seem adequate to the prophetic poetry of the text. The images of the words are translated literally into facts with the vision of actual sight, as if in a record of those things that one feels assured of in dreamland. He has mentioned himself the effort to recall on waking the wonders of his dreams, and also the fact, simple to every artist, that the number of his imaginings was greater than he could possibly record. It is useless to describe these great and simple works of art—the woodcuts. A single copy is worth more than pages of admiration or explanation. We may note in them (though less, perhaps, than in the great engravings on copper) the passionate desire to reproduce in every piece of work some thing studied or observed, and to make of such details both an interesting addition and a manner of continuous progress in study. This in the other engravings—those on copper—which are carried to extraordinary

Copper engraving (1514)

ST. JEROME IN HIS CELL

finish of accuracy, is so great that to an artist accustomed to analyze the original form of conception it might almost seem that the study is the main thing, and that the great artist has dignified the study by beauties of texture and line; and yet more, as if the most precious and most difficult was the easiest, by an impression of poetry powerful as the finest verse or musical sound. The famous engravings about which so much has been written, "The Knight and Death" and the "Melencholia," may have been in his mind merely "types of temperament," a scheme of subject which followed him through life.

But however much explained, there is within the innumerable details a connection of thought felt by all, which can be nothing but the continuous record of an attitude of mind. Perhaps ought one to add the "St. Jerome in His Cell," in which the expression of peace and contemplative work is represented, as well as unflinching courage or depth of dejection in the "Knight" and in "Melencholia." The three great engravings are as famous, almost, as any painting, and contain, perhaps, within their small size and quietness of appeal as much the suggestion of the supernatural.

Copper engraving (1526)

PORTRAIT OF PHILIP MELANCTHON

"The features of the living Philip Dürer could paint, but the mind his skilled hand could not depict."

But these great engravings were done after his return from Venice, to which he went in 1506. His success had been great with a public both German and Italian, and his works had been pirated to his great detriment. An obvious reason may have been his trying to obtain protection in Italy against the forgeries of his works, for the art of engraving was spreading throughout the world. Moreover, he may have wished to see what was done there in that way, as also the paintings which his northern home only heard of, and to which his ambition as a painter must have turned with a desire such as we have had for Europe.

In the second visit to Venice, Dürer now appeared as a recognized master; and in a commercial city a man of consequence, whose work was known and for sale, and had a standing demand. An older and wiser man, and perhaps all the more sensitive, he distinguished, among the men he met, those whom he admired and those whom he despised. Writing to Pirkheimer, he says: "There are so many nice fellows among the Italians; learned men of importance, with players on the lute and pipe, with great knowledge in painting, with much noble and honest virtue, and they treat me with much honor and friendship. On the other hand, there are the most unworthy, thievish rascals that ever lived on earth. Did I not know this I would think them the nicest folk on earth. As for myself, I cannot help laughing when they talk to me." He was comforted by the praise of John Bellini, then very old, but still, though eighty years of age, at the full summit of his powers, as we know by the great picture of San Zaccaria. The nobles, also, the gentlemen (tzentillamen), as Dürer calls them, treated him well, but few of the painters. According to the protective laws of Venice, Dürer was obliged to pay the tax for practising his art of painting. The "Feast of the Garlands," painted for the German Mer-

chants' Church, vindicated his position as a painter, and made, as he says, a gentleman of him. He painted others, and lingered in Venice, tempted, perhaps, by the offer from the city of a position and salary if he would take up a permanent residence. Tempting as the offer must have been, it was declined, and he wrote promising his return, but adding: "How I shall freeze after this sun. Here I am a gentleman born; at home, only a parasite." The great Mantegna, on his dying bed, asked to see Dürer, intending to help him in some manner of bequest of knowledge, but, though Albert, leaving all engagements, tried to reach him in time, the older painter had passed away, September 13, 1506. This, Dürer said, was the saddest event in all his life.

From a photograph by Hanfstaengl

STUDY OF AN OLD MAN'S HEAD (1521)

THE ALBERTINA, VIENNA

His anxiety for learning is one of his characteristics, occasionally to the detriment of his completed work, in which throughout remain some traces of the use of the subject, as allowing the solution of a problem. So that he again wrote that after certain work he should like to ride to Bologna, "to learn the secrets of the art of perspective, which a man is willing to teach me." His thirsting for knowledge was a desire that never left him, and which at first is a reminder of Leonardo da Vinci. But the great Florentine was a precursor of the scientific inquirers of our later age. He studied to know the causes of things as well as their effects. Dürer is anxious to know that he may use. He is bound to his work, and to provide by that work the support of others. Even in his dreams, as expressed in art—and he was a dreamer of splendid dreams—there is a portion, beautiful, perhaps, often curious, which is meant to be of use as an appeal to our delight in the rendering of facts. Exactly what other painting Dürer made then in Italy remains uncertain. There is the "Madonna of the Finch" and the "Adam and Eve," still retaining the look of a problem in proportions, but beautiful in modesty and charm of feeling. The profits of the Italian journey were considerable. He has noted, "In the thirteenth year of my wedlock I have paid great debts with what I earned at Venice." During his stay his friend Pirkheimer, to whom he had addressed the letters which still remain, had helped him with money, and to a certain extent had taken care of his people at home. Much of the correspondence is devoted, naturally, to little business matters, and a great part of the remainder to friendly jokes. Many of them are amiable reproofs to Pirkheimer for a manner of life of a very loose contexture.

On his return Dürer's reputation increased.

From a photograph by Hanfstaengl

ST. JOHN AND ST. PETER (1526)
MUNICH GALLERY

Outside of the burghers of Nürnberg, who gave him nothing, he received commissions for some of his famous paintings—one from the Elector of Saxony, "The Martyrdom of the Ten Thousand Saints by King Sapor of Persia," in which Dürer must have felt the joy of rendering very many figures according to his increasing knowledge. His own portrait and that of Pirkheimer are in it, and he holds a scroll inscribed, "This in the year of the Lord 1508 was done by Albert Dürer, the German." For Jacob Heller of Frankfort he made a painting now destroyed. It cost him a whole year's work, and more money than he obtained, so that he determined to give up painting on so costly a scale. "I shall stick to my engraving, and had I done so before I should have been a richer man by one thousand florins." To this we owe the "Saint Eustace," the great "Fortune," more properly called "Nemesis"; the "Great" and "Little Passions," and he was able to move to the well-known house kept memorable on his account. The first painting executed for any one of his native town by his own hand was done in 1511, and is known as the "Adoration of the Trinity by All Saints." It is now in the Imperial Gallery at Vienna, and closes the series of Albert Dürer's important paintings. It is as realistic as could well be devised, and holds, most naturally, in its lowest corner, a far-off portrait of the bearded and gowned painter, holding a frame with the inscription, "Albert Dürer of Nürnberg did this in the year from the giving birth by the Virgin 1511." The complicated and portrait-like realism throughout only increases the sense of a vision of an impossible circumstance really occurring. Like the great engravings of the Apocalypse, it is a monument of the power of imagination. Its realities are held together by the fearless representation of facts which we accept because the picture proves them.

But how, out of the accumulation of detailed observation, even with the help to our being freed from prose, which is given by the charm of composition, can we explain the result of such a work in compelling our imagination? That is Dürer's secret, and the secret of very few men. Through this power he has given to these few pieces of paper on

which are printed the great engravings, "The Knight," "Melencholia," "St. Jerome," "Nemesis," a power of evoking the view of a certain place within which occurs something which has a special meaning, appealing to us almost at once, but whose exact definition is impossible. They are like the dreams for which the prophet and the seer were called in as interpreters. We see the stern decision of the "Knight," the despondency of "Melencholia"; on the contrary, the pleasure in the accustomed task of "St. Jerome," in his sunlit room, where all is in order, even to the friendly lion and the dog that wags its ear. But who are right—those who see in the armored knight, on his steady war horse, the representation of Christian fortitude, or those who take it to be a stern vision of the hardhearted plunderers of the weak, whose bands hired out to any ruler and ravaged for centuries the peaceful lands of Europe? Either explanation is sufficient; the dream is there, read it who may.

The great success of Dürer's art, carried by commerce through all that space of Europe which reached by landways and waterways from Holland to central Italy (England and France being out of the way of travel), brought its attendant dangers. It was not difficult to forge or imitate his work; this was done at once as soon as he produced his first woodcuts. The forgeries increased with a greater circulation of the originals. He met the usual fate of the inventor, the pillaging of his store of ideas in commercial communities. Notable among these is the Italian forger and imitator, the great Marcantonio, who was, like many of the men surrounding the beautiful Raphael, not lifted by art above the uglier sides of temperament. Many of the Germans also pillaged the great master's stores, and part of his life was spent in attempts at protection. For that he enlisted the sympathy and help of the Emperor Maximilian, a protector of art, a romantic and not too wise ruler, who took the artist under his special care and patronage and gave him work, and promises to pay, which ended in still further annoyances. Among Maximilian's many projects of self-glorification, fairly due to his real and poetic position, was one of a great series of engravings made

From a photograph by Hanfstaengl

ST. MARK AND ST. PAUL (1526)

MUNICH GALLERY

to depict the glories of the Austrian House. For that work, among others, Albert Dürer was engaged, and for some years carried out the drawings and engravings connected with the scheme. As payment, the always needy Emperor gave him claims on the taxes of Nürnberg, unwillingly met by the city. The Emperor's sudden death, January, 1519, rendered doubtful the continuance of a pension of one hundred florins a year. The Town Council of Nürnberg refused to pay the charge of two hundred florins on the taxes of the city, assigned to Dürer by the Emperor, in spite of every effort on Dürer's part. The artist was then obliged to turn to the new Emperor, Charles V. of Spain, for assistance, and for that to have personal access to him. Therefore, he determined to travel to the Netherlands to obtain the recommendation of the Emperor's daughter, Margaret, then governing there, and also to meet the Emperor himself at his coronation in Aix-la-Chapelle. All this he managed to do, obtaining, in November, 1520, the Emperor's confirmation of his yearly pension, on condition, however, of relinquishing the claim on Maximilian, charged on the taxes of the city of Nürnberg. This voyage lasted until July, 1521, and its impressions are recorded in a sketch book and diary, a part of which still remains, so that we have an intimate account of what he did, what he saw, what he paid, and of some of his most intimate feelings and wishes.

Dürer was accompanied by his wife and her maid Suzanna. Her portrait, their expenses, and the tips given to Suzanna are marked in the notebook, as well as their visits to great people and to artists; also the stays in great cities, the ceremonies he attended, and certain drawings and paintings which he made. Almost everywhere he was received according to his deserts; great and special honors were paid to him. The city of Antwerp, as once before the city of Venice, desired him for a citizen, offering, as did Venice, to provide an income, besides a residence.

At Ghent he saw the great picture of "The Adoration of the Lamb," by the two Van Eycks, and "admired it completely." This, perhaps, of all paintings, is the nearest to what Albert Dürer himself has done with less sweetness, a less natural turn towards painting, and a lesser knowledge of the mere mechanism of the craft. But the painting of the Van Eycks' stands as one of the exceptional works of art, and fears no comparison with even greater things. Dürer also saw the curiosities "brought to the king from the new land of gold." He numbers them in detail, saying "that never any sight excited and gratified him so much as these extraordinary products of that distant country which showed art work of a subtlety altogether new." What we look upon as barbarous was to the more intelligent mind of Dürer a lesson in his own line.

The entire journal might be quoted, all the more that it consists of drawings marvelous in accuracy and sympathy, as well as in details of food and lodging accounts, of sales of engravings, and descriptions of receptions in Dürer's honor. But it has something more essentially valuable, the noting of Dürer's aspirations towards a higher life in Church and State, and explains the meaning of his own portrait, that curious look of the idealist which spiritualizes the physical resemblance to what we have made traditionally the portrait of the Saviour.

The Reformation was beginning, and the sympathies of Dürer were with the hopes of a reformation—with very many a wish to overturn most things in Church and State; with him, apparently, nothing more than the desire for the reign of God on earth. So that though he buys Luther's tractate for five white pennies, he also gives one for a rosary, and visits many relics which even in those days were considered of doubtful sanctity. He made the acquaintance of the great Erasmus, and began the celebrated engraving of his portrait. The enthusiast within the artist who portrayed the exterior man mistook the character of the great writer. He thought of Erasmus as a champion of the Reformation, while Erasmus's keen literary mind weighed more carefully the dangers of an upsetting for the social fabric. Hence the touching absurdity of the appeal to Erasmus entered in his journal. This was written on Friday before Pentecost, 1521, when "the cry reached them at Antwerp that Martin Luther had been treacherously seized." We know to-day the clever management of the disappearance of the reformer, but to Dürer —and it was so meant—it might be the work of murderers and tyrants. So he cries: "Oh, Erasmus of Rotterdam, wilt thou see the injustice, the blind tyranny of the powers now ruling? Hear me, O Knight of Christ! ride by the side of our Lord, XS; old as thou art, and but a feeble creature, thou, too, mayest win the martyr's crown. I heard thee say that thou wilt give thyself only two years for work; employ them well for the love of the Gospel and the true faith. Oh, Erasmus, may God, thy judge, be glorified in thee! As of

From a photograph by Hanfstaengl

THE BIRTH OF CHRIST

THE MIDDLE PANEL OF THE PAUMGARTNER TRIPTYCH

MUNICH GALLERY

David it is written, so do thou slay Goliath, for the Lord will be with thee in the Christian Church. Glory to the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, one God, Amen!" In his sadness about Luther he appeals in prayer to the Lord Jesus to collect His widely wandering sheep from all lands, some in the Román Church, some among Indians, Muscovites, and Greeks, separated from each other by the pretensions of the popes. He prays that in place of Luther, another may be raised able to gather all the world into the faith and bring Turks, Pagans, and Indians within the Christian fold. "But, Lord, Thou whose Son Jesus Christ died by the priests, hast willed that His follower, Martin Luther, may be killed treach-

erously through the pope's hirelings, raise again the spirit of this apostle. Give us a new Jerusalem, adorned with the splendors as written in the Apocalypse, a new evangel cleared of human commentaries."

It may be that Dürer's feelings as well as opinions reached the powers that ruled, for the Lady Margaret and the Emperor do not seem to have continued their protection upon him. But he had attained his object, and returned home with the continuance of his appointment as painter, to the Kaiser, an important official position, even if it led to no direct practical advantage. He returned to Nürnberg, which was much affected by the new movement. Melancthon was there and taught, and we know some few things about Dürer through some of the reformer's writings. All that he said of him is in the meaning that I have tried to give—the record of a noble and spiritual nature.

An interesting record of the state of mind existing then, as well as in our day of greater freedom, is the trial of several of Dürer's assistants for holding opinions dangerous to Church and State, opinions as obnoxious to the reformers as to the most conservative of the older view. These men are well known, too; we give them the name of the "Little Masters," and their work merges gently into all the religious images of a time which still kept in touch with the mediæval past. But the two Behams and George Pencz, three of these assistants, were perfectly willing to acknowledge that the existence of God was to them a matter of great doubt; that they "knew nothing" of Christ and of His teachings in the Bible, and of baptism and other doubtful graces, and that all they believed in were views of a new form of society more or less socialistic, or, as we should say today, based on anarchy. They were exiled for a time, but returned later, and seem to have remained the somewhat inoffensive citizens that artists mostly are.

Dürer remained in the same sentiments. His work was less, for he was ailing since his return. He still worked upon theories of drawing and proportion, and questions of engineering, and he painted the four great images of John and Peter, Mark and Paul, which he presented to the city, a city never too kindly to him in the way of patronage. They were sold long ago, and are in Munich, but the city retained the inscriptions the painter had attached to the pictures. In these he asked his fellow-citizens to "hear these four right worthy men, Peter, John, Paul, and Mark," and wrote texts from the second of Peter, the first of John, the second of Paul to Timothy, and the twelfth chapter of the Gospel of St. Mark, which contain warnings against false prophets and teachers of heresy, repudiators of the divinity of Christ, blasphemers, and arrogant scribes.

On April 6, 1528, Dürer's continued illness ended in death, suddenly and peacefully. As Luther said of him, "Christ took him away in good time from stormy days destined to become more stormy still." Praise and regret followed him. The great city slowly learned to understand the value of her greatest citizen, and to-day his memory is sacred with Germany.

In his works, "Nürnberg's hand goes through every land," according to the proverb. But the German side of his work is its limitation. The national or race side of any work of art is its weakness. What is called German is probably nothing more than a form of less lengthy civilization. The reason of the superiority of Italian expression in art is the extreme antiquity of its origins, which for thousands of years have never aimed at a national, but, on the contrary, at a general human expression. Not that Dürer was guilty of error in this, but his habits were those of his training (a training struggling into shape). His personal expression is not exactly Teutonic; rather, perhaps, that of his Hungarian ancestry. Whatever may be the hidden causes upon which his own efforts worked, he is one of the world's great masters. His fortunes were so shaped by duty as to prevent his having obtained the desire of his life, to become a painter equal to his extraordinary capacities. But the history of engraving cannot be understood without him. The work of his life is behind every print we see.

"'What!' roared Mountain, leaping to his feet"

THURSDAY AT THREE

BY DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS

Illustrated by Frank Craig

I

SOON after Fenimore Dayton became a reporter his city editor sent him to interview James Mountain. That famous financier was then approaching the zenith of his power over Wall Street and Lombard Street. It had just been announced that he had "absorbed" the Great Eastern and Western Railway System—of course, by the methods which have made some men and some newspapers habitually speak of him as "the Royal Bandit." The city editor had two reasons for sending Dayton—first, because he did not like him; second, because any other man on the staff would walk about for an hour and come back with the report that Mountain had refused to receive him, while Dayton would make an honest effort.

Seeing Dayton saunter down Nassau Street—tall, slender, calm, and cheerful—you would never have thought that he was on his way to interview one of the worst-tempered men in New York, for a newspaper which that man peculiarly detested, and on a subject which he did not care to discuss with the public. Dayton turned in at the Equitable Building and went up to the floor occupied by Mountain, Ranger, and Blakehill. He nodded to the attendant at the door of Mountain's own suite of offices,

strolled tranquilly down the aisle between the several rows of desks at which sat Mountain's personal clerks, and knocked at the glass door on which was printed "Mr. Mountain" in small gilt letters.

"Come!" It was an angry voice—Mountain's at its worst.

Dayton opened the door. Mountain glanced up from the mass of papers before him. His red forehead became a network of wrinkles and his scant white eyebrows bristled. "And who are you?" he snarled.

"My name is Dayton—Fenimore Dayton," replied the reporter with a gracefully polite bow. "Mr. Mountain, I believe?"

It was impossible for Mr. Mountain altogether to resist the impulse to bow in return. Dayton's manner was compelling.

"And what the dev—what can I do for you?"

"I'm a reporter from the——"

"What!" roared Mountain, leaping to his feet in a purple, swollen-veined fury. The short hair on the nape of his fiery neck rose;

"'Don't answer me now, I don't want you on impulse'"

his eye-teeth gleamed through the hairs of his drooping, ragged mustache. Dayton returned his blazing gaze calmly—he had a curious power of remaining calm before storms of anger without exasperating the stormer.

"How dare you enter here?" Mountain's voice was low. All its force was going into intensity, leaving none for loudness.

"But—why not?" Dayton looked surprised. "No one tried to stop me."

"Impudence!"

"Pardon me—not impudence." Dayton smiled agreeably. "Impudence is unsuccessful audacity. For example, if you had failed to get the Great Eastern and Western, they'd have said you were impudent to try. As it is, men call it audacity. Now, if I'd failed to get here—perhaps——"

Mountain listened with a grim smile. He saw in young Dayton the signs of a quality he especially admired—he couldn't help softening toward him. "I stand corrected," he said gruffly. Then he laid his hand on the young man's shoulder and pointed toward the large room. "Do you see those clerks?" he demanded.

"I do," said Dayton.

"There are thirty-seven of them—and that big numskull at the door makes thirty-eight. I employ those thirty-eight men to save me from—audacity such as yours. Yet here you are—in my private office! How do you explain it?"

Dayton laughed—his laugh was very contagious. "I don't know, I'm sure," he said. "Perhaps if they were the sort of men who could outwit me, they'd be doing my work and I'd be doing theirs."

Mountain's eyes smiled. The longer he looked at Dayton's refined yet resolute face the better he liked it. "Sit down," he said in an ironic tone of mock resignation. "But be quick, and be careful not to irritate me with questions that are—audacious. My digestion is poor, and therefore my temper is not—what it might be."

❦❦❦

That is the first recorded story of Dayton's "colossal cheek." Now for the last one—the one since which his "cheek" has been thought of and spoken of, admired and envied, as "Napoleonic daring."

He soon rose to be a notable special correspondent. One winter afternoon at a musicale in the studio of his friend, Brownlee the artist, he met a girl with whom he straightway fell in love. She was Elsie Grant, the only daughter of Mrs. James Wickford Grant. She had spent most of her life abroad, and her mother was even then negotiating for an Italian prince who thought well of Elsie and also of her large *dôt*. As for Elsie, she had been brought up to the fate of marrying a nobleman, educated for it, convinced that any other marriage would be a failure. But in her winter in New York she had mingled with a "mixed crowd"—Mrs. Grant was a patron of arts and letters, as became a *grande dame* whom a freak of fate had condemned to one earthly pilgrimage as a common American woman. Elsie had a quick mind and a latent streak of Americanism—unsuspected by her mother, and at first shamefacedly concealed by herself, even from herself. And then Dayton had come—and he was never the man to shy at obstacles.

He beguiled her mother into not seeing what was going on. He made love to her daughter in a straightforward way. To Elsie, who then could think only in terms of the Almanach de Gotha, it seemed the way of a Rudolph of Hapsburg issuing from his barren mountain farm in Switzerland to conquer men with his sword and women with his smile, and to found an empire. When the Grants went abroad in March he succeeded in getting a roving European commission from his newspaper and went in the same steamer. He put the issue squarely before her the day before they landed—he did not speak of love until she had given him the right, not only by encouraging him, but also by making it plain that she passionately wished to hear the words that lay behind his looks and tones. "Don't answer me now," he said. "I don't want you on impulse. You're going down into the country for a week. When you come up to London, you will know."

He went on to London, and began to cast about for something out of the ordinary to send his paper. In a "Times" report of a meeting of the Royal Society he found the hint he was seeking. The world-renowned philosopher and scientist, Lord Frampton (Hubert Foss), had addressed the society on "The Destiny of Democracy." Incidentally he had said of America, that in his opinion the swift segregation of wealth there meant "a cruel and conscienceless despotism in the near future, with a bloody but probably futile attempt at revolution as an immediate consequence."

"I'll interview Foss," said he to Iveagh, the London correspondent of his paper. "Everybody in America knows his name. And what he'll say along those lines will make a lot of talk over there just now."

sul-General's. He's an old friend of mine, and has promised to attend to everything for me. All we have to do is to let him know when we're coming. He's even got an American preacher at hand."

She laughed. "And when did you dare to do this?"

"Yesterday—as soon as I had your telegram. It wasn't daring, was it, to assume that you meant what your telegram implied?"

"Whatever it was or was not, I like it."

"I thought," he continued, "that we would better marry in some way that would leave her a chance to come round quietly afterward."

"Yes—that is better than going to Scotland," said Elsie reflectively.

Dayton laughed. "And who dared to think out an elopement away off to Scotland?" he said.

Elsie was still blushing when her mother came in. Dayton invited them to dinner and the theatre, and Mrs. Grant accepted. Mrs. Grant was gracious to Dayton; she had often told her daughter that she regarded him as a "very worthy person in his way." That night, when she and Elsie were alone, Elsie tried to draw her on to talk of Dayton. But Mrs. Grant's suspicions had been aroused; during the evening something—perhaps a kind of electric disturbance in the air between her daughter and the "worthy person"—had set her to thinking that she had not been so prudent as she might. "Of course," she said to herself, "Elsie has been too well brought up to think of him for an instant. Still——"

II

AT eight the next morning, as Dayton had finished shaving and was going into his bath, there was a knock at the outer door of his sitting-room.

"What is it?" he called.

"A gentleman to see you, sir," came through the door.

"Carpenter," he said to himself. Then to the servant: "Show him up, please. Bring him into the sitting-room and tell him I will see him directly."

With this he unlocked the outer door and went back through the bedroom into his bathroom. Soon he heard the outer door open and the servant showing his caller in. When he had

"Lord Frampton was more than cheerful, he was gay"

"By-ye him, gaping at him, an' ye old man"

"We'll have to take our chances on that," said Carpenter.

"But I never take chances if I can help it. I've been thinking—he doesn't know me and he doesn't know you. Why shouldn't you send in one of my cards—impersonate me?"

Carpenter's face brightened.

"Yes—that is the best plan," continued Dayton. "With your special knowledge you'll do the interview far better than I could. He'll really profit by the deception."

It was so agreed, and Carpenter went away, Dayton advancing him two sovereigns. When he returned the next afternoon, his appearance was in every way satisfactory, and Dayton's last misgivings disappeared. He went with Carpenter to the Athenæum. "It's a little early, old man, but you can send in your, or, rather, my card, and wait. And don't forget—you're both under assumed names. If you are calling yourself Dayton when you're Carpenter, isn't he calling himself Frampton when he's Foss?"

"You may rely on me—I'll do my best," said Carpenter.

He saw Carpenter enter the club-house, saw him give his card to the attendant. Not until then did he drive away. His heart was light. Fate had been kind to him. On the stroke of three he was in the writing room at Claridge's. Elsie did not keep him waiting.

"Mother has changed her plans," she said, hurrying in. "I thought we'd have a clear hour. But she may be back at any moment."

He was looking at her steadily. "Well?" he asked.

She flushed and cast down her eyes. Then she lifted them and returned his gaze steadfastly. "Yes," she said.

He gave a long sigh.

They were silent for a few minutes. "Mother—" she began.

"She will not consent?"

"It's of no use to ask her. You know that."

He nodded cheerfully. "But we don't need her consent. You're of age."

"What do you suggest?"

"Well, I had arranged in case you accepted and your mother wouldn't have it that we should marry at the American Con-

sul-General's. He's an old friend of mine, and has promised to attend to everything for me. All we have to do is to let him know when we're coming. He's even got an American preacher at hand."

She laughed. "And when did you dare to do this?"

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"Lord Frampton was more than cheerful, he was gay"

bathed he returned to the bedroom—the portière was drawn across the door into the sitting-room. He could wait no longer. "I say, old man," he shouted, "did you get a good yarn?"

There was a sharp rustling, then silence. He went to the portière and threw it back and stood in the doorway, his bath-robe half open, his face and neck red from the cold water, his hair tumbled. He was transfixed. Before him, gaping at him, sat an old man, a study in the black of broadcloth and the white of linen and skin, and wool-like hair and side-whiskers. His head was wagging, and his mouth ajar as he stared stupidly at Dayton. He raised himself with the aid of a gold-headed cane and put up his eyeglass. "I must apologize to you," he quavered. "I'm so disturbed that I hardly know what I'm about this morning. I fancied I was in the rooms of a Mr. Fenimore Dayton."

"I'm Fenimore Dayton," said Dayton. And then, a horrible thought flashed into his mind.

The old man's mouth had flown open again. "What!" he exclaimed. "Impossible!"

Dayton, all the blood in his body in his face, stood there, unable to speak or move. "Great heavens!" he thought, "what shall I do? What *has* Carpenter been up to?"

Lord Frampton passed his hand over his face. "Impossible!" he muttered. "Incredible!" And he again rubbed his face confusedly. "Tell me!" He looked strangely at Dayton. "Did you or did you not have a talk with me at the Athenæum Club yesterday in the afternoon?"

Dayton opened his mouth several times before he could articulate: "I did not—that is——"

"Then who was it? Where is he?" Lord Frampton looked angrily round. "I insist upon an explanation, sir!"

"Excuse me—just a few minutes—I must finish dressing—I was and I wasn't there—I'll explain." Dayton withdrew to the bedroom, pulling the portière over the doorway. He sat on the end of the bed. "What can have happened?" he said to himself. "Did Carpenter sneak away and get some drinks while he was waiting? What *has* he done? What shall I say?" He could hear the old man muttering and mumbling.

He hurried into his clothes and returned to the sitting-room. He stood before Lord Frampton, looking ashamed, repentant, honest. "I am going to make a clean breast of it, sir," he said. "I could not keep my engagement with you yesterday. I did not wish to lose the interview. I sent a perfectly competent man, thinking it made no difference to you, as you did not know me or care especially who did the interview, so long as it was done properly."

"But where is he? Where is he?" Lord Frampton tapped his cane angrily on the floor.

"I—I don't know, sir. I——"

"This is outrageous. A person representing himself to be a Fenimore Dayton, an American journalist, wrote me a note. I don't know what demon of ill-luck possessed me—I had never submitted to an interview—I am a very old man and in poor health—I permit no strangers to come near me. But something—perhaps in the note—I don't know—at any rate I consented to receive this person at my club. He—or some one representing himself to be him—came and we talked for about two hours. He was most agreeable—most intelligent—but—he had been drinking—at least, I feared so—I became nervous about the interview. He promised to bring me what he had written last night. As he did not—I came here this morning—I wish to recall the interview—I forbid the publication of a word from me—I shall hold you responsible, sir! It is an outrage! It is scandalous! I shall protest publicly, sir!"

The old man, who had risen in his excitement, seated himself again, and, trembling from his exertions, fell to rubbing his face violently with the head of his cane. "At my age! What folly!" he fumed, more to himself than to Dayton. "To intrust my reputation to an unknown, irresponsible creature! He may publish anything—have the whole world laughing at me."

"I've no excuse to offer, sir," said Dayton humbly. "I can only throw myself on your mercy. But first let me say that your interview is safe—at least it has not been published—and will not be." Then he went on to confess the whole truth, holding back nothing—his love for a young American, the impossibility of keeping both engagements, the impossibility of breaking either. "And I suppose, sir," he said in conclusion, "that Carpenter slipped away and took several drinks before seeing you and then kept on drinking afterward. In spite of his habits, sir, there isn't a man in the world more competent to get such an interview than Henry Carpenter."

"Hasn't he written on sociology?" inquired Lord Frampton. He had been interrupting Dayton's narrative with a descending series of exclamations, beginning with "Shock-

ing!" and "Depraved!" and "Insolent!" and ending with such milder ejaculations as "Most astonishing!" "Extraordinary!" "Surprising!"

"Yes," replied Dayton, eagerly entering the opening, and hurrying on to remind Lord Frampton of the titles and subjects of Carpenter's best-known essays.

Lord Frampton was somewhat mollified. He said: "It was a disgraceful trick to play upon an old man, sir—but—I've been young myself. You Americans! A wonderful people, sir, but,"—with a sudden twinkling in his old eyes—"will you get the young lady?"

"I think so," said Dayton.

"I don't doubt it if impudence is as effective with the ladies as it was when I was a young fellow," Lord Frampton chuckled.

"Would you mind if I showed you a photograph of her, sir?" asked Dayton, shamelessly using his bride-to-be as a pacifier of the old man's wrath. He brought the photograph—a fair-haired, clear-eyed girl with a resolute face looking straight out of the picture at you.

"A fine American type," said Lord Frampton.

They talked for a few minutes of America, then Lord Frampton suddenly remembered his wrongs and was angry all over again. "I am very old," he said peevishly. "This will shorten my life. And where, sir, is that associate of yours; this Carpenter?"

"We'll find him," said Dayton, and after he had hastily taken coffee and a roll, they set out for the far end of Pimlico. They found Carpenter's lodgings down a dismal alley in a house which, had it been built of wood instead of stone, would have been obliterated decades before. A pinched New England female face answered the knock at the door, to which the slattern in charge had directed them. "What do you want?" said she in what is sometimes called the "pie and pickles" voice.

"Where is Mr. Carpenter?"

"That's what *I'd* like to know," Mrs. Carpenter answered.

While Dayton could not blame the woman for any degree of exasperation against Carpenter, still the tone, the manner, the look combined to convince him that she was not without her share in the responsibility for the disintegration of Carpenter's character. "She would have either held him together or left him years ago," he said to himself, "if

"The three of them advanced upon Claridge's in a cab"

she'd been of the right sort." As if to strengthen this conviction, four dirty and ill-mannered children now swarmed rudely from behind her and stood gaping at Lord Frampton and Dayton.

A few minutes' talk made it clear that no news was to be got there. "We'll have to look for him," said Dayton, as if they were sure to find him. And on the way back to the Piccadilly-Strand district, he tried to persuade Lord Frampton to go quietly to his club and wait.

"No," said Lord Frampton crossly, "I go with you. Really, Mr. Dayton, this is a most extraordinary proceeding. When peace and quiet are absolutely necessary to me, I find myself rushing about London in search of a wild drunken creature. My whole life has been spent in quiet. And now, at ninety, thanks to my accursed folly in answering a note from a wandering American journalist —I must have been out of my mind! I feel like pinching myself to see whether I am awake. I shall not leave you until we find him. I must look to my reputation. Why did I, why did I answer that devilish note?"

It was a strange afternoon and evening they spent, looking for Carpenter in his haunts, so far as they were known to his newspaper acquaintances. The world-famous philosopher went through a succession of diverse moods. Now he would heap reproaches on Dayton, and now make sly inquiries about Elsie. Now he would rage frantically against Carpenter, and now would be profoundly interested in the unfamiliar sights of the seamy side of London. Most of the time he seemed to be in a daze. "Did ever man of my age and habits and reputation have such an experience?" he repeated again and again. "Why *did* I answer that note?"

Toward nine at night Dayton, in the effort to calm one of the old man's tirades—he was very tired and sleepy—told him that Elsie and he were to be married on Monday. "As her mother won't consent, we shall go quietly to the American Consulate. I've arranged it all with a friend of mine."

"Most extraordinary!" muttered Lord Frampton. "More impudence! And what am I doing here—at my age—in my health——"

"Will you come?" interrupted Dayton.

"Come! Come where?"

"To the wedding. We'd be delighted."

Lord Frampton stared. "God bless my soul!" he ejaculated. "Am I dreaming? *I* —invited to take part in a runaway marriage —*I!*"

"I suppose you're afraid there might be a mistake and you'd be the bridegroom."

Lord Frampton smiled, then chuckled, then laughed. But they were just at Carpenter's lodgings—their fourth visit. Yes, Carpenter had returned, had staggered in about an hour before, and was now up-stairs. His wife opened the door. There he lay upon the bed, his clothes torn and mud-bedaubed. He was in a stupor, and was exhaling fumes like an open barrel of bad whiskey. Dayton shook him violently. He snorted and struck out with his fists, but did not awaken. Lord Frampton, very dignified and very dazed, looked on in disgust.

"Roll 'im on the floor," suggested the eldest boy. "Let me throw water on 'im—mar'm always does, don't you, mar'm?"

All, including the renowned philosopher, who used his cane vigorously as a prod, joined in the effort to revive the drunken man. When he at last opened his eyes, Dayton said: "Here, here, Carpenter, where's that interview?" and kept on shaking him to prevent his lapsing into the stupor.

"Pocket," mumbled Carpenter. "Iss a gran' ol' man. Ol' Frampy passed 't out hot. Gran' ol' man, Frampy——"

Dayton reached into the inside pocket of the coat and drew out a note-book.

"Ha!" "Ol' Frampy" clutched it, put on his eye-glass and glanced over the pages. "Yes—this is it. I never expected to see it. Bless me, what a relief!"

Dayton gave Mrs. Carpenter a sovereign—"on account," he said, for lack of any other disguise of the charity, "and when he comes around tell him I want to see him."

Dayton and Lord Frampton hurried away.

"Where shall I set you down, sir?" said Dayton.

Lord Frampton gave the number of a private hotel in Dover Street. They drove in silence for ten minutes, then the philosopher chuckled. Dayton glanced at him furtively. He had been devising a plan for approaching the subject of the interview—perhaps he could induce Lord Frampton to give up the note-book. When the old man chuckled again, he ventured to speak:

"Will you forgive me, sir?"

"Forgive you, you young rascal? I oughtn't, but—it is certainly very ridiculous—how my friends, my readers all over the world, would laugh if they could know what I've been doing." He chuckled again.

"Then you'll come to the American Consulate on Monday at ten—to the wedding?"

"The spirit of adventure has got into my blood. Yes—I'll be there—if I don't die of the reaction."

"And that interview——"

"There—there! Not a word about that. I'll overlook it——"

"But I mean—it's a great impertinence to ask it—only——"

Lord Frampton turned in the cab and looked at Dayton's calm, earnest face in amazement. "You don't mean, my dear sir, that you are daring to ask me to—no, it's impossible—even *you* wouldn't dare!"

"But, sir, it seems a shame for you to have all this annoyance for nothing. I can transcribe the notes and have them typewritten and bring them to you. And if you are not satisfied, you can tear them up, or use them for some other purpose."

Lord Frampton was laughing. "I have always held," said he, "that surprising results were to come from your race under the political, social, and geographic conditions of the New World. But—I must say——"

"And," pursued Dayton, "I could cable it over to-morrow for Sunday's paper, and I'm sure it would be a great hit. The Americans are tremendous admirers and readers of your work."

"Yes—I have been much gratified at the sales of my books over there—far better than here. But—it is tempting fate."

Dayton was discreetly silent. "You Americans!" Lord Frampton exclaimed humorously, as he after a few minutes handed over the note-book. "I've rescued my reputation from a drunken man only to give it into the keeping of a harum-scarum rascal who is probably crazed by—by—she is a devilish pretty girl, young man!"

"But wait till you see her on Monday," said Dayton. "I'll call with the copy at—what hour in the morning?"

"I shall rise late. I need rest. Call at eleven."

And at that hour the next morning—Saturday—Dayton brought the typewritten interview. Lord Frampton was looking fresh and cheerful.

"How do you feel, sir?" inquired Dayton.

"I ought to feel done. But the fact is I never felt better. I think it did me good—stirred me up. Astonishing! I must be out of my mind!"

Lord Frampton sat at his desk, reading, making slight changes, nodding approval. "A most interesting young man," he mumbled, "in spite of his bad habits—most intelligent. I certainly talked surprisingly well—bless me! I had no idea I had put that so effectively."

"Are you satisfied to have it go, sir?" asked Dayton, when the old philosopher had finished.

"I think so—I think so."

"And I'll see that you get a copy of it, and also all that is said about it in the American journals."

"That will be very interesting—I think it will cause a profitable discussion—I've long wished to say those things—but there seemed no way—I knew of no way—of getting them before the public I wished to reach—the wider public."

On Monday, at the appointed hour, with Lord Frampton as one witness and the Consul-General as the only other, Dayton and Elsie were married. Lord Frampton was more than cheerful—he was gay. He had come with his top hat a little back on his head, and noticeably tilted to one side.

"Oh! I almost forgot," said Dayton. "Here's a cablegram from the office on your interview."

Lord Frampton read:

"Dayton, Carleton, London: Frampton stuff howling success. Congratulations."

"Stuff"—"Howling"—Lord Frampton repeated the words as if he delighted in them. "Most gratifying," he said, "most gratifying, I'm sure. God bless me! I'm getting demoralized."

"And now for your mother," said Dayton to Elsie.

Lord Frampton noted with astonishment the calmness of these two young people. "Will she be angry?" he inquired.

"Angry? She'll be wild," said Dayton cheerfully. "She's mad on the subject of titles. Now, if Elsie were going to tell her that she had married you——"

Lord Frampton laughed till his sides ached at the implications of this idea. It seemed to take another ten or twenty years from his rapidly rejuvenating mind.

"That suggests an idea," he said. "If I went with you—interceded for you—do you think it would help?"

Elsie put out her hand to him. "Isn't he fine?" she said to Dayton.

And the three of them advanced upon Claridge's in a cab, Lord Frampton with his arm along the back of the seat, patting Elsie on the shoulder—merely to encourage her. Mrs. Grant went rapidly through her moods—from fury to hysteria, to tears, to reproaches, to a discussion with Lord Frampton, to acquiescence, to "making the best of it."

Lord Frampton left them, but came toddling back.

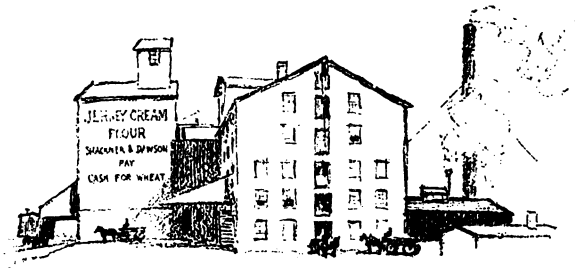
"Oh!" he said, and took Elsie to one side.

"If there should be—you know"—he chuckled—"my name is Hubert, and I haven't got any of my own."

Elsie blushed and he almost ran away, his old legs springing with a ludicrous affectation of youth.

"How can I thank you?" said Dayton as he put him in a cab.

"Thank me? How can I thank *you?*" said the old man heartily. "Send that disreputable friend of yours to me. Something may be done for him. Good-bye! You Americans!"



BRINER'S WHEAT

BY CHARLES FLEMING EMBREE

Illustrated by Frederick Dorr Steele

I

At the edge of Princeton stood the Summit Mill. Dry, dusty, and sunny-yellow was the stretch of wagon ground in front, and the box-like office was in the middle of it, a lone wooden thing. It was half-past eleven. A breeze swayed the corn stalks across the way. An Air-Line engine, switching at the bottom of the descent behind the mill, rumbled and coughed and clattered empty freight cars. The sound that issued from the six wooden stories of the building was like an undercurrent to all things, and the gray edifice trembled—a perpetual agitation, as of palsy. Ed McNair, the negro packer, came to the door with a flour-sack cap on his head; little Aleck Mynn, in the dust, was throwing stolen wheat to his fluttering pigeons. And the negro's voice rolled out on the September air in mock-tragic warning:

"I take yo' livah, boy; I take yo' livah!"

Tom Jordan, the young office-man, sat on his stool in the rear room of the box. The desk and the ledger were dusty, the safe was sprinkled over with spilled samples of wheat. The weights that hung from the scale beam by the window swung idly to and fro. In the front room young Mr. Dawson argued with old Mr. Shackner.

"It's the second offer from Rome, Georgia, in a week, and the third from Tallahassee. It's good; we must conciliate. We must keep their trade whatever we do." Jordan could see black-bearded Dawson fidgeting.

"We wouldn't have done it five years ago," came Shackner's slow and querulous answer. "Three dollars and fifteen cents for a barrel of patent flour. Oh, my—oh, my. We used to make a profit of a dollar a barrel. Dear me—we can thank the Lord if we make five cents now. But go on—do as you like. I'm semi-retired."

"Conciliation, you know; following the times," cried Dawson, running about and rubbing his hands. "Now, Tommie; write out that telegram, Tommie."

Outside there was the shrill grating of a brake on a wheel, and a farm wagon heavily laden came round the corner of the cooper-shop. James Briner, a weather-beaten, strong-faced farmer, drove the team, and by his side sat a girl in a wide blue hat. Her face was daintily colored; her features were mobile and beautiful. Her eyes were smiling. Jordan made a mistake in the telegram, tore it up, and wrote another, with quick jabs of the pen.

"Why, Jamie—why, I'm mighty glad to see you, Jamie!" Mr. Dawson was trotting into the street. "And Miss Maude—well! I thought you were in Greencastle at college. Brought in a little wheat, Jamie? All right—*all* right!"

"Times too hard for college!" blurted Briner's staccato voice. His face was rough-cut, not unlike an Indian's, hairless, brownish red, vaguely humorous, plainly rendered ruggeder by trouble. "What you goin' to give me for this wheat, hey?"

"Oh, Mr. Briner," came old white Shackner's sick and complaining tones, as the senior proprietor of the Summit Mill sauntered into the street, "fifty-eight is the best we can do; dear me."

"The Lord's tryin' to kill off the farmers —huh—I see that," was the grim reply.

"Why, Jamie," cried Dawson, examining the wheat. "We'll make you the very highest price the market allows."

Shackner's face was whiskerless. One of his old brown eyes always had a look intensely shrewd, half shut; the other was wide, child-like, even plaintive. Maude smiled on him, and cautiously, shyly, stretched her pretty neck and strained her eye a second, sidewise toward the office door, and twisted a little restlessly on the wagon seat. She was flushed and beaming, full of expectant nerves.

"Drive right on, Jamie. Tommie, weigh Mr. Briner's wagon, now, Tommie." The horses' feet pounded the wooden platform.

"Down into the bowels of the earth"

"Good morning," cried Tom, through the scale window.

"Mornin'," ejaculated Briner.

"Good morning," caroled Maude. She bent far over to see the young office man, and then looked up into his eyes out of a summer countenance.

"Your daughter would make a fine painting up there," called Jordan.

"I'd call it 'July,'" laughed Dawson affably.

"She'll freeze up to January if you don't gimme more'n fifty-eight cents," was Briner's jest. "Git up."

The wagon made the long sweep, scattering the pigeons, and drew up at the mill.

Tom, in gray trousers and vest, coatless, lead pencils in his pockets, came over here too.

"You've promised to show me the mill," said Maude, a little diffidently.

"Give me your hand," he cried, and she leaped down. She was trimly dressed and graceful. They entered the rumbling edifice. The support under the wagon's rear wheels gave way, the wagon slumped, and its river of wheat ran into the bowels of the earth, where screw conveyors received it.

"I'm afraid you'd better let me hold your hand along here," said Tom. "These passages are dangerous, here where the cog-wheels are." He stopped suddenly.

"What makes you look so scared?" laughed she, timidly letting him have a finger.

"I was thinking how awful it would be if you got your blue skirt caught in there." He was staring at the dress, holding to her finger in oblivious delight.

"It—it would be bad. But it would be more dreadful if you got your hand ground up in there—ugh!"

It was necessary, all over the mill, for him to lead her by her hand; and she shrank, and was afraid, and laughed full of joy at the same time.

Descending from the sixth story, they went down into the bowels of the earth. Here, in a kind of big, infernal cavern, endless mysteries of wheels and belts and mighty shafts whirled round. It was dusty and rather dark.

"I'll show you where your father's wheat comes in," said he, leading on among those steel monsters.

"There it comes." He pointed to a hole, where a line of grain began its screw-like progress. "Maude, I'm glad you couldn't go back to Greencastle. Through the high-school, and one year at De Pauw, is education enough."

"I was sorry," she murmured, her face turned away. "It's Papa's money troubles. I'll maybe have to teach."

"Maude—if you love me, you'll never have to teach!"

She, startled, uttered a faint cry, like a sob and one note of happy laughter mingled together. He put his arms round her and kissed her.

"But—what will father say? He's desperate all the time of late. He doesn't like college men very well. You'll have to be very careful, Tom, to say the right things to him!" she cried appealingly.

"I'll come to-morrow and I'll try to win him," said he, determined.

II

THE farm was only a mile from town. The fields wore an unmistakable air of prosperity. The house, near the road, with a lawn in front, was of brick. A tall poplar tree shaded it; a turkey who had made a success of life strutted at the kitchen door.

Briner trod in and out of the barn, in big boots, his face iron-like, his eyes giving a hint of wild pain. The brim of his hat flopped down over one ear.

"That's Shackner and Dawson's buggy, I see that," muttered he, striding to the front gate. "Come in, Mr. Jordan; if you can eat mortgaged victuals you're welcome to 'em."

Jordan tied his horse and stepped on to the lawn.

"Mr. Briner, I'm sorry if you've been having any trouble," he said.

"Trouble! Huh. It's the man that lent me the money that's been havin' the trouble," mused James, standing there, a horny specimen, gazing with grief, wherein his humor was barely evident, over his fields. "Mine comes next."

They went in.

"You had to come into the country to get something to eat, I know," said Mrs. Briner. "Town folks starve, poor things. I've seen a whole family eat breakfast, and it wasn't a thing but half a little pasteboard package of meal, labelled fancy. And they're all dyspeptics at that. Walk to the dining-room Mr. Jordan, I was just putting it on."

As he and Maude entered last, he stole the pressure of her hand behind her back.

The dining-room door was open to a rear porch. The well looked very cool outside. Away over the stretch of fields the sunny air held a bluish-white haze. All during the meal Tom was aglow, seeing nothing but high-

"'I'm afraid you'd better let me hold your hand along here'"

strung Maude, who sat opposite him. And she, conscious, pressed down the red bow under her chin.

"Mr. Jordan, I have to coax this girl to eat," said Mrs. Briner, pointing at Maude. Mrs. Briner was tall, her face was long and old, and because she was bent a little her chin was thrust pleasantly forward, to counterbalance the angle of her body. She had shy brown eyes. "Maude never eats."

"She blooms on it," blurted Briner.

Tom sought vaguely for some acceptable speech to bestow on the grum farmer.

"About the wheat," ventured he. "I've wondered why the farmers all raise wheat, anyhow. That's why the price goes down. I've wondered now if you couldn't raise something new. I've heard of a jasmine farm in Texas."

"Aw!" cried Briner, gazing at the well. He was quite disgusted, but forgot about it at once, and sat, a hewn monument with a cast of tragedy over its features.

"They have big flower dealers in Indian-

apolis. Why don't you turn your farm into—well, say——"

Maude's eyes looked scared.

"A violet farm, for instance," said Tom.

"What!" burst out Briner, and got suddenly up, the sum of his troubles overpowering him. "Never mind—never mind—young folks have got to talk," and he stalked away.

"Oh, Tom; you said the wrong thing," cried Maude.

III

THE sorrows of James Briner were coming to a crisis, and of that crisis the barn was the fitting scene. At four o'clock he entered the red edifice. There were bins of good wheat, waiting. He looked at them sorrowfully. He went to other bins, and gazed at them also, and took up some grain in his hand.

"Smutty," muttered he. "Three fourths of the crop. James Briner, the devil's tempting you."

He took a letter out of his pocket and read it over. It meant only one thing, pay—pay, the creditors can wait no more. He read his doom in that epistle, and, chewing it up, he thought of Maude.

"Lord!" cried he, as though his thoughts were half a prayer, "I've slaved too many years for this. It's a great fall, old Briner. And they've called you the richest farmer in Gibson County for years. If I put in the smutty wheat just once, enough to tide over, maybe I could make it up some time again, and the price'll go up next year—sure, the price'll go up next year."

"'*Smutty,*' *muttered he,* '*three fourths of the crop*'"

He heard the gentle ripple of Maude's laughter by the well, and looking out saw her seated there, the breeze blowing the red bow, her love looking from her eyes on Jordan.

"You've been a just man all your life," the farmer said. "You can afford to sin once—to give it to her. A layer of good on top, and the bad underneath. They don't have to examine your wheat any more. Why, they've known my honesty, O Lord, these thirty years—these thirty years."

He in the shadow could see the little sunlit scene at the well, without being observed.

"Will he lose everything, Maude?" asked Jordan.

"I'm afraid"—her eyes were wet—"I'm afraid so, Tom."

Briner's heart smote him. The world had made him, without, a rock. The tears of Maude, sitting by the well with her lover, broke him. He rested his head against the boards of the bin of smutty wheat.

"The devil's won for once," groaned he.

When, in the evening, Tom would have sought him out, wishing to tell him of his love for his daughter, Briner was not to be found.

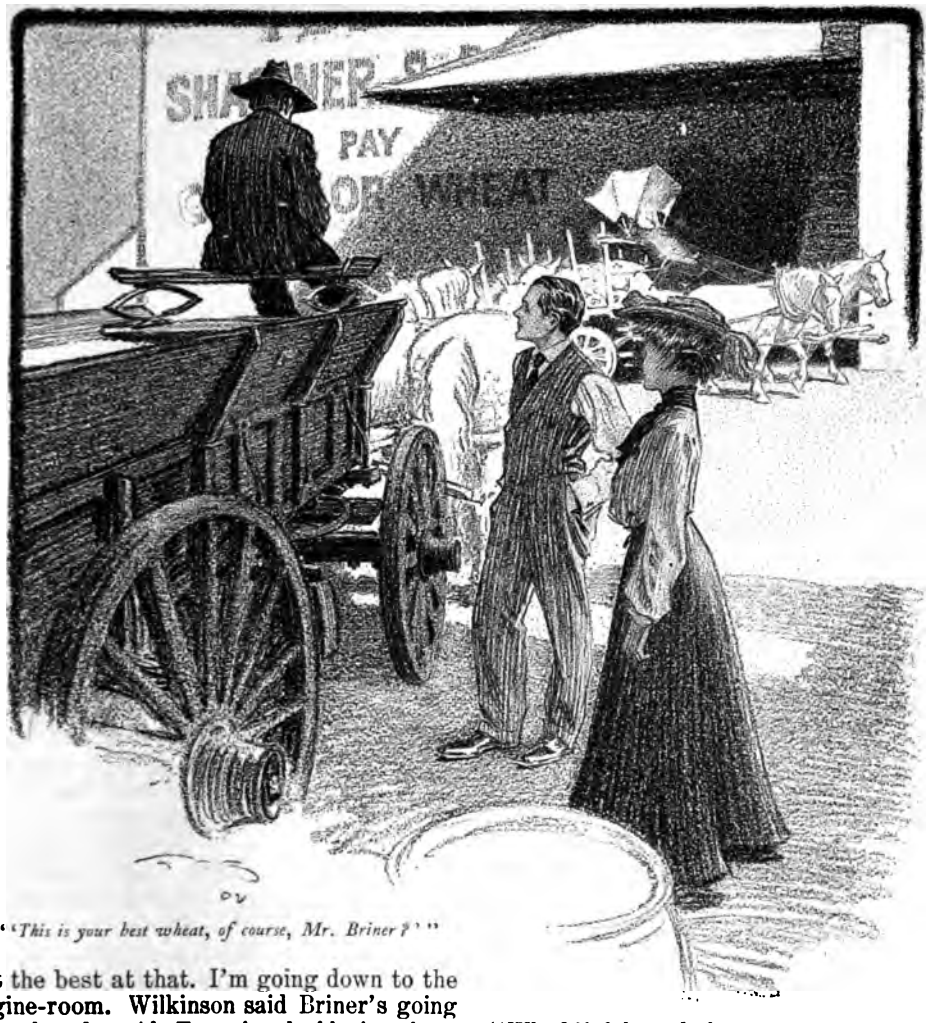
IV

"I'M going up to the depot," whined Shackner. "Here Jim came down and said there weren't any cars for us. Oh, my—what kind of a railroad, anyhow? How do they expect us to ship flour—in the engine, maybe?"

"No freight cars? No freight cars?" cried Dawson. "Why, Tommie, you told them we had that Nashville order ready to fill. Why, Tommie—O, say, Mr. Shackner, now I thought I'd make an offer of two-forty for that—Oh, Jim! Jim! come in here. Never mind—go ahead! I said go ahead! Now, I thought two-forty for that low grade——"

"Go on, go on," mumbled Shackner as he moved away on the cinder path. "Give it away for nothing if you want to—I'm semi-retired." And Shackner's childlike and plaintive eye looked round over his shoulder, the shrewd one remaining invisible.

"Tommie," ran on Dawson, "now make out that invoice, Tommie. Wheat's gone down a cent; offer fifty-seven, and don't buy anything



"*'This is your best wheat, of course, Mr. Briner?'*"

but the best at that. I'm going down to the engine-room. Wilkinson said Briner's going to haul to-day. Ah, Tommie—ha! ha!—where did you drive to Sunday? Try to get it over and your wits back before the busy season." He poked Tom in the ribs and went out.

The low rumbling of the mill was the undercurrent to another day; a breeze swept through the wooden box and blew Tom's hair on his temples. He was lost in successive reveries, from which he woke himself every little while with a start.

A buggy came round the corner of the cooper-shop at a brisk rate, drawn by a trim little black horse which trotted to the office. Out came a blue hat and a pair of dancing eyes, and a girl jumping to the ground.

"Isn't father here yet?" cried Maude, daintily confused. "I was just going to town. Good-by. I wanted to see him."

"Don't get in!" implored he.

She paused, with her hand on the dashboard, and turned to smile a little, lingering.

"Why?" faltered she.

"Is that all you came for?"

"I—I thought he would be cold. I brought his muffler," she said, blushing, holding the white thing up.

"It's hot as can be," ejaculated he. "But—oh, of course, it'll probably get cold. You'd better come in and wait for him."

"To—to give it to him?"

"Yes."

"But—you said it was hot."

"I've been cold ever since Sunday."

She cast mischievous eyes at him.

"Since the violets?" sang she.

The familiar sound of the grating brake pierced the air, followed by the rasping, angry torture of other brakes, and up the road came four heavily laden wagons, creaking; powerful draft horses straining, heads down. On the seat of the first wagon sat Briner, his red hands gripping the lines, his face set,

"'The one time a good man falls down is the one time to be charitable'"

his hat brim flopping down over his forehead.

"Good morning, Mr. Briner," said Jordan, a shade of anxiety on his face, for he remembered that fall of a cent in the market.

"Mornin'. You like the millin' business, Maude?" grimly.

She marked a little in the dust with her toe.

"We're glad to get your wheat to-day," said Tom, still anxiously. "We need it."

"I've waited my head off for the price to rise. What you gimme to-day?"

"I'm sorry. The market's very bad, Mr. Briner." Tom was rather pale just now. "We can't give you but fifty-seven to-day."

"Git up!" The words were grated in Briner's throat, and a savage desperation was in the quick sweep of his whip. The horses' feet pounded the scale platform. Maude came in to see Tom weigh the wheat.

The four loads were weighed. As the mill wagon was being heaped with sacks of "Jersey Cream" at the sink, Briner must wait. His teams stood in a row, while he stared at the horses' hips. His hands gripped the lines so hard that they ached. The wheat was in bulk, filling the wagon-beds, and spread smooth and shining to the gaze of the September sun.

"This is your best wheat, of course, Mr. Briner?" Jordan climbed to a hub and twirled his fingers in the grain. Briner said:

"Yes. Forty loads."

Maude thought her father's face looked haggard. She sighed, and stood in the sun. Tom glanced but casually at the wheat. Briner was known to be as honest as the very United Presbyterian Church, whereof he was a pillar.

At length the mill wagon drove off, its Clydesdales stamping the earth.

"Git up," said Briner.

One quick fall of the wheels would do it. Wheat always ran out swiftly—and the bottom should run evenly with the top. What was the dread law of nature, which unschooled Briner knew not, about the running of wheat out of a wagon? Would some inexorable principle of friction cause the surface to break, and let the guilty shadow be seen? Briner looked strangely on his daughter and Tom. What brought those young things here, in the very middle of his sin?

Maude, with a wistful yet a happy face,

stood there to see the wheat run out—for no reason at all.

The wagon's end-gate was removed, the wooden lever was shifted, the timbers under the rear wheels teetered violently down, with a crash the wagon slumped, and the river of wheat flowed into the depths. Briner now stood at his horse's side, and Tom perceived that this rugged farmer had a singular stare in his eyes. Jordan glanced at Maude; she was infinitely beautiful, thought he. He turned his eyes to the vanishing wheat. There was a queer shadow in it.

"Why, Mr. Briner!" cried he—then stopped.

The blood leaped to his face, and departed entirely. He stooped and caught up a handful of grain as the last disappeared. His trained eye knew too well the matter. He stood a moment, silent, looking at it.

"A little smut has got into this, Mr. Briner," he said.

Maude was coming to see, half interested, not imagining danger. In Briner's eyes was the truth, unrouted—for they had been honest eyes for sixty years. But his face was a blank. The woman's instinct all at once read the whole thing aright, and Maude, full of shame and stronger pity, turned a sudden pale countenance to her father.

"Git up!" This time the words were ground between Briner's teeth.

The wagon rattled with slow movement. Maude stood forlorn, alone in the dust, suffering. The moment was a crisis for Jordan. This was the hardest thing he had ever had to do. He wanted this girl—he wanted her now! He might let the smut go. After all, maybe it was only in the one wagon. Briner—Briner of all men on earth! Yet Briner was tempted. To do nothing would be to be faithless to a trust. Forty loads of that wheat would color the flour, perhaps lose thousands of dollars, and a reputation more valuable still, for his employers. One of those seconds of battle which wrench a man left him with a heart full of misery and a blind determination to do right. The wagons must wait. He walked to the office. The day had darkened, but Jordan had won.

Maude sat in the door of the mill, full of fear, while Briner walked yonder. Jordan came out of the office with a little pointed tin tester. He climbed to the hub of the second wagon, thrust that cone to the bottom of the wheat, and drew out a sample. It was smutty. So—it seemed to be Tom who was to be punished. With her eyes on him, he must walk to the third wagon, climb up, and find smut there. Then he must get down, seeing her pallid face, and go to the fourth, and climb up, and find yet smut—smut that colored life itself.

Round the corner of the cooper-shop came feeble Shackner, disgruntled about the freight cars. Up from the engine-room Dawson was trotting with a smile on his face. Briner was standing stock-still in the sun.

"Why, Tommie, why, Tommie, what's the matter, Tommie? Good morning, Jamie—brought in your— —"

"It's full of smut," said Jordan, casting the sample into Dawson's hand.

"Smut? What's this? Hm. Why, Jamie—Why, there's some mistake here; this is a little—this isn't just— Oh, Mr. Shackner!"

Shackner put on spectacles; his trousers were all dusty and his old knees were bent.

"Oh, my- oh, my," complained he.

"Is it all like this, Tommie?" Dawson was excited.

Tom was in the office now, and cried out with a somewhat anguish-laden cry:

"All!"

Briner now strode up, a fierce look on his face.

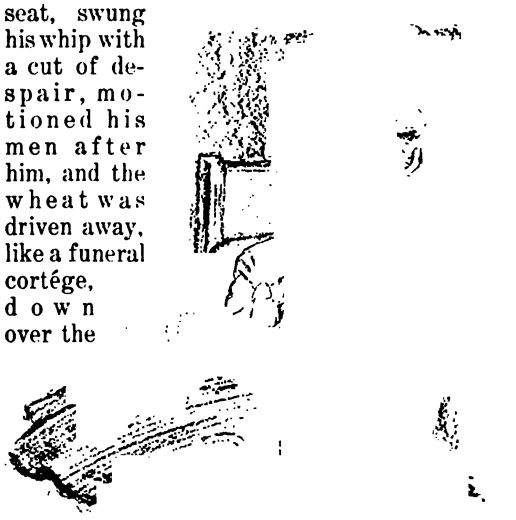
"I tell you it's good!" swore he terribly.

"Dear me—we'll have to see," and Shackner, grunting, drew himself to a hub and pulled out a sample.

"It's smut," he complained. "Oh, James, what did you do it for?"

"Some error it's *all* right—it'll be all right!" cried Dawson, agitated, patting Briner on the moveless shoulder. "Why, Jamie—where did you—how did it come?"

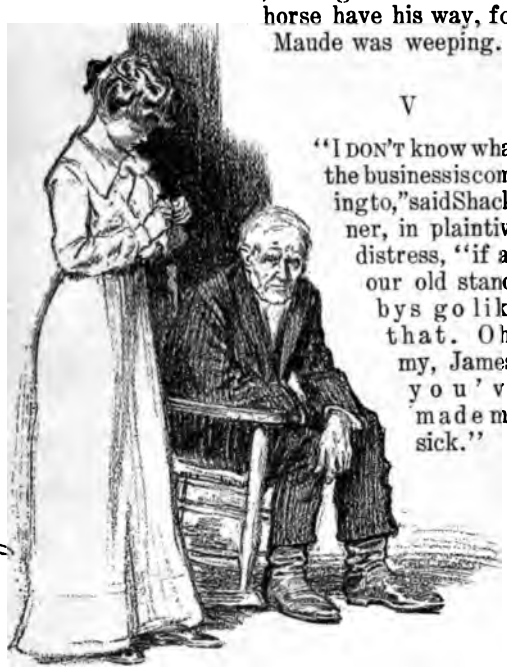
The farmer, like some gray crag, gazed at his wagons of ruin. Then he mounted to his seat, swung his whip with a cut of despair, motioned his men after him, and the wheat was driven away, like a funeral cortége, down over the



"'You're a-huggin' the devil'"

dusty road, round the corner of the cooper-shop, wheels grating, horses straining with heads down, old James Briner's back disappearing as he sat and gripped his lines and felt the brim of his hat flop on his weather-beaten brow.

Shackner and Dawson stood gazing after. Maude got up from the door-sill of the mill, and stumbled to the buggy. She climbed in, and the white muffler fell and lay in the dirt. Tom, looking out of the office door, saw her drive down the road, letting the little black horse have his way, for Maude was weeping.



"'I'm fond of Tom'"

"The old scoundrel, the old rip!" cried Dawson.

"Mr. Dawson," said Jordan, coming in from the rear office, where he had been sitting with his fingers in his hair, "I have something to say about this"

Shackner's dissimilar eyes swung round slowly to Tom, with a vague hope in them.

"I'm going to try to prove to you," said Tom, with firmness, "that this is a case in which there is reason to excuse."

"I don't see how we could," murmured Shackner, seeming, nevertheless, to grasp with the invalid's eagerness at that idea.

"It happens," cried Tom, flushing a little and standing before the two, "that I've seen the cause of this. Mr. Shackner, you've known that man for thirty years, and you never knew him to do a wrong thing before. Every summer, year after year, you've paid him a big check for the best crop in the county. You've lent him money in advance, and without interest. And there was a time, too, when you weren't so well known here yourself but that Briner's word at the bank gave you a lift."

"True," quavered Shackner. "James was sitting here when I got the telegram about the elevator burning down in Petersburg."

"You know how long he's worked, for you've worked with him. He never bought a piece of ground or built a barn without telling you his plans first. You know what the slow accumulation of his property has meant to him, and how it is that his farm and the prosperity of his wife and daughter have been his life. Well—now he's in debt."

"They're always in debt, I tell you," cried Dawson. "Who ever heard of a farmer that wasn't in debt?"

"I have," said Tom. "There's been many a year when Briner wasn't. Think what it meant to him to lose everything—forty years' work wiped out. Maybe I don't know much about business, Mr. Dawson, but I do know this, that the one time a good man falls down is the one time to be charitable. Now, I don't say that Briner is going to be trusted as he was before. You can watch his wheat. It's easy enough to keep smut out of the mill, if that's all you want. What I do say is that you men ought to drive out to James Briner's farm and clear this matter up. And if he did this thing because he's been tempted past his powers, you ought to stand by him."

"We can't," said Dawson. "The only ground you could possibly do such a fool thing on is that it might be business—conciliation."

"I'll declare," said Shackner, mooning about unhappily, "you're right—I was going to anyhow."

"To what?" sharply rasped Dawson.

"Oh—just drive out," whined the other. "James, James, I'd be willing to advance you a little, but——"

"But!" exploded Dawson, under his breath. "Oh, I'd begrudge him every cent of it, Mr. Dawson, dear me."

VI

THE women, because they can see why a man falls, forgive him. The world seldom sees why. There were three loaded wagons standing horseless at Briner's barn; the fourth had been left at the gate. There were two days which seemed like Sundays. Nobody worked much, and James stalked twice into the sun, gazed bareheaded out over the scene, turned again and sat down in the bedroom. He sat

for hours in there, with the blinds drawn. Mrs. Briner wept, and brought him things to eat. Maude came and hugged him, and kissed his big hand.

"You're a-huggin' the devil," was his remark, as he lapsed into infinite gloom.

On Thursday morning, along the road drove Shackner and Tom in a buggy. Having hitched the horse in front of the house, and come through the gate, they were admitted to the parlor, whose shutters Mrs. Briner threw open in haste, for the room had been dark for a month. She, face thrust forward in a white mockery of its customary pleasantness, and her body more bent, grasped the hand of each, and said in agitation:

"He isn't like himself; oh, Mr. Shackner, don't forget that he's getting old."

Shackner and Tom stood up, and Maude came in and sat on a sofa. Now Briner loomed in the door, entered, and stood by a what-not with his wife.

"Oh, James, you've made me sick," said Shackner, his wide eye shining on the farmer. "What did you do it for? Is it a debt? I'd begrudge every cent; but, say now, this won't do—tut, tut. How much is it? Or was it just a mistake?"

"No," said James, "it wasn't a mistake. I took that smut and I put it in them wagons, and I took good wheat and I smeared it on top. If there's any mistake, the devil made it. Now, you men have been my friends, and I take it kindly that you've come out here. But you'd better go away. For I say plainly, Mr. Shackner, I was tryin' to stick you." He walked to the window. "Look at them fields, look at that corn, look at these barns. Mr. Shackner, you know what I've done to get 'em. Well, they're in soak, and they can stay there to kingdom come." A haggard look came over his face. "I'm busted."

Mrs. Briner wept aloud. Maude was resting her head against the back of the sofa.

"Why, James, I can't see you busted," complained Shackner. "I could lend you some. You don't deserve it; I'd begrudge every cent of it—dear me. Wilkinson told me how much you lacked. That's an awful sum. I've made you a check. I hated to do it, my—but it's on the corn, mind you, and next year's crop, don't you forget it; you're not going to get out of that. But I can't see your farm go; we mightn't get the wheat off of it—from Wilkinson. Here, take it—I'm just doing it because Jordan there made me. Jordan explained the thing. It's the way Jordan saw it. You can blame Tom for it. He mouthed around so. I begrudge you every cent of it."

"Take it away," groaned Briner.

"Now look here," quavered Shackner's voice, "that time you fixed things at the bank for me—you recollect?"

"Aw—" cried Briner, gazing out of the window.

"You just did it as a pure matter of business—to keep in touch with a good buying firm. Now don't deny it. Didn't you now?"

"Of course," said James. "I didn't have no more use for you."

"Well, that's what I'm doing. Now take it, James. Now, see here, James."

Maude arose, walked to Shackner, and said: "If you really mean it, Mr. Shackner, and will take my word that father will pay it back, *I'll* take it."

"Your word's better'n his," said Shackner, staring at Briner.

She took it and laid it on the what-not.

"Now don't come round me about this any more," said Shackner, walking out with a highly disgruntled air. "I've got nothing to do with the business—I'm semi-retired."

Briner at length sat down stiffly on a chair, and his wife came and clung to him.

"Look here, young man," said he after a long time to Tom, at whom he had been staring. "Ain't you the feller that made some crack about jasmines?"

Tom's eyes turned to Maude.

"Something about a violet farm," continued Briner.

"That was a joke, father."

"Wuz it? What have you got to do with it? Say, are you still so fond of the millin' business?"

"I'm fond of Tom," she said, with her head down. "I told you last night."

"Tawm, Tawm," mused Briner. "Young feller, do you want that girl?"

Tom's answer was not uncertain.

"Well"—he meditated a long time—"why don't you git hold of her?"

DARBY O'GILL and the LEPRECHAUN

BY

HERMINIE TEMPLETON

Illustrated by Garth Jones

THE news that Darby O'Gill had spint six months with the Good People spread fast and far and wide.

At fair or hurlin' or market he would be backed be a crowd agin some convaynient wall, and there for hours men, women, and childher, with jaws dhroppin', and eyes bulgin'd stand ferninst him listening to half frightened questions or to bould mystarious answers.

Alway, though, one bit of wise adwise inded his discoorse: "Nayther make nor moil nor meddle with the fairies," Darby'd say. "If you're going along the lonely boreen at night, and you hear, from some fairy fort, a sound of fiddles, or of piping, or of sweet woices singing, or of little feet pattering in the dance, don't turn your head, but say your prayers an' hould on your way. The pleasures the Good People'll share with you have a sore sorrow hid in them, an' the gifts they'll offer are only made to break hearts with."

Things went this a-way till one day in the market, over among the cows, Maurteen Cavanaugh, the school masther—a cross-faced, argifying ould man he was—contradicted Darby pint blank. "Stay a bit," says Maurteen, catching Darby by the coat collar. "You forget about the little fairy cobbler, the Leprechaun," he says. "You can't deny that to catch the Leprechaun is great luck entirely. If one only fix the glance of his eye on the cobbler, that look makes the fairy a presner—one can do anything with him as long as a human look covers the little lad—and he'll give the favors of three wishes to buy his freedom," says Maurteen.

At that Darby, smiling high and knowledgeable, made answer over the heads of the crowd.

"God help your sinse, honest man!" he says. "Around the favors of thim same three wishes is a bog of thricks an' cajoleries and conditions that'll defayt the wisest.

"First of all, if the look be taken from the little cobbler for as much as the wink of an eye, he's gone forever," he says. "Man alive, even when he does grant the favors of the three wishes, you're not safe, for, if you tell any one you've seen the Leprechaun, the favors melt like snow, or if you make a fourth wish that day, whiff! they turn to smoke. Take my adwice, nayther make nor moil nor meddle with the fairies."

"Thrue for ye," spoke up long Pether McCarthy, siding in with Darby. "Didn't Barney McBride, on his way to early mass one May morning, catch the fairy cobbler sewing an' workin' away under a hedge. 'Have a pinch of snuff, Barney agrah,' says the Leprechaun, handing up the little snuff-box. But, mind ye, when my poor Barney bint to take a thumb an' finger full what did the little villain do but fling the box, snuff and all, into Barney's face. An' thin, whilst the poor lad was winkin' and blinkin', the Leprechaun gave one leap and was lost in the reeds.

"Thin again, there was Peggy O'Rourke, who captured him fair an' square in a hawthorn bush. In spite of his wiles she wrung from him the favors of the three wishes. Knowing, of course, that if she towldt anyone of what happened to her the spell was broken, and the wishes wouldn't come thrue, she hurried home, aching and longing to in some way find from her husband, Andy, what wishes she'd make.

"Throwing open her door, she said, 'What would ye wish for most in the world, Andy dear. Tell me an' your wish'll come true,' says she. A peddler was crying his wares out in the lane. 'Lanterns, tin lanterns!' cried the peddler. 'I wish I had one of thim lanterns,' says Andy, careless and bendin' over to get a coal for his pipe, when, lo and behold, there was a lantern in his hand.

"Well, so vexed was Peggy that one of her fine wishes should be wasted on a palthry tin lantern that she lost all patience with him. 'Why, thin, bad scran to you,' says she, not mindin' her own words, 'I wish the lantern was fastened to the ind of your nose.'

"The word wasn't well out of her mouth till the lantern *was* hung swinging from the ind of Andy's nose in a way that the wit of man couldn't loosen. It took the third and last of Peggy's wishes to relayse Andy."

"Look at that now," cried a dozen voices from the admiring crowd. "Darby said so from the first."

Well, after a time people used to come from miles around to see Darby, and sit under the straw stack beside the stable to adwise with our hayro about their most important business—what was the best time for the settin' of hins and what was good to cure colic in childher, an' things like that.

Any man so parsecuted with admiration an' hayrofication might aisily feel his chest swell out a bit, so it's no wondher that Darby set himself up for a knowledgeable man.

He took to talking slow an' shuttin' one eye whin he listened, and he walked with a knowledgeable twist to his chowldhers. He grew monsthrously fond of fairs and public gatherings, where people made much of him; and he lost every ounce of liking he ever had for hard worruk.

Things wint on with him in this way from bad to worse, and where it would have inded no man knows, if one unlucky morning he hadn't rayfused to bring in a creel of turf his wife Bridget had axed him to fetch her. The unfortunit man said it was no work for the likes of him.

The last word was still on Darby's lips whin he rayalized his mistake an' he'd have give the worruld to have the sayin' back agin.

For a minute you could have heard a pin dhrop. Bridget, instead of being in a hurry to begin at him, was crool dayliberate. She planted herself at the door, her two fists on her hips an' her lips shut.

The look Julius Sayser'd trow at a sarvant girl he'd caught stealing sugar from the rile cupboard was the glance she waved up and down from Darby's toes to his head and from his head to his brogues agin.

Thin she began an' talked steady as a fall of hail that has now an' then a bit of lightning an' tunder mixed in it.

The knowledgeable man stood purtendin' to brush his hat and tryin' to look brave, but the heart inside of him was meltin' like butther.

Bridget began aisily be carelessly mentioning a few of Darby's best known wakenesses. Afther that she took up some of them not so well known, being ones Darby himself had sayrious doubts about having at all. But on these last she was more savare than on the first. Through it all he daren't say a word—he only smiled lofty and bitther.

'Twas but natural next for Bridget to explain what a poor crachure her husband was on the day she got him, an' what she might have been if she had married aither one of the six others who had axed her. The step for her was a little one thin to the shortcomings and misfortunes of his blood relaytions, which she follyed back to the blaggardisms of his fourth cousin, Phelim McFadden.

Even in his misery poor Darby couldn't but marvel at her wondherful memory.

By the time she began talking of her own family, and especially about her Aunt Honoria O'Shaughnessy, who had once shook hands with a bishop, and who in the rebellion of ninety-eight had trun a brick at a Lord Liftinant, whin he was riding by, Darby was as wilted and as forlorn as a roosther caught out in the winther rain.

He lost more pride in those few minutes than it had taken months to gather an' hoard. It kept falling in great drops from his forehead.

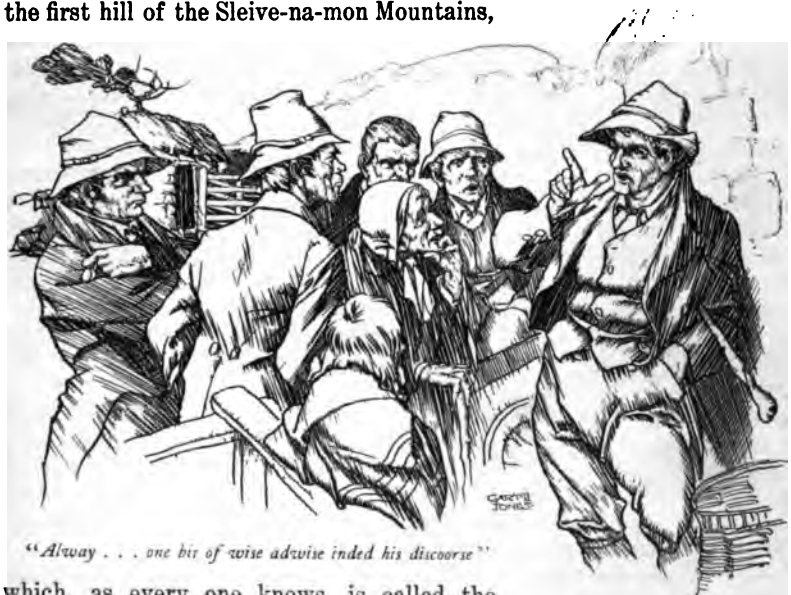
Just as Bridget was lading up to what Father Cassidy calls a pur-roar-ration—that being the part of your wife's discoorse whin, afther telling you all that she's done for you, and all she's stood from your relaytions, she breaks down and cries, and so smothers you entirely—just as she was coming to that, I say, Darby scrooged his caubeen down on his

head, stuck his fingers in his two ears, and making one grand rush through the door, bolted as fast as his legs could carry him down the road toward the Sleive-na-mon Mountains.

Bridget stood on the step looking after him too surprised for a word. With his fingers still in his ears, so that he couldn't hear her commands to turn back, he ran without stopping till he came to the willow tree near Micky Doolan's forge. There he slowed down to fill his lungs with the fresh, sweet air.

'Twas one of those warm-hearted, laughing autumn days which steals for a while the bonnet and shawl of the May. The sun from a sky of feathery whiteness laned over, telling jokes to the worruld an' the goold harvest-fields and purple hills, lazy and continted, laughed back at the sun. Even the blackbird flying over the haw tree looked down an' sang to those below "God save all here," an' the linnet from her bough answered back quick an' sweet, "God save you kindly, sir."

With such pleasant sights and sounds an' twitterings at every side, our hayro didn't feel the time passing till he was on top of the first hill of the Sleive-na-mon Mountains,



"Alway . . . one bit of wise adwise inded his discoorse"

which, as every one knows, is called the Pig's Head.

It wasn't quite lonesome enough on the Pig's Head, so our hayro plunged into the valley an' climbed the second mountain—the Divil's Pillow—where 'twas lonesome and desarted enough to shuit any one.

Beneath the shade of a three, for the day was warm, he sat himself down in the long, sweet grass, lit his pipe, and let his mind go free. But, as he did, his thoughts rose together, like a flock of frightened, angry pheasants, an' whirred back to the owdacious things Bridget had said about his relations.

Wasn't she the mendageous, humbrageous woman, he thought, to say such things about as illigant stock as the O'Gills and the O'Gradys?

Why, Wullum O'Gill, Darby's uncle, at that minute was head butler at Castle Brophy, and was known far an' wide as being one of the foinest scholars an' as having the most beautiful pair of legs in all Ireland.

This same Wullum O'Gill had tould Bridget in Darby's own hearing, on a day when the three were going through the great picture gallery at Castle Brophy, that the O'Gills at one time had been kings in Ireland.

Darby never since could raymember whether this time was before the flood or after the flood. Bridget said it was durin' the flood, but surely that sayin' was nonsinse.

Howsumever, Darby knew his Uncle Wullum was right, for he often felt in himself the signs of greatness. And now, as he sat alone on the grass, he said out loud:

"If I had me rights I'd be doing nothingallday long but sittin' on a throne, an' playin' games of forty-five with me Lord Liftinant an' some of me generals. There never was a lord that liked good ateing or dhrinking betther nor I or who hates worse to get up airly in the morning. That last disloike, I'm tould, is a great sign entirely of gentle blood the worruld over," says he.

As for his *wife's* people, the O'Hagans and the O'Shaughnessys, well—they were no great shakes, he said to himself, at laste so far as looks were consarned. All the handsomeness in Darby's childher came from his own side of the family. Even Father Cassidy said the childher took afther the O'Gills.

"If I were rich," says Darby to a lazy ould bumble bee who was droning an' tumbling in front of him, "I'd have a castle like Castle

Brophy, with a great picture gallery in it. On one wall I'd put the pictures of the O'Gills and the O'Gradys, and on the wall ferninst thim I'd have the O'Hagans an' the O'Shaughnessys."

At that idea his heart bubbled in a new and fierce delight. "Bridget's people," he says again, scowling at the bee, "would look four times as common as they raylly are, whin they were compared in that way with my own relations. An' whenever Bridget got rampageous, I'd take her in and show her the difference betwixt the two clans, just to punish her, so I would."

How long the lad sat that way warming the cowld thoughts of his heart with drowsy pleasant dhrames an' misty longings he don't rightly know, whin—tack, tack, tack, tack, came the busy sound of a little hammer from the other side of a fallen oak.

"Be jingo!" he says to himself with a start, "'tis the Leprechaun that's in it."

In a second he was on his hands an' knees, the tails of his coat flung across his back, an' he crawling softly toward the sound of the hammer. Quiet as a mouse he lifted himself up on the mossy log to look over, and there, before his two popping eyes, was a sight of wondheration.

"Then she began an' talked steady as a fall of hail"

Sitting on a white stone, an' working away like fury, hammering pegs into a little red shoe, half the size of your thumb, was a bald-headed ould cobbler of about twice the height of your hand. On the top of a round snub nose was perched a pair of horn-rimmed spectacles, an' a narrow fringe of iron-grey whiskers grew under his stubby chin. The brown leather apron he wore was so long that it covered his green knee-breeches an' almost hid the knitted grey stockings.

The Leprechaun—for 'twas he indade—as he worked, mumbled an' mutthered in great discontent.

"Oh, haven't I the hard, hard luck!" he said. "I'll never have thim done in time for her to dance in to-night. So thin, I'll be kilt intirely," says he. "Was there ever another quane of the fairies as wearing on shoes an' brogues an' dancin' slippers? Haven't I the—" Looking up he saw Darby.

"The top of the day to you, dacint man," says the cobbler, jumpin' up. Giving a sharp cry, he pinted quick at Darby's stomach. "But, wirra, wirra, what's that woolly ugly thing you have crawlin' an' creepin' on your weskit?" he said, purtendin' to be all excited.

"Sorra thing on my weskit," answered Darby, cool as ice, "or anywhere else, that 'll make me take my two bright eyes off'n you—not for a second," says he.

"Well! Well! Will you look at that, now!" laughed the cobbler. "Mark how quick an' handy he took me up. Will you have a pinch of snuff, clever man?" he axed, houlding up the little box.

"Is it the same snuff you gave Barney McBride awhile ago?" axed Darby, sarcastic.

"Lave off your foolishness," says our hayro, growin' fierce, "and grant me at once the favors of the three wishes, or I'll have you smoking like a herring in my own chimney before nightfall," says he.

At that the Leprechaun, seeing he but wasted time on so knowledgeable a man as Darby O'Gill, surrendered and granted the favors of the three wishes.

"What is it you ask?" says the cobbler, himself turning on a sudden very sour an' sullen.

"First an' foremost," says Darby, "I want a home of my ansisthers, an' it must be a castle like Castle Brophy, with pictures of my kith an' kin on the wall, and then facing them pictures of my wife Bridget's kith an' kin on the other wall."

"That favor I give you; that wish I grant ye," says the fairy, making the shape of a castle on the ground with his awl.

"What next?" he grunted.

"I want goold enough for me an' my generations to enjoy in grandeur the place forever."

"Always the goold," sneered the little man, bending to dhraw with his awl on the turf the shape of a purse.

"Now for your third and last wish. Have a care!"

"Lit his pipe, and let his mind go free"

"I want the castle set on this hill—the Divil's Pillow—where we two stand," says Darby. Then sweeping with his arm, he says, "I want the land about to be my demesne."

The Leprechaun struck his awl on the ground. "That wish I give you; that wish I grant you," he says. With that he straightened himself up, and, grinning most aggravatin' the while, he looked Darby over from top to toe. "You're a foine knowledgeable man, but have a care of the fourth wish," says he.

Bekase there was more of a challenge than friendly warning in what the small lad said, Darby snapped his fingers at him an' cried:

"Have no fear, little man! If I got all Ireland ground for making a fourth wish, however small, before midnight, I'd not make it. I'm going home now to fetch Bridget an' the childher, and the only fear or unaisiness I have is that you'll not keep your word, so as to have the castle here ready before us when I come back."

"Oho! I'm not to be thrusted, amn't I?" screeched the little lad, flaring into a blazing passion. He jumped upon the log that was betwixt them an' with one fist behind his back, shook the other at Darby.

"You ignorant, auspicious-minded blaggard," says he. "How dare the likes of you say the likes of that to the likes of me?" cried the cobbler. "I'd have you to know," he says, "that I had a repitation for truth an' voracity ayquil, if not shuperior, to the best before you were born," he shouted. "I'll take no high talk from a man that's afraid to give words to his own wife whin she's in a tantrum," says the Leprechaun.

"It's aisy to know you're not a married man," says Darby, mighty scornful, "bekase if you——"

The lad stopped short, forgetting what he was going to say in his surprise an' aggaytation, for the far side of the mountain was waving up an' down before his eyes like a great green blanket that is being shook by two women; while at the same time high spots of turf on the hillside toppled sidewise to level themselves up with the low places. The enchantment had already begun to make things ready for the castle. A dozen foine threes that stood in a little groove bent their heads quickly together, and thin by some inwisible hand they were plucked up by the roots an' dhropped aside, much the same as a man might grasp a handful of weeds an' fling them from his garden.

The ground undher the knowledgeable man's feet began to rumble an' heave. He waited for no more. With a cry that was half of gladness an' half of fear, he turned on his heel an' started on a run down into the walley, leaving the little cobbler standing on the log, shouting abuse after him an' ballyraggin' him as he ran.

So excited was Darby that, going up the Pig's Head, he was nearly run over by a crowd of great brown building stones which were moving down slow an' ordherly like a flock of driven sheep; but they moved without so much as bruising a blade of grass or bendin' a twig, as they came.

Only once, and that at the top of the Pig's Head, he trew a look back.

The Divil's Pillow was in a great commotion; a whirlwind was sweeping over it, whether of dust or of mist he couldn't tell.

After this, Darby never looked back agin, or to the right or the left of him, but kept straight on till he found himself, panting and puffing, at his own kitchen door. 'Twas tin minutes before he could spake, but at last, whin he tould Bridget to make ready herself and the childher to go up to the Divil's Pillow with him, for once in her life that raymarkable woman, without axing, How comes it so? What rayson have you? or Why should I do it? set to work washing the childher's faces.

Maybe she dabbed a little more soap in their eyes than was needful, for 'twas a habit she had; though this time, if she did, not a whimper broke from the little hayros. For the matther of that, not one word, good, bad, or indifferent, did herself spake till the whole family were trudging down the lane two by two, marching like sojers.

As they came near the first hill, along its sides, the evening twilight turned from purple to brown, and at the top of the Pig's Head the darkness of a black night swooped suddenly down on them. Darby hurried on a step or two ahead, an' resting his hand upon the large rock that crowns the hill, looked anxiously over to the Divil's Pillow. Although he was ready for something foine, yet the greatness of the foineness that met his gaze knocked the breath out of him.

Across the deep walley, and on top of the second mountain, he saw lined against the evening sky the roof of an imminse castle, with towers an' parrypets an' battlements. Undher the towers a thousand sullen windows glowed red in the black walls. Castle Brophy couldn't hould a candle to it.

"Behold!" says Darby, flinging out his arms and turning to his wife, who had just come up, "Behold the castle of my ansisthers, who were my forefathers!"

"How," says Bridget, quick and scornful, "How could your aunt's sisters be your four fathers?"

What Darby was going to say to her he don't just raymember, for at that instant, from the right hand side of the mountain, came a cracking of whips, a rattling of wheels, an' the rush of horses, and, lo and behold! a great dark coach with flashing lamps, and drawn by four coal-black horses, dashed up the hill and stopped beside them. Two shadowy men were on the driver's box.

"Is this Lord Darby O'Gill?" axed one of them in a deep, muffled voice. Before Darby could reply, Bridget took the words out of his mouth.

"It is," she cried, in a kind of a half cheer, "an' Lady O'Gill an' the childher."

"Then hurry up," says the coachman, "your supper's gettin' cowld."

Without waiting for any one, Bridget flung open the carriage door, an' pushin' Darby aside, jumped in among the cushins. Darby, his heart sizzlin' with vexation at her audaciousness, lifted in one after another the childher, and then got in himself.

He couldn't understand at all the change in

"There, before his two popping eyes, was a sight of wondheration"

his wife, for she had always been the odherliest, modestist woman in the parish.

Well, he'd no sooner shut the door than crack went the whip, the horses gave a spring, the carriage jumped, and down the hill they went. For fastness there was never another carriage ride like that before nor since. Darby hildt tight with both hands to the window, his face pressed against the glass. He couldn't tell whether the horses were only flying, or whether the coach was falling down the hill into the walley. By the hollow feel in his stomach he thought they were falling. He was striving to think of some prayers when there came a terrible joult, which sint his two heels against the roof, an' his head betwixt the cushins. As he righted himself the wheels began to grate on a graveled road, an' plainly they were dashing up the side of the second mountain.

Even so, they couldn't have gone far whin the carriage dhrew up in a flurry an' he saw through the gloom a high iron gate being slowly opened.

"Pass on," said a woice from somewhere in the shadows, "their supper's getting cowld."

As they flew undher the great archway Darby had a glimpse of the thing which had opened the gate, and had said their supper was getting cowld. It was standing on its hind legs; in the darkness he couldn't be quite sure as to its shape, but it was ayther a bear or a loin.

His mind was in a pondher about this when, with a swirl an' a bump, the carriage stopped another time; an' now it stood before a broad flight of stone steps which led up to the main door of the castle. Darby, half afraid, peering out through the darkness, saw a square of light high above him which came from the open hall door. Three sarvents in livery stood waiting on the thrashol.

"Make haste, make haste," says one in a doleful voice, "their supper's gettin' cowld."

Hearing these words, Bridget imagetly bounced out an' was half way up the steps before Darby could ketch her an' hould her till the childher came on.

"I never in all my life saw her so audacious," he says, half cryin' and linkin' her arm to keep her back; an' thin, with the childher follying, two by two, according to size, the whole family payraded up the steps till Darby, with a gasp of deloight, stopped on the thrashol of a splendid hall. From a high ceiling hung great flags from every nation an' domination, which swung an' swayed in the dazzlin' light.

Two lines of men and maid servants, dhressed in silks an' satins an' brocades, stood facing aich other, bowing an' smiling an' wavin' their hands in welcome. The two lines stretched down to the goold stairway at the far ind of the hall.

For half of one minute, Darby, every eye in his head as big as a tay cup, stood hesitaytin'. Thin he said, "Why should it flutther me? Arrah, ain't it all mine? Aren't all these people in me pay? I'll engage it's a pritty penny all this grandeur is costing me to keep up this minute." He trew out his chest. "Come on Bridget!" he says, "let's go into the home of my ansisthers."

Howandever, scarcely had he stepped into the beautiful place, whin two pipers with their pipes, two fiddlers with their fiddles, two flute players with their flutes, an' they dhressed in scarlet an' goold, stepped out in front of him, and thus to maylodious music the family proudly marched down the hall, climbed up the goolden stairway at its ind, an' thin turned to enter the biggest room Darby had ever seen.

Something in his sowl whuspered that this was the picture gallery.

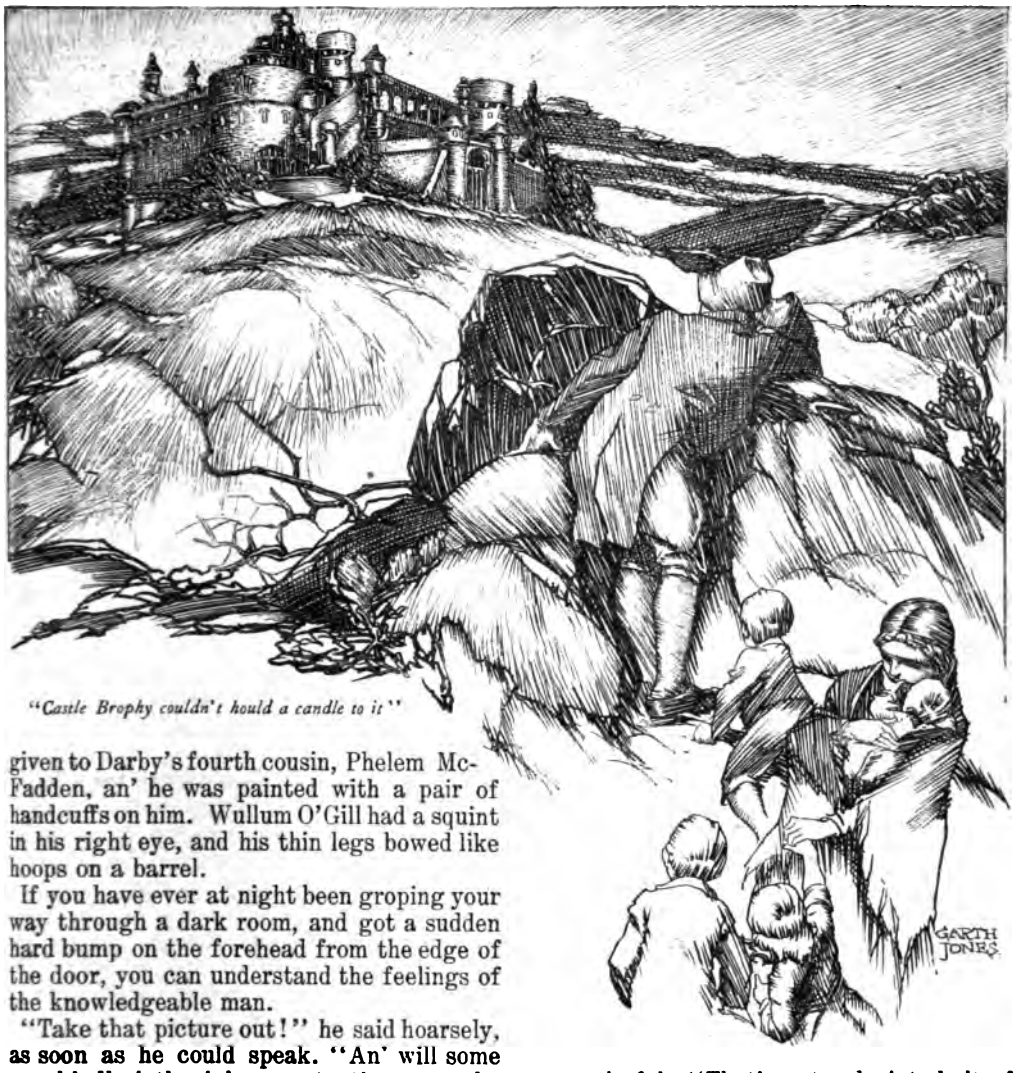
"Be the powers of Pewther," says the knowledgeable man to himself, "I wouldn't be in Bridget's place this minute for a hatful of money. Wait, oh just wait, till she has to compare her own relations with my own foine people! I know how she'll feel, but I wondher what she'll say," he says.

The thought that all the unjust things, all the unraysonable things Bridget had said about his kith an' kin were just going to be disproved and turned against herself made him proud an' almost happy.

But wirrasthrue! He should have raymembered his own adwise not to make nor moil nor meddle with the fairies, for here he was to get the first hard welt from the little Leprechaun.

It was the picture gallery sure enough, but how terribly different everything was from what the poor lad expected. There on the left wall, grand an' noble, shone the pictures of Bridget's people. Of all the well-dhressed, handsome, proud-appearing persons in the whole worruld the O'Hagans an' the O'Shaughnessys would compare with the best. This was a hard enough crack, though a crushinger knock was to come. Ferninst them, on the right wall, glowered the O'Gills and the O'Gradys, and of all the ragged, sheepstealing, hangdog looking villains one ever saw, in jail or out of jail, it was Darby's kindred.

The place of honor on the right wall was



"Castle Brophy couldn't hould a candle to it"

given to Darby's fourth cousin, Phelem McFadden, an' he was painted with a pair of handcuffs on him. Wullum O'Gill had a squint in his right eye, and his thin legs bowed like hoops on a barrel.

If you have ever at night been groping your way through a dark room, and got a sudden hard bump on the forehead from the edge of the door, you can understand the feelings of the knowledgeable man.

"Take that picture out!" he said hoarsely, as soon as he could speak. "An' will some one kindly inthrojuice me to the man who med it. Bekase," he says, "I intend to take his life. There was never a crass-eyed O'Gill since the world began," says he.

Think of his horror an' surprise whin he saw the left eye of Wullum Gill twist itself slowly over toward his nose and squint worse than the right eye.

Purtending not to see this, an' hoping no one else did, Darby fiercely led the way over to the other wall.

Fronting him stood the handsome picture of Honoria O'Shaughnessy, an' she dhressed in a shuit of tin clothes, like the knights of ould used to wear—armor I think they calls it.

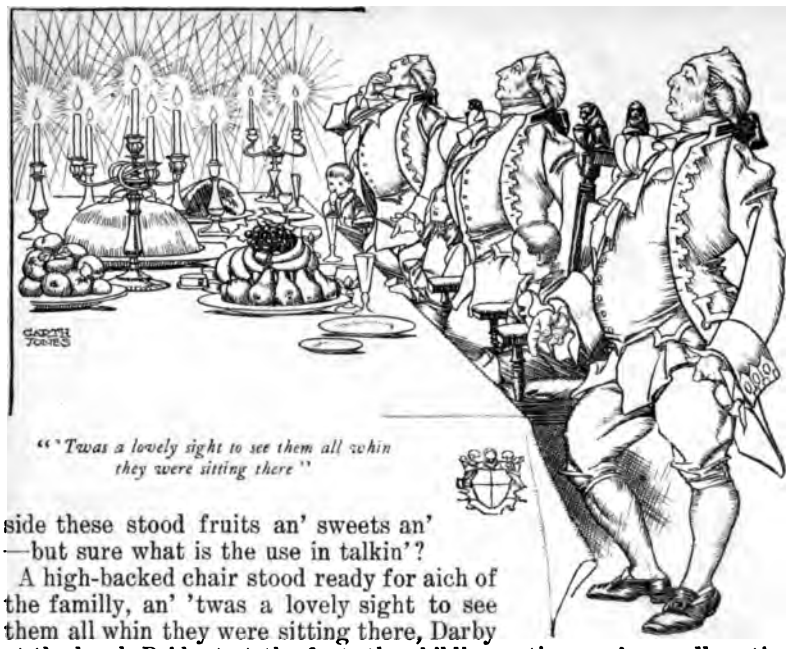
She hildt a spear in her hand, with a little flag on the blade, an' her smile was proud and high.

"Take that likeness out too," says Darby, very spiteful. "That's not a dacint shuit of clothes for any woman to wear."

The next minute you might have knocked him down with a feather, for the picture of Honoria O'Shaughnessy opened its mouth and stuck out its tongue at him.

"The supper's getting cowld, the supper's getting cowld," some one cried at the other ind of the picture gallery. Two big doors were swung open, an' glad enough was our poor hayro to folly the musicianers down to the room where the ateing an' drinking were to be thransacted.

This was a little room with lots of looking glasses, and it was bright with a thousand candles, and white with the shiningest marble. On the table was biled beef an' reddishes an' carrots an' roast mutton an' all kinds of important ateing an' drinking. Be-



"'Twas a lovely sight to see them all whin they were sitting there"

side these stood fruits an' sweets an' —but sure what is the use in talkin'?

A high-backed chair stood ready for aich of the familly, an' 'twas a lovely sight to see them all whin they were sitting there, Darby at the head, Bridget at the foot, the childher —the poor little paythriarchs—sitting bolt upright on aich side, with a bewigged and befrilled serving man standing haughty behind every chair.

The ateing and dhrinkin' would have begun at once—in troth there was already a bit of biled beef on Darby's plate—only that he spied a little silver bell beside him. Sure, 'twas one like those the quality keep to ring whin they want more hot wather for their punch, but it puzzled the knowledgeable man, and 'twas the beginning of his misfortune.

"I wondher," he thought, "if 'tis here for the same raison as the bell is at the Curragh races—do they ring this one so that all at the table will start ateing an' drinking fair, an' no one will have the advantage; or is it," he says to himself agin, "to ring whin the head of the house thinks every one has had enough? Haven't the quality quare ways! I'll be a long time learning them," he says.

He sat silent and puzzling an' staring at the biled beef on his plate, afeared to start in without ringing the bell, an' dhreading to risk ringing it. The grand servants towered cowldly on every side, their chins tilted, but they kep' throwing over their chowlders glances so scornful and haughty that Darby shivered at the thought of showing any uncultivaytion.

While our hayro sat thus in unaisy contimplaytion an' smouldhering mortification an' flurried hesitaytion, a powdhered head was poked over his chowlder, and a soft beguiling woice said, "Is there anything else you'd wish for?"

The foolish lad twisted in his chair, opened his mouth to spake, and gave a look at the bell; shame rushed to his cheeks, he picked up a bit of the biled beef on his fork, an' to consale his turpitaytion gave the misfortunit answer,

"I'd wish for a pinch of salt, if you plaze," says he.

'Twas no sooner said than came the crash. Oh, tunderation an' murdheration, what a roaring crash it was! The lights winked out together at a breath, an' left a pitchy, throbbing darkness. Overhead and to the sides was a roaring, smashing, crunching noise, like the ocean's madness when the winthry storm breaks agin the Kerry shore; an' in that roar was mingled the tearing and the splitting of the walls and the falling of the chimneys. But through all this confusion could be heard the shrill laughing voice of the Leprechaun. "The clever man med his fourth grand wish," it howled.

Darby—a thousand wild woices screaming an' mocking above him—was on his back, kicking and squirming and striving to get up, but some load hilt him down an' something bound his eyes shut.

"Are you kilt, Bridget asthore?" he cried.

"Where are the childher?" he says.

Instead of answer, there suddenly flashed a fierce an' angry silence, an' its quickness frightened the lad more than all the wild confusion before.

'Twas a full minute before he dared to open his eyes to face the horrors which he felt were standing about him; but when courage enough to look came, all he saw was the night-covered mountain, a purple sky, and a thin new moon, with one trembling goold star a hand's space above its bosom.

Darby struggled to his feet. Not a stone of the castle was left, not a sod of turf but what was in its ould place; every sign of the little cobbler's work had melted like April snow.

The very threes Darby had seen pulled up by the roots that same afternoon now stood a waving blur below the new moon, an' a nightingale was singing in their branches. A cricket chirped lonesomely on the same fallen log which had hidden the Leprechaun.

"Bridget! Bridget!" Darby called agin an' agin. Only a sleepy owl on a distant hill answered.

A shivering thought jumped into the boy's bewildered sowl—maybe the Leprechaun had stolen Bridget and the childher.

The poor man turned, and for the last time darted down into the night-filled walley.

Not a pool in the road he waited to go around, not a ditch in his path he didn't leap over, but ran as he never ran before, till he raiched his own front door.

His heart stood still as he peeped through the window. There were the childher croodled around Bridget, who sat with the youngest asleep in her lap before the fire, rocking back an' forth, an' she crooning a happy, continted baby song.

Tears of gladness crept into Darby's eyes as he looked in upon her. "God bless her," he says to himself. "She's the flower of the O'Hagans and the O'Shaughnessys, and she's a proud feather in the caps of the O'Gills an' the O'Gradys."

'Twas well he had this happy thought to cheer him as he lifted the door latch, for the manest of all the little cobbler's spiteful thricks waited in the house to meet Darby—nayther Bridget nor the childher raymembered a single thing of all that had happened to them during the day. They were willing to make their happy davitts that they had been no farther than their own petatie patch since morning.

"His heart stood still as he peeped through the window"

MR. POTTER'S VACATION

BY HERBERT D. WARD

Illustrated by W. R. Leigh

MR. PELEG POTTER staggered into his private office as if he were a drunken man. Potter, of the great brokerage firm of Brooks & Potter, with connections in Boston, Chicago, and Washington, and branch offices in two of the huge, insolent, uptown caravansaries, was not what might be called a dissipated person. He was simply "worn to a frazzle." He was the younger member of the firm, its energy and brains, and he had not even time to grow old. Marry? When could he have wedged in fifteen minutes for the marriage ceremony, to say nothing of the necessary hours of courting, deleterious to a successful business career? Why, for years he could not remember when he had had all the time he needed for eating, and sleep was a lost art.

Peleg Potter was rich beyond the wildest dreams of avarice, but with a wealth that sucks vitality as a leech sucks blood.

As Arthur Brooks, the head of the firm, looked in, he caught Potter's gaze fixed upon vacancy, while both of the man's hands were

going through the motion of tearing strips of paper tape.

"Why, Potter!" exclaimed Brooks. With a sinking heart he recognized symptoms familiar to every old Wall Street broker.

"*Potter!*" he called again, and shook his almost unconscious partner by the shoulder. Potter steadied his eyes and looked up.

"I say, Potter!"

"Well—old man," was the mumbling answer.

"It's no use, Potter. You've got to get off and take a long rest. You can't stay here——"

Peleg shook his head stubbornly. "Can't do it. You know it. Cashier's laid up, and I got to see that deal of U. S. Telegraph through—by——"

His eyes lapsed again into vacancy.

Brooks went into his own private office, leaving his junior partner in this semi-comatose condition. The senior called his confidential clerk, gave him a few instructions, and sent him off. He then rang up the office of a great steamship line. The "Victoria Regina" sailed that day at twelve for Naples, and, at a ridiculous advance, Brooks engaged the purser's cabin for his sick partner.

"If I can only get him away from the daily papers, the office, and the ticker," Brooks said to himself, "a month on the water will make a new man of him."

At precisely a quarter of twelve an automobile stormed the Syndicate Wharf, and between Brooks and a valet Peleg Potter was led up the gangway and gently deposited, like a precious bundle of securities, in the purser's deck stateroom. Before he could understand or protest his partner had left him.

The last fluffy visitor had gone ashore, the last inevitable passenger had barely caught the steamer after the gangway had been cast off, and the voyage had begun.

Two days after this preposterous event, Peleg Potter awoke, himself and alert. The last thing he remembered was booking the order of a rich lamb to buy ten thousand shares of T. and P. when he knew the fool ought to have sold.

The stateroom door was open, and he looked out upon the heaving horizon with amazement and growing indignation. A young lady was lying in a steamer chair observing the same vastness. Potter could catch against the sky a clear-cut, pure profile, in spite of the thick blue veil that hid the girl's face.

"Heavens!" he cried. "Buster! God!"

The young lady, aroused from her drowsing, turned her head slightly at the sound of these strange ejaculations. This motion caused Peleg such a spasm of modesty that he hastily pulled the blanket over his head, thus muffling a last agonizing call of "Buster!"

Although the heavens did not fall, and God did not respond, "Buster" did, for the respectful form of the valet darkened the cabin and obstructed the young lady from Peleg's distracted view. As the shadow fell upon him Peleg peeped out.

"For God's sake," he cried, "shut that door, and tell me what this game means!"

In a few minutes Peleg had grasped the essential facts of the situation.

"I thought at first I had been kidnapped," he mused, for he knew one person who would give many thousands of dollars for his absence for ten days. Here he had been at sea two days. What might not have happened in that time? The cold sweat inundated his pallid face. But Mr. Potter was used to blows. He drew a long breath, and instead of the dust of a fetid city, ozone, life-giving and exhilarating, filled his lungs.

Oh, for news! Oh, for a ticker! Two weeks without a breath of Wall Street seemed impossible, incredible.

By this time Potter was half-dressed. He cast a glance out of the port-hole. There, before him, at rest, peaceful, relaxed, as if there were nothing in the broad world to do but to exist and sleep, the girl lay, a dream of health, a picture of repose. Mr. Potter opened his mouth and took another huge gulp of uncontaminated Atlantic air. He felt as if something around his chest snapped. Somehow or other stocks did not seem as important as they did a minute ago.

"To —— with the Stock Exchange!" he cried in his heart. He felt almost on the utterance of that heresy as if he had been bathed in a benediction.

"Buster! I say, Buster! Bring me a passenger list, and be quick about it; and have the steward send me up something to eat. Drink? Not on your life, you—blanked idiot! Hurry, or I'll——"

But Buster had long since disappeared, grinning like a boy playing hookey. For Buster (who was christened Benjamin Boyd Buster) was having the time of his life.

In ten minutes Peleg Potter was scrutinizing the passenger list for familiar names. The first thing he noticed was that his own was not down. This was accounted for by the fact that his passage had been engaged literally at the eleventh hour, and that he was occupying the purser's private cabin. There were plenty of familiar names, but none that seemed to suit the lady in the chair. Yet he knew

her or ought to. His door was now hooked back, and as he gazed at the fair figure and the fairer profile, stocks fell from his soul, and the joy and the hope of life coursed through his veins as they had never before.

"What, sir?" asked Buster, respectfully, bringing in a heaping tray.

To the imperative gesture Buster lent a grave face.

"You may find out that young lady's name," whispered Potter, with great dignity, and pointing through the door.

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"Alice Emery!" The name held the financier like a combination lock. He had never thought much of women before, and names had never been associated in his mind with people, only with corporations. It now occurred to him as he lay there on his sofa alone, looking out upon the interminable blackness fringed with electric glare, that Alice was the most beautiful name in the world. For time was hanging heavily on his hands, and in that unaccustomed ennui sentiment took possession of a soul that had never harbored her before.

"Her father is sick in the stateroom, sir," repeated Buster, as he put his patient to bed, "and the young lady has no friends and eats alone in the dining-room."

"At what table?"

"The purser's, sir."

"Ask the purser if I cannot be placed next to her at breakfast to-morrow."

As Peleg Potter dressed the next morning, he felt life stirring within him. How fatuous the existence, how ignoble the struggle that he had left behind! To spend one's best thought in scheming how to ruin your friend legally did not seem as admirable as it had. As the steamer sped on, the Street, the Exchange, the Ticker, and all that these instruments of joy and woe represented, receded and thinned. These few days of seclusion from men, from the excitement of internecine warfare in which rumor was the disappearing gun, and a chance drouth the smokeless rifle, and the ever-ready lie the hammerless revolver—this respite had brought Potter on speaking terms with higher values. Solitude always does that. And then that girl, so lovely, so restful, so beautiful and self-contained, was unconsciously training the gambler into an inexplicable (to him) disgust for the bawling pit where, as the toss turns, a plunger may become a millionaire or a suicide when the clock strikes three.

Now, for the first time, Potter understood the charms of a newsless life. The thought of a morning paper or of a stock quotation nauseated him. Perhaps the ocean performs as many miracles as love or religion—who knows? At any rate, here were the dregs of life beginning to be turned into strong wine, and Peleg Potter was assisting at the transubstantiation, without a suspicion that he was already a changed man.

So, when he started downstairs a little after nine that morning for the dining-room, he thrust out his chest, drank the air deeply, so that his waxen cheeks became tinged with a healthy red, and blessed his partner.

As he entered the huge dining-room, following his mournful valet, he heard a flutter of paper that annoyed him. Every one seemed to be reading. No person noticed him as he approached his seat. As he slipped into his chair, he noticed that the lady of his hopes sat on his left, with an empty seat beyond. Her calm face was flushed, and bent almost motionless over her plate. Before him lay a gray sheet about the size of a magazine, with four pages of printed matter. The name arose as if upon stilts.

"*The Trans-Atlantic Herald.*
Morning Edition."

And on the upper part of the first column in large italics there appeared the following announcement:

"The 'Victoria Regina' is in constant communication with land. Messages can be sent to the United States or England by the Marconi system at any time of day or night. Important news and quotations are Marconigramed hourly to the steamer from our New York and European offices."

Astounded, dazed, troubled, outraged, Peleg Potter pushed the sheet away from him. God! Must the subtle poison of daily news inoculate his system again! He felt as if his very manhood were on trial. If he succumbed now to quotations he knew that he would be bound in tape for the rest of his life. He was at the parting of the ways. Indignant, that in mid-ocean, of all places, where a man should be most protected and least disturbed, he should be pursued by north, east, west, south—coined into that fateful word, NEWS, he was about to thrust the sheet under the table, when the following headlines leaped at him and snared him unawares:

"*Terrible Defalcation!*

"HENRY C. SOULE THE CASHIER OF THE FAMOUS
"BROKERAGE FIRM OF BROOKS & POTTER
"HAS DISAPPEARED.

"There is a shortage of over two hundred thousand dollars in his books. Detectives are on his track. His daughter has disappeared with him. The well-known firm is able to bear the blow, but has offered a reward of ten thousand dollars for the capture of the thief," etc., etc.

Potter looked up from his morning paper. His eyes encountered the exquisite profile of his neighbor. She had not raised her head. Dreamily he noted that she was flushed, and he could have sworn that tears were falling into the poor girl's plate.

Mr. Potter's morning paper had dropped from his hands. Although there were over a hundred people in the dining-room, he was unconscious of the rustle and bustle and clatter about him. He had even forgotten his cashier's defalcations. He only saw those precious pearls drop fast and faster. The young lady must have felt his impertinent stare without divining his sympathy; for, with a sudden superb motion of the head, she arose from her seat, turned her back upon Potter, and calmly walked out.

"As I was saying"—the words floated stridently into Mr. Potter's ears from the opposite side of the table. "I know the firm of Brooks & Potter very well. Brooks is the heavy weight, while Potter is more of a room-trader. Why I used to go to school with Potter. He's as bold as a lion, cautious as a hyena, with no more heart than a cod. Why, I took passage in order to be present at the birth and christening of the 'Trans-Atlantic Herald.' I tell you this steamer marks an era—the most portentous era the world has ever——"

The traveler looked up and caught the cold, contemptuous look from Peleg Potter's eyes. But Ananias Eli was not to be abashed. He had property, but no home. He was one of those eternal travelers who changes his acquaintances as you change a ten dollar bill, and who, consequently, throws off a reminiscence or an experience as easily as you puff out smoke, and with as little feeling of responsibility as to how it will evaporate.

Not ten feet away, at the head of the table, sat Phineas Sutton, the purser, sleek, good-natured, resourceful, whose easy eyes saw everything, and whose bland countenance betrayed nothing. When he caught Mr. Potter's warning glance he obeyed it.

The rustle of the papers continued. Each one seemed absorbed in his own news. That Potter should be entrapped in the first steamer that should keep in continual touch with the land was exasperating. Besides, he felt, somehow or other, that Miss Emery's tears were due to some news brutally thrust before her notice.

Mr. Potter was in a somewhat dangerous mood. He had not yet looked at the stock quotations, and was therefore less dangerous than he might have been.

"Excuse me"—he bowed politely to his *vis-à-vis*—"I am a little interested in this Mr. Potter, whom you know."

"Oh, yes, sir, I knew him quite well. They say he is dying of paresis—burning arc light at both carbons—not bad, that? Can't stand the pace; is about thirty-eight, my age, and looks fifty. Oh, these brokers are sad dogs! I'm A. Eli, of Eli, Pa.—own the town there. I—I travel, that's all. What is your line?"

"Oh, I am one of those sad dogs, a stock-broker, broken down, on a vacation." Mr. Potter spoke with great suavity.

"Oh, hah! Why then—you must have a lot of pointers." Mr. Eli bent half-way over the table, eyeing his new acquaintance with ardor.

Mr. Potter shook his head mysteriously.

"I'm always taking flyers," persisted Ananias Eli. "I took one before breakfast. Perhaps you——?"

"Never!" The broker allowed himself an alluring smile, for there had come to Mr. Potter an inspiration, whose portent Mr. Ananias Eli could not suspect.

"In the smoking-room—say—at—eleven?" Ananias Eli insinuated this appointment in an ostentatious whisper. But only the purser took the trouble to notice this circumstance.

"I should be happy to meet you there." Potter's face was inscrutable. A slight flush on the forehead was the only danger signal, and that his most intimate enemies knew well when to heed.

The little sheet—the triumph of Marconi—lay neglected beside his plate. His mind, never complex, was now for the first time confused and alloyed. The defalcation of one of his most trusted employees and friends—that was enough to worry any man—but added to that was the vision of a perfect profile, that seemed to arise from out of a mist of memory. Where had he met or seen Miss Emery before? Should he look at the quotations or not? They were on the inside page, and he could see all down the line of the table men devouring the poison instead of breakfast. Opposite to him little Ananias Eli, of protruding watery eyes, fat bullet face, and upturned nose, had just dropped his weak jaw in horror, for he had discovered a loss of two points in one of his latest speculations, and the fact was ruefully advertised in every puffy, shaven feature. Then Peleg Potter felt the madness of the Street sway the soul he thought quieted by ozone and an unbroken horizon. A feeling of shame overswept him. He cast his eyes furtively around, and then softly opened the sheet.

"U. S. T.—79!" That quotation made a bulldog of Peleg. The defalcation, the girl,

his illness, everything was swept aside by the knowledge that his enemies were at his throat. Instinctively he reached out his hand for his desk telephone. He recovered, and looked at his watch. Taking all variations of time in consideration he had plenty of leisure to think and act before the market opened at ten. He now ate his breakfast slowly, luxuriously, for the smoke of battle was in his nostrils, and he rejoiced at the coming onslaught, and his blood tingled like a boy's.

But Phineas Sutton, the purser, watched the broker with more than usual interest. He also detected the mustard seed of a romance, and quickly decided that Miss Emery of Boston, whose name was not in the Blue Book, was not a proper party for his wealthy and generous guest; the purser made up his mind to save his roomer. But Potter retired to his cabin after his breakfast to prepare his cipher code.

Peleg Potter had planned a stupendous campaign on the Street. It was as simple as a grizzly chasing a man without a gun. And, moreover, it was based upon the very circumstance that was now ruining the broker's first and forced vacation. Believing in the ultimate and universal triumph of the wireless telegraph, he had sold all the United States Telegraph that he could lay his hands on, short. He had already hammered the stock down fifteen points by all the tactics known to a resourceful room-trader. But the Bulls were after his hide, and the stock was rising. With Potter a decision was generally a victory. He made up his mind to take his profits, force the stock up forty points, and let those that caught him napping pay his vacation expenses. So he sent the following Marconigram to his partner; it went in the firm cipher:

Am fully recovered. Buy U. S. T. on my personal account until further notice.

This was a royal order. It meant a royal struggle. With an unconcerned manner, as if he might have ordered a scotch and soda, Mr. Potter handed the telegram to his stateroom steward to be sent immediately. He then sauntered into the smoking-room as the clock pointed eleven.

At his entrance Ananias Eli sprang to meet him, and leading him to a corner, gave the orders, and then poured into a swash of talk.

"But, Mr. Eli," said Mr. Potter when the other's breath was exhausted, "I make it a point never to advise a friend to speculate on the Street. A broker is only another name for a robber. I couldn't possibly advise a stranger what to buy. The only advice I could give you is to get out of the Street altogether, and put your money into stocks or bonds, or call loans and——"

"But, sir—Mr.——"

"My name is unimportant, I assure you."

"Very well, sir, but you speculate yourself, continually—don't you know?"

"I do it for a living."

"Just so—just so—" persisted Ananias Eli triumphantly. "Could you not tell me what stock you could now buy for a living? That is all I want to know."

Mr. Potter looked the globe-trotter over silently and with a smileless eye. He knew the type well—a toy balloon puffed to the importance of an airship, a boy's tricycle thinking itself a Panhard racer. At last the broker spoke frankly and pleasantly.

"If I cannot persuade you to give up speculation, I can only tell you what I bought myself until I boarded the steamer. You probably understand the value to the world, Mr. Eli, of Marconi's wonderful discovery. In five years it will replace all other systems of telegraphy. Have you ever thought what United States Telegraph will be then worth? I have sold U. S. T. for the last three weeks. But you—you—might buy if you choose."

The purser casually looked out of the nearest port-hole.

"My dear sir!" exclaimed Ananias Eli, sweating exultation, "do not say any more. Excuse me a moment. I want to wire an order. And you must allow me to use my own judgment regarding the disposal of my own property. I am a thousand times obliged to you." And with that Ananias Eli precipitated himself from the room.

Mr. Phineas Sutton, the purser, thoughtfully looked after the retreating figure of the globe-trotter. He then strolled out slowly. Mr. Potter left the smoking-room and was about to enter his cabin, when he heard a dismal groan from the second or third stateroom forward of his own.

Mr. Potter looked around to call a steward. It happened that only a few passengers were in sight, far down the deck, and no steward. The groans continued, accompanied by fluttering feminine cries. Mr. Potter located the door from behind which the sounds came, and gently knocked. The cries of anguish seemed to be redoubled, and no attention was paid to him. Feeling that something ought to be done, and that he was the man to do it, Peleg Potter gently tried the knob and opened the door.

There, kneeling upon the floor of the cabin with her head upon the bed, the young lady

of his sudden passion lay convulsed with weeping.

"Leave me, daughter!" Potter caught the broken words and saw the gaunt specter of a hand vainly trying to pat the dear head before him. "Go—go—child, and leave your poor dishonored parent to die alone."

There was something so familiar in the agonized tones of the voice, and so suggestive in the words, that Potter pushed the door wide and strode in. The girl jumped from her knees with a half-articulate protest. But the sick man, when his eyes caught Mr. Potter's familiar face, uttered an outcry of horror.

"Mr. Potter!" he cried. "God of my soul! It is Peleg Potter himself!" With that he fell back as if he were about to lose consciousness, if not life itself.

Potter looked down upon the ghost of his absconding cashier, changed beyond recognition, shaven, hollow, white, a broken and perhaps a dying man. At that moment the financier forgot the beautiful woman who was watching him with wild, horrified eyes. All he remembered was that there lay before him his old trusted friend, the man whom he had deemed worthy of the fullest confidence, the man, of all men, who should have been faithful unto death, and who had betrayed him. Although the cashier was ten years older than himself, Potter had always called Soule by his first name. At this moment of distrust and indignant recognition, the broker ejaculated the familiar name:

"Henry!"

Sound has electric properties. At times the sound of a dear name may change nascent distrust or hate back to faith and love. As he spoke the word "Henry" the tide of Potter's risen indignation turned. He no longer saw the malefactor; before him lay his old friend and confidant, desperately sick, and needing him. With a short cry of sympathy, Peleg Potter jumped to the bed and took Henry Soule's head in his arms.

"Go and get the doctor!" He spoke quietly to the stricken girl. "Go quickly."

"Do't," wailed the sick man. "Damn me! But don't be kind. I can't bear it."

"Never mind, Henry," said Potter softly. "We'll fix it as soon as you get well." He looked down upon the drawn and pallid shaven face with a happy, hopeful smile.

Henry Soule looked up and saw a world of kindness beaming from features hitherto expressionless to him, and he groaned aloud.

"I might as well tell you," he whispered slowly. "It was U. S. T. I was wiped out with everything I took. God only knows why I didn't kill myself. I hadn't the courage. It would have killed Alice. She knows it all, and forced me to take her with me."

But Potter was looking out of the port-hole. His thoughts were dancing, receding, and surging like storm-driven crests. It was *he* who had ruined his own cashier. His own coup had brought this dishonor. He had ruined many others, but it had never touched home before. Then it occurred to him that he had no home; then the exquisite face of the girl rose and filled his horizon.

"Henry!" he said slowly, "I only wish you had told me before—I could have fixed you all right."

But his heart belied his words, for he was glad it came just this way, and that his friend's honor lay in his hands—a god-like gift, to be returned intact.

The door of the cabin opened. The doctor strode in, followed by the purser.

"This gentleman, Mr. Emery, is my best friend," explained Mr. Potter. "Everything must be done to save him." The doctor advanced to the patient eagerly, and took his head from Potter's arms. Beyond him, on the sill of the door, stood the sick man's daughter, with despair upon her face, for which her father's sickness could not account.

The broker looked beyond the purser, and his heart leaped to calm the terror of the girl.

"Miss Emery," he said as quietly as he could, "will you take my arm and walk a while? The doctor and the purser are able to take care of your father for a few moments."

It seemed hours to Potter that they walked the deck without speaking. The nearness, the touch of her arm, the thought that he was lord of her future—these sensations sent spasms to his heart. He had dealt in "futures" before, but never in such a one as this. How should he govern it, and make it his own? And every time he felt that dear arm shivering in sympathy with her convulsive grief, he softly patted her fingers with a fatherly feeling that comforted her greatly.

"My dear Miss Soule, I want to tell you a secret, and I want you to promise not to breathe it to a soul."

Before she knew it, her woman's curiosity had been entrapped into a questioning "Yes?"

"And you promise not to think any the worse of me?"

"Y—Yes," in a trembling whisper.

"Well—" The financier took a long, audible breath. "I—and I alone am responsible

for your father's condition." After uttering this preposterous statement, he accelerated his pace, dragging the girl along with him, as if he were laboring under terrible excitement.

"What do you mean, sir?" She dropped his arm.

"There! There! Don't. Let us not make a scene here." He caught her arm dexterously, and imprisoned it again. "Try not to judge me harshly. I will tell you all." He uttered the last five words in a stage whisper.

"Do you mean to say, Mr. Potter, that my father is innocent, and that you took the money, and—and ran away? Is that the reason your name is not on the passenger list?" Alice Soule stopped and looked her father's employer in the face with blazing eyes. Her head was now high with sudden relief, and her cheeks burned with indignation. Potter began to understand what it was to be a guilty man, and he cast his eyes down consistently.

"The stateroom door was open"

"Won't you let me explain?" he asked abjectly.

"If you must," rigidly.

"Well—you see—confound it all, let's walk on—there! that's better. He put all the money he could scrape together and bought U. S. T. I scraped all I could together and sold U. S. T.

"Then, instead of the stock going up, as Henry expected, the bottom dropped out of it. He borrowed a lot of the firm's money, in a quiet sort of way, and lost it all."

"Who got it?"

"Well, I suppose I got all he lost, and perhaps a little more besides."

Peleg Potter cast a quick glance down to see how she was taking it. He saw a face regal in its rigidity.

"Why didn't you return it?"

"I didn't know who lost it until this morning - and I - - -"

"Oh, you robber, you!" The lady came to a sudden standstill and clutched the rail with both hands, looking out over the sullen, heaving sea.

"But," urged Potter meekly.

"Don't say another word, Mr. Potter." The

"'Mr. Potter . . God of my soul!'"

words came out sharp and crackling, like icicles. "You rob a poor man of all he has. You allow the blame to rest upon him. And then you would make restitution when it is too late."

The smack of Mr. Potter's lips opening in fruitless protest did not check the girl, who had been brought up in utter ignorance of stock and its infamous transactions.

"There is nothing more to say," she added coldly, "except good morning!" and with a stately sweep of her skirts she had gone.

As the "Victoria Regina" sped eastward, the air became more and more electric with messages to the west. Like an emperor of the middle ages summoning his vassals to his banner, so Potter summoned his clients and his friends to his standard. Under the sign of "U. S. T." in the pit of the stock exchange, a mob of howling traders wrestled for their lives.

United States Telegraph commanded the attention of the world. It was "buy" or "sell," "long" or "short," live or die. But the life of the victor meant the death of the vanquished, and in that remorseless alternative lay the sulphur of the strife. For three days the quotations staggered up and down like groggy combatants, and men swooned in the frenzy of uncertainty. And Peleg Potter, sitting quietly in his cabin, generaled the battle from afar and farther off, a modern master, if not monster, of speculation—a wizard of the pit.

On the fifth morning after the steamer had sailed, Alice Soule arose from the breakfast table and walked straight to her father's stateroom. In her hand she held that morning's edition of the "Trans-Atlantic Herald," and on her cheeks fluttered a pink danger signal.

"At last, papa, Mr. Potter has righted you in the eyes of the world. I didn't think he was man enough to do it. Read what the papers say."

Henry Soule snatched the gray, damp sheet, and read eagerly:

"The brokerage firm of Brooks & Potter have issued a statement to the press and the Street that their cashier, Henry C. Soule, with his daughter as nurse, is on board the 'Victoria Regina,' bound for Naples, in company with Mr. Potter, of the firm. Mr. Soule was stricken with a sunstroke that left him temporarily deranged. He did not know where he was until he came to himself on the steamer, in the arms of his daughter. The firm has sustained no shortage, as the missing sum of $200,000 had

been transferred to Mr. Potter's account by a clerical mistake. The firm deeply regrets the unfortunate aspersion upon Mr. Soule's character, has full confidence in his integrity, and has profound sympathy for him in his sudden illness. His place is ready for him when he returns from his much-needed vacation."

Alice watched her father's face as he read this extraordinary statement. She saw shame and anxiety fall from his features as if an invisible angel had removed a horrid mask.

"What do you think of that, papa," she said sternly. "He has righted you, but nothing is said about *him*."

Then Henry Soule sat up straight in bed, his countenance rejuvenated almost past belief, and shining like a boy's. Down two little white grooves tears were trickling unashamed.

"Alice," he said, "get down on your knees and thank God for Peleg Potter."

"I can't do that, papa, dear," very calmly, "for he told me himself three days ago that he robbed you and got all your money, and he hasn't dared to show his face since. He said he sold you all you bought."

The absconding cashier looked his daughter blankly in the face. Gradually a light broke upon his mental horizon, and he gave a hysterical laugh. Then very gently he took his daughter's hand, forced her on her knees beside his cot, with her beautiful head buried in the clothes, in the same attitude that had been one of Peleg Potter's most cherished visions. Then and there the man explained to the girl, as well as he could, the remorseless vortex that sucks down honest men and casts some up on its arid banks, ruined and dishonored and criminal, and that tosses others upon green fields, where extravagant plenty reigns. He told her how the number of the lost can never be reckoned, except at the last day, and how a chance more tenuous than the flip of a coin decides the coquettish curve of the current. Then he told her again of his own sin, and how Peleg Potter saved him because of their old friendship and still unshattered trust. And Alice at last understood, and sobbed a little, and kissed her father, and went out into the strong, salt air to be alone and understand, if she could, a personality new to her experience.

In the late afternoon of the same day, when the mysterious unconducted current had told Potter that the Exchange had just closed in unparalleled excitement, and then added the final quotation, the man heaved a deep sigh of relief and arose quickly. The jaws that for three days had snapped together, relaxed gently into a genial and charming smile—a smile such as had but recently been born within a nature broadened and deepened and softened by an overmastering love. The feeling of elation and of victory had already passed. His mind had traveled beyond the smoke and noise of battle. He was thinking of Alice.

"Buster!" he called, "a bottle of champagne!" It was the time-worn way of celebrating, and Buster was not averse to it.

"Very well, sir."

"No." Mr. Potter came to himself. "Buster, you get out. I don't want you before ten o'clock."

"Very well, sir—and——"

"Well, what?"

"I saw Miss Emery sittin' alone, lookin' awful lonesome, and——"

"That will do," replied his master.

Five minutes later, Peleg Potter emerged from his cabin.

He had not gone ten paces before a lurch of the vessel landed him in the arms of a fellow traveler, enveloped in a plaid mackintosh with hat to match. It was Mr. Ananias Eli, and as the two disentangled themselves that gentleman glared at the broker viciously. Peleg Potter returned the glance pleasantly. At that moment he couldn't have quarreled with a rattlesnake.

"Mr. ——?" questioned Ananias Eli with hauteur.

"Potter—at your service, of the firm of Brooks & Potter—you know them."

"Mr. Peleg Potter!" ejaculated Eli, his weak jaw taking a sudden droop.

"Oh, yes; you know me well. You went to school with me. The other morning—don't you remember? Paresis—burned arc light at both carbons—awfully good! You remember!"

The poor man paled, but his eyes darkened obstinately. It takes more than a little thing like this to abash a professional globe-trotter. Ananias Eli recovered his aplomb as one would pick up a dropped pencil.

"You—you told me to sell United States Telegraph, and the damned stock closed eight points up this afternoon," he stormed. "Why did you take me in like that?"

Mr. Potter smiled. "If you *can* remember rightly, Mr. Eli, I advised you not to sell, and not to dabble in stocks at all. Didn't I?"

Expression after expression chased itself over Ananias Eli's flabby face, like catspaws over a duck pond.

"Well," he admitted slowly, "that may be, but what do you advise me now?"

"Jump overboard," was Potter's prompt

advice, for at that moment, on looking over the liar's head, he discovered a familiar figure far toward the stern, and looking as lonely as a butterfly in mid-ocean.

But Potter strode on. So he came upon her, looking far beyond the shining waters, out upon the boundless, healing sea.

"Miss Alice," began the broker, bending

"They walked the deck without speaking"

as low as he dared, "won't you ever trust me again?"

The woman in the girl rose to the wail, for she knew that his words were this time no play nor mockery. Her lips unconsciously uttered her father's protest.

"Don't—don't!" she sobbed. "I can't bear it."

He put out his strong, masterful hand, and took one of hers, and held it in the grip of a late, unalterable love. She could not help but look up into his compelling eyes. Then the two found the sight of each other good, and they gazed long and steadily, with hearts bare and beating. Then Peleg Potter knew he had checkmated fortune, and had won another victory, compared with which the greatest success on the Street shone like a firefly in a blazing sun. This time he took both her hands, and this time she did not refuse.

All the world now knows how Peleg Potter fell upon the "shorts" and slaughtered them, and made one of the greatest "killings" of this decade. That is part of the history of the "Street." But few know how he won his bride, and that no man has a right to tell.

" 'Miss Alice . . won't you ever trust me again?' "

Days later, as the great steamer neared the dock, Mr. Potter stopped the purser, resplendent in lace and importance.

"My dear Sutton," he said, linking arms, "if it were not an impertinence I should like to make you a little present." He fluttered a small sheet of paper with edges on one side half perforated. "You see—you see, I've won everything, hands down,—and I want you to share my good fortune, if you will."

Mr. Phineas Sutton took the check and examined it coolly, without astonishment. He had never handled such a princely fee before. Then he leisurely tore it up, and tossed the white leaves overboard.

"This is not an insult, Mr. Potter," he said, laughing, "it is a privilege. You see, when that idiot Eli sold U. S. Telegraph, I thought I knew my business and I bought. I borrowed every shilling I could lay my hands on—and bought, and bought, and bought. Well—you know the rest. I don't need to work any now, unless I want to; and it's due to you."

The two men shook hands as men will when talk is superfluous.

"And now, Mr. Potter, when you come back a married man— as I guess you will fast enough— you two shall occupy my cabin—that is, if you don't want to charter the whole ship."

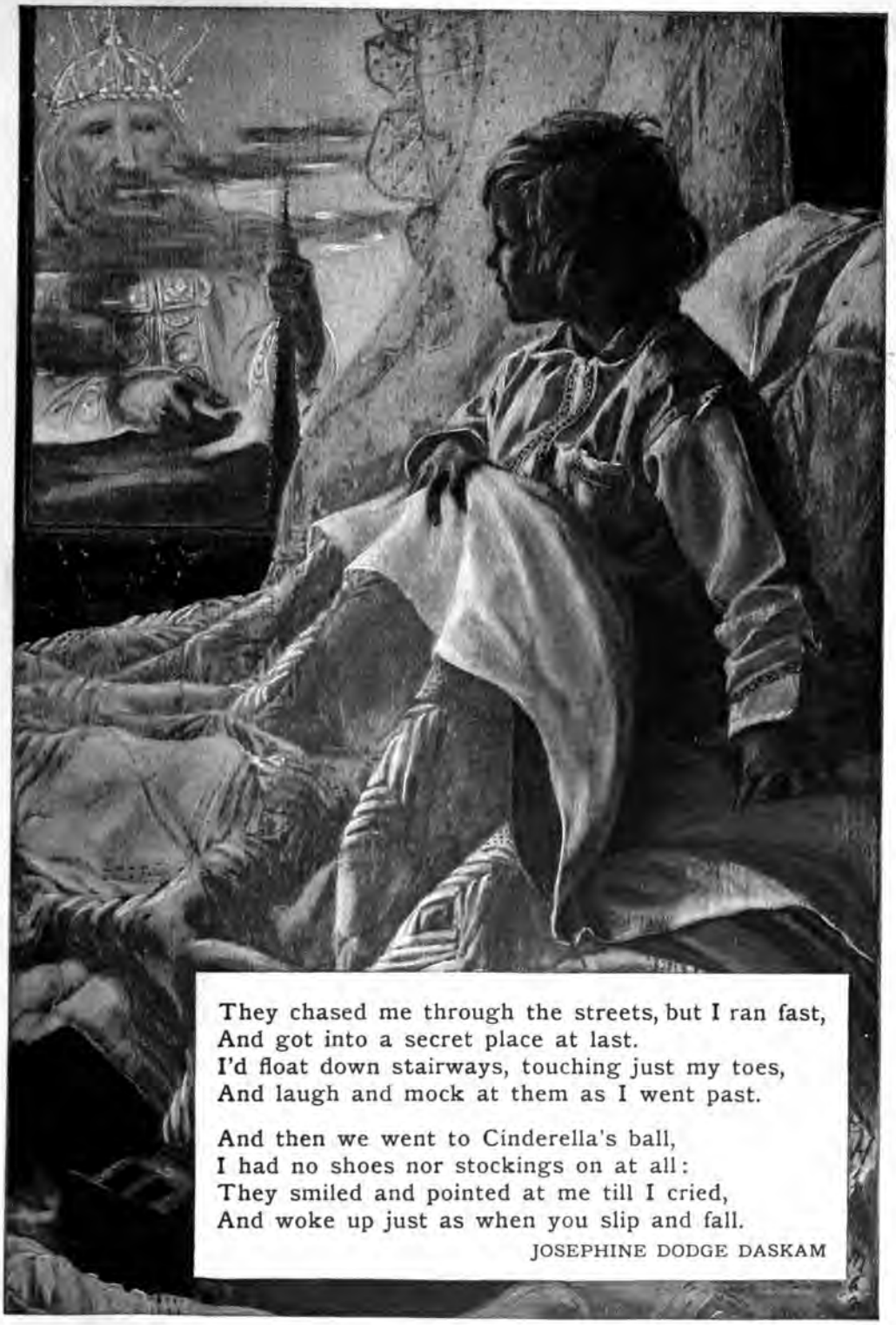
Peleg Potter did not reply. By a bondless system older than Marconi's, and swifter than the "wireless," his thoughts had leaped into the paradise of his future.

DREAMS

One night I climbed a mountain all of snow,
A great black creature showed me where to go:
We went into a church with no one there,
And cried because the wind began to blow.

And then a King that wore a golden crown
Climbed up the spire and tried to help me down,
But I spread out my arms, and flew and flew,
And all the people watched us from the town.

Drawings by M. S. HINCHMAN



They chased me through the streets, but I ran fast,
And got into a secret place at last.
I'd float down stairways, touching just my toes,
And laugh and mock at them as I went past.

And then we went to Cinderella's ball,
I had no shoes nor stockings on at all:
They smiled and pointed at me till I cried,
And woke up just as when you slip and fall.

JOSEPHINE DODGE DASKAM

AT THE LAST OF THE EBB

BY

HENRY C. ROWLAND

Illustrated by Thomas Fogarty

I

WHEN the quick-rising tropic sun had cleft the velvet darkness into long, thin shadows, the Baronet and the Banker found the Countess and the Mate. Already the inquisitive ripples of the rising tide were washing back and forth the skirts of the Countess's pongee gown, now wantonly uncovering the graceful limbs, now deftly smoothing the silk-lace trimmings over the dainty feet, uncertain whether the filmy garment was to be regarded as a vanity or a shroud.

She was lying on her side, with one rounded arm half hidden in a tangled mass of hair that matched the sunrise; the other was clenched in the cold, iron grasp of Jordan Knapp, the mate, whose massive frame was sprawled face downward, his forehead resting on his other hand. Strewn along the beach were fragments of wreckage and the stove-up whale-boat, and all around was the soft, warm desolation of a South Sea isle. A few hundred yards off the beach the giant combers, opalescent in the early dawn, thundered across the reef and were shattered into wavelets of fairy hues. Half-way between the reef and the beach the broken water swirled around a slender, tapering topmast, from the truck of which was flying a torn burgee. When the bubbling spume of a breaking wave had passed, there suddenly rose to view the splintered stump of another mast and slack ends of shrouds that writhed around it like sea-snakes.

The Baronet carried a thin plank whittled shovelwise, the blade of which was frayed and splintered from contact with the hard-packed sand. The Banker carried a large sailor's bandana, caught up at the corners, and bulging from the personal effects that he had taken from the drowned sailors whom they had just interred. When he saw the Countess, a corner of the kerchief slipped from his fingers, and the pitiful little trinkets rolled unheeded across the shining sands.

They tried to pry the Mate's stiffened fingers from their grip, and as they were doing so he suddenly gasped and awoke.

The Baronet handed him a little flask, and the Banker took the woman by the shoulders and dragged her above high-water mark. When he laid her down an eyelid fluttered. The Banker with a beating heart filled the hollow of his hands with sea-water. The Mate, leaning on his elbow, watched him sleepily—and divined his intention.

"Good Lord! she's had water enough; try a little sunshine and whisky!"

"We thought, of course, you were both drowned," murmured the Baronet.

"Thought almost right," said the Mate; "might have been, so far as you were concerned. Why didn't you wait for her?"

"I don't know. I don't remember a great deal of what *did* happen. The boat was sinking as it was—did sink, in fact, before we had taken a dozen strokes," replied the Baronet, holding the flask to the Countess's lips.

"Is *he* dead?" she asked feebly.

"No, dearest; I am here, safe and sound," said the Banker soothingly, as he chafed her hands.

"Oh, you! I do not mean *you*. I mean that

gran' man who plunge after me as I struggle in the sea. You—you go an' leave me to perish."

"You are unjust, dear. I thought that you were in the boat."

"Ah, yes—when I call to you from the vessel. But I do not ask you this; I ask you if he live?"

"Yes, Celeste, here he is—and none the worse for his ducking," said the Baronet.

"What happiness—*mon Dieu! je suis très fatiguée*. Why I have the so great wish to sleep?" The long lashes drooped drowsily over the deep violet eyes, and a gentle little sigh was lost in the soft breeze that fanned in from the sea.

The Mate, watching her apathetically, roused himself from his lethargy. "Let her sleep right where she is. Give me your coat." The Banker slipped it off, and the Mate folded it and placed it under the Countess's head. She smiled drowsily and reached out a fluttering little hand.

"Ah! it is you—my preserver—*mon cher ami!*"

"There, there; you're all right now. Take a little nap; that's a good girl!" He rose stiffly to his feet, and stretched both great arms above his head.

The Baronet looked at him quizzically and smiled.

"Don't you think that you are a little proprietary in your manner, Knapp?" asked the Banker in a sulky voice.

The Mate brought down his arms, threw out his chest, and stared at him a moment. The deep lines on his face threw darker shadows, and the heavy brows came together.

"Who's got a better right?" he growled.

"It seems to me that as I am her *fiancé*——"

"You're a jim dandy *fiancé*. What made you leave her on the yacht?"

"Oh, well, we won't argue that point. But inasmuch as I am the owner and you——"

"Yes, I am not disputing that the schooner was your schooner, nor the mate your mate. But you've got no schooner left, and therefore no mate. Savvy?"

"But your pay goes on just the same," said the Banker.

"Oh, does it? Well, I'm no sea lawyer, and I don't know whether I'm entitled to any more pay or not; but it seems to me that I *am* entitled to some salvage on this little craft that you abandoned in a sinking condition," and the Mate jerked his thumb at the Countess.

"Oh, you do, eh? Well, you'd better stick to your pay, young man; it's more negotiable."

The Mate studied the sand at his feet thoughtfully. "Got anything to eat?" he asked presently.

"One can of biscuits," said the Baronet; "and there's a spring back from the beach a way."

"Good! That's worth more to us than coin—or countesses, just now."

The Mate took a survey of as much of the island as he could see. Then his eyes inventoried the fragments of wreckage along the beach.

"Uninhabited, of course. Wouldn't support a jack-rabbit so far as chow goes. And just about enough flotsam to ferry one away! Gentlemen, the situation has its drawbacks."

"Aw; we have observed that already," drawled the Baronet. "The island goes about as far as you can see in each direction. There is saved from the wreck of the yacht one lady, five men, one can of biscuits, one boat compass, one hatchet, one dipper, a jar of marmalade, and about a dozen matches—besides such uninventoried articles as may be scattered along the beach. Have you—aw—anything to suggest?"

"Darn little," said the Mate, who had finished his survey. "There isn't enough material to work on."

"Shall we carry the Countess to the camp?" asked the Banker.

"Better carry the camp to the Countess," said the Baronet. "It's more portable, and won't be disturbed by moving."

"How much of a camp have you got?" asked the Mate.

"An artist, a Jap mess boy, and the articles before mentioned," replied the Baronet.

The Banker sat on the sand, and with his shovel shielded the Countess's eyes from the sun-rays. The Baronet led the Mate to the camp, where they found the Artist breakfasting on the sunrise tints over the sea, while the Jap, true to his professional instinct, was boiling some water in a biscuit tin. There seemed to be nothing beside the water to boil, but presently the Jap departed, and returned later with half of a very dead fish, some mollusks, and a large crab. Jordan Knapp eyed the crab with animosity.

"Don't cook that thing. The others *may* be safe, but that fish doesn't look like a good convalescent diet!"

"Maybe we can boil the ptomaines all out of him," said the Baronet; "and when the Countess wakes up, she'll want something more nourishing than wet biscuits."

"Well, since she hasn't been present at the autopsy it may be good for her," answered the Mate, doubtfully. "Boil up the whole business, barring the crab, and then thicken the mess with biscuit-crumbs."

"Is the Countess hurt?" asked the Artist, languidly.

"No," answered the Mate, shortly. "She's sort of dissolved, but otherwise all taut."

The three men sat down and watched the preparation of the chowder in silence, Knapp meanwhile munching a biscuit. Presently he arose.

"I'm going to take a pasear around the island. Want some exercise?" he asked the Baronet.

"Thanks, awfully; but I've had enough for one day, I fancy. It doesn't take long to do the place. You can walk all the way around it in twenty minutes."

Knapp picked up the cover of the biscuit tin, and, going to the water's edge, filled it carefully, and placed it in the sun.

"What's that for?" asked the Artist.

"Salt."

The Baronet nodded. "What are the chances of being taken off, Knapp?" he asked.

"Darn slim. Accidental, you might say. Everything passing gives this island a wide berth on account of the others on either side of us. Now, if we could manage to get to the next island;—but I don't quite see how we can." He wandered off down the beach.

When he returned an hour later, the Countess and the Banker had joined the group around the fire. There were dark shadows under the eyes of the Countess, but her face was almost childish in its animation.

"Nevair have I taste' a *déjeuner* so good!" she cried, as she set down the shell which contained the last of her "chowder." "Ah! here is my preserver. *Bonjour, m'sieu.* Before I am so *fatiguée* I cannot express my thanks."

"'*Countess, . . do you believe in God, and heaven, and all that?*'"

She rose to her feet and dropped a courtesy, while the vivacity of her features softened for an instant. "And what it is that you have in the panuela?" She gathered her skirts in both hands, and thrust out her pretty head inquisitively.

"Something to bring back your strength again, Countess—fresh-laid from our farm," said the Mate. He set down the bundle, out of which rolled several large, round eggs.

"Right you are—turtles' eggs, by Jove!" exclaimed the Baronet.

When the eggs were cooked and eaten, a better feeling seemed to pervade the castaways. In their hunger none but the economical Jap observed that the Mate ate but one egg.

The Countess dropped off into a doze, and the others soon followed—all but the Mate, who arose and searched the horizon with a cold,

gray, anxious eye. Soon he stole away from the others, and prowled the beach, dragging fragments of wreckage away from the reach of the tide, searching shell-heap and riffle for objects of use. His hard face lightened, as, wading waist deep, he dragged from the water the sail of one of the boats and spread it out to dry. Three oars and a bucket were the next treasures. Later, he almost howled with joy as his eye fell upon a mass of cordage and a hatch tarpaulin.

When the others awoke, he set them all to search for turtles' eggs and anything else the grudging sea might give up. The Banker got more joy from finding a water-logged cask than ever the negotiation of a loan had given him, and the Baronet would not have exchanged the sailor's dunnage-bag he found for a quarter's rent-roll. The Artist, who said that he did not feel equal to joining in the search, amused the Countess by modeling the wet sand into profiles of the others.

Only the little Jap, turn by turn and twist by twist, unraveled long cotton cords from the sail cloth, wove them cunningly into a plaited line, bent a nail from a washed-up box, baited it with a piece of mollusk, and, wading into the sea, soon hooked a large fish of shining hues.

Far away on the horizon a hazy bluish cloud marked the location of an island to the eastward, and later in the day another appeared to the north. These gave foothold to the imagination, and robbed the sea of its apparent loneliness. The Countess felt that but for these islands she would go mad from fear and desolation. But she prattled joyously, and praised the others for their finds.

When the shoal-green of the sea turned to deep ultramarine and the golden sands began to purple, they dined upon the rest of the eggs—and cautiously upon the fish, for tropic sea-food is sometimes better to admire than to eat. The little Jap appeared with two ripe palm-nuts, gleaned from the half-dozen trees upon the island, and none but he appeared once more to notice that the Mate's appetite was not in proportion to his efforts. A lean-to was constructed of the tarpaulin, and the dried sail furnished a common coverlet to all but the Countess, for whom the Mate cut off a separate generous slice. The Mate sat with his back to a tree, and fed the fire with tiny scraps of brushwood.

When all were sleeping, the Countess suddenly awoke, chilled to the bone from contact with the cold sand which the sun-warmth had long since left. The fire was almost dead, and beside the smoldering ashes lay Jordan Knapp, face downward, and sleeping heavily. His great shoulders were outlined against the moonlit sky, and as he breathed deeply and silently she could see them rise and fall against the white horizon. As she watched, too cold to move, a shudder shook the great frame; he turned partly on his side, and drew in his limbs to warm his body.

The Countess crept softly out, and threw a few sticks on the fire. As she slipped from beneath the edge of her coverlet a dark object across it caught her eye. It was the Mate's coat, and another glance showed her that he slept in his thin shirt, open at the neck.

She picked up the coat and held it over the coals of the fire. When it seemed that the heat had penetrated every fiber she spread it gently across the shoulders of the Mate, noticing as she did so that the cotton shirt was clammy from the dew. Almost as the garment touched him the Mate was broad awake, up on one knee, and tense as a forestay.

"Oh! it is you," he whispered, recognizing her in the moonlight. "I thought that I was in China again with Boles, and that the river pirates—pshaw! I'm half-asleep still. What's the matter, Countess?"

"*Dieu!* I have so cold I may not sleep. Perhaps I have sleep enough in the day. What pity I arouse you, *cher ami!* But you shiver in your sleep, and you have put your coat across my knee," she added reproachfully.

"I don't mind the cold," said the Mate almost roughly; "and I ought to have kept the fire up, but I was sort of sleepy, I guess." He was building the feeble flames as he spoke. "I'll make you a comfortable bed to-morrow, Countess, built up off the ground and thatched out with palm leaves. Seems like I might have thought of it before, but I was busy saving junk that we may need."

"How long you think we must remain on this islan'?" asked the Countess, holding her palms to the growing blaze.

"Not long, I reckon," he answered reassuringly. "We'll start to knock the pieces of the boat together to-morrow, and then we'll work our passage along this chain of islands until we strike an inhabited one. Maue can't be more than three hundred miles to the eastward, and the natives there are friendly."

"But the boat—how without tools may you make him sea-deserving?"

"Seaworthy? Oh, there are nails in the wreckage, and I can chip these shells into tools; and I have my knife."

"It will be a task like 'The Toilers of the Sea.' You have read that book?"

"Yes; but there are several of us, and we

have a sail and can wait for a fair wind. It will be easy enough. Don't worry, Countess, you'll be in 'Frisco in a couple of months."

"I do not worry when you are near, J-Jordin Knapp," she added softly.

"That's a brave girl," said the Mate, patting her hand. "Now you must go to sleep again."

The Countess made no reply, but gazed out over the still, moonlit sea.

The Banker awoke with a gasp. "Are you awake, Knapp?" he asked querulously. "I'm as cold as death. Can't you build up that fire?" He raised himself on his elbow and saw the Countess.

"If you're going to sit up by the fire, Celeste, do you mind if I take your piece of canvas? Who'd ever think that it could be so cold down here in the tropics!" he grumbled. "You know my lungs aren't very strong, Celeste, and the first thing you know I'll be having pneumonia!"

He tugged the scrap of sail partly off the Baronet. "I say, Knapp, just tuck that thing around my feet, will you? I believe I'm going to have a chill! Heat up the rest of that chowder for me, Celeste. D---- the luck, anyway! You bet that the next time I hire any officers for a yacht I'll get men with the proper licenses, and who know their business. It's all your fault, Celeste. If you'd only been content to go right back this never would have happened. Why don't you heat up something, Celeste? Do you want me to have a——"

"*Shut up!*" growled the Mate.

"Eh! What's that?"

"Shut up, or I'll come over there and twist your neck! Savvy?"

"What do you mean? Is that the way——"

"*Shut yer mouth*, d'ye hear? The Countess 's got enough to bother her without your drool!"

The Banker glared across the firelit space, then grumbled off to sleep again. The Countess gazed pensively at the moon, and then turned to the Mate.

He rose suddenly, picked up the Countess's poor little canvas coverlet and held it to the blaze, then wrapped it gently around her and drew her up to him.

"Put your head on my lap—so. Now turn your back to the fire—so."

The fire was behind her, and the broad chest of the Mate sheltered her from the night breeze.

"But you—Jordin Knapp—you cannot sleep so!"

"Never fear, child; go to sleep." His voice was kind, but imperative.

"Ah, *mon ami*, nevair was I so comfortable." She gave a little sigh, and the eyelids fluttered down. The flames grew brighter.

Soon she slept, and after a little the Mate's chin sank on his chest, and he, too, slept. So until the morning, when the Baronet awoke.

He looked at them keenly in the early dawn, and the smile that parted his patrician lips was not altogether ironical.

II

A week passed, and no errant sail clove the distant sky-line. The supply of turtles' eggs was gone, and the fish caught by the Jap seemed a very lonely member of his species. The castaways ate but twice a day, and then scantily. The lines under the Countess's eyes deepened, and new ones appeared in the rugged face of the Mate. He made a bold pretense of eating, and only two of the party saw the deception; but as he grew daily more cadaverous his energy seemed to increase. With infinite toil he had chipped some of the broad sea-shells into the semblance of tools—a saw, a chisel, and an adze. Nails were drawn or dug from box and cask, the smashed ends of the boat neatly spliced and caulked with cotton fibers.

On the ninth day a bright idea suddenly seized the Baronet. He called the Banker, the Artist, and the Mate aside.

"I say, you chaps, I've been thinking that the grub is getting jolly low, and that the Countess is not getting enough to eat. She's a game little thing, and never whimpers; but she's going downhill fast. We men have got to cut down our rations—what?"

Knapp smiled a tired smile.

"Women don't need as much food as men, anyway. You'll find it in the physiologies," began the Banker.

"You're right, Sir Henry," interrupted the Mate; "we'll make you commissary officer, and let you dole out the chuck."

The Artist nodded a moody assent, and walked off up the beach.

When they had trimmed down the fore and after fragments of the boat all that remained to splice was about four feet of the after, and about the same length of the forward section. At the most, with the greatest economy of their scant material, the boat when completed would not be more than eight feet over all. The peculiar design, after they had pieced the fragments, brought a smile to the lips of the Mate, although its size gave him food for reflection.

"Looks like a bait car," he remarked to the Baronet, "or a punch-bowl!"

"She turned and faced them defiantly"

"Knapp, if you mention that word 'punch' I will attack you with this prehistoric weapon!" replied the Baronet, wielding his neolithic stone maul, made of rounded rock lashed in the end of a cleft stick.

While they worked wearily the Artist suddenly fainted. They carried him into the shade, and the Countess bathed his forehead until consciousness returned. He gazed dreamily up at the sunlight that filtered through the palm leaves over his head in green and yellow bands.

"Countess," he asked, presently, "do you believe in God, and heaven, and all that?"

"*Certainement, mon cher,*" she answered in surprise.

"So do I, and I think that God must have the artistic spark. No one but a great master could get such wonderful symphonies of color. Just see the play of color in the surf as it breaks, and consider the accuracy in the values of blues and greens over our heads. Who ever saw a clash or chromatic discord in a sunset? Or in wild flowers, or the leaves in the autumn? Yes; God is a great artist and a musician, and all that is broad and comprehensive. Do you suppose that the mind that conceived such wonders could misjudge a motive or direct the destiny of souls by a rule of three?'

The Countess's violet eyes grew round.

"Ah! but you must not try to think of such mysteries now. Rest, *mon cher;* sleep, and rest your tired brain!"

"I will, soon," drawled the Artist, and lazily closed his eyes.

That evening the Artist was the life of the whole party. The Mate, who had never approved of him, listened in amazement and joy to his sudden flow of wit and gaiety. Then to the astonishment of all, just as they were about to prepare for sleep he suggested prayers.

"Ah, yes; let us supplicate *le bon Dieu!*" exclaimed the Countess.

"What rot!" grumbled the Banker.

"I say, it can't do you any harm, you know!" said the Baronet, as one inspired by a sudden new idea.

Knapp rose slowly to his feet and took off his cap.

"Our Father—" he began, and the others joined in; all but the Banker, who took the opportunity to clean the Countess's unfinished shell of chowder.

"The Lord's Prayer doesn't seem to quite fill all of the requirements," cheerfully remarked the Mate when he had finished, "but it's the only one I know; and, after all, the "daily bread" part is the most important for us."

When they awoke in the morning the Artist was missing. The Countess was the first to find his writing in the sand.

"Dear friends," it read, "this is to apologize for leaving you so abruptly, but I've lost my nerve. Knapp says the boat can only safely carry four—possibly five. The grub is getting low and I'm sick of chowder; besides, my demand is greater than my supply. Love to all. May God bless you, and get you safely out of the mess! *Au revoir.*"

The "*au revoir*" was no sarcasm. Late in the afternoon the Artist returned—from the sea,—and they found him with his black hair full of sand, and a sea-gull on his chest.

The next day the Mate, with a smile at the Countess, pronounced the boat to be "sea-deserving." Then they spent three days in catching fish, which they dried in the sun. It was easier to catch the fish, now that they had a boat. Several bottles that had washed ashore, and the biscuit tin, were filled with water from the spring, which day by day was dwindling as the dry season advanced. Another day was spent in waiting for a fair breeze and recaulking the boat.

They towed her to the leeward side of the island, and there the Countess, the Banker, the Baronet, and the Jap embarked. The Baronet kept his face averted, and when he tried to answer a question of the Countess's his voice choked.

"Is it that you have grown fond of this beautiful islan'?" she demanded, half jokingly, half in surprise. "J-J-Jordin, what do you make? Get in the boat!"

"No," said the Mate, "I'm going to stop here until you send a schooner for me. It won't be very long. This tub wouldn't be safe with my extra weight in her when it breezes up this afternoon." He was wading behind the boat, shoving her through the shallows ahead of him. The Countess could not see his face as he was leaning over, the better to throw his weight against the stern.

"You're all right now. There's nothing more that I can do. Sir Henry understands about the courses, and as soon as you get clear of the island you can hoist your sail and get a fine fair wind. When you get to Maue you can send a schooner——"

"Celeste, sit down!" snapped the Banker. "You'll upset the boat if you don't look out!"

"Yes; sit down, Celeste," said the Baronet. "We've arranged it all, and it's the best way——"

Splash! The Countess had leaped nimbly into the water and was wading, waist deep, back to the beach before the Mate could intercept her.

At the edge of the water she turned.

"And you would leave J-J-Jordin Knapp so —alone, desolated—even as you left me on the vessel? *Mais non!* He have stay by me, an' I will remain with him. Think, *mes amis*, what it would be—*alone* on this terrible islan' at night, with the moaning of the sea!" She burst into a storm of tears.

The Mate turned to her fiercely. "Celeste, do as I tell you! Get in that boat; do you want to make me——. Oh, *go*, for heaven's sake. Can't you see that you're only making it worse?"

The Banker said nothing.

"I say, do be reasonable; why do you want to make it so hard for us, Celeste?" cried the Baronet, with a queer vibration in his voice.

The drooping head came proudly up. The bare, gleaming arms flashed down and outward. She turned and faced them defiantly, her back to the man she would not desert, her bosom rising and falling. Before her stretched salvation and the sea; behind, the green walls of her prison. Her thin, tattered gown hung in rags, while at her feet the glowing sands pressed hot kisses where the frail satin slippers had worn away. The rising trade-wind blew her tawny hair about her face.

"You ask me why I remain? I tell you. It is because that if I go I am the base ingrate. This man have risked his life for me when his blood run quick, an' when his life is low he give me his blood, drop by drop. Day by day he starve himself—an' he think I do not see. Ver' many times he bring me food an' say he have eat plenty, but I know it is only his dinner which he save. When I am cold he cover me with his coat an' shiver; when I am *triste* he tell me the droll story, an' say how soon I will be home. An' now he have put everything of food an' shelter in the bateau, an'—an' you ask me that I leave him——"

Her voice choked, and she covered her face with her hands.

The Mate dug his foot in the sand, and gnawed the end of his new bristling mustache.

"Is there any other reason, Celeste?" he asked in a voice like the echo of the surf.

She raised her head, and the sunlight shone on her face. The little hands were tightly clasped.

"Ah, yes; there is more. I have known many men in many country, many who have the wit, the resource, the courage, the heart of gold. But never have I known a man who have them all, as this gran' man; and he has, beside—" she turned and covered her face with her hands—"*mon cœur!*" she sobbed softly.

"Oh, h—!" growled the Banker; "let's go!"

"Good-by, children," called the Baronet. "We'll have a schooner here for you in a fortnight!"

He dug his oar blade in the hard-packed sand, when suddenly a feeble spark of decency flared up from deep in the Banker's sordid soul.

"If Celeste's not coming, we might leave her a ration," he muttered.

"I say, by Jove! that's so—what? There's some hope for you yet, old man," said the Mate genially to the Banker.

"Who's going to chaperon you two until the schooner comes?" asked the Baronet jocosely.

"This!" said the Mate, in a deep-toned voice. He snapped a cord about his neck and drew forth a heavy golden ring. The blue eyes of the Countess opened wide.

"It was my mother's, Celeste. Will you wear it for me—always?"

She put her hand in his. "Yes, J-J-Jordin Knapp."

The busy little Jap, who had been swabbing the boat dry, leaped to his feet so quickly that he almost had a capsize.

"Eeeee——yah!" he squealed, pointing seaward.

The Mate's keen eye was the first to follow the boy's.

"SAIL, O!" he roared in a voice that sounded like a cry of pain. Suddenly he threw his hands above his head.

"They've come for us! The other boat's been picked up! What?—what?" He did a beach dance that would shame a cannibal.

The Banker stared out to sea as if uncertain of his part of the play.

Close to the shore the placid waters lay pearly gray, still unawakened in the shadow of the palms. Beyond, the sparkling waves danced sun-kissed and joyous with the life of the growing day. Far on the low horizon a widening band of ultramarine marked the advent of the trade-wind, and over the sky-line a pink puff rose steadily over the ocean's brim.

Larger it grew, coursing in the wake of the breeze, and soon the darker speck that marked the hull appeared. On she came, her topsails shot with the flaming crimson of the sunrise,

and soon a snowy streak beneath her forefoot showed each onward rush.

Close grouped, as if to concentrate their sight, they feasted with their eyes until the Countess's grew so dim she could not see. A little sob struggled to escape, and at the sound the Mate and the Banker turned to her. The eyes of the two men met in a look different from that thrown seaward.

"Well," said the Banker, "there's no need for heroics after all. We'll all go together, and let's try to forget this chapter. I say we call everything that's happened on this blooming island off. Celeste, don't cry, my——"

The Mate's arm encircled the Countess. She turned to the Banker.

"Ah, yes, *mon cher!* it shall be as you wish. Everything is off—but the ring!" she added softly, turning to the Mate.

A SPEEDWAY SERMON

BY EMPEIGH MERWYN

THE famous driveway skirting the wooded heights that overlook the valley of the Harlem, where New Yorkers assemble on Sunday mornings to witness "brushes" between pedigreed, record-breaking equines, might not be considered a vicinity favorable to the delivery and suitable reception of a sermon. Nor would the lofty bridge on which the Croton water crosses the Harlem to its destination in the faucets of Manhattan Island shape itself at first glance into the semblance of a pulpit. Yet it was on High Bridge, from which I had been regarding the scene on the Speedway below, that I first met Dicky and listened to his conversation.

It is not popular to view the racing from the bridge; the gay world flocks along the walks below, on either side of the magnificent roadway. I preferred to be aloof. There are moods when even a horse-race cannot charm. Sometimes brilliant spectacles do not tempt one to mingle in them, but serve only as a basis for gloomy philosophizings.

Things were not going well with me. Well planned efforts have a way of lurching off and arriving nowhere. It is hard to see others succeed where you have failed. And at that time I had misgivings about the state of mind of a certain Person. I was tired of the whole confounded muddle, and I knew just how a fellow feels when he concludes to stop trying.

A shrill cry arrested me as I walked moodily along.

"Wait fer me, Jimmy—Jim-my!"

A very little chap, in a shabby brown overcoat, was sending this appeal after some larger boys scampering eastward across the bridge at a pace impossible to his short legs.

The other boys ran on unheeding. From previous observation of the genus sometimes know as "kid," and from the size of the present specimen, I braced myself against a howl that I judged would develop. But I erred. The short legs ceased the vain effort; then two brown eyes gazed sadly up into mine, and Dicky said—for this was Dicky—"Jimmy has went off an' left me!"

But it was merely the enormity of Jimmy's depravity that saddened him, not his own forlorn situation, as I soon learned.

"How will you get home?" I asked.

He surveyed the long stretch of bridge leading to the Bronx side, where the boys had disappeared, and gravely decided upon a course of action suited to the occasion.

"I'll go 'way 'cross the bridge," he said deliberately; "then I'll go down them stairs, *all* of 'em, an' then—" He hesitated, but resumed manfully, "I guess I c'n see where I live then."

"Suppose you can't see?"

His resourcefulness did not fail. "I'll ask a cop," he said firmly. "The cop'll know where I live."

The noble faith in the omniscience of "the force" might have impressed me, if I had not been occupied with my surprise at this remarkable decision of character and courage. He was much too small to be there alone—he was scarcely more than a baby—and I was pausing, pondering the division of responsibility between myself and the cop. Dicky himself had dropped the whole subject—myself along with it—and was stuck as close as possible to the bridge railing, through which he was gazing intently upon the scene below.

Suddenly the brown overcoat was violently

agitated, its occupant turned and called shrilly, "Mister, come 'ere—they's a feller fell in the lake!"

Sure enough, there was a fine young fellow struggling in the water, while his capsized shell floated swiftly away. The conflicting currents of the Harlem "lake" must have taken him in an unguarded moment. Fortunately, a rowing costume is also adapted to swimming, and he was making a gallant fight.

"See 'im wiggle!" cried Dicky excitedly.

The Speedway throng below had also seen, and they began to shout advice and encouragement. A launch was visible, but some distance away. The swimmer began to call at intervals, "Hurry up; hur-ry up!"

An inevitable comparison of his struggle with my own flashed over me. I set my teeth hard at the thought of the possible fate of the brave fellow down there, in view of the thousands powerless to help. A woman near us began to wring her hands, crying out, "Oh, why don't they help him!" But Dicky's hopefulness sustained us in the ordeal.

"Don't cry, Missis," he said kindly to the woman. "He's goin' to git out soon. See 'im wiggle!" he added enthusiastically.

And later, when the swimmer's shouts were not so loud, and you clenched the railing and held your breath, it was Dicky who sang out, "They's a boat a-comin'!"

Another shell, propelled by four athletic fellows, swept from under the bridge, and we saw our swimmer, first seizing an oar, and then clinging to the side of the boat, conveyed safely to a landing-place.

It was this accident that secured me the boon of Dicky's acquaintance; in discussing it, the gulfs of age and position were bridged and we met as equals.

"What 'ud you do if you'd fall in the water?" he asked with keen interest. But evidently fearing the effect that the direful suggestion might have upon my possibly delicate susceptibilities, he hastened to say, with a sunny smile, "You won't fall, Mister; the bridge is tight. But *s'pose* you had fell, what 'ud you do?"

I asked him what he would do.

"Oh," he said cheerfully, "I'd wait till some fellers comed with a boat, an' I'd climb right up on the boat."

"But suppose a boat shouldn't come?"

"Then I'd wiggle an' wiggle an' keep *on* a-wigglin' till a boat *did* come," he said resolutely.

Having given me this succinct statement of his idea of a man's behavior when in misfortune, he glued himself to the railing again. Surprise was rapidly deepening in my mind to profound interest and growing respect for the character of my chance acquaintance. I desired to probe farther into this clear mind. His interest in the proceedings below appeared to be inordinate.

"Do you like to see the horses?" I asked.

"Yep," he replied politely and even with polish, for he had the manners of an archbishop—or of an archangel. The monosyllable was uttered dispassionately, however. But his next remark revealed the source of his absorbing interest. "Mebby my Pa's down there."

"Ah, your father drives horses there?"

"I don't know, but mebby he does." Dicky sighed profoundly, and I saw that there was trouble. He must have judged me to be worthy, for he went on, "Mamma and me don't know where he is. He has went off and left us. Oncet we lived in a flat"—he glanced at me to see if I comprehended the grandeur of this—"Mamma's got to work now, an' she cries 'bout Papa's bein' gone."

I perceived that this was not the reaching out of a weak spirit for sympathy; it was merely a dignified statement of facts due to a friend. I said with respect, "That is very hard!"

"But she don't cry *always*." He was hastening to cheer me up out of my depression! When I was feeling better, he gave me various details of the family affairs. What impressed me most was his own unflagging endeavor to dispel his mother's terrible fear that his father would never return. He spoke of this as a curious example of feminine idiosyncracy. "Mamma's just a poor, weak woman," he said kindly. "She can't help cryin'."

The spectacle of this rare soul rising up in unflinching fortitude from the paternal defection and the maternal tears so moved me that I took out my field-glass and urged Dicky to try it.

It was his first experience, and his delight was absolutely without limit. But after he had learned how to adjust the glasses, and had looked his fill, he reverted to the subject that engrossed him.

"If my Pa had them glasses down there," he cried, with sparkling eyes, "he c'ud see me up here. And then he'd git right outen the wagon an' come up here!"

"What would he do with the horses?" I asked. It was becoming an absorbing employment to me to suggest difficulties—just to see how this undaunted spirit would meet them. I was conscious, too, of a desire to lay

before him my own affairs and get his advice and the glow of his sunny hopefulness upon them!

He laughed heartily. My lack of resource tickled him. "W'y, don't you know?" he said. "He'd hitch the horses to the legs of the bridge!"

"What makes you think that he is down there?"

"'Cause they's horses there. My Pa's a--a—" He said apologetically, "It's a big word." Then he made a manful effort to make me understand. "They's a wagon an' lots of trunks." When I suggested "expressman," he beamed with pleasure. "Yep, 'spressman! An' if I come here an' come here an' keep *on* comin' here lots an' lots of times, mebby I'll see my Pa down there, an' then he'll come back to Mamma 'n me." Then he resumed his eager scrutiny of the Speedway.

I checked an impulse to uncover my head in the presence of this sublime faith, while I stood aghast at the daring picture of the delinquent parent, in the midst of those elegant turnouts, mounted upon his express wagon, returning to the deserted fireside!

I hadn't the heart to speak for some time. Then, feeling the need of encouragement from Dicky, I asked, "Was your Papa a very good man?"

Dicky turned and surveyed me silently. It was not rebuke in the large eyes. It was a surprised pity for the darkness of my unenlightened outlook. Then he said quietly, "Pa and God is the best men in the world."

This simple confession of faith was too much for me. I took off my hat, making a pretense of smoothing my hair. It was distinctly a stained-glass effect—the sunlight actually seemed to be streaming through a rose window over an organ loft, and I heard for an instant the voices of the choir.

I took Dicky's hand and we sauntered along together conversing. In a thoughtless moment I asked him this question, "What would you do if your father should not come back?"

He withdrew his hand and turned his great brown eyes upon me, and I realized my error.

"Of course he will come back," I hastened to say. "I only meant *suppose* he shouldn't."

It took time for him to grasp that this was only abstract speculation, similar to his own suggestion, "S'pose you'd fell down into the water." Then he faced the problem with his usual spirit.

"W'y, I'd grow an' grow, *awful* fast, and be big like my Pa, and work for Mamma."

As we walked on, he became silent. Again he withdrew his hand—there was constraint between us. The matter developed. Suddenly he looked *up* at me, literally speaking, but in reality he was looking *down* at me, and I felt it.

"Don't you b'lieve he'll come back?"

Then I perceived that this question was not formulated in order to add weight to his own serene trust—it was a test of my sanity, of my moral condition, of my fitness for friendship.

He was at last reassured. His hand was again in mine, and our intimacy was restored. I did myself the honor of escorting Dicky home, and we parted with an appointment to meet again at the Speedway.

"Mebby my Pa 'ull be there!" he said radiantly; then benevolently to me, "An' I'll show him your glasses!" Finally he said, with an inflection and tone that were a benediction, "I *like* you." And then came the supreme touch, uttered solemnly, "Mebby my Pa 'ull like you, too."

I wended my way back across the bridge, to the elevated, rebuked, chastened, and inspired. That Person—whose sex I do not mention—had never behaved *quite* so badly as had Dicky's erring parent! Yet regard my squalid, shriveling doubts beside Dicky's magnificent faith. And—daring thought—why should not I apply Dicky's system to the Person's case, and keep on a-comin' an' comin'——

And this diminutive apostle of hope and courage in the midst of his harrowing affairs —I and my difficulties—the relative sizes of Dicky and myself—his attitude—mine! I did not enjoy dwelling upon my late attitude.

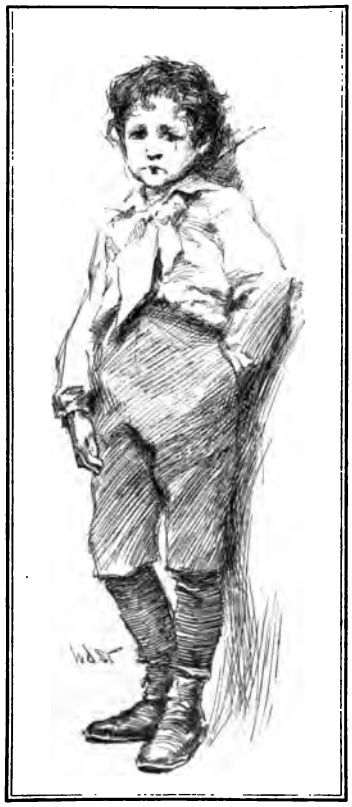
I say "late" attitude, and that is right, because it was changed. I had determined now to wiggle an' wiggle an' keep *on* a wigglin' till a boat *did* come. Amen and amen.

A CHRISTMAS PRESENT FOR A LADY

BY MYRA KELLY

Illustrated by W. D. Stevens

IT was the week before Christmas, and the First Reader Class, in a lower East Side school, had, almost to a man, decided on the gifts to be lavished on "Teacher." She was quite unprepared for any such observance on the part of her small adherents, for her first study of the roll book had shown her that its numerous Jacobs, Isidores, and Rachels belonged to a class to which Christmas Day was much as other days. And so she went serenely on her way, all unconscious of the swift and strict relation between her manner and her chances. She was for instance, the only person in the room who did not know that her criticism of Isidore Belchatosky's hands and face cost her a tall "three for ten cents" candlestick and a plump box of candy.



MORRIS MOGILEWSKY

But Morris Mogilewsky, whose love for Teacher was far greater than the combined loves of all the other children, had as yet no present to bestow. That his "kind feeling" should be without proof when the lesser loves of Isidore Wishnewsky, Sadie Gonorowsky, and Bertha Binderwitz were taking the tangible but surprising forms which were daily exhibited to his confidential gaze was more than he could bear. The knowledge saddened all his hours, and was the more maddening because it could in no wise be shared by Teacher, who noticed his altered bearing and tried with all sorts of artful beguilements to make him happy and at ease. But her efforts served only to increase his unhappiness and his love. And he loved her! Oh, how he loved her! Since first his dreading eyes had clung for a breath's space to her "like man's shoes" and had then crept timidly upward past a black skirt, a "from silk" apron, a red "jumper", and "from gold" chain to her "light face," she had been mistress of his heart of hearts. That was more than three months ago. How well he remembered the day!

His mother had washed him horribly, and had taken him into the big red schoolhouse, so familiar from the outside, but so full of unknown terrors within. After his dusty little shoes had stumbled over the threshold he had passed from ordeal to ordeal until, at last, he was torn in mute and white-faced despair from his mother's skirts.

He was then dragged through long halls and up tall stairs by a large boy, who spoke to him disdainfully as "greenie," and cautioned him as to the laying down softly and taking up gently of those poor, dusty shoes, so that his spirit was quite broken and his nerves were all unstrung when he was pushed into a room full of bright sunshine and of children who laughed at his frightened little face. The sunshine smote his timid eyes, the laughter smote his timid heart, and he turned to flee. But the door was shut, the large boy gone, and despair took him for its own.

Down upon the floor he dropped, and wailed, and wept, and kicked. It was then that he heard, for the first time, the voice which now he loved. A hand was forced between his aching body and the floor, and the voice said:

"Why, my dear little chap, you mustn't cry like that. What's the matter?"

The hand was gentle and the question kind, and these, combined with a faint perfume suggestive of drug stores and barber shops—but nicer than either—made him uncover his hot little face. Kneeling beside him was a lady, and he forced his eyes to that perilous ascent; from shoes to skirt, from skirt to jumper, from jumper to face, they trailed in

dread uncertainty, but at the face they stopped—they had found rest.

Morris allowed himself to be gathered into the lady's arms and held upon her knee, and when his sobs no longer rent the very foundations of his pink and wide spread tie, he answered her question in a voice as soft as his eyes, and as gently sad.

"I ain't so big, and I don't know where is my mama."

So, having cast his troubles on the shoulders of the lady, he had added his throbbing head to the burden, and from that safe retreat had enjoyed his first day at school immensely.

Thereafter he had been the first to arrive every morning, and the last to leave every afternoon; and under the care of Teacher, his liege lady, he had grown in wisdom and love and happiness, but the greatest of these was love. And now, when the other boys and girls were planning surprises and gifts of price for Teacher, his hands were as empty as his heart was full. Appeal to his mother met with denial prompt and energetic.

"For what you go and make, over Christmas, presents? You ain't no Krisht; you should better have no kind feelings over Krishts, neither; your papa could to have a mad."

"Teacher ain't no Krisht," said Morris stoutly; "all the other fellows buys her presents, und I'm loving mit her; it's polite I gives her presents the while I'm got such a kind feeling over her."

"Well, we ain't got no money for buy nothing," said Mrs. Mogilewsky sadly. "No money, und your papa, he has all times a scare he shouldn't to get no more, the while the boss"—and here followed incomprehensible, but depressing, financial details, until the end of the interview found Morris and his mother sobbing and rocking in one another's arms. So Morris was helpless, his mother poor, and Teacher all unknowing.

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And now the great day, the Friday before Christmas, has come, and the school is, for the first half hour, quite mad. Doors open suddenly and softly to admit small persons, clad in wondrous ways and bearing wondrous parcels. Room 18, generally so placid and so peaceful, is a howling wilderness full of brightly-colored, quickly-changing groups of children, all whispering, all gurgling, and all hiding queer bundles. A new-comer invariably causes a diversion; the assembled multitude, athirst for novelty, falls upon him and clamors for a glimpse of his bundle and a statement of its price.

Teacher watches in dumb amaze. What can be the matter with the children? They can't have guessed that the shrouded something in the corner is a Christmas tree? What makes them behave so queerly, and why do they look

"'Why, my dear little chap, you mustn't cry like that'"

so strange? They seem to have grown stout in a single night, and Teacher, as she notes this, marvels greatly. The explanation is simple, though it comes in alarming form. The sounds of revelry are pierced by a long, shrill yell, and a pair of agitated legs spring suddenly into view between two desks. Teacher, rushing to the rescue, notes that the legs form the unsteady stem of an upturned mushroom of brown flannel and green braid, which she recognizes as the outward seeming of her cherished Bertha Binderwitz; and yet, when the desks are forced to disgorge their prey, the legs restored to their normal position are found to support a fat child—and Bertha was best described as "skinny"—in a dress of the Stuart tartan tastefully trimmed with purple. Investigation proves that Bertha's accumulative taste in dress is an established custom. In nearly all cases the glory of holiday attire is hung upon the solid foundation of every-day clothes as bunting is hung upon a building. The habit is economical of time, and produces a charming embonpoint.

"The end of the interview found Morris and his mother sobbing and rocking in one another's arms"

Teacher, too, is more beautiful than ever. Her dress is blue, and "very long down, like a lady," with bands of silk and scraps of lace distributed with the eye of art. In her hair she wears a bow of what Sadie Gonorowsky, whose father "works by fancy goods," describes as "black from plush ribbon—costs ten cents."

Isidore Belchatosky, relenting, is the first to lay tribute before Teacher. He comes forward with a sweet smile and a tall candlestick—the candy has gone to its long home,—and Teacher for a moment cannot be made to understand that all that length of bluish-white china is really hers "for keeps."

"It's to-morrow holiday," Isidore assures her; "and we gives you presents, the while we have a kind feeling. Candlesticks could to cost twenty-five cents."

"It's a lie. Three for ten," says a voice in the background, but Teacher hastens to respond to Isidore's test of her credulity:

"Indeed, they could. This candlestick could have cost fifty cents, and it's just what I want. It is very good of you to bring me a present."

"You're welcome," says Isidore, retiring; and then, the ice being broken, the First Reader Class in a body rises to cast its gifts on Teacher's desk, and its arms round Teacher's neck.

Nathan Horowitz presents a small cup and saucer; Isidore Applebaum bestows a large calendar for the year before last; Sadie Gonorowsky brings a basket containing a bottle of perfume, a thimble, and a bright silk handkerchief; Sarah Schodsky offers a pen-wiper and a yellow celluloid collar-button, and Eva Kidansky gives an elaborate nasal douche, under the pleasing delusion that it is an atomizer.

Once more sounds of grief reach Teacher's ears. Rushing again to the rescue, she throws open the door and comes upon woe personified. Eva Gonorowsky, her hair in wildest dis-

array, her stocking fouled, ungartered, and down-gyved to her ankle, appeared before her teacher. She bears all the marks of Hamlet's excitement, and many more, including a tear-stained little face and a gilt saucer clasped to a panting breast.

"Eva, my dearest Eva, what's happened to you *now?*" asks Teacher, for the list of ill chances which have befallen this one of her charges is very long. And Eva wails forth that a boy, a very big boy, had stolen her golden cup "what I had for you by present," and has left her only the saucer and her undying love to bestow.

Before Eva's sobs have quite yielded to Teacher's arts, Jacob Spitsky presses forward with a tortoise-shell comb of terrifying aspect and hungry teeth, and an air showing forth a determination to adjust it in its destined place. Teacher meekly bows her head; Jacob forces his offering into her long-suffering hair, and then retires with the information, "Costs fifteen cents, Teacher," and the courteous phrase—by etiquette prescribed—"Wish you health to wear it." He is plainly a hero, and is heard remarking to less favored admirers, that "Teacher's hair is awful softy, and smells off of perfumery."

Here a big boy, a very big boy, enters hastily. He does not belong to Room 18, but he has long known Teacher. He has brought her a present; he wishes her a merry Christmas. The present, when produced, proves to be a pretty gold cup, and Eva Gonorowsky, with renewed emotion, recognizes the boy as her assailant and the cup as her property. Teacher is dreadfully embarrassed; the boy not at all so. His policy is simple and entire denial, and in this he perseveres, even after Eva's saucer has unmistakably proclaimed its relationship to the cup.

Meanwhile the rush of presentation goes steadily on. Other cups and saucers come in wild profusion. The desk is covered with them, and their wrappings of purple tissue paper require a monitor's whole attention. The soap, too, becomes urgently perceptible. It is of all sizes, shapes, and colors, but of uniform and dreadful power of perfume. Teacher's eyes fill with tears of gratitude as each new piece, or box, is pressed against her nose, and Teacher's mind is full of wonder as to what she can ever do with all of it. Bottles of perfume vie with one another and with the all-pervading soap until the air is heavy and breathing grows laborious, while pride swells the hearts of the assembled multitude. No other teacher has so many helps to the toilet. None other is so beloved.

Teacher's aspect is quite changed, and the "blue long down like a lady dress" is almost hidden by the offerings she had received. Jacob's comb has two massive and bejeweled rivals in the "softy hair." The front of the dress, where aching or despondent heads are wont to rest, is glittering with campaign buttons of American celebrities, beginning with James G. Blaine and extending into modern history as far as Patrick Divver, Admiral Dewey, and Captain Dreyfus. Outside the blue belt is a white one, nearly clean, and bearing in "sure 'nough golden words" the curt, but stirring, invitation, "Remember the Maine." Around the neck are three chaplets of beads, wrought by chubby fingers and embodying much love, while the waist-line is further adorned by tiny and beribboned aprons. Truly, it is a day of triumph.

When the waste-paper basket has been twice filled with wrappings and twice emptied; when order is emerging out of chaos; when the Christmas tree has been disclosed and its treasures distributed, a timid hand is laid on Teacher's knee and a plaintive voice whispers, "Say, Teacher, I got something for you;" and Teacher turns quickly to see Morris, her dearest boy charge, with his poor little body showing quite plainly between his shirt-waist buttons and through the gashes he calls pockets. This is his ordinary costume, and the funds of the house of Mogilewsky are evidently unequal to an outer layer of finery.

"Now, Morris, dear," says Teacher, "you shouldn't have troubled to get me a present; you know you and I are such good friends that——"

"Teacher, yis ma'am," Morris interrupts, in a bewitching rising inflection of his soft and plaintive voice: "I know you got a kind feeling by me, and I couldn't to tell even how I'm got a kind feeling by you. Only it's about that kind feeling I should give you a present. I didn't"—with a glance at the crowded desk—"I didn't to have no soap nor no perfumery, and my mama, she couldn't to buy none by the store; but, Teacher, I'm got something awful nice for you by present."

"And what is it, deary?" asks the already rich and gifted young person. "What is my new present?"

"Teacher, it's like this: I don't know; I ain't so big like I could to know"—and, truly, God pity him! he is passing small—"It ain't for boys—it's for ladies. Over yesterday on the night comes my papa on my house, und he gives my mama the present. Sooner she looks on it, sooner she has a awful glad; in her eyes stands tears, und she says, like that—out

of Jewish—'Thanks,' un' she kisses my papa a kiss. Und my papa, *how* he is polite! he says —out of Jewish, too—'You're welcome, all right,' un' he kisses my mama a kiss. So my mama, she sets and looks on the present, und

"It's for ladies, und I didn't to have no soap."

"But, Morris, dear," cries Teacher unsteadily, laughing a little, and yet not far from tears, "this is ever so much nicer than soap—a

"'*Eva, my dearest Eva, what's happened to you now?*'"

all the time she looks she has a glad over it. Und I didn't to have no soap, so you could to have the present."

"But did your mother say I might?"

"Teacher, no ma'am; she didn't say like that, un' she didn't to say *not* like that. She didn't to know. But it's for ladies, un' I didn't to have no soap. You could to look on it. It ain't for boys."

And here Morris opens a hot little hand and discloses a tightly-folded pinkish paper. As Teacher reads it he watches her with eager, furtive eyes, dry and bright, until hers grow suddenly moist, when his promptly follow suit. As she looks down at him, he makes his moan once more:

thousand times better than perfume; and you're quite right, it is for ladies, and I never had one in all my life before. I am so very thankful."

"You're welcome, all right. That's how my papa says; it's polite," says Morris proudly. And proudly he takes his place among the very little boys, and loudly he joins in the ensuing song. For the rest of that exciting day he is a shining point of virtue in a slightly confused class. And at three o'clock he is at Teacher's desk again, carrying on the conversation as if there had been no interruption.

"Und my mama," he says insinuatingly—"she kisses my papa a kiss."

"Well?" says Teacher.

"'Say, Teacher, I got something for you'"

"Well," says Morris, "you ain't never kissed me a kiss, und I seen how you kissed Eva Gonorowsky. I'm loving mit you too. Why don't you never kiss me a kiss?"

"Perhaps," suggests Teacher mischievously, "perhaps it ain't for boys."

But a glance at her "light face," with its crown of surprising combs, reassures him.

"Teacher, yis ma'am; it's for boys," he cries as he feels her arms about him, and sees that in her eyes, too, "stands tears."

"It's polite you kisses me a kiss over that for ladies' present."

Late that night Teacher sat in her pretty room—for she was, unofficially, a greatly pampered young person—and reviewed her treasures. She saw that they were very numerous, very touching, very whimsical, and very precious. But above all the rest she cherished a frayed pinkish paper, rather crumpled and a little soiled. For it held the love of a man and woman and a little child, and the magic of a home, for Morris Mogilewsky's Christmas present for ladies was the receipt for a month's rent for a room on the top floor of a Monroe Street tenement.

THE LAST CHOICE OF CRUSTY DICK

BY WILLIAM D. WILLIAMS

IT was a very commonplace, uninteresting spot, which one would be sure to forget within a single day. There are a million such places, more or less, in the arid southwest. All around, as far as the eye could reach, the level plain was set with sparse clumps of prickly-pear and grease weed, but such things really count for nothing in such a country. A mile or more to the east, a barren red hill had, once upon a time, wakened to life and heaved itself aloft; but that was long, long ago—so very long the hill itself appeared to have forgotten about it. The heat waves that flickered in the air distorted the rugged outlines, and set them in seeming motion, as though the hill were about to move again. But all the desert knew better, for, in all the ages since it had possessed itself of that country, that hill had continually threatened to move, notwithstanding which, it had not once changed its position. So the thin, dry grass twisted and curled back upon itself, and tried, in every other way, to withdraw itself from the terrible heat of the sun, and had not even a languid apprehension that anything would happen.

To the west, right at hand, as one might say, a red, granite rock, big as a house, had in other ages burst the bonds of the earth, and stuck its head out in the air. But so hot did it find it, and so dull, it was plainly sorry of its reckless irruption; it drooped repentantly, as if promising never to do it again.

In all that commonplace of desolation, absolutely the only thing worth looking at was a slender trickle of water, which perseveringly pushed itself up, along the break in the earth made by the protruding rock. In any other country, if anybody had ever noticed its existence, it would have been called a seep, and it would have been set about thickly with waving flags and nodding ferns. In the desert, it was a spring, known and honored by every lonesome, wandering man and beast on one side of the great range, and it was ornamented by a straggling fringe of dry, white bones, which lay upon its bosom like a string of pearls adorning the neck of a bride.

If it be true that every landscape has a story of its own, which can be read in the expression of its features, then one looking at that spot would be justified in believing himself able to see, as plainly as if it had been written in the palm of his hand, these words, "Since the dawn of creation nothing whatever has happened here." Yet, within the memory of men still living, that rock has looked down upon at least one ambush and massacre, as dreary as the scene that surrounded it, and God alone knows what other horrors it has witnessed.

It was in the morning, with the sun part way up the sky, when all around the eastern side of the rock, a swirling tangle of men and horses, of wagons and harness, an intricate and confused current of disorder, set slowly toward the spring. Along the edges, the sparse bunches of grease weed and prickly-pear were exploding rapidly, going pop, pop, pop, as if the surface of the desert were breaking out in a noisy eruption. Out of the popping there rose curls of white smoke, ascending vertically through the dead air, climbing steadily, as though set upon some lofty, common errand.

The Apaches had ambushed a wagon-train, and the teamsters were driving for the shelter of the rock, there to make such stand as they could. "Hai, whoop," each man was shouting to his horses, leaning far forward over the tails of the wheelers, seeming by the inclination of his body to add speed to his flight. "Hai, whoop! Get up, Jim! Go on, Kate! Out of this boys, out of this!" The horses went with a rush, surging evenly against their collars, their bodies glistening with an ooze of perspiration. The wagons bumped and swayed over the inequalities of the surface, the timbers of each groaning beneath its heavy load. Dust sprang up in the air and hung about them, until only vague outlines loomed through, uncertainly discerned, as if seen through a dense fog.

The Indians had abandoned concealment. They stood up, leaning forward with eagerness, shooting with the calm rapidity of an expert hunter killing game. At times they screamed, clapping one hand to the mouth and removing it rapidly, repeating this frequently, producing a broken, wailing cry, that seemed wonderfully feeble in the open vastness which surrounded them.

The whole affair had a singular appearance of unreality, event after event occurring as if each one had been rehearsed with a masterful patience. No third rate painter of cheap scenery could have produced a more commonplace, uninteresting desert. The rifles con-

tinued to explode theatrically, the white puffs of smoke rising with stiff deliberation, each exactly like every other, as if they were being lifted by machinery which could not be made to move fast enough to produce the proper effect. The Indians yelled "Yow, yow, yow" with such precision that they seemed to have been trained from infancy. The drivers cracked their whips and swore at their horses with an appearance of merely perfunctory zeal. The interest they displayed looked to have been drilled into them by persistent effort.

When Gold Finch was shot through the lungs with a soft bullet that drilled a hole, through which one could have run a stick, you would have said he was very far from being surprised. The froth of blood filling his throat precluded speech. With a gentle motion of his hand, he turned over the lines to Crusty Dick, who sat at his side, and, lying down uncomfortably over the back of the narrow seat, went to sleep without a word, and passed out of the play and out of the world. And the rock of their refuge was still a quarter of a mile away.

Dick frowned, and said "Damn it." He stuck the barrel of his smoking gun beneath his thigh, gathered the four leather straps awkwardly in his fingers, two in each hand, and turned his attention to driving, like a man giving himself, with a world of enthusiasm, to the acquisition of a new trade.

"Here, you, Buck Howard," he yelled to the driver on his left, "don't you keep a-crowdin' on me. Don't you do it." He mumbled to himself inaudible complaints.

An arrow struck his near wheeler in the ribs, sticking out like a leafless weed, and, as the horse plunged under the pain, another appeared, grown fast to the shoulder.

"They'll make a damn porcupine out of that Jim horse," he growled. "I reckon it's my turn now." He leaned over the dead body of the teamster, balancing himself precariously, looking backward through the dust, along the wagon cover. He drew the revolver from his belt, and, in a listless, casual manner, discharged one chamber. An Indian, who had been running in pursuit, holding an arrow drawn to its head in his bow, let the tip slip from between his fingers, stood for an instant, with one leg lifted in its stride, and then plunged, head first, like a diver, into a bunch of prickly-pear, where he lay, moving his arms and legs jerkily, as if he were swimming.

"I wish I could drive that good," complained Dick. The wagon bumped against a ridge of dirt, throwing him down on Gold Finch's body, and, when he had slipped along to his own end of the seat, he was all dabbled with blood. But the rock was visibly nearer at hand.

Suddenly, one of Howard's leaders staggered and fell to its knees. The driver lashed out tremendously with his whip, the horse lifted itself, plunged heavily against its collar, and fell in a heap. The wheeler stumbled over the leader, the team swung around, locking the wheels, and Howard cursed frantically, calling Heaven to witness that, if he had ever dreamed of such luck, he would have stayed at home with his mother.

Dick was out in an instant, cutting loose the traces, slashing into the gear, loosing the dying animal, with a composure so unruffled and effective it had the appearance of calm deliberation, as if he had been expecting this from before his birth, as if he were prepared for it by ages of forethought.

"Now, look at that damn tongue," cried Howard, spitting disgustedly, and pointing with one finger extended.

The broken tongue was stuck in the ground, anchoring the wagon in the desert. Bullets were singing mournfully overhead, as if filled with melancholy regret for their deadly errand. Others, passing more dangerously near, buzzed like angry humble-bees. Arrows passed through the air, splitting it with spiteful, hissing noises.

Dick looked a moment at the ruin. "Hell," he exploded. "Git in with me. I'm a-needin' a driver a whole lot."

"I don't like to leave my horses," protested Howard.

"Git in," Dick ordered. "Git in. Git right in." His voice was tense and emphatic, his eyes blazed with anger, he seemed ready to spring upon the driver and tear him to pieces.

Howard took a step toward Dick's wagon. All at once he sat down on the ground, and looked around him, amazement showing in his face. "Lordy," he muttered, "I'm afraid I've gone an' done it now." He turned his eyes sheepishly toward Dick. He tried to stand up, he raised himself with one leg in position, dragged the other after him until he was upright, balanced himself a moment with outstretched arms, and sat down on the ground again. He felt of his leg, withdrew his fingers dripping blood, gazed at them shrewdly, and looked again toward Dick, very deprecating, obviously ashamed.

Dick was facing to the rear, shooting slowly and methodically, like a man bored by too

long practice at a target. So wonderful was his execution that, in a moment, not an Indian was to be seen, and the vegetation once more began to explode, where hostile marksmen lay concealed.

He glanced over his shoulder toward Howard. "Git in," he complained. "Why the hell don't you git in? D'ye expect me to hold 'em off forever?"

"They got me," apologized Howard, and he began to excuse himself, explaining how it happened. "They broke my leg, an' I couldn't help it. The bone's a-stickin' clean out. You git in."

The vegetation was breaking out in puffs of smoke at close range. The last of the other wagons whirled by in a great cloud of dust. At the rock the drivers were calling back to them: "Git in. Git in, an' drive on. Come on, you damn fools." Bullets, going both ways, passed them, singing mournfully—singing to them of their danger and of the black sorrow of approaching death.

It was done with a rush, a mob of Indians yelling and shooting at their heels. Howard fell into the seat with a groan, dropping heavily on Gold Finch's dead body. Dick took his old place, firing backward along the edges of the wagon cover. At the rock, the drivers yelled their triumph. The whip cracked, the horses pulled against their collars, the wagon labored over the inequalities of the surface, groaning as if in mortal anguish. They drove in, completing the little half circle of wagons drawn up around the spring, but Dick was wounded in the fleshy part of the thigh, and an arrow was sticking out of Howard's shoulder, the feathers swishing about through the air with the pull of the muscles.

It was the sad beginning of a notable tragedy. When the first shot was fired and the ambush opened itself to its victims, there had been in the train seven wagons and eleven men. In the half-moon that defended the spring there were four wagons left and seven men, all of whom were wounded. But the retreat was at an end, and no one thought of surrender. In fact, there has never lived a man so brave that he would willingly surrender himself alive into the hands of the Apache.

At noon the barricade had been made as effective as possible. A few Indians were annoying the camp with an intermittent fire, which appeared to threaten no harm. The main body was at a safe distance, stripping the abandoned wagons, and scattering their contents. Blue smoke rose lazily from a fire, which was being fed with lumber from broken packages. Within the barricade the teamsters huddled together under the shade of a projecting spur of rock. The squealing of a horse in pain was borne on the air into their midst.

"What's that?" inquired a gigantic teamster, who had a bloody bandage bound round his long black hair.

"That?" answered Dick. "Why, that's them Injuns a-tormentin' of them horses."

The drivers looked at each other with gloomy, foreboding eyes.

"I wish I hadn't left mine," complained Buck Howard, attempting to rise. His shattered leg twisted under him helplessly, and he sat down again with a groan.

While Dick was lifting him to an easier position, some of the drivers looked out cautiously over the wagon top, and saw that which set them shivering with horror.

"I'd kill myself first," said the black-haired giant, turning back toward his companions and moistening his lips with the tip of his tongue.

Singularly enough, the others appeared to understand, and nodded their heads, gravely approving. Meanwhile, their ears were distracted with the nickering of the tortured horse.

In the middle of the afternoon, an Indian secretly surmounted the rock, and began shooting down into the camp, as it lay below him, open and defenseless. Dick turned away from the wagons, and, looking up, saw curls of white, powder smoke, projected horizontally, lying upon the air motionless and hard of outline, like some rigid substance which had been violently ejected. The dull gleam of a gun barrel shone indistinctly, and a brown hand and arm, almost indistinguishable in the shadow, lay close along a ragged edge. Dick fired so quickly it seemed as though his gun had been discharged by accident. The line of light reflected from the steel leaped up like a live thing, the gun came clattering down the rock, the brown arm, limply distorted, waved in the air, two savage eyes, points of glittering light, looked over the edge, seeming very bright against the dull background. Then Dick fired again, and a naked savage came tumbling down, falling inertly from one projection to another, lodging at last, the head and shoulders strained violently downward, the arms extended full length, seeming to stretch and reach for something which lay far below, to stretch and reach, forever, for something they might never grasp.

It was as theatrical and unreal as if it had been done for stage effect alone. The shots were fired too quickly, Dick's skill was too

great, the Apache died too promptly, the effort was too small for the effect produced, actors and spectators were too wooden, too uninterested, for it to be reality at which they were playing. One would not have been surprised to hear an audience clap its hands and shout its approval, to see the Indian, who, with the tragic intensity of genius, stretched and strained to grasp that which he could never reach, rise and bow and lay his hand upon his heart, in mimic acknowledgment of the applause.

"You sure gunned him damn quick," praised Buck Howard, while Bartow Johnny and Charley Rudd grinned deprecatingly, as if at some joke which they could not entirely approve. Crusty Dick was sheepish and downcast, having the look of a man caught, redhanded, in some shameful meanness.

At that moment Buck's eye caught sight of a prostrate, gigantic figure, sprawled in the dust beside one of the wagons, its long, black hair bound around with a dirty bandage, spotted with blood. He stared at it idiotically, apparently unable to comprehend. He blew out his breath between his teeth, producing a low, whistling noise, as if he had received an unexpected, painful injury. He glanced from the dead body to Dick, and from Dick to the body, which seemed so appalling in the intensity of its quietude.

"Why, I didn't know that damn Injun had got Black Bill," he groaned. His voice was like a wail.

Black Bill lay in the dust, his face stiffening into an unchangeable expression of pain, as if death had brought to him no relief, as if he were doomed to suffer forever the pangs of dissolution. Out in front of the wagons, the tortured horse was still nickering and shrieking.

"Won't that horse never die?" complained Charley. "It gits onto my nerves."

"I never saw another feller so lucky as that there Black Bill," mused Dick, looking down very gravely at the dead driver.

"That's so," agreed Buck. "He's surely drawed all the good cards this time."

There was no one among them willing to dispute the proposition.

Burning as they were with fever, half crazed with the pain of ill-tended wounds, it was weary work wearing out the hours of that long, hot afternoon. Out in front, rifles held by unseen foes, mysteriously exploded, at long intervals, in unlikely spots in the sparse, surrounding vegetation. The abandoned wagons, gaunt wrecks in an ocean of sand, stood around, unsheeted and empty, silently dejected. In one, a naked figure, erect upon the driver's seat, duskily outlined against the fierce, harsh sky, called out in a loud voice, making insulting, derisive, gestures at the besieged. One after another, the drivers elevated their sights, using rests and aiming with the utmost care, making wasteful, ineffective shots at the distant mark.

When the sun hung right at the crest of the rock, blinding all who looked that way, another Indian scaled it from the opposite side, perching himself at the very summit, from which point he opened fire. When he was finally driven off, there were two more dead in the camp. In the assault that came and was repelled at sunset, another passed away, and Howard was again wounded. That night, he was delirious and did himself great harm, dragging himself about on his wounded leg, and forcing the bone further through the flesh and skin.

It appears to be the belief of an Apache that, if he be killed during the night, his shade will dwell forever in the dark, where it will be tormented, beyond his own wicked imagination, by beings that can see better than he. Therefore, it is only in the greatest need that he will fight when there is no light. With the deepening of twilight the rifle popping ceased, a vast and lonely silence possessed the desert.

Morning came, and every floating wisp of vapor caught the rays of the rising sun, and trailed across the sky, its tattered rags gorgeous with orient colors. From before the barricade came again the noise of lonesome, infrequent shots, and the bullets went moaning sorrowfully through the camp. Curling puffs of powder smoke, dark blue in the faint light, lay flat upon the air, and soared heavily.

At a little distance some Indians stood about a fire, which they were evidently feeding with unseasoned fuel, for dense smoke rose from it, in a slender column, and sailed aloft, so high, the eye could scarcely discern its summit. They passed a blanket over the fire, holding down the smoke, which they loosed at irregular intervals, letting it go in puffs, so that the column was broken by clear spaces of varying lengths. As the sun rose higher, one could see, in the east and in the north, other smoke columns, broken also, which were rising at a great distance. The columns, built up of smoke puffs, varyingly separated, rose to the sky with something of the rhythm and cadence of spoken words, as if unimaginable intelligences were answering one another, as if they were speaking together across infinite gulfs.

Dark figures, yelling lugubriously, rolled a wagon wheel across the sand, and dropped it by the fire. The sun, looking red and awful, hung a moment, cut half in two, on the edge of the world, and long shadows, wildly distorted, went capering across the earth. The desert, which appeared so commonplace by the full light of day, bore now a sinister look as if some dreadful tragedy, which it had been concealing in its bosom, were struggling to the light, as if it were opening itself to the light to reveal some soul-sickening horror.

Within the camp, Crusty Dick, red-eyed and wan, climbed upon a wagon and looked out, shivering as if the air had grown cold. Instantly, the rifles, concealed so mysteriously by insufficient bunches of vegetation, exploded more rapidly. Bullets struck, sounding dull and heavy, and others whined dreamingly, as they passed through the air.

"Come down out of there," commanded Bartow Johnny, angrily. "Reckon if you git hurt, what'll become of the rest of us?"

Then, as Dick, answering nothing, shaded his eyes with one hand, and looked out more intently, Johnny raised himself cautiously, and peeped over the top of the wagon.

"What's that they're doin', out by the fire?" he demanded.

"Oh, that," answered Dick, speaking as if it were something he saw then for the first time. "Why, that's where they're a-fixin' to cook us. They'll tie us to a wagon wheel an' throw us on the fire. An' they'll have some other amoosin' features, before the cookin' begins."

Johnny shivered, as if he, too, were chilled by an uncommon coolness of the air.

"Well, by God," he said.

After all, profanity is no more than a habit. If ever there was a prayer in a voice, it was in Johnny's, as he shivered and cursed.

Dick came down from the wagon. They looked at one another stealthily, those two men, who seemed now so lonely and helpless; they looked at one another as men do who have in mind the same shameful thing, each knowing the thought of the other, both aware of this mutual knowledge. Their eyes were shifty and timid; they wet their lips with the tips of their tongues repeatedly.

Over by the granite wall, Buck, bound and helpless, moaned and cursed continually, in his delirium.

"You do it," said Johnny. The same horror that had been shining in his eyes spoke now in his voice.

"D'ye think I'm a damn dog?" answered Dick, resentfully. "You do it for yourself, an' I'll do it for me."

"I'm afraid I can't," whined Johnny pitifully.

"Besides, who's goin' to do it for him?" he asked, nodding toward Buck.

"Well, I'll tend to Buck, but you've got to do your part."

Out in front, the Indians were closing in from clump to clump. Their fire was slack and infrequent. They were gathering for a final assault. The two drivers walked back toward a small, roughly built barricade, which was intended for their final stand. As they neared it, several Apaches began firing at them from the top of the rock. They rushed under the protecting ledge, which formed the rear wall of their inner defenses.

Dick stumbled, threw out his hands, ineffectually trying to regain his balance, and fell forward upon his face. He lifted himself upon his arms, struggling a moment and looking anxiously toward his legs, and began crawling slowly over the ground, laboriously dragging the lower part of his body, as if it were some unnatural burden, from which he could not separate himself.

Johnny turned instantly to work, rapidly filling the broken front breast high with sacks of flour, gaudily branded in large blue and red letters, "Pride of the West." Now and then he would covertly glance at Dick, looking out of the corners of his eyes. When the barricade had been completed to his notion, he lifted a rifle and began firing it furiously; then, observing that there were no answering shots from outside, he put it down and stood at one side. The blood was flowing over his cheek from a fresh wound that ran diagonally beneath the outer corner of his eye, his head drooped, as if the wound were mortal, his arms hung by his side, as if they were decently composed in death.

"God damn 'em," he cried, gritting his teeth. The tears started in his eyes.

Meantime Dick, who had drawn himself to a sitting position, his back against the rock, was conducting a series of experiments, which seemed of absorbing interest. He pinched the flesh of his legs, one after the other, shaking his head solemnly at each test. He tore the skin with his nails, and watched the blood ooze and flow. He pounded with the hammer of his revolver. He stuck in the point of his knife, trying himself, place by place, from the waist down. At last he desisted, sighing wearily.

"They have surely played hell with me," he muttered. "I wisht I had the — — that

done it," and his eyes glittered with an inhuman lust of cruelty.

In another corner, not a dozen feet away, Buck Howard lay against the wall, tormented by a cloud of flies, raving and cursing insanely.

"I can't do it," cried out Johnny, as if some one were urging him against his will. He lowered his eyes, looking down upon the floor, sullen and ashamed.

"You've just go to," answered Dick, his instant comprehension showing that he, too, had the same subject close to the surface of his mind.

"It's a-comin', damn quick, an' you've just got to," he continued.

"They'll just have to burn me. I can't do it." Johnny lifted his hands, palms outward, and turned away his face, repelled with horror of the thought.

Dick looked up, eyeing his companion curiously, unable to comprehend his reluctance in the face of a supreme necessity. At the last moment of life, how far apart those two were, how little could either understand the other. They spoke together, face to face, and it was as if the inhabitants of alien worlds signaled unintelligibly across the great gulfs of the universe.

"I'll do it," said Dick at last. Perhaps ten seconds had elapsed, but it seemed to him that a lifetime of solemn reflection had preceded the words; it seemed to him he had grown old in thought before he spoke. "I'll do it, an' may God have mercy on my soul."

Johnny licked his lips and swallowed, avid with greed, breathless with the joy of gain.

"Let 'em come on now, damn 'em," he said, "I'm tired of waitin'."

"You won't have long to wait," observed Dick. "Set me a full gun, where I can reach it."

The silence was deadly. It weighed down the heart with nameless threats, with the vast oppression of a final evil, remediless and dreadful. The buzzing of flies, as they swarmed about the bloody wounds, sounded in their ears, remote and vague, like the rushing of the wings of fate, coming rapidly from a great distance.

There was a yell outside, a mad and fatal cry, diabolically brutal, that seemed to pour out upon the earth an overwhelming flood of insanity and disaster. Naked, red bodies rushed from place to place with incredible swiftness, figures that flitted before the eyes half seen, as ghosts might flit from shadow to shadow, avoiding the painful light of the day. Nearer and nearer they came, disclosing faces bestial and monstrous, eyes gleaming hatefully from cavernous, shadowy orbits, features painted to distortion, infinitely repulsive in their faint remaining likeness to humanity.

Johnny, standing upright, exposed himself without fear, shooting rapidly. Dick, with his back broken, paralyzed from the waist down, was driven to concealment by his condition, and could use his weapon less frequently, firing quickly at vanishing figures, at heads and arms and infrequent bodies that came within the range of his vision and disappeared instantly, as if by magic. He was counting downward, as the Indians began to swarm over the barricade.

"Five." He called the numbers aloud with each shot.

Buck Howard, unconscious in his corner, was moaning softly, like one who, though sleeping, suffers still in his dreams.

"Don't you forget to do it," cried Johnny over his shoulder.

"Four."

"Don't you dare forget."

"Three."

"Now, Buck. Poor Buck."

So close were they together, the muzzle almost touched the driver when the cartridge exploded. The groaning ceased upon the instant. The sleeper slept more profoundly. He lay quietly at rest, untroubled now by painful dreams.

"Two," counted Dick, numbering his remaining cartridges.

Johnny was struggling with a painted, sweating savage, who had seized the barrel of his revolver and was pulling at it desperately. Dick aimed in that direction and touched the trigger. Click went the hammer, but there was no report. The cartridge was defective, and failed to explode.

"It's a damn shame," he muttered.

Johnny jerked loose and fired, and the Indian gave way at the knees, threw out his arms, his fingers closing tightly upon his palms, and sank to the earth, with that awkward looseness of the joints that comes of sudden death. But another took his place instantly, springing from the barricade upon the driver's shoulders and forcing him to the ground.

"Hurry, Dick," appealed Johnny, plaintively. "You're a-goin' to let me be took."

"Well, I'm more'n half dead now," said Dick, reasoning with himself against the fear of the torture which had taken him by the heart.

An Indian stooped over and caught him firmly by the shoulder.

"An' it's the part that hurts worst that's dead," he thought.

"Hurry, Dick," implored Johnny.

"An' Johnny, he's alive all over," reflected Dick, "an' he'll hurt all over, too."

The Indian slipped his hand down the white man's arm, from the shoulder to the elbow.

"Oh, Dick, Dick," Johnny was begging and pleading.

"An' I promised to do it," reasoned Dick.

The Indian grasped his arm so tightly he could not move it. The barrel of his revolver pointed in the right direction. He looked at it, and then at Johnny.

"Hope to God this shell's all right," he prayed.

Down came the hammer, and the explosion followed so closely it seemed to him simultaneous with the pulling of the trigger. The Indian dropped his hand to the smoking barrel, and struggled for the possession of the gun.

"That's good, Dick," gasped Johnny, speaking in a low voice, looking curiously out of the corners of his eyes, as if he were saying something unbecoming, as if he were saying something weak and womanish. "Thank you, Dick." He flattened out under the weight of his captor and lay still.

As Dick lay back against the rock, he could not get it out of his mind how very long the tortured horse had been dying.

THE AMERICAN MAN ON HORSEBACK

The Bronco-Busting Contest at Denver for the Championship of the World

BY LINCOLN STEFFENS

Illustrated with Photographs, and with Drawings from Photographs by H. R. Poore and F. M. Du Mond

"THAD SOWDER can't ride; never could. He's worked for me, and I know. He is a gentleman, and I was glad to see him get the belt last year, but there are boys here this year he can't pack a saddle for—not on a bucker."

So said a judge, one of the five who were to decide, again, the world's championship of rough riding, contested for at Denver in the fall of every year. A group of other ranchers stood about, with foremen, cowboys, and strangers, listening, in the lobby of the Brown Palace Hotel, at Denver, and it did not seem to them strange that a judge should have and express a personal opinion on the event before it happened; on the contrary, they seemed, most of them, to agree.

"Well," said a cow puncher, "he done and he won, and I hear he's learned a lot about ridin' 'em since he's been with the show."

"Huh! That ain't ridin'," another puncher said, "hangin' on to leather on the side of a horse. There's a certain yaller dog come down from Idaho, a mean cuss, but a horseman—oh, but he can ride! I've seen him take off his saddle with the horse a-jumpin'——"

"Tom Minor, you mean," said the judge. "Let me tell you right here, that man's a rider. He is a boaster. I've heard that he told up in Idaho what he was going to do with the money he won down here. He may boast, but I bet we give him the belt."

"He says pretty plain how he can ride," said another rancher. "That isn't usual; but the curious part of it is, he can do it. Says he will tie Sowder up in his blankets and put him to bed."

The anger that flashed around the group looked ominous. All were silent for a moment. Then the rancher added:

"And I'll bet he will."

"Oh, Sowder—yes. But how about Harry Brennen and Lee Van Houten, and that boy Thompson, over there on the step?"

"That kid!" exclaimed the cow puncher. "Who is he? Why, he's bleached with town. He ain't off the range."

"No; but you watch the kid ride to win."

"Won't last the first day," said the cow puncher. "Funning aside, Brennen's the man. He rides with both feet free, a-scratchin', and his hand in the air, givin' 'em the quirt every time they go up."

Most of the ranchers, from whom the judges were drawn, favored Van Houten, the only rancher to ride; the rest backed Harry Brennen or Minor. And they were riding their opinions hard when Sowder came in, a tall, slender young man, clear eyed, healthy skinned, and shy to the point of mental mystification. He was warmly greeted. Everybody liked the man. But Sowder had something on his mind, and he drew aside Mr. John M. Kuykendall, the director in charge of the busting. Sowder put his question slow and direct. He had heard things.

"Will the Judge turn me?" he said.

"Go on and say your say," said Mr. Kuykendall, his genial face as hard as stone.

Sowder was as hard. "You know what they are saying. You know what the Judge says himself. And I have had a round-up with him since last year."

"Sowder," said Kuykendall, "the Judge is a gentleman."

They studied each other a moment, till Sowder's face cleared.

"All you got to do is ride," said Mr. Kuykendall.

"I'll ride," Sowder said.

The worst horses and the best riders of all the West—the big West—are brought together for the Mountain and Plain Festival, and they wrangle there for three or four days till the judges, a committee of five knowing ranchers, can pick the best horseman and the worst horse. The rider is proclaimed the champion of the world; and that he is without a doubt, though these Westerners will never be satisfied till their world-challenge is accepted, and the horsemen and the horses of Italy, Australia, and Russia have been pitted against their own. There is faith in the result. There is fretting only for the proof and the sight thereof; and this is so because, unconscious, but plain, the Western man has a sense of manhood that is secure—no fear, no weakness, no pretentiousness. Each man knows the other, and the other knows he is known, so takes himself the place that is his, by force, if need be; but he will get and take no more than his own. His fellows won't let him. His world is only fair; rough to brutality, kind to sentimentality, it settles finally at justice. It is seeing this that warms the soul at Denver.

The Festival is rich in excitement and the picturesque. The arena is on a plain beside one of those flat-bottomed creeks that have either no water, or so much that the stream spreads over its course like a herd of cattle over a trail. Behind are the yellow prairies, in front the Rockies, blue and white, near at eighty miles distance. All this is filled with sunshine which beats through your clothes into your heart, sunning without heating it. Perhaps this explains why the Westerner is so full of fun; why cowboys will rope and ride from four o'clock in the morning till dark, do their chores, eat dinner, then, instead of rolling up to sleep, play for an hour, roping and riding one another, in wild imitation of the day's work; why nearly every city or town or county from Missouri to the Pacific has its festival of flowers or fruit, Indians or maskers; why, when the season of range riding is over, the rancher and his cow punchers ride off to Cheyenne or Denver and ride. Some day the West will be the gayest part of this land. Gay and clean. It is character that counts every time.

When, the day before the busting, the ninety head of horses were collected in the corrals back of the arena, Mr. Kuykendall walked in among them with some cowboys and ranchers to "cut out" the "good ones." Now the "good ones" are "bad ones," and very few were known to the choosers; but they ran them, one or two at a time, pitching and kicking, into a small pen to "look 'em over." The good, that is to say, the bad, were turned into a corral on the right, the "unknown" and the "saddle horses" (a comparative term) to the left. Mr. Kuykendall, whip in hand, stood in the pen, dodging some, climbing the fence for others, turning back those he dared face, deciding by the look of the animal or the reputation of its shipper, whether it was a "fighter" or "gentle."

"Who knows that circle-dot mare?" he cried, pointing to a small goat-like bay that was trying to crawl under the fence.

"Ain't that the little mare that threw the kid at Cheyenne?" asked a rancher.

"No; that was a white-stockinged, lazy D horse. This is one of the four that Perry Williams sent down."

"That's right," said Kuykendall. "Open the gate and put her in the bad bunch. Perry said all his would deliver the goods."

"If Perry Williams said she'd buck," a cowboy drawled, "I wouldn't want to buy her for my wife to ride Sundays."

"Now the circle P. Oh, that's 'Deadeasy,'" said Kuykendall. "To the right."

"What's the story?" asked the cowboy on the fence.

The man at the gate opened, and fell back to wave the horse to the right, but the animal rose at him, and he ran.

"Pitched him back scrambling on the ground"

"You from Wall Street?" asked a rancher, and they all jumped down as the horse leaped into a wire fence. Sprung back by the fence, Deadeasy leaped into the boxes on one of the spectators' stands, and ran through the rails as if they were matches.

"What's the price of them seats?" some one inquired, as all the men scattered out into the arena to head off Deadeasy, who quit the boxes like a winged beast, and broke for the gate, which was swinging shut. He went through it, and out where he belonged—in the bad bunch. Back on the fence, the cow puncher repeated his question, "How about Deadeasy?"

"More horses," called Kuykendall. A horse came in on his hindlegs, pawing at the director, who met him with a crack of the whip which turned him.

"I know this one. To the left. Samuels sent him. Said he'd buck. But he's just a fighter." Out the horse ran, the man at the gate dodging.

"What's that you got at the gate?" a rancher asked, nodding contemptuously at a man who was afraid of a horse shipped by Samuels.

"Rum soaked," said Kuykendall. " 'Nother horse," he called, and the man who admitted a big roan ran for the fence, and the director dodged, as his "rum soaked" helper at the outer gate had. But there was no similar comment. They recognized another horse from another kind of a man.

"That's one John Coble sent down off his ranch. A circle 2, isn't he? Yes; let him out to the right. Coble says——"

The horse turned to hit at the gate-keeper, but the man was up on the fence.

"The story," said Kuykendall, "is that a tenderfoot got on the horse; the horse loped off nice and gentle a few. 'Oh, he's dead easy,' said the tenderfoot. Then 'Nother horse," Mr. Kuykendall called, and he added, "So they called him Deadeasy, that horse, and we'll keep him for the finish."

A big, clumsy looking black horse came in, and everybody cheered. The horse had all the marks of a plug, and he trotted in like a work horse. "Steamboat" they called him, in the tone of a man speaking the name of some delicious food.

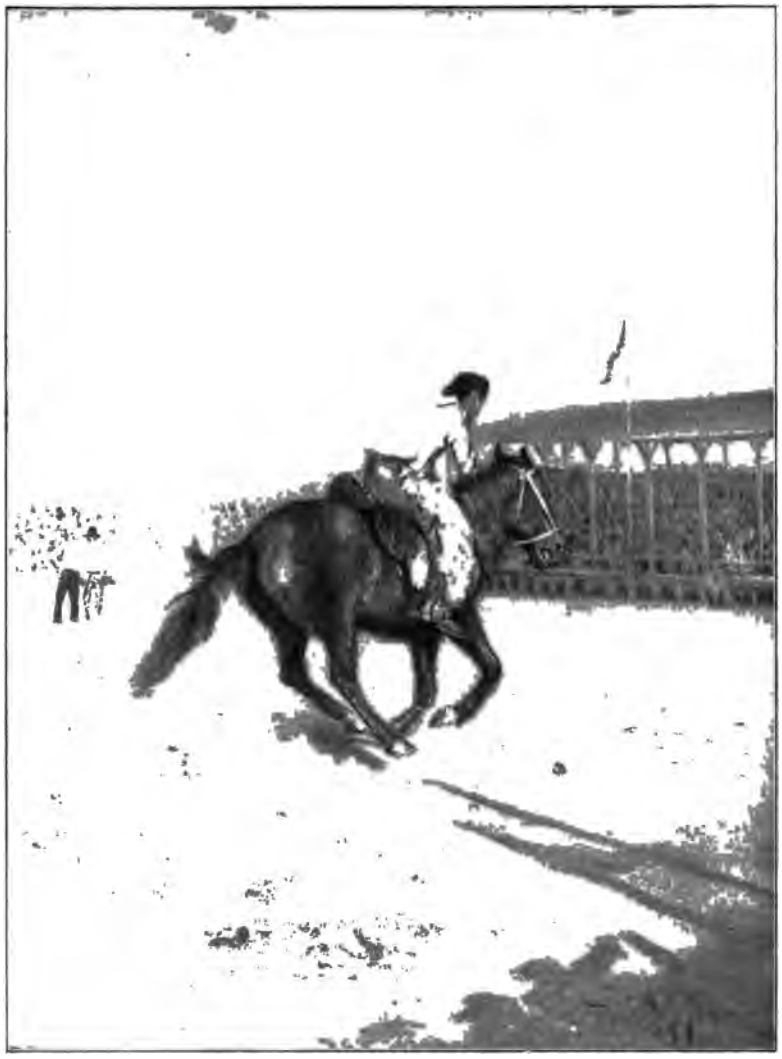
"To the right," said Mr. Kuykendall. "He is to be kept for Sowder on the last day."

And it was explained that this horse was a gentle horse to saddle, let his man on, then bucked, twisting, "sun fishing," and pounding the earth, or jumping round and round. He had won the prize for the best, *i.e.*, the worst, horse on Frontier Day at Cheyenne.

"Ought to let Minor from Idaho have him," said a cowboy. "We want sure to find out about him."

"But the champion ought to have the best horse; he only rides once, and ought to have every chance to win. Besides, you want to know about him too, don't you? You don't think he will get it, do you?"

Then the riders were discussed all over again, while the horses were sorted or "worked" till Mr. Kuykendall feared he would tire them out with the "milling" and "ginning" that resulted from the efforts to ride into the bunch and cut out individual horses. They had the very worst out, and the men sat on the fence and discussed them, as they had the riders, with a brutal sentiment warmest for the hardest fighter, man or beast. To an outsider, the one striking point about these bad horses was that they were of all colors, sizes, and shapes. There is no type of the bucker, and no breed pre-



"Thompson rode through the air, jolted, but happy"

dominates. Those collected at Denver were cayuses, mustangs, and crosses in all degrees with both standard and thoroughbred stock; and though they did not all buck, the seventy-odd that did, bucked, each in his own way, so that, except for the hard pounding of the big horse and the snaky wriggle of the small horse, there was no picking them for excellence except by experience with the horse, or knowledge of the kind of man who recommended him for a "hard one."

The horses disposed of, Mr. Kuykendall rode down town to see the riders at their headquarters, where the sixty-seven entered were gathered. It was a bare room, and the men "sat on their spurs" or saddles, or stooped and kneeled silent, with their heads pointed in, for all the world like a lot of street arabs "shooting craps." They squatted thus all the while the director talked.

"Boys," he said, "I want you to be clear about what we expect of you. You are to ride with the hackamore and a clean saddle. No bridles, no bits, no bucking straps or rolls. And the man that is seen to pull leather or choke his horn is out of it. Also, I want you not to cut your horses up to make them buck. If they won't buck, we will give you another horse; but I don't want you to force them with the quirt or spur. Do what you want when they are up in the air, but when they're down - you understand. And remember, the hackamore, a clean saddle, no grabbing for leather, and no riding on your spurs."

That was all. There was no comment for

half a minute; then a voice from the depths of the bunch said:

"Got a saw?"

"A saw!" ' speaker exclaimed. "No. Why?"

"Want to saw off my pommel so's I can't find it."

The laugh that went up broke up the "pow-wow." The next morning they had a street parade of Indians and two hundred or more horsemen, not all cowboys, and very few on cow horses. Generally speaking, the men were mounted and placed by the committee, according to the degree of respect for their ability to stick to the saddle. At the end of the line, on a little old mare with a bell, and a colt, rode "Rick Thompson," the kid we were advised to watch. Everybody laughed as he went by, but the boy was serious to sadness.

"I sure got to ride," he said at the grounds that afternoon, and the other boys laughed. "I've been working in town lately, but I've ridden the range." Another laugh. "I have, for two years." Now they roared.

"Two years!" they jeered; "and a pale-faced city kid at that."

The bunch drew their numbers, then squatted again close up to the wire outside the arena, their backs to the crowd gathering in the stands, their eyes turned on the judges and ropers out in the center. "Thad" Sowder sat on his show horse apart, as he was told to do. Tom Minor leaned, also apart, against the fence, waving now and then to the stand, where his Idaho friends were seated. The other cowboys viewed them, as they did the horses, as the enemy; they had to "make good."

"Can't tell," said Harry Brennen to some one near him. "The best man goes up in the air sometimes, and I hear they've got some horses here."

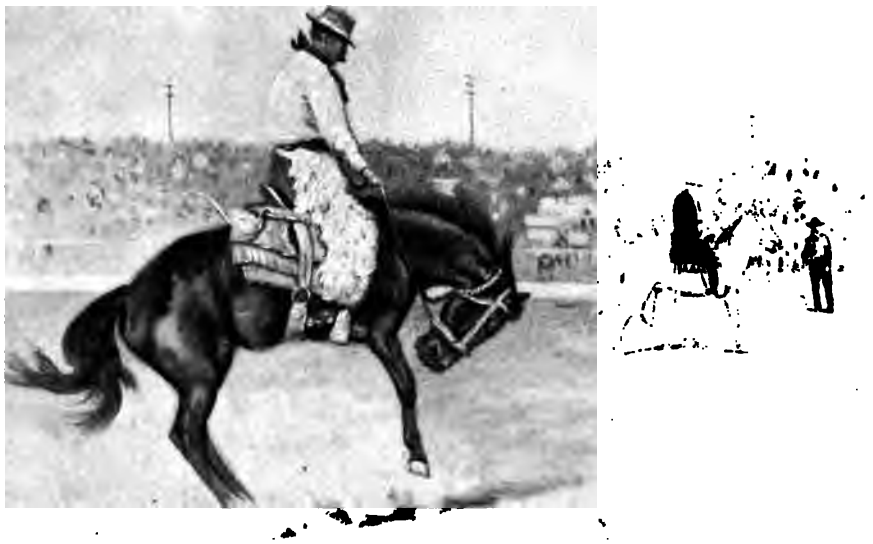
Sowder wet his lips.

"I'll ride anything they got," said Minor, "and I'll drink out of a bottle while he is a-jumpin'."

The bunch became dead still. The band struck up a march. There was a sound of horses kicking in the pen, boards creaking, and out leaped a wild red horse on the end of a rope. He fought, and the ropers galloped up and caught him by the forefeet and threw him. The rider was called. He and some friends from the silent bunch ran out, put on the hackamore, kicked up the horse, and, holding him by the ears, saddled him. Another horse and another rider came out; then another couple. The first man was fighting to mount, and his horse threw himself. The second rider mounted first, but his horse did not buck, and the first rider, up at last, soon had his tired horse quiet and "done."

"All in," called the judges to the two disappointed riders. "Get off."

"Steve . . . rode reining until the animal . . . 'Whoa.'"



"One of the worst buckers in the arena"

"Give 'em another horse," cried the crowd.

Other horses came, and other riders, all in rapid succession. Most of the animals fought from the pen to the "squeezer," and from the squeezer to the arena, where they fought the hardest. Some got away, and the ropers, the two "Clark boys," LeRoy Van Houten and Charlie Irwin, all horsemen famous in the West, had their hands full catching and holding them. It was a wild scene, with horses bucking across the arena among the loose horses, driving judges before them and stopping only at the fence. Two riders were thrown at the fence, the wire of which gave to the rush of the horse, and pitched him back scrambling on the ground. One man, Ed. Thorpe, had his leg broken in this way. In the confusion, individual riders were lost except to the judges, until in a pause the name of R. R. Thompson was called, and the Kid ran out with his saddle on his back. The crowd fixed on him; the people and the judges saw how young he was.

"Who let that boy in here?" one of the committee asked. But the boy's horse stood for the saddle, and before any answer came Thompson was up, and he was riding. His horse went up in the air and reached ahead for space. The boy smiled. The horse landed with a squeal, "side bucked," "back bucked," then flashed ahead straightaway in long pitches.

"He's a rider," said a judge.

"A rider!" yelled the crowd.

"He sure can ride," said one of the cowboys; and they rose and cheered, while, hat off, Thompson rode through the air, jolted, but happy – so happy you could see his face shine.

"All in," said a roper, catching up his horse. "Say, you're all right, Kid. Get down. You're sure a rider."

The man who said that was a famous horseman. The Kid, already elated, looked up and drank in the praise. It made him drunk. He reeled in his saddle, flopped off, and staggered about. The band crashed into the cheers, and Kid Thompson, blind with the joy of it all, snatched off his hat and reeled off to the bunch.

"Did I make good?" he was muttering. "Did I make good?"

One of the older riders – one of the scoffers called just then, got up, and, understanding Thompson's state of mind, handed his saddle to the Kid.

"It was a sight, and you heard then that Brewer was the man"

"Here," he said harshly, "help me saddle, will you, Thompson?"

That sobered the boy. It was another triumph to be so recognized, but the request was in the hard tone of the plains. Thompson caught himself and the saddle at the same time, and went to work as if he had forgotten himself and the crowd and the band everything but the fighting horse his friend was to ride. And when the day was done, and the judges announced that out of the seventeen who had been tested, but two had survived Thompson and one other— Thompson took it pretty well. He did not

seem to hear that he was one of the ten to ride for the privilege of meeting the champion.

The rejected men were not all thrown; they "pulled leather," or "rode on a cinch," or "did stunts" instead of "straight riding." Not five men in all the four days were "thrown," and two of these fell at the fence. The horsemanship was superb, but the riders were not the greatest spectacle; the display of manhood was greater. It was exhilarating to see these outspoken Western judges swallow their own words to pass Thompson, just as it was worth while to see them rejoice openly when their friend, the rancher, Le Roy Van Houten, on the second day, threw, saddled, and mounted a fighting black, and rode off with him fighting still; and also it was good to hear the cowboys cheer the rancher, giving that approval, "He's a rider," which the Westerners keep back until it is earned. Van Houten was put into the ten, and some of the judges and many of the cowboys said he would ride it off with Sowder. Then Stone, a "bad man" with a good smile, leaped upon a mad horse and, like a wolf, grinning and waving, rode rejoicing till the animal was "broke." Luther Dennison, a gentle, bashful fellow in ordinary clothes and his shirt sleeves, unknown to judges and cowboys alike (he had been range riding only four years), rode attentively, without a flourish, but perfectly, a horse that twisted, pitched, then ran bucking and shaking clear across the arena. Dennison let him buck, giving him a dangling rein while he swung the quirt at each jump. In his fury the horse pitched forward so hard that he went over on his head, poised there a moment, then turned a complete somersault. When he came up out of the tangle, Dennison was in the saddle. He took a place at once. So did Jack McGuire, who said nothing and did nothing but ride a hard bucker to a finish. But the popular triumph of the second day was Harry Brennen, a sunny, blond young man, who was forever playing pranks. He is the reckless type of Western rider. When he was called he got a horse that rose straight into the air, squealed, landed with a grunt, rose again, going ahead, pounding with all his weight, and bucking from side to side. Brennen kicked away his stirrups, gave his horse his head, and with legs swinging, arms in air, this natural horseman crossed the arena, hit the fence, went down with his horse, came up with him, and rode back. It was a sight, and you heard then that Brennen was the man to meet Sowder, who, ever watchful, serious, silent, thought so, too.

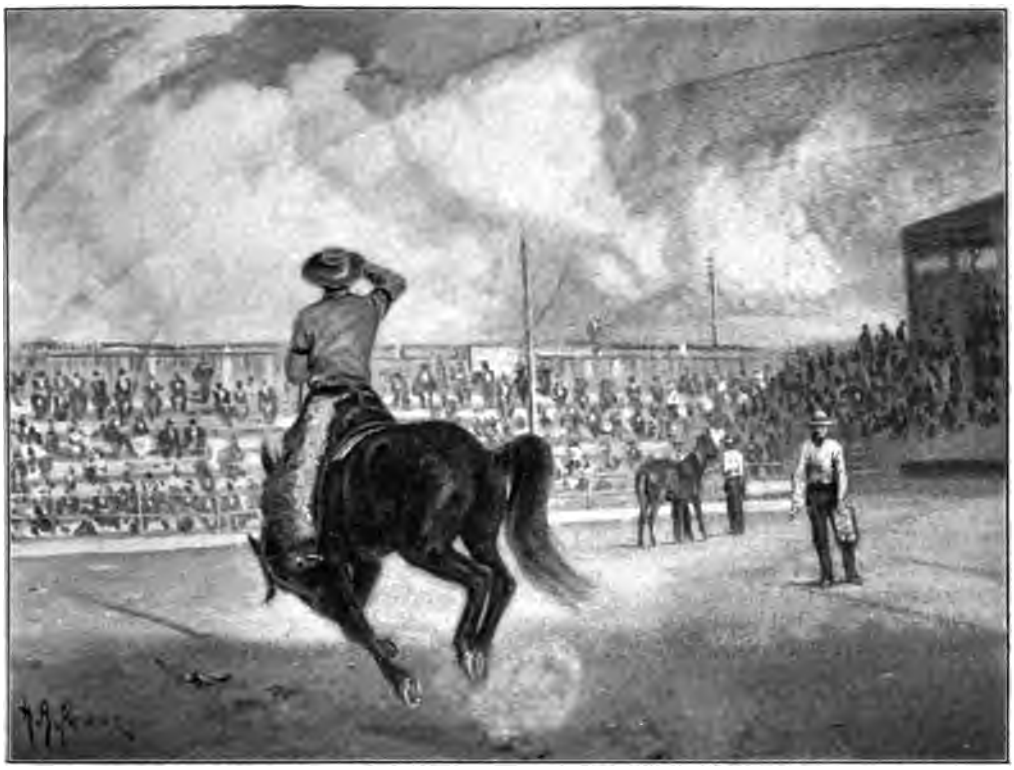
Minor was called. "And give him a horse," said the judges.

"Now we'll see," the cowboys whispered.

They brought out a cat-like little beast, which three men held blindfolded for the saddling. "Turn him loose," said Minor, settling into place, and the horse sprang to his feet, darted here, there; side-buck, crow-

Thad Sowder and T. F. Minor, winners of first and second prizes

hop, rear, and jolt, he went across the arena. Minor was drinking from a bottle of soda water. When it was empty, he tossed away the bottle and bowed. The horse bucked on, and the rider slipped behind the saddle. But it wasn't the "stunts" that held everybody spellbound; it was the consummate grace of the man and his complete identity with the horse.



"Minor was drinking from a bottle of soda water."

"He's a rider," said the cowboys grimly.

"He's the man," said the judge, bitterly, yet with involuntary admiration. "Sowder can never equal that; none of them can."

Others rode, and ten were selected for the finals, but it was plain already that, partly because it was hateful to them, these judges believed they had in Minor the champion horseman of the world. The bottle of soda water, and the other tricks, pricked like spurs. "Let some friend tell him to quit his monkey business," they said, and some one conveyed the warning. The feeling was intense.

For relief the riders and ropers started up some cowboy fun. The biggest and strongest got down on their hands and knees, and boys and lighter men tried to ride them. The imitation bucking broke the spell, and Minor was accepted as inevitable—as inevitable as Western justice.

On the third day the ten were cut to five. "Rick" Thompson fell out among the first. He had a good bucker, and he rode him with ease, but the boy could not help showing off just a little. He twisted in his saddle, threw his right hand around back, down to the horse's left flank; the animal swerved from the touch, and out went "the Kid"; he tried to get back without touching the leather, but he couldn't—his hand clutched the horn, and the judges smiled. "Another time," they said. And they turned to see their favorite, Van Houten, ride a running bucker. He might beat Minor. The man sat his horse beautifully, crashed with him into the fence, and turned, unmoved, to ride on. The crowd, though its sympathy was with the cowboys, stood up to cheer the rancher, and all voices were for one to save the day from Minor the boaster.

"But he's riding on his spurs," said a judge.

"No—yes," said another.

"I don't believe it," said a third, as the rider dismounted.

"He hunched his back, bucked high, and landed hard"

REDRAWN BY F. M. DU MOND, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH CHOSEN BY MR. SOWDER AS BEING THE BEST EVER TAKEN OF HIM ON A BRONCO

"Give him another horse and watch him."

Now, many good riders hold on with the spurs caught in the cinch, and usually it is called fair riding, but it was counted against men at Denver, where the contest soon came down to a fine point, and when Van Houten, all unconscious, got on his new horse, he stuck in the rowels and the judges, his friends, threw him out without debate. He said not a word; so far as I could learn, he never asked why. When some of the cowboys were sulking under their disappointment, the rancher, game to the end, said, "I'll ride again next year."

The five men who were in the final list were: Thomas F. Minor, of Shoshone, Idaho; B. F. Stone, of Bosler, Wyoming; Harry Brennen, of Sheridan, Wyoming; Jack McGuire, of Schley, Colorado; Luther Dennison, of Caddoa, Colorado. It was announced that these men should ride against the champion; but the rules provide that the judges shall first pick one man from the five, then calling for the champion, bid these two ride it out. They believed in their hearts, these judges, that Minor was the best rider, not only of the five, but of the world; and some of them said, as they all seemed to think, that Sowder couldn't ride. It was a "bitter pill," as one of them said, but it was plain they were prepared to swallow it.

"Say, Minor says he'll ride any horse you got and take the saddle off while he's bucking." This message was like a challenge, and an offer to bet five hundred dollars went back. "Mark the spot where I am to leave the saddle," was the reply; but there was no acceptance of the wager.

"Let Sowder ride," the judges ordered, "and give him a horse that will kill him if he doesn't."

"It's Minor," they said to their friends. "He rides with Sowder, and that means that he wins." But this was not generally known. The four other cowboys thought they were all to compete for the first place, and among themselves they decided that Brennen was the best man. They collected in a bunch, squatted, and three of them said so. Brennen objected, and pointed to Stone the Wolf.

"I can ride any horse Brennen can," said the Wolf, "but I can't ride him the way Brennen can."

"Bring out Steamboat," called Mr. Kuykendall. "Sowder is to ride him."

The four cowboys looked up as Sowder rode in on his show horse. The horse pranced to the music, but the rider was modest and flushed. There was no swagger about him; only earnest preoccupation.

"Maybe he can ride," they said. "If he can, let him win. He's the best man of the two, anyway."

Brennen got up, went over to Sowder, and when the champion dismounted and had his

saddle off, ready for the bucker, Brennen said to him:

"Sowder, I hear you draw Steamboat. I saw him back at Cheyenne, and he can sure buck. But I tell you this, he bucks high and he lands hard, but he goes mostly ahead. When he turns, he turns mostly to the left. Anyhow, I never saw him turn no other way."

"I'll remember," said Sowder, and as Brennen slouched off to the bunch, the champion looked after him with as much gratitude in his face as a man can express in a look.

Steamboat trotted in, took the saddle quietly, and when ready, Sowder turned for the word. The judges waved to mount, and the clean limbed fellow rose slowly, cautiously, into the saddle, his eyes on the horse's head. Steamboat hesitated a moment, then went right up into the air; he hunched his back, bucked high, and landed hard. Then he pitched, "mostly ahead." The rider sat easily, leaning a little to the left, and when the big black "turned, he turned to the left," Sowder going with him. It was as if every move of the horse were anticipated by the man. There had been nothing like this. The

"Minor doing 'stunts'"

Minor on steamboat

crowd arose to cheer as the horse straightened out for more pitching, and the judges yelled like cowboys when, the horse wheeling again, with high bucks to the left, found the rider before him.

The cowboys joined the yelling. "He can ride; he can ride; he's a rider. Hi, yi!"

There was no mistaking the joy of this fresh faith; it was universal.

"Minor's beaten!" they shouted; but Minor was to have every chance. They brought him horses, eight in a string, and he rode them; but only two bucked.

"He's a horseman, and can prevent his horses from bucking," they said in the arena.

"These are dead ones," Minor said each time as he rode past. "Got any horses that can buck?"

"Bring out that A. E. horse, Deadeasy," was the reply; and the Deadeasy horse was brought.

He bucked. Even Minor admitted that he was not an "easy horse," and as the snaky little beast crept along, wiggling and twisting, he showed daylight under his rider three times.

"But he rode him," the judges said, and the decision, thus predisposed, went over to another day.

"Steamboat for Minor, Deadeasy for Sow-

der," was the order then, and Minor rode first. Steamboat did not buck so hard as the day before, but he lifted his rider twice.

"He cinched him in two, and held up his head," said the judge. "The man's a horseman. He's so clever they can't buck hard with him. I guess he's got it all right."

But he hadn't it yet. Sowder mounted A. E. with his characteristic care and watchfulness. Once up, he gave the horse his head, and the little bay flew, zig-zag, across the arena. The rider did not move. He kept just a point ahead of his horse. There was absolute silence, for with that animal turning the unexpected way every other second, no one could see the end. Besides, the situation was not spectacular—only very nervous and intense Points or an accident would decide. The horse flashed like a sun-fish—here, there, forward, up, back—and the rider watched him, felt him, and was of him, till they came to the fence a second time. The horse was headed for it, with his head down as if he did not see it. But his head went up suddenly, ten feet away, and from full speed he stopped short, throwing himself about, end to end. Sowder went up in the air. "Oh!" cried the crowd, rising to see. Sowder came down off his balance, and he bent to save himself, his right hand reaching down.

"Pulled leather!" some one shouted. But he didn't. His free hand went down the side of the horse's neck and caught the hackamore rope. That righted him. The discussion ran high, both on the stands and in the arena, and the judges talked long. When they decided, at last, their secretary walked over to Sowder.

"Give me the belt," he said.

Sowder unbuckled it, staring at the man. "Who won it?" he asked quietly.

"M. T. Sowder," said the secretary, and he buckled it on again.

"Sowder! Sowder! Sowder!" The cry went bucking into the air like a bronco, and the cowboys caught up the winner and held him up "for his picture."

Then they gave Minor a boost, but Minor was sullen. He sought out Sowder. "Sowder," he said, "you're no rider; not with me. I challenge you to ride me again."

Sowder looked down, then up, flushed. "Minor," he said very slowly, very steadily, "if you'd a won, I'd a said you were the champion of the world. But you didn't. I did. And since you're talking this way, I'll say right now that there's two men better than you."

"You and who?"

"Frank Stone and Harry Brennen."

"And you?"

"I'll meet you here again next year."

"The cowboys caught up the winner and held him up 'for his picture'"

THE COAL STRIKE

BY JOHN MITCHELL,

President of the United Mine Workers of America

IN the first place, I am opposed to strikes, as I am opposed to war. As yet, however, the world, with all its progress, has not made war impossible; neither, I fear, considering the nature of men and their institutions, will the strike entirely disappear for many years to come. Some questions of territory, prestige, honor, nations will never arbitrate. International altruism can never reach that far. Likewise, no development of the unselfish spirit of brotherhood, still less any device of enforced arbitration, or any scheme of State socialism, will make the strike impossible. People will always, unless human nature changes, reserve the right, in final emergencies, to fight. But, as war is the last resort of nations, so the strike and the lockout should be only the last resort of labor and capital.

I have compared war with strikes; but laborers recognize, as all loyal citizens must, one fundamental difference. In war there is no final arbiter standing above both parties to enforce the rules of contest, and nations recognize acts of deception, destruction of property of non-combatants, devastation of homes, as proper war measures in cases of emergency. Capitalists and laborers are under government by recognized authority. The State by its laws has fixed the rules of contest, and both parties should rigidly keep the law. If they fail to do so, the Government should compel them by the use of all force necessary.

But the Government should take care that its force is impartially employed. In the coal strike I personally favored the swearing in as deputy sheriffs of many of our most conservative men, knowing that both without and within the union there were hot-heads who would be likely to disturb the peace, unfortunate and impolitic as such acts would be for the union. When our convention thought otherwise, we did appoint throughout the whole region peace committees, whose work, I have no doubt, aided much those who really wished for order.

The Coal and Iron Police

But the coal and iron police, employed, be it remembered, by our opponents, ostensibly to keep order and protect property, did not always confine themselves to that duty. They tried repeatedly to compel men to work. The hostility of strikers toward the militia, reported at times, was false. One man shot for stoning a militiaman confessed before his death that he was a member of the coal and iron police, and that he had tried by throwing stones to make the soldier believe the strikers were attacking him. Again, when some of these police, not openly, of course, but practically, drove men to work, the militia in keeping order protected this violation of liberty. That fact our men recognized, and doubtless resented.

I do not excuse illegal or cruel acts on either side; but in every great contest some such are to be expected. The Government ought promptly to punish them. I merely claim, because I wish fair judgment, that the strikers were as law abiding as their contestants. I trust that all cases of law breaking will be officially investigated, the real offenders punished, and the results published. The strikers court such publicity.

Accusations Against the Strikers

We have been accused of trying to destroy property by flooding the mines, because the steam men and pumpers went on strike. Their demands were their own, not those of the miners. They asked shorter hours and higher wages only for themselves, and I think their demands were just. They gave twelve days' warning, so that the companies were not taken unawares, nor treated unfairly. Theirs was not a sympathetic strike; but shall we blame a contestant for seeing weak points in his opponent's armor, and thrusting where and when the blow will tell?

Some people object because the miners choose to buy their goods of their friends, and to oppose the selection of their enemies for public positions. The operators taught us the boycott by first using the black-list; but that is beside the point. I oppose and shall oppose any illegal boycott carried out by threats or intimidation of any kind. But when a great contest has been forced upon us, I favor recognizing friends as friends and opponents as opponents. As citizens and free-

men we should use our influence on the side we believe to be right and in the interest of society. Doubtless in isolated cases this will work hardship. We regret it; but contest often demands sacrifice. We must fight fairly and within the law; but giving aid and comfort to one's opponent while he is still fighting is neither wise nor right.

What the Strike has Taught Us

Unfortunately, since to enforce his just demands the laborer must, by striking, take the first overt step, the public is likely to consider him the aggressor. But any judgment is unjust which fails to consider the merits of the case, including the nature of the demands, the efforts to secure adjustments, the spirit of conciliation. The real aggressor may well be one who simply insists upon stubborn inaction, refusing to admit any cause of controversy, saying there is nothing to be settled or arbitrated. We welcome the strike commission, because it will show who is the real aggressor in this case.

The final judge of all social contests, whether wars or strikes, is the public, though sometimes it takes long for the verdict to be rendered. But the verdict when rendered is right, and the contest has usually proved enlightening, evil as it is in itself. Wars and strikes may both thus indirectly do good; at times so much good that the contests themselves sink into insignificance. The lessons learned prevent future strife. Naturally I feel a degree of pride in the fact that in the coal strike the side I represent has won what the world calls a victory. But while I am a miner and a participant in the contest, I am first of all an American citizen, and as a citizen as well as a representative of labor, my chief source of gratification is the hope that out of our great conflict will come a long-abiding peace.

To my mind the great lesson which the coal strike has taught is that the individual is nothing, the good of society at large is everything, and that no man, no combination of men, no matter how many or how powerful, whether they belong to capital or to labor, can set their own interests or their own will against the common good. The world is in no mood to tolerate leaders of labor organizations who foment strife and strikes over trivial grievances or through the mere professional love of trouble; nor leaders of capital who declare that they will have no changes or discussion of changes in wages or labor conditions, and that their employees have no right to form themselves into a cohesive organization and to speak through that organization. All such misuse their power and fall under severe public condemnation. As a result of the recent strike, both labor and capital realize their obligations to society as they never did before. The public, or third party, has asserted its rights and its power, and the greatest combination of capital in our country, and the strongest labor organization in the world, have yielded to its decree.

One most wholesome sign for the future is the swift and almost sure gathering of public opinion on the side of justice. In America the great mass of the people are alert and intelligent. They cannot be deceived. When a dispute arises they want to know all the facts. The press, enterprising, skillful, served by conscientious and well-trained investigators, supplies their wants. Some take one side, some the other. But in the end the truth appears; the public judgment is formed, and usually the verdict is just. If labor makes unreasonable demands; if it attempts to dominate through violence and intimidation; if it seeks to maintain monopoly through suppression of the right of others to work when they are willing to work, labor loses its case. If capital is unreasonable; if it refuses to make any effort toward adjustment of grievances; if it claims to be the sole judge of wages and conditions, and, above all, if while itself securing the advantages of combination it declares labor shall not have the same advantage, capital loses its case.

The Way of Peace

This strike has taught both capital and labor that they owe certain obligations to society, and that these obligations must be discharged in good faith. If both are fair and conciliatory; if both recognize the moral restraint of the state of society by which they are surrounded, there need be few strikes. They can, and it is better that they should, settle their differences between themselves. Combinations of capital and combinations of labor are the great factors of industrialism. Their interests are all bound up together, reciprocal if not identical. They should work hand in hand, and adjust their quarrels in joint conference without outside interference. If they go at it in the right spirit they will succeed ninety-nine times out of a hundred. The one time they fail neutrals should be permitted to mediate and arbitrate before hostilities are declared. If we cannot make the strike an impossibility, we may come very

near it. All that is needed is for capital and labor to say: "We are able to attend to this affair ourselves. We are partners in production, mutually dependent, and we do not wish to have the outside interference which we know must come if we fail to agree. We do not need legislation, nor compulsory arbitration, nor any other experimental device for compelling us to do that which is our duty and for our best interests to do by ourselves."

The fundamental error of capital in the coal strike was the unwillingness of the companies to concede the right of labor to organize and to act through its organization as they act themselves. We are living in the age of combination, of consolidation, of federation; labor is following in the footsteps of its partner, capital. The labor organizations do not oppose, or even look with disfavor, upon combination of capital; they recognize it as a natural sequence of the evil effects of disastrous competition. Labor is simply keeping pace with the industrial development of our times, and he is rash indeed who seeks to plant himself as an obstacle to the current of progress. Capital finds strength in unity, the average stockholder merging all his influence in the giant corporation. Following the same instinct, labor organizes, minimizing the individual for the good of the whole, and asserts its right to speak and act collectively. A great organization like that of the coal miners is in one sense a reflex of public opinion itself; it is the public opinion of that particular industry.

Autocracy vs. Democracy

If there is any difference of method between the combination of capital and the combination of labor, the latter shows the less dangerous tendency. A huge corporation, or an alliance of great corporations like the anthracite railway and mining companies, is an autocracy; eight or ten men control hundreds of millions of money, and sit in judgment upon the wages and demands of three or four hundred thousand employees of all classes; the stockholder is virtually a cipher; boards of directors are manipulated by a dozen men, and in the last analysis, as we have seen, two or three men are able to give orders to the eight or ten. The miners' organization, on the other hand, is a simple democracy. No important action can be taken, making demands, ordering strike, or accepting settlement, without a majority vote of hundreds of delegates chosen for this particular duty by the many thousands of individual members. If there is any danger to American institutions in the rise of "trusts" or combinations, it does not seem to me that it is in the labor "trust," wherein the democratic principle of our Government is preserved, every man has a vote, and rule by autocrat, oligarchy, or coterie is utterly impossible. To arraign a great labor organization like ours is to arraign a considerable part of the American people. The manner in which our members subordinate the individual to the general good was shown in the action of our convention of October 20th, which ratified the arbitration agreement. Notwithstanding the knowledge of the delegates that many of our men would not be able to secure re-employment, and that these must be sacrificed for peace, they unanimously voted for arbitration and for submission to the wishes of the American people.

Probably it is true that some labor organizations are better than others. But this is true also of combinations of capital. Trade unionism properly directed is society's safeguard against industrial servitude. The average worker cannot bargain alone on equal terms with his employer. Alone he is a suppliant. The union says to the inhumane and avaricious employer, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther." It clasps hands with the considerate, humane employer, and coöperates with him in advancing their common interests. It encourages good workmanship; it inspires higher citizenship; it imbues men and women with a sense of responsibility, and contributes immeasurably to the elevation of society. It advocates no impractical theories; it expounds no wild heresies; it seeks to upset no fundamental principles of government, and it holds itself aloof from politics, allowing its members to vote according to their individual beliefs. But it does seek to establish between capital and labor a relationship which insures industrial tranquility. The United Mine Workers of America can speak authoritatively upon this question. One hundred and fifty thousand of its members work under an arrangement with the mine operators of nine States in which strikes and lockouts are memories of an unhappy past, when labor was unorganized and capital treated with its men as individuals. Remarkable as it may appear, the employers with whom we have these contracts would be reluctant, indeed, to sever their relationship with us as an organization and return to the chaotic conditions which formerly prevailed.

How the Scale is Established

It may not be amiss at this time, when the effects of the strike are fresh in public memory, to refer more specifically to the methods we employ, and through which peace is maintained between the operators and miners of the bituminous coal fields—methods which we have sought, and are seeking, to establish in the anthracite region. I may say that the United Mine Workers of America, which originated in 1890, now includes within its membership practically all the mine workers of the American bituminous coal fields except those of the Virginias, who are only partially organized, and a very large proportion of all the mine workers in the anthracite fields. In January of each year the mine operators and representatives of the United Mine Workers of the States of Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, and the western part of Pennsylvania meet in joint conference, and, after carefully canvassing the condition of the coal trade, market prices, cost of production, cost of living, freight rates, etc., an agreement is made between the mine operators and the United Mine Workers of America, stipulating the wages which shall be paid and the conditions of employment which shall obtain for a period of one year. When this agreement is consummated, the miners and operators of the States west of the Mississippi River meet in conference and enter into a joint contract, based upon the agreement reached in the central States; that is to say, if an increase or decrease in wages is agreed to in the first-named conference, a like increase or decrease takes place in the States west of the Mississippi River. Similar contracts made under like conditions are entered into between the operators and miners in the States south of the Ohio River, in Michigan, and in Central Pennsylvania. These trade agreements are kept inviolate by both operators and miners; the United Mine Workers of America accepts the responsibility of disciplining such of its members as may be bold enough to violate any provision of the agreement.

A Working Agreement

As an example of the method of settling disputes which arise between the mine worker and the operator in the bituminous regions, and of discipline of the union of its members, quotation is made from the agreement of 1902 between the Illinois Coal Operators' Association and the United Mine Workers of America (Article 13):

"In case of any local trouble arising at any shaft through such failure to agree between the pit boss and any miner or mine laborer, the pit committee and the miners' local President and the pit boss are empowered to adjust it; and, in the case of their disagreement it shall be referred to the superintendent of the company and the President of the miners' local executive board, where such exists, and shall they fail to adjust it—and in all other cases—it shall be referred to the superintendent of the company and the miners' President of the Sub-district; and, should they fail to adjust it, it shall be referred in writing to the officials of the company concerned and the State officials of the U. M. W. of A. for adjustment; and in all such cases, the miners and mine laborers and parties involved must continue at work, pending an investigation and adjustment, until a final decision is reached in the manner above set forth.

"If any day men refuse to continue at work because of a grievance which has or has not been taken up for adjustment in the manner provided herein, and such action shall seem likely to impede the operation of the mine, the pit committee shall immediately furnish a man or men to take such vacant place or places at the scale rate, in order that the mine may continue at work; and it shall be the duty of any member or members of the United Mine Workers, who may be called upon by the pit boss or pit committee, to immediately take the place or places assigned to him or them in pursuance hereof.

"The right to hire and discharge, the management of the mine, and the direction of the working force, are vested exclusively in the operator, and the U. M. W. of A. shall not abridge this right. It is not the intention of this provision to encourge the discharge of employees, or the refusal of employment to applicants because of personal prejudice or activity in matters affecting the U. M. W. of A. If any employee shall be suspended or discharged by the company and it is claimed that an injustice has been done him, an investigation to be conducted by the parties and in the manner set forth in paragraphs [(a) and (b)] of this section shall be taken up promptly, and if it is proven that an injustice has been done, the operator shall reinstate said employee and pay him full compensation for the time he has been suspended and out of employment; provided, if no decision shall be rendered within five days, the case shall be considered closed in so far as compensation is concerned."

In this manner a pleasant, mutually advantageous, businesslike relationship has grown up between miners and mine operators, and the general public—the coal consumers—is protected against the evil effects of strikes and lockouts, and is always assured the regular supply of fuel at reasonable prices.

Unions Here to Stay

Since labor organizations are here, and here to stay, the managers of employing corporations must choose what they are to do with them. They may have the union as a present, active, and unrecognized force, possessing influence for good or evil, but without direct responsibility; or they may deal with it, give it responsibility as well as power, define and regulate that power, and make the union an

auxiliary in the preservation of stability and discipline and the amicable adjustment of all local disputes. Where employers have accepted the union in this spirit they have found it easy to deal with, and a powerful coöperating agency for good, and both owners and workmen have advanced in reasonableness and in mutual helpfulness. The union can no more be crushed than the "trust" can be crushed. The two must work side by side, and hand in hand go peaceably along together. Society's efforts should be directed not to crushing combinations of capital or combinations of labor, but to preservation of the good ones which wholesomely do their share of the world's work, and to regulation and reformation of those which show bad tendencies. Above all, the leaders of combinations of both capital and labor should prove to the country that they are able so get along together in peace and harmony, so that disastrous and destructive quarrels between them may not provoke society into saying: "a plague o' both your houses."

Employers of labor who refuse to recognize labor unions attempt to justify their action on the pretext that the labor unions, being unincorporated, are irresponsible, and can give no guarantee that such contracts as are made with them, will be carried out in good faith; again, they say that the labor unions stifle ambition by fixing a uniform rate of wages for all regardless of their efficiency or their ability to work. These arguments have been advanced by the anthracite coal mine operators. But a labor union, like an individual, is to be judged by the life it has lived.

Responsibility of the Union

The responsibility and reliability of the United Mine Workers of America as a contracting party are demonstrated beyond all reasonable doubt by its action in those States and districts in which it has had contracts for many years. Senator Hanna, with whom we have had contracts for twenty-five years, while speaking at Urbana, Ohio, a few weeks ago, stated that as a guarantee of good faith he would rather accept the word of a labor union than its bond. This is only one of the expressions of confidence from responsible and experienced men with whom our organization has had dealings. In the present strike the leaders of the strikers used all their influence to prevent, and they did prevent, a sympathetic strike of the miners of bituminous coal, on the ground that they must not violate their contracts. When one reflects that many thousands were willing to go on a sympathetic strike, and that the anthracite workers believed that such a tie-up would secure victory within two weeks, we see how sacred a contract has become to the miners' union.

The charge that the labor organizations limit ambition and stifle genius is equally incorrect. The United Mine Workers of America does not attempt to fix a maximum scale of wages, but it does fix a minimum scale. If any of its members develop unusual skill, if some are more efficient than others, the employers are at perfect liberty to reward such persons by paying higher wages than called for by our agreements. As a matter of fact, there is little room for such objections in the mining industry, as a vast proportion of the employees work on contract or piece work, and, consequently, earnings are measured largely by the amount of labor actually performed.

No Compulsory Arbitration

Compulsory arbitration has found many earnest advocates during the coal strike and since its close; but this method has few friends either among the large employers of labor or the labor unions; in fact, the American labor movement is unalterably opposed to compulsory arbitration, and with this opposition I am in full accord. Compulsion and arbitration are, in my judgment, contradictory terms. I do not believe that the law should compel a man to work; in other words, I believe it to be contrary to the principles and tradition of free government to enact a law which would have the effect of placing a working-man, or a body of workingmen, in prison for refusing to work, and I cannot conceive of a compulsory arbitration law that would not jeopardize the liberty of the working-men should they refuse to arbitrate or to accept the award of a board of arbitration.

I do, however, favor voluntary arbitration, and I am quite sure that there is no combination of labor or capital powerful enough to oppose successfully the adverse public sentiment which would be directed against the party refusing to submit to voluntary arbitration or to accept the award of such a board. This was amply demonstrated in the coal strike. When the needs of the people became so pressing, and public sentiment became so crystalized, that from every village, from every town, and from every city the word "arbitrate" was repeated and reëchoed;

when the cry was taken up by mayors of cities, governors of States, representatives in Congress, and by the nation's Chief Executive, the citadel of wealth at last realized that it could not withstand the pressure, and the combatants were forced to yield to the voice of the people. Thus the coal strike passed into history. Let there be peace.

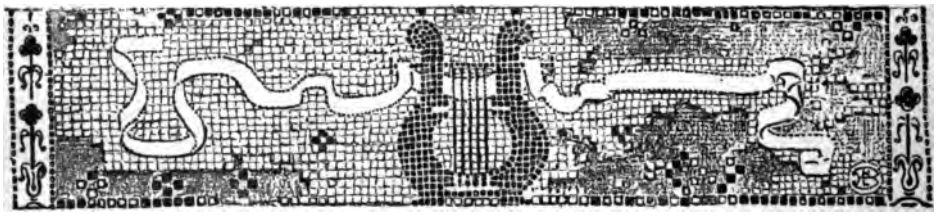
WE take pleasure in presenting Mr. Mitchell's views to our readers. The attitude of the operators is sufficiently known, and public opinion has definitely manifested itself. These three interests—miners, operators, and public—are universally recognized as the three parties to the strike.

There is a fourth party, however, a party which has from the first been unconsidered: the non-union man who remained loyal to his employer. This man stuck to his post despite the incalculable pressure of ostracism and boycott, despite threats and imminent peril of life and limb from the turbulent element which always manifests itself in a great strike.

"The resolute 'scab,'" once said President Eliot of Harvard, "is a good type of the modern hero." It is with these heroes of the strike that a series of articles by Mr. Stannard Baker deals.

Mr. Baker has spent some weeks in the coal region investigating this subject, and has collected facts that will amaze and startle our readers.

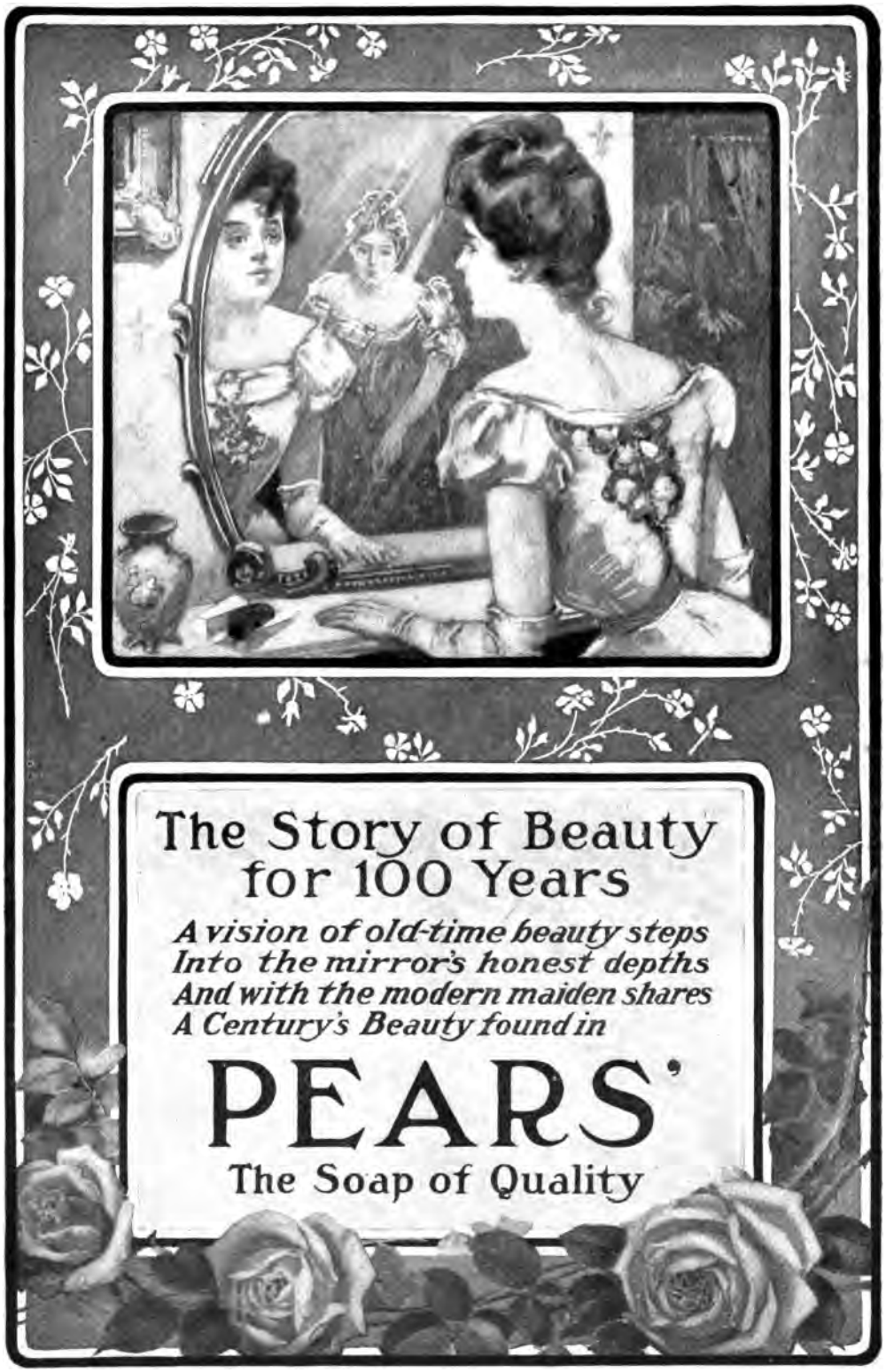
These facts are accurate and documented. They are true and unbiased. MCCLURE'S MAGAZINE holds no brief for any of the contestants, whether operators, union men, or non-union men. It does hold a brief for human liberty and for the guarantee of every American citizen to the enjoyment of his constitutional rights.—EDITOR'S NOTE.



VICTOR OR VANQUISHED?

BY MARY N. McCRACKEN

ALL I have toiled to do has been done ill;
All I have striven to grasp escaped me still;
The love I longed to win has passed me by;
Mine was the only fault,—unworthy I.
The path that others tread, I could not climb;
The joy that others held was never mine:
The battle is unwon, though close the night,
Yet still I've fought though sometimes weak the fight!
Yet still I've worked, although my work was vain:
Though I have failed, in naught do I complain,
All that I ask is leave to fight again.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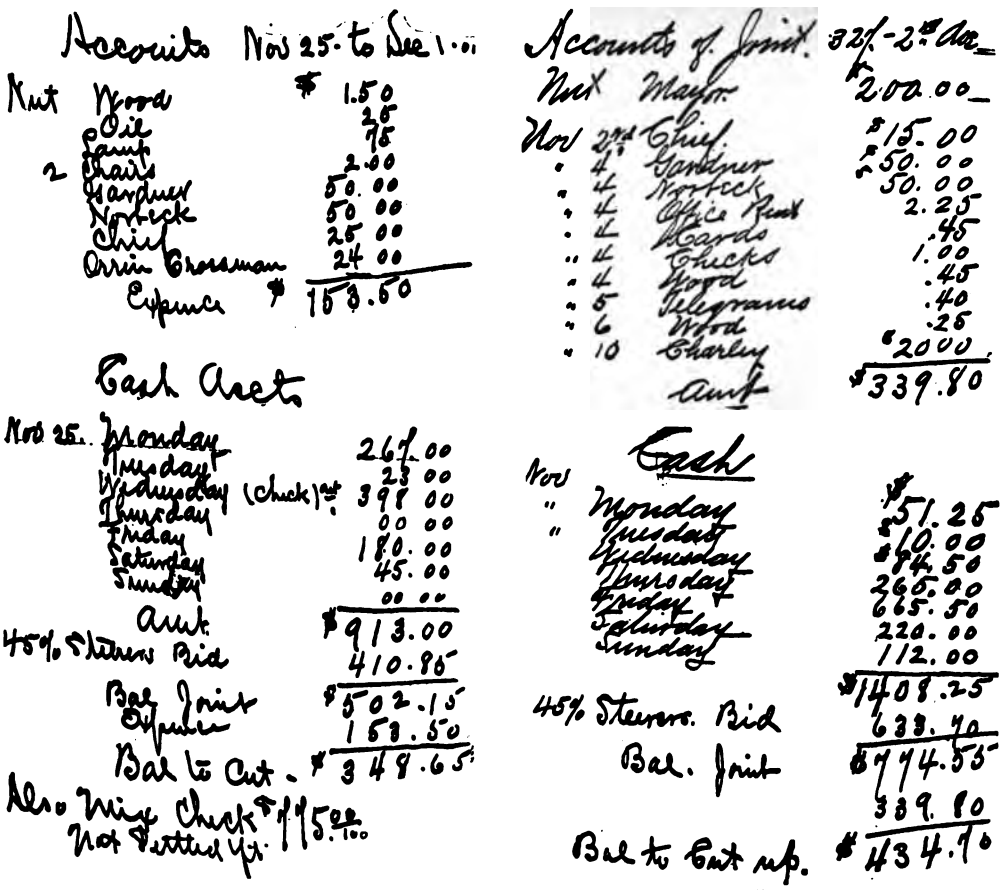


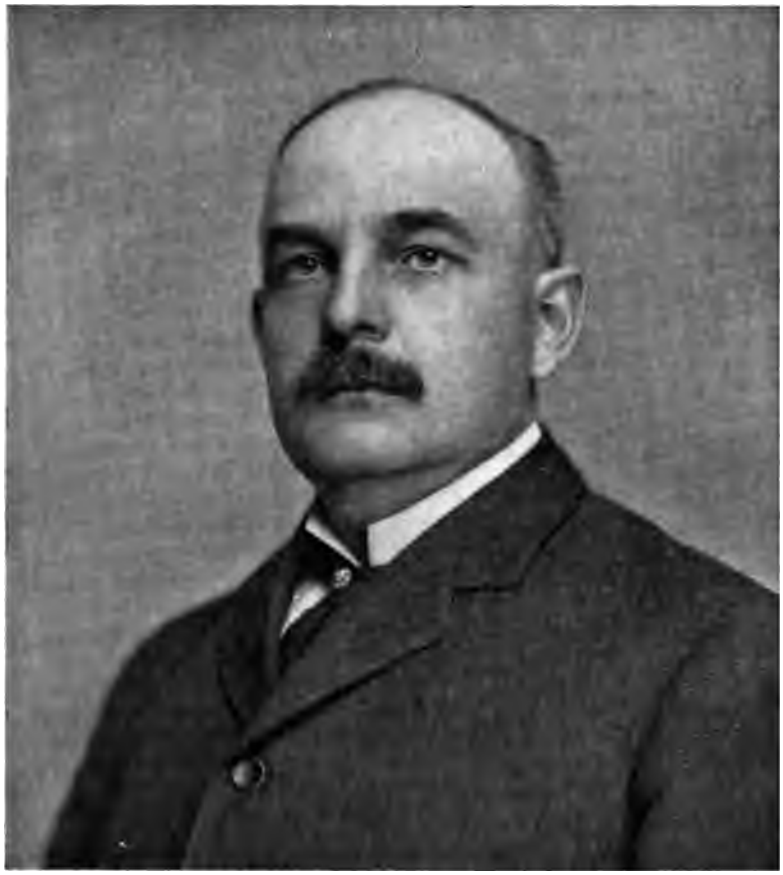
TWO OTHER PAGES FROM "THE BIG MITT LEDGER"

The first shows an item concerning the check for $775, which the "sucker" Meix (here spelt Mix) wished not to have honored. The second shows the accounts for a week of small transactions

Minneapolis is a New England town on the upper Mississippi. The metropolis of the Northwest, it is the metropolis also of Norway and Sweden in America. Indeed, it is the second largest Scandinavian city in the world. But Yankees, straight from Down East, settled the town, and their New England spirit predominates. They had Bayard Taylor lecture there in the early days of the settlement; they made it the seat of the University of Minnesota. Yet even now, when the town has grown to a population of more than 200,000, you feel that there is something Western about it too—a Yankee with a small Puritan head, an open prairie heart, and a great, big Scandinavian body. The Roundhead takes the Swede and Norwegian bone out into the woods, and they cut lumber by forests, or they go out on the prairies and raise wheat and mill it into fleet-cargoes of flour. They work hard, they make money, they are sober, satisfied, busy with their own affairs. There isn't much time for public business. Taken together, Miles, Hans, and Ole are very American. Miles insists upon strict laws, Ole and Hans want one or two Scandinavians on their ticket. These things granted, they go off on raft or reaper, leaving whoso will to enforce the laws and run the city.

The people who were left to govern the city hated above all things strict laws. They were the loafers, saloon keepers, gamblers, criminals, and the thriftless poor of all nationalities. Resenting the sobriety of a staid, industrious community, and having no Irish to boss them, they delighted to follow the jovial pioneer doctor, Albert Alonzo Ames. He was the "good fellow"—a genial, generous reprobate. Devery, Tweed, and many more have exposed in vain this amiable type. "Doc" Ames, tall, straight, and cheerful, attracted men, and they gave him votes for his smiles. He stood for license. There was nothing of the Puritan about him. His father, the sturdy old pioneer, Dr. Alfred Elisha Ames, had a strong strain of it in him, but

he moved on with his family of six sons from Garden Prairie, Ill., to Fort Snelling reservation, in 1851, before Minneapolis was founded, and young Albert Alonzo, who then was ten years old, grew up free, easy, and tolerant. He was sent to school, then to college in Chicago, and he returned home a doctor of medicine before he was twenty-one. As the town waxed soberer and richer, "Doc" grew gayer and more and more generous.



HOVEY C. CLARKE

Foreman of the grand jury which cleaned out Mayor Ames's administration, caught and had convicted the officials who sold criminal rights to loot Minneapolis

Skilful as a surgeon, devoted as a physician, and as a man kindly, he increased his practice till he was the best-loved man in the community. He was especially good to the poor. Anybody could summon "Doc" Ames at any hour to any distance. He went, and he gave not only his professional service, but sympathy, and often charity. "Richer men than you will pay your bill," he told the destitute. So there was a basis for his "good-fellowship." There always is; these good fellows are not frauds—not in the beginning.

But there is another side to them sometimes. Ames was sunshine not to the sick and destitute only. To the vicious and the depraved also he was a comfort. If a man was a hard drinker, the good Doctor cheered him with another drink; if he had stolen something, the Doctor helped to get him off. He was naturally vain; popularity developed his love of approbation. His loose life brought disapproval only from the good people, so gradually the Doctor came to enjoy best the society of the barroom and the streets. This society, flattered in turn, worshipped the good Doctor, and, active in politics always, put its physician into the arena.

Had he been wise, or even shrewd, he might have made himself a real power. But he wasn't calculating, only light and frivolous, so he did not organize his forces and run men for office. He sought office himself from the start, and he got most of the small places he wanted by changing his party to seize the

MAYOR A. A. AMES

The "moral leper," who, known to everybody in Minneapolis for what he was, was four times elected mayor; head of a system of robbery, blackmail, and plunder conducted by professional criminals under police direction

opportunity. His floating minority, added to the regular partisan vote, was sufficient ordinarily for his useless victories. As time went on he rose from smaller offices to be a Republican mayor, then twice at intervals to be a Democratic mayor. He was a candidate once for Congress; he stood for governor once on a sort of Populist-Democrat ticket. Ames could not get anything outside of his own town, and after his third term as mayor it was thought he was out of politics altogether. He was getting old, and he was getting worse.

Like many a "good fellow" with hosts of miscellaneous friends down town to whom he was devoted, the good Doctor neglected his own family. From neglect he went on openly to separation from his wife and a second establishment. The climax came not long before the election of 1900. His wife was dying, and his daughter wrote to her father a note saying that her mother wished to see and forgive him. The messenger found him in a saloon. The Doctor read the note, laid it on the bar, and scribbled across it a sentence incredibly obscene. His wife died. The outraged family would not have the father at the funeral, but he appeared, not at the house, but in a carriage on the street. He sat across the way, with his feet up and a cigar in his mouth, till the funeral moved; then he circled around, crossing it and meeting it, and making altogether a scene which might well close any man's career.

It didn't end his. The people had just secured the passage of a new primary law to establish direct popular government. There were to be no more nominations by convention. The voters were to ballot for their party candidates. By a slip of some sort, the laws did not specify that Republicans only should vote for Republican candidates, and only Democrats for Democratic candidates. Any voter could vote at either primary. Ames, in disrepute with his own party, the Democratic, bade his followers vote for his nomination for mayor on the Republican ticket. They all voted; not all the Republicans did. He was nominated. Nomination is far from election, and you would say that the trick would not help him. But that was a Presidential year, so the people of Minneapolis had to vote for Ames, the Republican candidate for Mayor. Besides, Ames said he was going to reform; that he was getting old, and wanted to close his career with a good administration. The effective argument, however, was that, since McKinley had to be elected to save the country, Ames must be supported for Mayor of Minneapolis. Why? The great American people cannot be trusted to scratch a ticket.

Well, Minneapolis got its old mayor back, and he was reformed. Up to this time Ames had not been very venal personally. He was a "spender," not a "grafter," and he was guilty of corruption chiefly by proxy; he took the honors and left the spoils to his followers. His administrations were no worse than the

worst. Now, however, he set out upon a career of corruption which for deliberateness, invention, and avarice has never been equalled. It was as if he had made up his mind that he had been careless long enough, and meant to enrich his last years. He began early.

Immediately upon his election, before he took office (on January 7th), he organized a cabinet and laid plans to turn the city over to outlaws who were to work under police direction for the profit of his administration. He chose for chief his brother, Colonel Fred W. Ames, who had recently returned under a cloud from service in the Philippines. The Colonel had commanded a Minnesota regiment out there till he proved a coward under fire; he escaped court-martial only on the understanding that he should resign on reaching San Francisco, whither he was immediately shipped. This he did not do, and his brother's influence at Washington saved him to be mustered out with the regiment. But he was a weak vessel for chief of police, and the mayor picked for chief of detectives an abler man, who was to direct the more difficult operations. This was Norman W. King, a former gambler, who knew the criminals needed in the business ahead. King was to invite to Minneapolis thieves, confidence men, pickpockets, and gamblers, and release some that were in the local jail. They were to be organized into groups, according to their profession, and detectives were assigned to assist and direct them. The head of the gambling syndicate was to have charge of the gambling, making the terms and collecting the "graft," just as King and a Captain Hill were to collect from the thieves. The collector for women of the town was to be Irwin A. Gardner, a medical student in the Doctor's office, who was made a special policeman for the purpose. These men looked over the force, selected those men who could be trusted, charged them a price for their retention, and marked for dismissal 107 men out of 225, the 107 being the best policemen in the department from the point of view of the citizens who afterward reorganized the force. John Fitchette, better known as "Coffee John," a Virginian (who served on the Jeff Davis jury), the keeper of a notorious coffee-house, was to be a captain of police, with no duties except to sell places on the police force.

FRED W. AMES
The Mayor's brother, who succeeded in getting the control of the graft away from Gardner

And they did these things that they planned —all and more. The administration opened with the revolution on the police force. They liberated the thieves in the local jail, and made known to the Under World generally that "things were doing" in Minneapolis. The incoming swindlers reported to King or his staff for instructions, and went to work, turning the "swag" over to the detectives in charge. Gambling went on openly, and disorderly houses multiplied under the fostering care of Gardner, the medical student. But all this was not enough. Ames dared to break

openly into the municipal system of vice protection.

There was such a thing. Minneapolis, strict in its laws, forbade vices which are inevitable, then regularly permitted them under certain conditions. Legal limits, called "patrol lines," were prescribed, within which saloons might be opened. These ran along the river front, out through part of the business section, with long arms reaching into the Scandinavian quarters, north and south. Gambling also was confined, but more narrowly. And there were limits, also arbitrary, but not always identical with those for gambling, within which the social evil was allowed. But the novel feature of this scheme was that disorderly houses were practically licensed by the city, the women appearing before the clerk of the Municipal Court each month to pay a "fine" of $100. Unable at first to get this "graft," Ames's man Gardner persuaded women to start houses, apartments, and, of all things, candy stores, which sold sweets to children and tobacco to the "lumber Jacks" in front, while a nefarious traffic was carried on in the rear. But they paid Ames, not the city, and that was all the reform administration cared about.

The revenue from all these sources must have been enormous. It only whetted the avarice of the mayor and his Cabinet. They let gambling privileges without restriction to location or "squareness"; the syndicate could cheat and rob as it would. Peddlers and pawnbrokers, formerly licensed by the city, bought permits now instead from "Gardner's father," A. L. Gardner, who was the mayor's agent in this field. Some two hundred slot machines were installed in various parts of the town, with owner's agent and mayor's agent watching and collecting from them enough to pay the mayor $15,000 a year as his share. Auction frauds were instituted. Opium joints and unlicensed saloons, called "blind pigs," were protected. Gardner even had a police baseball team, for whose games tickets were sold to people who had to buy them. But the women were the easiest "graft." They were compelled to buy illustrated biographies of the city officials; they had to give presents of money, jewelry, and gold stars to police officers. But the money

C. F. BRACKETT

A captain and detective, who instigated, guarded, and shared in the robbery of a safe

NORMAN W. KING

Ex-gambler and chief of detectives, who directed the work of criminals

they still paid direct to the city in fines, some $35,000 a year, fretted the mayor, and at last he reached for it. He came out with a declaration, in his old character as friend of the oppressed, that $100 a month was too much for these women to pay. They should be required to pay the city fine only once in two months. This puzzled the town till it became generally known that Gardner collected the other month for the mayor. The final outrage in this department, however, was an order of asked criminals to rob the people is fully established. The police and the criminals have confessed it separately. Their statements agree in detail. Detective Norbeck made the arrangement, and introduced the swindlers to Gardner, who, over King's head, took the money from them. Here is the story "Billy" Edwards, a "big mitt" man, told under oath of his reception in Minneapolis:

"I had been out to the coast, and hadn't seen Norbeck for some time. After I returned

T. R. BROWN

The private secretary of Mayor Ames, who filled the office for a few days when the Mayor was away

JOHN FITCHETTE, "COFFEE JOHN"

Captain of police while conducting a restaurant with booths; convicted of selling places on the police force

the mayor for the periodic visits to disorderly houses, by the city's physicians, at from $5 to $20 per visit. The two physicians he appointed called when they willed, and more and more frequently, till toward the end the calls became a pure formality, with the collections as the one and only object.

In a general way all this business was known. It did not arouse the citizens, but it did attract criminals, and more and more thieves and swindlers came hurrying to Minneapolis. Some of them saw the police, and made terms. Some were seen by the police and invited to go to work. There was room for all. This astonishing fact that the government of a city I boarded a Minneapolis car one evening to go down to South Minneapolis to visit a friend. Norbeck and Detective DeLaittre were on the car. When Norbeck saw me he came up and shook hands, and said, 'Hullo, Billy, how goes it?' I said, 'Not very well.' Then he says, 'Things have changed since you went away. Me and Gardner are the whole thing now. Before you left they thought I didn't know anything, but I turned a few tricks, and now I'm It.' 'I'm glad of that, Chris,' I said. He says, 'I've got great things for you. I'm going to fix up a joint for you.' 'That's good,' I said, 'but I don't believe you can do it.' 'Oh, yes, I can,' he

replied. 'I'm It now—Gardner and me.' 'Well, if you can do it,' says I, 'there's money in it.' 'How much can you pay?' he asked. 'Oh, $150 or $200 a week,' says I. 'That settles it,' he said; 'I'll take you down to see Gardner, and we'll fix it up.' Then he made an appointment to meet me the next night, and we went down to Gardner's house together."

There Gardner talked business in general, showed his drawer full of bills, and jokingly asked how Edwards would like to have them. Edwards says:

"I said, 'That looks pretty good to me,' and Gardner told us that he had 'collected' the money from the women he had on his staff, and that he was going to pay it over to the 'old man' when he got back from his hunting trip next morning. Afterward he told me that the mayor had been much pleased with our $500, and that he said everything was all right, and for us to go ahead."

"Link" Crossman, another confidence man who was with Edwards, said that Gardner demanded $1,000 at first, but compromised on $500 for the mayor, $50 for Gardner, and $50 for Norbeck. To the chief, Fred Ames, they gave tips now and then of $25 or $50. "The first week we ran," said Crossman, "I gave Fred $15. Norbeck took me down there. We shook hands, and I handed him an envelope with $15. He pulled out a list of steerers we had sent him, and said he wanted to go over them with me. He asked where the joint was located. At another time I slipped $25 into his hand as he was standing in the hallway of City Hall." But these smaller payments, after the first "opening, $500," are all down on the pages of the "big mitt" ledger, photographs of which illuminate this article. This notorious book, which was kept by Charlie Howard, one of the "big mitt" men, was much talked of at the subsequent trials, but was kept hidden to await the trial of the mayor himself.

The "big mitt" game was swindling by means of a stacked hand at stud poker. "Steerers" and "boosters" met "suckers" on the street, at hotels, and railway stations, won their confidence, and led them to the "joint." Usually the "sucker" was called, by the amount of his loss, "the $102 man" or "the $35 man." Roman Meix alone had the distinction among all the Minneapolis victims of going by his own name. Having lost $775, he became known for his persistent complainings. But they all "kicked" some. To Norbeck at the street door was assigned the duty of hearing their complaints, and "throwing a scare into them." "Oh, so you've been gambling," he would say. "Have you got a license? Well, then, you better get right out of this town." Sometimes he accompanied them to the station and saw them off. If they were not to be put off thus, he directed them to the chief of police. Fred Ames tried to wear them out by keeping them waiting in the anteroom. If they outlasted him, he saw them and frightened them with threats of all sorts of trouble for gambling without a license. Meix wanted to have payment on his check stopped. Ames, who had been a bank clerk, told him so, and then had the effrontery to say that payment on such a check could not be stopped.

Burglaries were common. How many the police planned may never be known. Charles F. Brackett and Fred Malone, police captains and detectives, were active, and one well-established crime of theirs is the robbery of the Pabst Brewing Company office. They persuaded two men, one an employee, to learn the combination of the safe, open and clean it out one night, while the two officers stood guard outside.

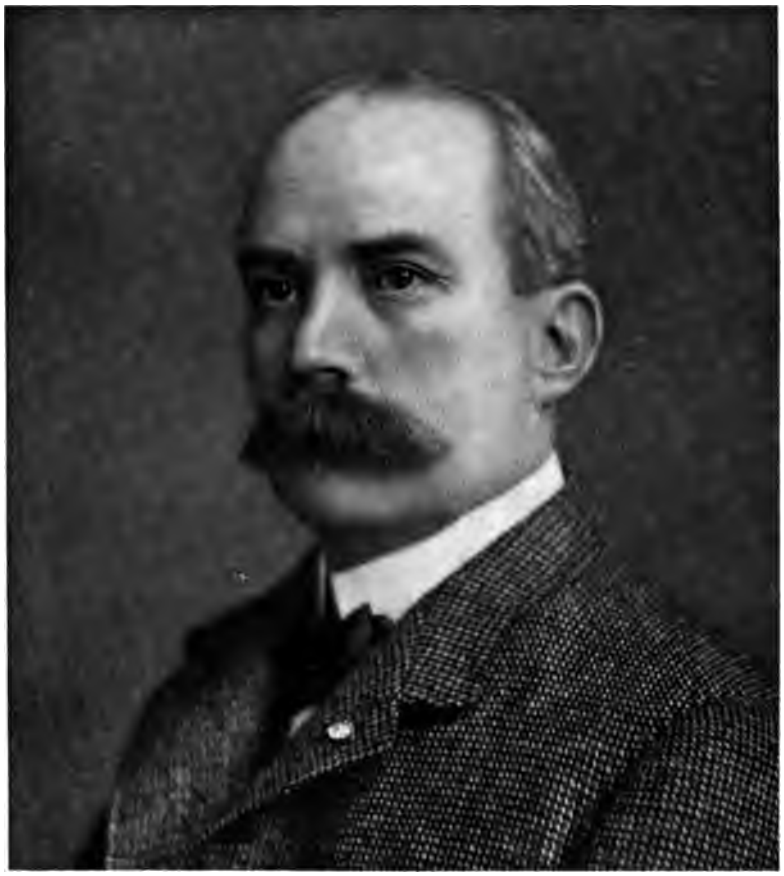
The excesses of the municipal administration became so notorious that some of the members of it remonstrated with the others, and certain county officers were genuinely alarmed. No restraint followed their warnings. Sheriff Megaarden, no Puritan himself, felt constrained to interfere, and he made some arrests of gamblers. The Ames people turned upon him in a fury; they accused him of making overcharges in his accounts with the county for fees, and laying the evidence before Governor Van Sant, they had Megaarden removed from office. Ames offered bribes to two county commissioners to appoint Gardner sheriff, so as to be sure of no more trouble in that quarter. This move failed, but the lesson taught Megaarden served to clear the atmosphere, and the spoliation went on as recklessly as ever. It became impossible.

Even lawlessness must be regulated. Dr. Ames, never an organizer, attempted no control, and his followers began to quarrel among themselves. They deceived one another; they robbed the thieves; they robbed Ames himself. His brother became dissatisfied with his share of the spoils, and formed cabals with captains who plotted against the administration and set up disorderly houses, "panel games," and all sorts of "grafts" of their own. The one man loyal to the mayor was Gardner, and Fred Ames, Captain King, and their pals, plotted the fall of the favorite. Now anybody could get anything from the Doctor, if he could have him alone. The Fred

Ames clique chose a time when the mayor was at West Baden; they filled him with suspicion of Gardner and the fear of exposure, and induced him to let a creature named "Reddy" Cohen, instead of Gardner, do the collecting, and pay over all the moneys, not directly, but through Fred. Gardner made a touching appeal. "I have been honest. I have paid you all," he said to the mayor. "Fred and the rest will rob you." This was true, but it was of no avail.

Fred Ames was in charge at last, and he himself went about giving notice of the change. Three detectives were with him when he visited the women, and here is the women's story, in the words of one, as it was told again and again in court: "Colonel Ames came in with the detectives. He stepped into a side room and asked me if I had been paying Gardner. I told him I had, and he told me not to pay no more, but to come to his office later, and he would let me know what to do. I went to the City Hall in about three weeks, after Cohen had called and said he was 'the party.' I asked the chief if it was all right to pay Cohen, and he said it was."

The new arrangement did not work so smoothly as the old. Cohen was an oppressive collector, and Fred Ames, appealed to, was weak and lenient. He had no sure hold on the force. His captains, free of Gardner, were undermining the chief. They increased their private operations. Some of the detectives began to drink hard and neglect their work. Norbeck so worried the "big mitt" men by staying away from the joint, that they complained to Fred about him. The chief rebuked Norbeck, and he promised to "do better," but thereafter he was paid, not by the week, but by piece work—so much for each "trimmed sucker" that he ran out of town. Protected swindlers were arrested for operating in the street by "Coffee John's" new policemen who took the places of the negli-



D. PERCY JONES

The acting-mayor, who refused to license vice either for public revenue or public safety

gent detectives. Fred let the indignant prisoners go when they were brought before him, but the arrests were annoying, inconvenient, and disturbed business. The whole system became so demoralized that every man was for himself. There was not left even the traditional honor among thieves.

It was at this juncture, in April, 1902, that the grand jury for the summer term was drawn. An ordinary body of unselected citizens, it received no special instructions from the bench; the county prosecutor offered it only routine work to do. But there was a man among them who was a fighter—the foreman, Hovey C. Clarke. He was of an old New England family. Coming to Minneapolis when a young man, seventeen years before, he had fought for employment, fought with his employers for position, fought with his employees, the lumber-Jacks, for command, fought for his company against competitors; and he had won always, till now he had the habit of command, the impatient, imperious manner of the master, and the assurance of success which begets it. He did not want to be a grand juryman, he did not want to be a foreman; but since he was both, he wanted to accomplish something.

CAPTAIN NORBECK

The detective who was assigned by the chief of police to the duty of "throwing scares into trimmed suckers"

Why not rip up the Ames gang? Heads shook, hands went up; it was useless to try. The discouragement fired Clarke. That was just what he would do, he said, and he took stock of his jury. Two or three were men with backbone; that he knew, and he quickly had them with him. The rest were all sorts of men. Mr. Clarke won over each man to himself, and interested them all. Then he called for the county prosecutor. The prosecutor was a politician; he knew the Ames crowd; they were too powerful to attack.

"You are excused," said the foreman.

There was a scene; the prosecutor knew his rights.

"Do you think, Mr. Clarke," he cried, "that you can run the grand jury and my office, too?"

"Yes," said Clarke, "I will run your office if I want to; and I want to. You're excused."

Mr. Clarke does not talk much about his doings last summer; he isn't the talking sort. But he does say that all he did was to apply simple business methods to his problem. In action, however, these turned out to be the most approved police methods. He hired a lot of local detectives who, he knew, would talk about what they were doing, and thus would be watched by the police. Having thus thrown a false scent, he hired some other detectives whom nobody knew about. This was expensive; so were many of the other things he did; but he was bound to win, so he paid the price, drawing freely on his own and his colleagues' pockets. (The total cost to the county for a long summer's work by this grand jury was $259.) With his detectives out, he himself went to the jail to get tips from the inside, from criminals who, being there, must have grievances. He made the acquaintance of the jailor, Captain Alexander, and Alexander was a friend of Sheriff Megaarden. Yes, he had some men there who were "sore" and might want to get even.

Now two of these were "big mitt" men who had worked for Gardner. One was "Billy" Edwards, the other "Cheerful Charlie" Howard. I heard too many explanations of their plight to choose any one; this general account will cover the ground: In the Ames mêlée, either by mistake, neglect, or for spite growing out of the network of conflicting interests and gangs, they were arrested, arraigned, not before Fred Ames,

but a judge, and held in bail too high for them to furnish. They had paid for an unexpired period of protection, yet could get neither protection nor bail. They were forgotten. "We got the double cross all right," they said, and they bled with their grievance; but squeal, no, sir!—that was "another deal."

But Mr. Clarke had their story, and he was bound to force them to tell it under oath on the stand. If they did, Gardner and Norbeck would be indicted, tried, and probably convicted. In themselves, these men were of no great importance; but they were the key to the situation, and a way up to the mayor. It was worth trying. Mr. Clarke went into the jail with Messrs. Lester Elwood and Willard J. Hield, grand jurors on whom he relied most for delicate work. They stood by while the foreman talked. And the foreman's way of talking was to smile, swear, threaten, and cajole. "Billy" Edwards told me afterwards that he and Howard were finally persuaded to turn state's evidence, because they believed that Mr. Clarke was the kind of a man to keep his promises and fulfil his threats, "We," he said, meaning criminals generally, "are always stacking up against juries and lawyers who want us to holler. We don't, because we see they ain't wise, and won't get there. They're quitters; they can be pulled off. Clarke has a hard eye. I know men. It's my business to size 'em up, and I took him for a winner, and I played in with him against that whole big bunch of easy things that was running things on the bum." The grand jury was ready at the end of three weeks of hard work to find bills. A prosecutor was needed. The public prosecutor was being ignored, but his first assistant and friend, Al. J. Smith, was taken in hand by Mr. Clarke. Smith hesitated; he knew better even than the foreman the power and resources of the Ames gang. But he came to believe in Mr. Clarke, just as Edwards had; he was sure the foreman would win; so he went over to his side, and, having once decided, he led the open fighting, and, alone in court, won cases against men who had the best lawyers in the State to defend them. His court record is extraordinary. Moreover, he took over the negotiations with criminals for evidence, Messrs. Clarke, Hield, Elwood, and the other jurors providing means and moral support. These were needed. Bribes were offered to Smith; he was threatened; he was called a fool. But so was Clarke, to whom $28,000 was offered to quit, and for whose slaughter a slugger was hired to come from Chicago. What startled the jury most, however, was the character of the citizens who were sent to them to dissuade them from their course. No reform I ever studied has failed to bring out this phenomenon of virtuous cowardice, the baseness of the decent citizen.

Nothing stopped this jury, however. They had courage. They indicted Gardner, Norbeck, Fred Ames, and many lesser persons. But the gang had courage, too, and raised a defence fund to fight Clarke. Mayor Ames was defiant. Once, when Mr. Clarke called at the City Hall, the mayor met and challenged him. The mayor's heelers were all about him, but Clarke faced him.

"Yes, Doc. Ames, I'm after you," he said. "I've been in this town for seventeen years, and all that time you've been a moral leper. I hear you were rotten during the ten years before that. Now I'm going to put you where all contagious things are put—where you cannot contaminate anybody else."

The trial of Gardner came on. Efforts had been made to persuade him to surrender the mayor, but the young man was paid $15,000 "to stand pat," and he went to trial and conviction silent. Other trials followed fast—Norbeck's, Fred Ames's, Chief of Detectives King's. Witnesses who were out of the State were needed, and true testimony from women. There was no county money for extradition, so the grand jurors paid these costs also. They had Meix followed from Michigan down to Mexico and back to Idaho, where they got him, and he was presented in court one day at the trial of Norbeck, who had "steered" him out of town. Norbeck thought Meix was a thousand miles away, and had been bold before. At the sight of him in court he started to his feet, and that night ran away. The jury spent more money in his pursuit, and they caught him. He confessed, but his evidence was not accepted. He was sentenced to three years in state's prison. Men caved all around, but the women were firm, and the first trial of Fred Ames failed. To break the women's faith in the ring, Mayor Ames was indicted for offering the bribe to have Gardner made sheriff—a genuine, but not the best case against him. It brought the women down to the truth, and Fred Ames, retried, was convicted and sentenced to six and a half years in state's prison. King was tried for accessory to felony (helping in the theft of a diamond, which he afterward stole from the thieves), and sentenced to three and a half years in prison. And still the indictments came, with trials following fast. Al. Smith resigned with the consent and thanks of the grand jury; his chief, who was to run for the

same office again, wanted to try the rest of the cases, and he did very well.

All men were now on the side of law and order. The panic among the "grafters" was laughable, in spite of its hideous significance. Two heads of departments against whom nothing had been shown suddenly ran away, and thus suggested to the grand jury an inquiry which revealed another source of "graft," in the sale of supplies to public institutions and the diversion of great quantities of provisions to the private residences of the mayor and other officials. Mayor Ames, under indictment and heavy bonds for extortion, conspiracy, and bribe-offering, left the State on a night train; a gentleman who knew him by sight saw him sitting up at eleven o'clock in the smoking-room of the sleeping-car, an unlighted cigar in his mouth, his face ashen and drawn, and at six o'clock the next morning he still was sitting there, his cigar still unlighted. He went to West Baden, a health resort in Indiana, a sick and broken man, aging years in a month. The city was without a mayor, the ring was without a leader; cliques ruled, and they pictured one another hanging about the grand-jury room begging leave to turn state's evidence. Tom Brown, the mayor's secretary, was in the mayor's chair; across the hall sat Fred Ames, the chief of police, balancing Brown's light weight. Both were busy forming cliques within the ring. Brown had on his side Coffee John and Police Captain Hill. Ames had Captain "Norm" King (though he had been convicted and had resigned), Captain Krumweide, and Ernest Wheelock, the chief's secretary. Alderman D. Percy Jones, the president of the council, an honorable man, should have taken the chair, but he was in the East; so this unstable equilibrium was all the city had by way of a government.

Then Fred Ames disappeared. The Tom Brown clique had full sway, and took over the police department. This was a shock to everybody, to none more than to the King clique, which joined in the search for Ames. An alderman, Fred M. Powers, who was to run for mayor on the Republican ticket, took charge of the mayor's office, but he was not sure of his authority or clear as to his policy. The grand jury was the real power behind him, and the foreman was telegraphing for Alderman Jones. Meanwhile the cliques were making appeals to Mayor Ames, in West Baden, and each side that saw him received authority to do its will. The Coffee John clique, denied admission to the grand-jury room, turned to Alderman Powers, and were beginning to feel secure, when they heard that Fred Ames was coming back. They rushed around, and obtained an assurance from the exiled mayor that Fred was returning only to resign. Fred —now under conviction—returned, but he did not resign; supported by his friends, he took charge again of the police force. Coffee John besought Alderman Powers to remove the chief, and when the acting mayor proved himself too timid, Coffee John, Tom Brown, and Captain Hill laid a deep plot. They would ask Mayor Ames to remove his brother. This they felt sure they could persuade the "old man" to do. The difficulty was to keep him from changing his mind when the other side should reach his ear. They hit upon a bold expedient. They would urge the "old man" to remove Fred, and then resign himself, so that he could not undo the deed that they wanted done. Coffee John and Captain Hill slipped out of town one night; they reached West Baden on one train and they left for home on the next, with a demand for Fred's resignation in one hand and the mayor's own in the other. Fred Ames did resign, and though the mayor's resignation was laid aside for a while, to avoid the expense of a special election, all looked well for Coffee John and his clique. They had Fred out, and Alderman Powers was to make them great. But Mr. Powers wobbled. No doubt the grand jury spoke to him. At any rate he turned most unexpectedly on both cliques together. He turned out Tom Brown, but he turned out also Coffee John, and he did not make their man chief of police, but another of some one else's selection. A number of resignations was the result, and these the acting mayor accepted, making a clearing of astonished rascals which was very gratifying to the grand jury and to the nervous citizens of Minneapolis.

But the town was not yet easy. The grand jury, which was the actual head of the government, was about to be discharged, and, besides, their work was destructive. A constructive force was now needed, and Alderman Jones was pelted with telegrams from home bidding him hurry back. He did hurry, and when he arrived, the situation was instantly in control. The grand jury prepared to report, for the city had a mind and a will of its own once more. The criminals found it out last.

Percy Jones, as his friends call him, is of the second generation of his family in Minneapolis. His father started him well-to-do, and he went on from where he was started. College graduate and business man, he has a

conscience which, however, he has brains enough to question. He is not the fighter, but the slow, sure executive. As an alderman he is the result of a movement begun several years ago by some young men who were convinced by an exposure of a corrupt municipal council that they should go into politics. A few did go in; Jones was one of these few.

The acting mayor was confronted at once with all the hardest problems of municipal government. Vice rose right up to tempt or to fight him. He studied the situation deliberately, and by and by began to settle it point by point, slowly but finally, against all sorts of opposition. One of his first acts was to remove all the proved rascals on the force, putting in their places men who had been removed by Mayor Ames. Another important step was the appointment of a church deacon and personal friend to be chief of police, this on the theory that he wanted at the head of his police a man who could have no sympathy with crime, a man whom he could implicitly trust. Disorderly houses, forbidden by law, were permitted, but only within certain patrol lines, and they were to pay nothing, in either blackmail or "fines." The number and the standing and the point of view of the "good people" who opposed this order was a lesson to Mr. Jones in practical government. One very prominent citizen and church member threatened him for driving women out of two flats owned by him; the rent was the surest means of "support for his wife and children." Mr. Jones enforced his order.

Other interests—saloon-keepers, brewers, etc.—gave him trouble enough, but all these were trifles in comparison with his experience with the gamblers. They represented organized crime, and they asked for a hearing. Mr. Jones gave them some six weeks for negotiations. They proposed a solution. They said that if he would let them (a syndicate) open four gambling places down town, they would see that no others ran in any part of the city. Mr. Jones pondered and shook his head, drawing them on. They went away, and came back with a better promise. Though they were not the associates of criminals, they knew that class and their plans. No honest police force, unaided, could deal with crime. Thieves would soon be at work again, and what could Mr. Jones do against them with a police force headed by a church deacon? The gamblers offered to control the criminals for the city.

Mr. Jones, deeply interested, declared he did not believe there was any danger of fresh crimes. The gamblers smiled and went away. By an odd coincidence there happened just after that what the papers called "an epidemic of crime." They were petty thefts, but they occupied the mind of the acting mayor. He wondered at their opportuneness. He wondered how the news of them got out.

The gamblers soon reappeared. Hadn't they told Mr. Jones crime would soon be prevalent in town again? They had, indeed, but the mayor was unmoved; "porch climbers" could not frighten him. But this was only the beginning, the gamblers said: the larger crimes would come next. And they went away again. Sure enough, the large crimes came. One, two, three burglaries of jewelry in the houses of well-known people occurred; then there was a fourth, and the fourth was in the house of a relative of the acting mayor. He was seriously amused. The papers had the news promptly, and not from the police.

The gamblers called again. If they could have the exclusive control of gambling in Minneapolis, they would do all that they had promised before, and, if any large burglaries occurred, they would undertake to recover the "swag," and sometimes catch the thief. Mr. Jones was sceptical of their ability to do all this. The gamblers offered to prove it. How? They would get back for Mr. Jones the jewelry recently reported stolen from four houses in town. Mr. Jones expressed a curiosity to see this done, and the gamblers went away. After a few days the stolen jewelry, parcel by parcel, began to return; with all due police-criminal mystery it was delivered to the chief of police.

When the gamblers called again, they found the acting mayor ready to give his decision on their propositions. It was this: There should be no gambling, with police connivance, in the city of Minneapolis during his term of office.

Mr. Jones told me that if he had before him a long term, he certainly would reconsider this answer. He believed he would decide again as he had already, but he would at least give studious reflection to the question—Can a city be governed without any alliance with crime? It was an open question. He had closed it only for the four months of his emergency administration. Minneapolis should be clean and sweet for a little while at least, and the new administration should begin with a clear deck.

EDITOR'S NOTE—The people of Minneapolis rose to the emergency on Election Day, November 4th. Though for all other offices they elected a straight Republican ticket, for Mayor they preferred James C. Haynes, the Democratic candidate, to "Alderman" Powers (Rep.) by some 6,000 majority. Clarke and Jones both refused to run.

THE IMPERTINENCE OF CHARLES EDWARD

BY H. G. RHODES

Illustrated by May Wilson-Watkins

I

MOST people who know Charles Edward Austin and Lady Angela have heard the story of their first meeting. But, although everyone ought to know this amazing and delightful couple, many do not; so the tale is worth telling. It is rather surprising that it has never found its way into the newspapers, for the marriage attracted an enormous amount of attention. Editors who had long since despaired of finding anything fresh to say of the marriages of American heiresses and foreign noblemen took fresh heart, now that it was the other way about. As Charles Edward got no title for himself, the newspapers suspected that he might love his bride, which was, indeed, true. There was also a great deal of discussion as to how one was to speak of them after the marriage ceremony. Some people, fiercely democratic, thought that Lady Angela, out of respect for American institutions, ought to become a mere Mrs. Austin. Some wondered whether she would attach "Austin" to her name at all, and prophesied that she would still be known as Lady Angela Farnston. In some circles, it is said, she was spoken of as Mrs. Lady Austin. But, of course, this was not in smart society. Fashionable New York has probably a more accurate knowledge of the rules for being a British aristocrat than has fashionable London, and "Mr. Charles Edward and Lady Angela Austin" fell naturally from even more than four hundred pairs of lips.

Charles Edward's reputation at Harvard had caused a number of elderly Boston ladies to say that he must be quite mad. But since his graduation, which, to everyone's astonishment, he accomplished with honors, very little had been heard of him. He had been making, in leisurely fashion, a tour round the world. It is probable that he was not always quite calm during that period. The traditions of several Japanese and Indian towns might be advantageously gathered together if it should ever be worth while writing Charles Edward's biography. And it is even said that in Vienna the police records—but if this is true it is not especially characteristic of him. For his adventures were, on the whole, whimsical rather than violent. The possible biographer might state it as a significant fact that in college his favorite book was Stevenson's "New Arabian Nights."

In June of '98 he had progressed as far as Paris, coming from the East, and after leaving there he met, on the boat crossing the Channel, Edward Singer, whom he had known at Cambridge when he himself was a sophomore and Singer a senior. "Since that time I have graduated, and seen a good many places that anyone, even Cook's people, can see; while you've been somewhere," was the polite way in which Charles Edward summed up their interchange of confidences. Singer was going to London with the manuscript of a book on Eastern Turkestan in his luggage. He had been there for two years, and when Charles Edward announced that he considered his friend the only authority on Central Asia, he only uttered the unspoken hope of Singer's heart.

Strange to relate, the train drew into Charing Cross station on time. It was the second time that month that this had happened, a porter remarked with admiration, and it was only the 28th. When the train does arrive when it should one can go to one's hotel, dress comfortably, and dine at a reasonable hour. Even authorities on Central Asia must eat and go to the Gaiety Theatre, Charles Edward said; so nine o'clock found the two friends finishing coffee on the terrace of the Savoy, while the fading light over the river and the gardens began to grow a deep purplish blue by contrast with the glow inside.

"Ought we to go on to the theatre?" asked Singer, after consulting his watch.

"Some time, I suppose," was the answer. "But when I was here before, a long time ago, I learned one great fact about English life, which is that no one has ever seen the beginning of a Gaiety piece. It wouldn't be legal, I believe. What the first half of the first act is like is one of the great mysteries of London."

"That sounds enormously experienced. Joking aside, do you know London well?"

"I have a few esoteric bits of information like that, but—know London? No."

"I was thinking really of knowing people." Singer looked around the room with manifest satisfaction. "One wouldn't mind."

It was a pleasant sight even for one who was not fresh from the regions of the barbarians. Half the tables were still filled, and the restaurant, with its low ceiling and its dark, mahogany-paneled walls, looked like a warm, glowing cave. At a table near by a party of eight were dining. Facing Austin sat a girl with a quiet face, but an infinite fund of laughter in her eyes. Not much description is needed; everyone has seen Lady Angela's portrait in the illustrated papers. Charles Edward withdrew his gaze from her.

"Mind!" he exclaimed. "Rather not. No, I don't know anybody here. I have a cousin who has bagged an English husband. If she were here she would fix me. But the silly woman has chosen just this time to go to America on a visit. She is sending some letters for me, I believe, but they haven't come. And she won't be back herself for three weeks or so. But even if one got acquainted, one couldn't be sure of getting acquainted with just the people one wants to know."

His eye rested again upon the girl at the table near by.

"How ridiculous all this business of introductions is anyhow, Singer. Here you and I are for only a little time. We should love to give dinners here every night and ask quantities of these charming people. We can't, because we don't know them. And so we've got to spend all the time we have for London in making friends and getting ready to enjoy it."

"It's a dazzling prospect, but if I gave dinners every night they would soon degenerate into buns and milk at the—what do they call 'em, the A B C shops. *You* can talk about the Savoy."

"That's nothing." Austin was honestly modest about his money. "I don't exactly know what the current quotations on Central Asian books are, but I'll bet that in two weeks you will sell yours for hundreds of guineas, crowns, florins, and ha'pence of their ridiculous money. But until then I'll be the host at our dinners."

"I might venture to do that myself, I suppose, as long as we don't know anyone to ask."

"Yes, I suppose you must know them," meditated Charles Edward. Then suddenly, "I have an idea, Singer."

"Don't boast," his companion counselled.

"Will you dine here with me a week from to-night?"

"Gladly," laughed Singer; "that's simple."

"And wouldn't you rather be surrounded by distinguished Londoners and beautiful English women than to feed alone with me?"

"Yes, I should."

"Then you shall. I have an idea." This with a gesture.

"Don't knock over that bottle. I'll come to dinner, but you won't get anyone else. I don't believe that even good dinners like this are so rare in London that people will come to dine with a total stranger in order to get one."

"Finishing coffee on the terrace of the Savoy"

"Oh, but they shall think they know me."

"If you are going to do it under an assumed name, why not issue a royal command for a state dinner at Buckingham Palace?"

"I shall use my own name of Charles Edward Austin."

"But how?"

"That's my idea." And Austin sent for the head waiter. "You can give me a private room for a dinner of ten or twelve this night of next week, can't you?" he enquired of that gentleman. "I'll come in later and order dinner. Austin is the name. Wednesday, yes. Oh, by the bye," as the maitre d'hotel turned to go, "can you tell me, is that lady in white at the next table Lady Susan Simpkins? I think I know her, but I'm not sure."

"No, sir, that is Lady Angela Farnston."

"Oh," said Charles Edward, putting a note of disappointment into his voice. "She is; let me see——"

"She is Lord Emscott's daughter."

"Of course. Thanks, so much," and then to Singer, as Monsieur Rodolphe moved away, "I know one person I shall ask. Let's go to the Gaiety."

II

THE valet at the Berkeley Hotel took away from Mr. Austin's room on Thursday evening a huge pile of weekly and daily papers. There were numbers of the "Gossiping Times" for the past three months, with portraits and anecdotes, one might have thought, of half the people of England. The smoking room waiter observed a guest that afternoon deep for hours in the "Blue Book," "Who's Who," and "Burke's Peerage." A clerk in a Piccadilly book shop sold an irreproachable looking young American a copy of "The Polite Letter Writer." And that evening Charles Edward consigned a number of letters to the post. A glimpse at a few of them may not be uninteresting.

The first was addressed to the Countess of Emscott.

DEAR LADY EMSCOTT,

I hope you will remember me, and that you and Lord Emscott will pardon rather short notice, and if you are free, dine next Wednesday, the Savoy, 8.30. I can't even call on you before then as in the interval I may have to go North. A fellow-countryman of mine, Edward Singer, is coming, and as all London is clamoring to know him soon, on account of his exploits in Eastern Turkestan, I am seizing the earliest opportunity to profit by my friendship with a new celebrity.

Do you remember promising me at Monte Carlo last February that I should meet your daughter in London? Will you bring Lady Angela to dine? It will just make my number even.

Yours most sincerely,

CHARLES EDWARD AUSTIN.

"Is there anything interesting in your letters, mother?" asked Lady Angela the following morning at breakfast in Grosvenor Crescent.

"Nothing much. Invitations. One from a Mr. Austin whom I seem to have met last winter at Monte Carlo."

"Who was he, Caroline?" asked her husband.

"That's what I don't seem to remember, Frederick. Helena Frampton always had a great many young men about. I forget their names."

"You would, dear Caroline, wouldn't you?" His wife's uncertain memory was one of the few trials of his life.

"I remember hearing of him," said Angela, "from Mrs. Frampton. Mother was considered to have flirted disgracefully with him."

"Angela, you are outrageous," Lady Emscott gasped.

"Yes, I know I am. What night does he want us to dine?"

Lady Emscott read the note.

"That 'fellow-countryman' means that he is an American," observed Lady Angela.

"We certainly shan't dine with him when your mother doesn't remember him."

"I remember him well enough, Frederick; that is, as well as I remember any of Helena's young men."

"Wednesday is a free evening," was Lady Angela's comment. She cared very little for unoccupied hours during the London season.

"It doesn't need to be," said her mother. "Your Aunt Emily wants us to come there that night. And afterwards—where is her note? Oh, afterwards there will be some more people in and a little talk on the housing problem by an expert from the County Council."

Lord Emscott looked up apprehensively from the "Times."

"Has your sister changed her cook, Caroline?"

"No, I don't think so."

"We know the Savoy hasn't, Father."

"That quite apart, perhaps Eastern Turkestan interests me fully as much as the housing problem. I think we had better accept, Caroline."

The "Gossiping Times" said that Mrs. Fred Wilding was a lion hunter. Charles Edward's note to her was a simple task.

DEAR MRS. WILDING,

Will you dine with one American to meet another, Wednesday next, the Savoy, 8.30? Edward Singer is my lion. He is just back from Central Asia and is going to make us forget Landor and Sven Hedin in no time.

"Deep for hours in the Blue Book"

I am also asking Lord and Lady Emscott and the William Northbridges.

Yours most sincerely

CHARLES EDWARD AUSTIN.

Mrs. Wilding remarked to a friend the next afternoon that really it was getting to a point in London where you rarely knew your host or hostess, or they you. But she asked in the next sentence whether Lady Wynche knew Edward Singer, the great explorer. Singer, it appeared, would be coming to Mrs. Wilding's one day shortly.

The William Northbridges declined Mr. Austin's kind invitation with great promptness, but Buxton, who is a F. R. G. S., and who thought that he himself knew something of Central Asian matters, accepted with alacrity. Mrs. Buxton would also come.

Mr. and Mrs. Revell have lived in London for years, although they are Americans. Charles Edward did not know them, so the rules of his game allowed him to ask them. Yet his conscience troubled him a little when he thought that because they knew the same set of people in New York that he did, the difficulties of conversation with them would be trifling. And when Mrs. Revell wrote to say that she had known her host's mother and thought she must have trotted him upon her knee in his early youth, Charles Edward, to whom this information was wholly unexpected, had a moment when he felt that he had behaved, to Singer at least, like an utter cad. But he overcame these pangs of remorse and ordered his dinner.

III

CHARLES EDWARD'S plan of campaign involved more expense than is usual, even at a smart London restaurant. He took a private sitting-room next his private dining-room, and impressed upon the waiter in attendance before dinner the necessity of announcing the names of arrivals with great distinctness.

Singer came first. He had been told an hour and fifteen minutes in advance of the time appointed in the notes of invitation. It is as well to cage your lion before you admit visitors to your menagerie. Besides which, the host of the evening hoped that interest in Eastern Turkestan would at once overpower all other feelings in his guests, especially the vice of curiosity.

"Well, Austin, I suppose you think you're going to bring it off. Do you really expect a dinner party of strangers?"

Could one trust to Singer's tact and resource? In spite of the honors at graduation, Charles Edward's knowledge of history was not great; still, he thought he could remember that Napoleon had kept the secret of his plans to himself.

"No," he answered; "I gave it up, old chap; it was too risky. These are people I do know. I found out that I had met Lady Emscott and had forgotten it. Funny, isn't it?"

The Buxtons were announced.

"It is good of you to come, Mrs. Buxton, since I knew your husband so slightly. But Mr. Singer insisted on my venturing to ask Mr. Buxton. How are you, Buxton? Have you been speaking again before the Geographical

Society since the time I met you? That must have been over a year ago; let's see——"

"The lecture on the abandoned salt mines, wasn't it, in July," said Buxton.

"Yes."

"I forget who brought you."

"Oh, what's his name—I have a confoundedly bad memory—you know, the chap who thinks he knows something about the region himself."

"You mean Hertwich," said Buxton with a snort.

"Yes, Hertwich."

"Is *he* coming to-night?"

"Well, no," Charles Edward beamed. "You see, Singer didn't seem even to have heard of him, and I thought if I could get you—" He introduced Singer, and Mrs. Wilding was announced.

"I am in great luck to get you, Mrs. Wilding," was the greeting she received.

"Yes, you are," she admitted. "I had to manage it, I can tell you. I was engaged to some cousins of mine for to-night. But if Mr. Singer is to burst upon London——"

"You would like to arrange that the sunrise should take place in Chester Street."

"Exactly, Mr. Austin. Do you know, I had a hard time trying to remember where I met you? It is good for the soul, they say, so I out with the truth."

"I can quite understand. You meet so many people, and I never was especially worth remembering."

"I thought at first it must have been at your Embassy."

"No, I never dined there," replied Charles Edward.

"Ah, then it *was* Mrs. Sackville's. I thought so."

"And you forgot!" The speaker endeavored to put a mildly sentimental note into his voice.

"Don't reproach me. You forgave me in the beginning. Now fetch me Mr. Singer."

An introduction followed. Fortunately Mrs. Wilding already knew the Buxtons. She had collected the explorer once some years ago, and he had occupied for an afternoon the place in the Chester Street drawing-room to which she now destined Singer.

Next came the Revells, and their host, to his shame be it said, almost welcomed the feeling of security which they gave him. The arrival of the Emscott party interrupted Mrs. Revell's flow of anecdote concerning Charles Edward's childhood. Charles Edward, inwardly agitated, though outwardly calm enough, greeted these guests, and prayed that dinner would be announced at once.

"I am seating people a little unconventionally," he explained to Lady Emscott, who smiled vaguely in reply. "You ought to be at my right of course. But I know you will want to be next to Mr. Singer, and so, if I am to keep husbands and wives and fathers and daughters apart, I can't have you next me. It isn't rudeness."

Charles Edward had worked the problem out by making many charts of the dinner table on the Berkeley's best notepaper. If it is worth any one's while to follow his example, it can easily be proved whether or not Mrs. Buxton *had* to sit at his right; and at his left, Lady Angela, flanked by Buxton. The host noted with satisfaction that the Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society seemed a fairly dull dog. Besides, he would want to talk to Singer, who sat at his left, just beyond Mrs. Revell.

Before they went in to dinner Lady Emscott got a moment with her husband.

"Sold an irreproachable looking young American a copy of 'The Polite Letter Writer'"

"'*We certainly shan't dine with him when your Mother doesn't remember him*'"

"Frederick," she said, "I never saw that young man."

"Which, my dear?"

"Our host."

"You knew him at Monte Carlo," explained Lord Emscott with patient weariness.

"Certainly I didn't."

"My dear Caroline, we know your memory."

"I'm perfectly positive."

"Then I'm sure he's all right. It's absurd to suppose that a perfect stranger would ask us to dine."

"He's an American."

"He's a gentleman, Caroline. I can tell by the look of him that he would be in Helena Frampton's train."

"Helena is what you call omnivorous; but really, Frederick, it doesn't follow that every young man who is a gentleman is also one of her young men."

"Oh," said Lord Emscott, "give Helena a chance——"

Dinner was announced.

Dinners are very much like dinners the world over. The points at the table where Charles Edward and Singer were seated are the only ones which require watching. Austin had discussed two books, three plays, and the comparative healthfulness of the air of Hampstead and the Regent's Park with Mrs. Buxton before he turned to Lady Angela. He meant that everyone, Lady Emscott especially, should see that it was almost a sacrifice he had made in having Lady Angela next him. But he trusted that he could speedily remove any such impression from the mind of that young woman herself. It would serve no end to record their conversation. They got on well together, because, as later events proved, they were destined to get on well. And Charles Edward kept the conversation so in hand that only once did it journey towards the Riviera and reach Monte Carlo.

"What do you think of Mrs. Frampton's locks?" enquired Angela.

"That," replied her host, "depends very much on what you happen individually to think of hair that color."

"I think perhaps it was nicer when it was a brighter red. You liked her immensely, I expect. All men do."

"Oh, well——"

"Mother is too funny taking care of Helena. You know what she is like. She gets so confused with Helena's attendant swains. She had great difficulty in remembering you."

"I should hate to say anything against your mother's memory."

"That sounds as if she were a historical character." Lady Angela laughed, and Charles Edward was again safely across the ice. Indeed, he was now flushed with victory. It was his moment of pride, and it came before a fall in the conversational vigor of his guests when he and Lady Angela both heard Singer.

The explorer had become expansive under the influence of pleasant surroundings.

"He is so amusing," he confided to Lady Emscott, deserting Asian wilds for the moment, and taking up their host as a topic.

"He had a most extraordinary idea for tonight. Of course he didn't carry it out when he found he could get you people. He told me he would get together a party composed of people he had never met before." Singer explained in somewhat greater detail the humor of the original idea. Charles Edward cursed Napoleon.

Charles Edward does not hesitate to use the most hackneyed of phrases, and asserts that "no pen could describe" the way in which a chilling suspicion crept slowly over the company. The conversation became general after a short, but, to the unhappy host, bloodcurdling pause. Without daring to watch anyone, he could feel the interchange of confidences. For one moment he relied on Mrs. Revell to stem the tide. She knew who he was. No; she only knew who he said he was! Through the intermediation of Mrs. Wilding, much reached his lordship's ear. At first he smiled rather scornfully, but after listening a little longer to the lady's murmurings he sent a glance at Charles Edward that brought that youth's eyes up from his plate as an electric shock might have done. He left Mrs. Buxton to struggle for her right hand neighbor's attention as best she might, and turned to Lady Angela.

"Well?" inquired the young woman.

"Yes, it's so. Are you very angry?"

"Yes, I am." This she said very gravely. Then, with a sudden laugh, "But it's so ridiculous."

"That was the idea. I hoped it would be amusing."

"My father hasn't your sense of humor. Didn't you face the fact in the beginning that if you were found out we should be angry?"

"Yes. But I didn't think it would matter quite so much as it seems to now."

"What do you mean?"

"I suppose now I shall never be allowed to see you again."

"You only see me now by cheating."

"I was a fool, I suppose, not to wait and try to be properly introduced."

"*Do* you really know anyone in England?"

"Lady Butler-Warren is my cousin. She's an American, you know. But she is in America."

"Elizabeth Warren! Oh, but how can I tell you are speaking the truth now?"

"I don't know how you can. But I am. I don't so much care what the others think. I dislike having you think I am a hopeless bounder."

"What possessed you to do this?"

"I dined," said Charles Edward, "at the Savoy last Wednesday, not so very far from your table."

If Lady Angela's subsequent conduct seems to anyone to deviate from that lofty standard of ladylikeness to which her birth would seem to have destined her, or if Charles Edward's speeches, as here reported, seem inadequate to have soothed her anger, it must always be borne in mind that the two had already earlier in the dinner "got on very well."

"By-the-by, Mr. Austin," Lord Emscott launched at his host across the table.

"Here it comes," said Charles Edward beneath his breath.

Then Lady Angela crossed the Rubicon.

"Isn't it extraordinary, father," she said, "that mother never told me about Mr. Austin's being Elizabeth Butler-Warren's cousin?"

"Perhaps not so strange," retorted Lady Emscott, and as the conversation seemed to include the whole circumference of the table, everyone stopped to listen. Charles Edward says his heart nearly stopped too.

"When I first saw Mr. Austin to-night I couldn't make out," Lady Angela went on, "why his face was so extraordinarily familiar to me. But when he spoke of his cousin I remembered at once. She has a large photograph of him standing on a writing table in her boudoir. Elizabeth used to tell me about him often. But somehow I didn't realize that our Mr. Austin and Elizabeth's were the same."

Lord Emscott felt solid ground beneath his feet once more. If one could not count on the untrustworthiness of Caroline's memory, on what could one count? Just then a waiter called upon him to choose between fine champagne, chartreuse, and kümmel doré, and, applying his mind to this problem, he forgot the other. Singer started afresh the discussion with Buxton on the advance of Russia towards India, and the dinner, reported afterwards by everyone to have been especially successful, passed on beautifully to its end.

"'*Frederick, I never saw that young man*'"

"I can't tell you what you are," murmured the host to his left hand neighbor. "At least not on so short an acquaintance."

"You see what you have made me. You must be Elizabeth's cousin now, if she has to adopt you."

"I swear I am. If I hadn't been I wouldn't have let you do what you did."

Ultimately the story, in a sort of way, got out; there had been, of course, Mrs. Sackville and Hertwich to reckon with. But by that time Lady Butler-Warren had returned from New York, and her cousin was fairly well known to all of her friends, and very intimate at the Emscotts'. Indeed Helena Frampton, from the beginning, backed up Lord Emscott's view of his wife's memory. Helena had a sense of humor, and she had a letter from Angela written the morning after the famous dinner. In any case, in the thick of a London season even Sherlock Holmes would scarcely find time for really effective investigations. Not that they could in the end have done any great harm to anyone. The Austin connection in New York is really satisfactory, and the money is indisputable. The story of that night remains merely to prove that even in the beginning the pair cared for each other enough to be willing to make sacrifices, even of the truth—so Charles Edward says.

THE OIL WAR OF 1872

BY IDA M. TARBELL

Author of "The Life of Lincoln"

CHAPTER III OF THE HISTORY OF THE STANDARD OIL COMPANY

FOR several days an uneasy rumor had been running up and down the Oil Regions. Freight rates were going up. Now an advance in a man's freight bill may ruin his business; more, it may mean the ruin of a region. Rumor said that the new rate meant just this; that is, that it more than covered the margin of profit in any branch of the oil business. There was another feature to the report; the railroads were not going to apply the proposed tariffs to everybody. They had agreed to give to a company unheard of until now—the South Improvement Company—a special rate considerably lower than the new open rate. It was only a rumor and many people discredited it. *Why* should the railroads ruin the Oil Regions to build up a company of outsiders?

The Uprising in the Oil Regions

On the morning of February 26, 1872, the oil men read in their morning papers that the rise which had been threatening had come; moreover, that all members of the South Improvement Company were exempt from the advance. At the news all Oildom rushed into the streets. Nobody waited to find out his neighbor's opinion. On every lip there was but one word, and that was "conspiracy." In the vernacular of the region, it was evident that "a torpedo was filling for that scheme."

In twenty-four hours after the announcement of the increase in freight rates a mass meeting of three thousand excited, gesticulating oil men was gathered in the Opera House at Titusville. Producers, brokers, refiners, drillers, pumpers were in the crowd. Their temper was shown by the mottoes on the banners which they carried: "Down with the conspirators"—"No compromise"—"Don't give up the ship!" Three days later, as large a meeting was held at Oil City, its temper more warlike if possible; and so it went. They organized a Petroleum Producers' Union, pledged themselves to reduce their production by starting no new wells for sixty days and by shutting down on Sundays, to sell no oil to any person known to be in the South Improvement Company, but to support the Creek refiners and those elsewhere who had refused to go into the combination, to boycott the offending railroads, and to build lines which they would own and control themselves. They sent a committee to the Legislature asking that the charter of the South Improvement Company be repealed, and another to Congress demanding an investigation of the whole business on the ground that it was an interference with trade. They ordered that a history of the conspiracy, giving the names of the conspirators and the designs of the company, should be prepared, and 30,000 copies sent to "judges of all courts, Senators of the United States, members of Congress and of State Legislatures, and to all railroad men and prominent business men of the country, *to the end that enemies of the freedom of trade may be known and shunned by all honest men.*"

They prepared a petition ninety-three feet long, praying for a free pipe-line bill, something which they had long wanted, but which, so far, the Pennsylvania Railroad had prevented their getting, and sent it by a committee to the Legislature; and for days they kept a thousand men ready to march on Harrisburg at a moment's notice if the Legislature showed signs of refusing their demands. In short, for weeks the whole body of oil men abandoned regular business and surged from town to town intent on destroying the "Monster," the "Forty Thieves," the "Great Anaconda," as they called the mysterious South Improvement Company. Curiously enough, it was chiefly against the combination which had secured the discrimination from the railroads—not the railroads which had granted it—that their fury was directed. They expected nothing but robbery from the railroads, they said. They were used to that; but they would not endure it from men in their own business.

Fighting in the Dark

When they began the fight, the mass of the oil men knew nothing more of the South Improvement Company than its name and the fact that it had secured from the railroads advantages in rates which were bound to ruin all independent refiners of oil and to put all

producers at its mercy. Their tempers were not improved by the discovery that it was a secret organization, and had been at work under their very eyes for some weeks without their knowing it. At the first public meeting this fact came out, leading refiners of the Region relating their experience with the "Anaconda." According to one of these gentlemen, Mr. J. D. Archbold—the same who afterward became vice-president of the Standard Oil Company, which office he now holds—he and his partners had heard of the scheme some months before. Alarmed by the rumor, a committee of independent refiners had attempted to investigate, but could learn nothing until they had given a promise not to reveal what was told them. When convinced that a company had been formed actually strong enough to force or persuade the railroads to give to it special rates and refuse them to all persons outside, Mr. Archbold said that he and his colleagues had gone to the railway kings to remonstrate, but all to no effect. The South Improvement Company by some means had convinced the railroads that they owned the Oil Regions, producers and refiners both, and that hereafter no oil of any account would be shipped except as they shipped it. Mr. Archbold and his partners had been asked to join the company, but had refused, declaring that the whole business was iniquitous, that they would fight it to the end, and that in their fight they would have the backing of the oil men, as a whole. They excused their silence up to this time by citing the pledge* exacted from them before they were informed of the extent and nature of the South Improvement Company.

The "Derrick's" Blacklist

Naturally the burning question throughout the Oil Region, convinced as it was of the iniquity of the scheme, was: who are the conspirators? Whether the gentlemen concerned regarded themselves in the light of "conspirators" or not, they seem from the first to have realized that it would be discreet not to be identified publicly with the scheme, and to have allowed one name alone to appear in all signed negotiations. This was the name of the president, Peter H. Watson. However anxious the members of the South Improvement Company were that Mr. Watson should combine the honors of president with the trials of scapegoat, it was impossible to keep their names concealed. The Oil City Derrick, at that time one of the most vigorous, witty, and daring newspapers in the country, began a blacklist at the head of its editorial columns the day after the raise in freights was announced, and it kept it there until it was believed complete. It stood finally as follows:

THE BLACK LIST.

P. H. WATSON, PRES. S. I. CO.
Charles Lockhart,
W. P. Logan,
R. S. Waring,
A. W. Bostwick,
W. G. Warden,
John Rockefeller,
Amasa Stone.

These seven are given as the Directors of the Southern Improvement Company. They are refiners or merchants of petroleum

Atlantic & Gt. Western Railway.
L. S. & M. S. Railway.
Philadelphia & Erie Railway.
Pennsylvania Central Railway
New York Central Railway.
Erie Railway.

Behold "The Anaconda" in all his hideous deformity!

This list was not exact,* but it was enough to go on, and the oil blockade, to which the Petroleum Producer's Union had pledged itself, was now enforced against the firms listed, and as far as possible against the railroads. All of these refineries had their buyers on the Creek, and although several of the buyers were young men generally liked for their personal and business qualities, no mercy was shown them. They were refused oil by everybody, though they offered from seventy-five cents to a dollar more than the market price. They were ordered at one meeting "to desist from their nefarious business or leave the Oil Region," and when they declined they were invited to resign from the Oil Exchanges of which they were members. So strictly, indeed, was the blockade enforced that in Cleveland the refineries were closed and meetings for the relief of the workmen were held. In spite of the excitement there was little vandalism, the only violence at the opening of the war being at Franklin, where a quantity of the oil belonging to Mr. Watson was run on the ground.

*Two forms of these pledges were published at the time. See McCLURE'S MAGAZINE for December, 1902.

*See McCLURE'S MAGAZINE for December, 1902, for stockholders of the South Improvement Company, and list of railroads signing contracts with the Company.

The Oil Men Ask Leading Questions

The sudden uprising of the Oil Regions against the South Improvement Company did not alarm its members at first. The excitement would die out, they told one another. All that they needed to do was to keep quiet, and stay out of the oil country. But the excitement did not die out. Indeed, with every day it became more intense and more widespread. When Mr. Watson's tanks were tapped he began to protest in letters to a friend, F. W. Mitchell, a prominent banker and oil man of Franklin. The company was misunderstood, he complained. "Have a committee of leading producers appointed," he wrote, and "we will show that the contracts with the railroad are as favorable to the producing as to other interests; that the much-denounced rebate will enhance the price of oil at the wells, and that our entire plan in operation and effect will promote every legitimate American interest in the oil trade." Mr. Mitchell urged Mr. Watson to come openly to the Oil Regions and meet the producers as a body. A mass meeting was never a "deliberative body," Mr. Watson replied, but if a few of the leading oil men would go to Albany or New York, or any place favorable to calm investigation and deliberation, and therefore outside of the atmosphere of excitement which enveloped the Oil Country, he would see them. These letters were read to the producers, and a motion to appoint a committee was made. It was received with protests and jeers. Mr. Watson was afraid to come to the Oil Regions, they said. The letters were not addressed to the association, they were private—an insult to the body. "We are lowering our dignity to treat with this man Watson," declared one man. "He is free to come to these meetings if he wants to." "What is there to negotiate about?" asked another. "To open a negotiation is to concede that we are wrong. Can we go halves with these middlemen in their swindle?" "He has set a trap for us," declared another. "We cannot treat with him without guilt," and the motion was voted down.

The stopping of the oil supply finally forced the South Improvement Company to recognize the Producers' Union officially, by asking that a committee of the body be appointed to confer with them, on a compromise. The producers sent back a pertinent answer. They believed the South Improvement Company meant to monopolize the oil business. If that was so they could not consider a compromise with it. If they were wrong, they would be glad to be enlightened, and they asked for information. First: the charter under which the South Improvement Company was organized. Second: the articles of association. Third: the officers' names. Fourth: the contracts with the railroads and who signed them. Fifth: the general plan of management.

Until we know these things, the oil men declared, we can no more negotiate with you than we could sit down to negotiate with a burglar as to his privileges in our house.

An Omnibus Charter

The Producers' Union did not get the information they asked from the company at that time, but it was not long before they did, and much more, too. The committee which they had appointed to write a history of the South Improvement Company reported on March 20th, and in April the Congressional Committee appointed at the insistence of the oil men made its investigation. The former report was published broadcast, and is readily accessible to-day. The Congressional investigation was not published officially, and no trace of its work can now be found in Washington, but while it was going on, reports were made in the newspapers of the Oil Regions, and at its close the Producers' Union published in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, a pamphlet called the "Rise and Fall of the South Improvement Company," which contains the full testimony taken by the committee. This pamphlet is rare, the writer never having been able to find a copy save in three or four private collections. The most important part of it is the testimony of Peter H. Watson, the president, and W. G. Warden, the secretary of the South Improvement Company. It was in these documents that the oil men found full justification for the war they were carrying on and for the losses they had caused themselves and others. Nothing, indeed, could have been more damaging to a corporation than the publication of the charter of the South Improvement Company. As its president told the Congressional Investigating Committee, when he was under examination, "this charter was a sort of clothes-horse to hang a scheme upon." As a matter of fact, it was a clothes-horse big enough to hang the earth upon. It granted powers practically unlimited. There really was no exaggeration in the summary of its powers made and scattered broadcast by the irate oil men in their "History of the South Improvement Company":

> The Southern Improvement Company can own, contract or operate any work, business or traffic (save only banking); may hold and transfer any kind of property, real or personal; hold and operate on any leased property (oil territory, for instance); make any kind of con-

tract; deal in stocks, securities, and funds; loan its credit; guarantee any one's paper; manipulate any industry; may seize upon the lands of other parties for railroading or *any other purpose;* may absorb the improvements, property or franchises of any other company, *ad infinitum;* may fix the fares, tolls or freights to be charged on lines of transit operated by it, or on any business it gives to *any other company* or line, without limit.

Its capital stock can be expanded or "watered" at liberty; it can change its name and location at pleasure; can go anywhere and do almost anything. It is not a Pennsylvania corporation, only; it can, so far as these enactments are valid, or are confirmed by other Legislatures, operate in any State or Territory; its directors must be only citizens of the United States—not necessarily of Pennsylvania. It is responsible to no one; its stockholders are only liable to the amount of their stock in it; its directors, when wielding all the princely powers of the corporation, are also responsible only to the amount of their stock in it; it may control the business of the continent and hold and transfer millions of property and yet be rotten to the core. It is responsible to no one; makes no reports of its acts or financial condition; its records and deliberations are secret; its capital illimitable; its object unknown. It can be here to-day, to-morrow away. Its domain is the whole country; its business everything. Now it is petroleum it grasps and monopolizes; next year it may be iron, coal, cotton, or breadstuffs. They are landsmen granted perpetual letters of marque to prey upon all commerce everywhere.

S. V. HARKNESS

One of the five stockholders of the Standard Oil Company at its organization in 1870. Mr. Harkness held no stock in the South Improvement Company.

When the course of this charter through the Pennsylvania Legislature came to be traced, it was found to be devious and uncertain. The company had been incorporated in 1870, and vested with all the "powers, privileges, duties, and obligations" of two earlier companies — the Continental Improvement Company and the Pennsylvania Company, both of which were children of that interesting body known as the "Tom Scott Legislature." The act incorporating the company was never published, the name of the member introducing it was never known, and no votes on it are recorded. The origin of the South Improvement Company has always remained in darkness. It was one of thirteen "improvement" companies chartered in Pennsylvania at about the same time, and enjoying the same commercial *carte blanche.*

Amazing Contracts with the Railroads

Bad as the charter was in appearance, the oil men found that the contracts which the new company had made with the railroads were worse These contracts advanced the rates of freight from the Oil Regions over 100 per cent., but it was not the railroad that got the greater part of this advance; it was the South Improvement Company. Not only did it ship its own oil at fully a dollar a barrel cheaper on an average than anybody else could, but it received fully a dollar a barrel "rake-off" on every barrel its competitors shipped. It was computed and admitted by the members of the company who appeared before the investigating committee of Congress that this discrimination would have turned over to them fully $6,000,000 annually on the carrying trade. It is hardly to be wondered at that when the oil men had before them the full text of these contracts they refused absolutely to accept the repeated assertions of the members of the South Improvement Company that their scheme was intended only for "the good of the oil business." The committee of Congress could not be persuaded to believe it either. "Your success meant the destruction of every refiner who refused for any reason to join your company, or whom you did not care to have in, and it put the producers entirely in your power. It would make a monopoly such as no set of men are fit to handle," the chairman of the committee declared. Mr. Warden, the secretary of the company, protested again and again that they meant to take in all the refiners, though he had to admit that the contracts with the railroads were not made on this condition. Mr. Watson affirmed and reaffirmed before the committee that it was the intention of the company to take care of the producers. "It was an essential part of this contract that the producers should join it," he declared. But no such condition was embodied in the contract. It was verbal only, and, besides, it had never been submitted to the producers themselves in any form until after the trouble in the Oil Region began. The committee, like the oil men, insisted that under the circumstances no such verbal understanding was to be trusted.

No part of the testimony before the committee made a worse impression than that showing that one of the chief objects of the

combination was to put up the price of refined oil. "Under your arrangement," said the chairman, "the public would have been put to an additional expense of $7,500,000 a year." "What public?" said Mr. Warden. "They would have had to pay it in Europe." "But to keep up the price abroad you would have to keep up the price at home," said the chairman. Mr. Warden conceded the point: "You could not get a better price for that exported without having a better price here." Thirty-two cents a gallon was the ideal price they had in view, though refined had not sold for that since 1869, the average price in 1870 being 26⅝ and in 1871 24¼. The average price of crude in 1870 was $3.90 a barrel; in 1871, $4.40. The Congressional Committee claimed that any combination formed for the purpose of putting up the price of an article

HENRY M. FLAGLER IN 1872

One of the founders of the original Standard Oil Company and a stockholder in the South Improvement Company.

of general consumption was an injury to the public, but the members of the company would not admit it as such. Everybody in the business should make more money, they argued; the profits were too small—the consumer ought to be willing to pay more.

Popular Sympathy for the Oil Regions

It did not take the full exposition of the objects of the South Improvement Company, brought out by the Congressional Investigating Committee, with the publication of charters and contracts, to convince the country at large that the Oil Regions were right in their opposition. From the first the sympathy of the press and the people were with the oil men. It was evident to everybody that if the railroads had made the contracts as charged (and it daily became more evident they had done so), nothing but an absolute monopoly of the whole oil business by this combination could result. It was robbery, cried the newspapers all over the land. "Under the thin guise of assisting in the development of oil refining in Pittsburg and Cleveland," said the New York 'Tribune,' "this corporation has simply laid its hand upon the throat of the oil traffic with a demand to 'stand and deliver.'" And if this could be done in the oil business, what was to prevent its being done in any other industry? Why should not a company be formed to control wheat or beef or iron or steel, as well as oil? If the railroads would do this for one company, why not for another? The South Improvement Company, men agreed, was a menace to the free trade of the country. If the oil men yielded now, all industries must suffer from their weakness. The railroads must be taught a lesson as well as would-be monopolists.

Reinforcements from New York.

The oil men had no thought of yielding. With every day of the war their backbones grew stiffer. The men were calmer, too, for their resistance had found a moral ground which seemed impregnable to them, and arguments against the South Improvement Company now took the place of denunciations. The country so buzzed with discussion on the duties of the railroads, that reporters sent from the Eastern newspapers commented on it. Nothing was commoner, indeed, on the trains which ran the length of the region, and were its real forums, than to hear a man explaining that the railways derived their existence and power from the people, that their charters were contracts with the people, that a fundamental provision of these contracts was that there should be no discriminating in favor of one person or one town, that such a discrimination was a violation of charter, that therefore the South Improvement Company was founded on fraud, and the courts must dissolve it if the railways did not abandon it.

They now met the very plausible reasons given by the members of the company for their combination more intelligently than at first.

There were grave abuses in the business, they admitted; there was too great refining capacity; but this they argued was a natural development in a new business whose growth had been extraordinary and whose limits were by no means defined. Time and experience would regulate it. Give the refiners open and regular freights, with no favors to any one, and the stronger and better equipped would live, the others die—but give all a chance. In fact, time and energy would regulate all the evils of which they complained if there was fair play.

The oil men were not only encouraged by public opinion and by getting their minds clear on the merits of their case; they were upheld by repeated proofs of aid from all sides; even the women of the region were asking what they could do, and offering to wear their "black velvet bonnets" all summer if necessary. Solid support came from the independent refiners and shippers in other parts of the country, who were offering to stand in with them in their contest. New York was already one of the chief refining centers of the country, and the South Improvement Company had left it entirely out of its combination. As incensed as the Creek itself, the New York interests formed an association, and about the middle of March sent a committee of three, with H. H. Rogers of Charles Pratt & Company at its head, to Oil City, to consult with the Producers' Union. Their arrival in the Oil Regions was a matter of great satisfaction. What made the oil men most exultant, however, was their growing belief that the railroads—the crux of the whole scheme—were weakening.

The Railroads Back Down.

However fair the great scheme may have appeared to the railroad kings in the privacy of the council chamber, it began to look dark as soon as it was dragged into the open, and signs of a scuttle soon appeared. General G. B. McClellan, president of the Atlantic and Great Western, sent to the very first mass meeting this telegram:

NEW YORK, *February* 27, 1872.

Neither the Atlantic and Great Western, or any of its officers, are interested in the South Improvement Company. Of course, the policy of the road is to accommodate the petroleum interest.

G. B. MCCLELLAN.

A great applause was started, only to be stopped by the hisses of a group whose spokesman read the following:

Contract with South Improvement Company signed by Geo. B. McClellan, president, for the Atlantic and Great Western Railroad. I only signed it after it was signed by all the other parties.

JAY GOULD.

The railroads tried in various ways to appease the oil men. They did not enforce the new rates. They had signed the contracts, they declared, only after the South Improvement Company had assured them that

GENERAL J. H. DEVEREUX

It was General Devereux who, in 1868, when acting as vice-president of the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern R.R., first granted rebates to Mr. Rockefeller's firm. He was with the same road when it made the contract with the South Improvement Company. Later he became president of the Atlantic and Great Western, and of the Indianapolis and St. Louis. General Devereux took an active part in the discussions which led to the Interstate Commerce Bill.

all the refineries and producers were to be taken in. Indeed, they seem to have realized within a fortnight that the scheme was doomed, and to have been quite ready to meet cordially a committee of oil men which went east to demand that the railroads revoke their contracts with the South Improvement Company. This committee, which was composed of twelve persons, three of them being the New York representatives already mentioned, began its work by an interview with Colonel Scott at the Colonial Hotel in Philadelphia. With evident pride the committee wrote back to the Producers' Union

that: "Mr. Scott, differing in this respect from the railroad representatives whom we afterwards met, notified us that he would call upon us at our hotel." An interesting account of their interview was given to the Hepburn Committee in 1879 by Mr. W. T. Scheide, one of the number:

We saw Mr. Scott on the 18th of March, 1872, in Philadelphia, and he said to us that he was very much surprised to hear of this agitation in the Oil Regions; that the object of the railroads in making this contract with the South Improvement Company was to obtain an evener to pool the freight—pool the oil freights among the different roads; that they had been cutting each other on oil freights for a number of years, and had not made any money out of it, although it was a freight they should have made money from; that they had endeavored to make an arrangement among themselves, but had always failed; he said that they supposed that the gentlemen representing the South Improvement Company represented the petroleum trade, but as he was now convinced they did not, he would be very glad to make an arrangement with this committee, who undoubtedly did represent the petroleum trade; the committee told him that they could not make any such contract; that they had no legal authority to do so; he said that could be easily fixed, because the Legislature was then in session, and by going to Harrisburg a charter could be obtained in a very few days; the committee still said that they would not agree to any such arrangement, that they did not think the South Improvement Company's contract was a good one, and they were instructed to have it broken, and so they did not feel that they could accept a similar one, even if they had the power.

W. G. WARDEN

The leading refiner in Philadelphia in 1872. Mr. Warden was one of the chief supports of the South Improvement Company, acting as its secretary, and defending it before the Congressional Investigating Committee. After the destruction of that company he continued to act in harmony with the various efforts at combining the refiners which were made under Mr. Rockefeller's direction. His firm was finally merged into the Standard Oil Trust.

Leaving Colonel Scott, the committee went on to New York, where they stayed for about a week, closely watched by the newspapers, all of which treated the "Oil War" as a national affair. Various conferences were held, leading up to a final all-important one on March 25th, at the Erie offices. Horace Clark, president of the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railroad, was chairman of this meeting, and, according to H. H. Rogers's testimony before the Hepburn Committee, in 1879, there were present, besides the oil men, Colonel Scott, General McClellan, Director Diven, William H. Vanderbilt, Mr. Stebbins, and George Hall.

Mr. Rockefeller to the Rescue

The meeting had not been long in session before Mr. Watson, president of the South Improvement Company, and Mr. John D. Rockefeller, presented themselves for admission. Up to this time Mr. Rockefeller had kept well out of sight in the affair. He had given no interviews, offered no explanations. He had allowed the president of the company to wrestle with the excitement in his own way, but things were now in such critical shape that he came forward in a last attempt to save the organization by which he had been able to concentrate in his own hands the refining interests of Cleveland. With Mr. Watson, he knocked for admission to the council going on in the Erie offices. The oil men flatly refused to let them in. A dramatic scene followed, Mr. Clark, the chairman, protesting in agitated tones against shutting out his "life-long friend, Watson." The oil men were obdurate. They would have nothing to do with anybody concerned with the South Improvement Company. So determined were they that although Mr. Watson came in, he was obliged at once to withdraw. A Times reporter who witnessed the little scene between the two supporters of the tottering company after its president was turned out of the meeting remarks sympathetically that Mr. Rockefeller soon went away, "looking pretty blue."

The acquiescence of the "railroad kings" in the refusal of the oil men to recognize representatives of the South Improvement Company was followed by an unwilling promise to break the contracts with the company. A strong effort was made to persuade the independents to make the same contracts on condition that they shipped as much oil, but they would not hear of it. They demanded

open rates, with no rebates to any one. The Vanderbilts particularly stuck for this arrangement, but were finally obliged to consent to revoke the contracts and to make a new one embodying the views of the Oil Regions. The contract finally signed at this meeting by H. F. Clark for the Lake Shore Road, O. H. P. Archer for the Erie, W. H. Vanderbilt for the Central, George B. McClellan for the Atlantic and Great Western, and Thomas A. Scott for the Pennsylvania, agreed that all shipping of oil should be made on "a basis of perfect equality to all shippers, producers, and refiners, and that no rebates, drawbacks, or other arrangements of any character shall be made or allowed that will give any party the slightest difference in rates or discriminations of any character whatever."

The same rate was put on refined oil from Cleveland, Pittsburg, and the Creek, to eastern shipping points; that is, Mr. Rockefeller could send his oil from Cleveland to New York at $1.50 per barrel; so could his associates in Pittsburg, and this was what it cost the refiner on the Creek; but the latter had this advantage: he was at the wells. Mr. Rockefeller and his Pittsburg allies were miles away, and it cost them, by the new contract, fifty cents to get a barrel of crude to their works. The Oil Regions meant that geographical position should count. Unless there was some way to get around this contract, it looked at that moment very much as if Mr. Rockefeller had bought a white elephant when he swept up the refineries of Cleveland.

Grant on Monopolies

This contract was the first effective thrust into the great bubble. Others followed in quick succession. On the 28th, the railroads officially annulled their contracts with the company. About the same time the Pennsylvania legislature repealed the charter. On March 30th, the committee of oil men sent to Washington to be present during the Congressional investigation, now about to begin, spent an hour with President Grant. They wired home that on their departure he said: "Gentlemen, I have noticed the progress of monopolies, and have long been convinced that the National Government would have to interfere and protect the people against them." The President and the members of Congress of both parties continued to show the greatest interest in the investigation, and there was little or no dissent from the final judgment of the committee, given early in May, that the South Improvement Company was the "most gigantic and daring conspiracy" a free country had ever seen. This decision finished the work. The "monster" was slain, the Oil Regions proclaimed exultantly.

The Standard again Buys Oil

And now came the question; what should they do about the blockade established against the members of the South Improvement Company? The railroads they had forgiven; should they forgive the members of the South Improvement Company? This question came up immediately on the repeal of the charter. The first severe test to which their temper was put was early in April, when a firm of Oil City brokers sold some 20,000 barrels of oil to the Standard Oil Company. The moment the sale was noised a perfect uproar burst forth. Indignant telegrams came from every direction condemning the brokers. "Betrayal," "infamy," "mercenary achievement,"

PETER H. WATSON

After the Civil War Mr. Watson, who had been Mr. Stanton's assistant Secretary of War, instead of returning to his profession, which was that of a lawyer, went into the railroad business. He became what was known as the cattle agent, and is credited with devising the evener plan by which the cattle business was apportioned between various roads and competition avoided. This idea was one of the essential parts of the South Improvement scheme. Mr. Watson gave up the oil business after the oil war. Later he was made president of the Erie Railroad.

"the most unkindest cut of all," was the gist of them. From New York, Porter and Archbold telegraphed annulling all their contracts with the guilty brokers. The Oil Exchange passed votes of censure, and the Producers'

JOHN D. ARCHBOLD IN 1872

Now vice-president of the Standard Oil Company. Mr. Archbold, whose home, in 1872, was in Titusville, Pennsylvania, although one of the youngest refiners of the Creek, was one of the most active and efficient in breaking up the South Improvement Company.

Union turned them out. A few days later it was learned that a dealer on the Creek was preparing to ship 5,000 barrels to the same firm. A mob gathered about the cars and refused to let them leave. It was only by stationing a strong guard that the destruction of the oil was prevented.

But something had to be done. The cooler heads argued that the blockade, which had lasted now forty days, and from which the Region had, of course, suffered enormous loss, should be entirely lifted. The objects for which it had been established had been accomplished—that is, the South Improvement Company had been destroyed;—now let free trade be established. If anybody wanted to sell to "conspirators," it was his look-out. A long and excited meeting of men from the entire oil country was held at Oil City to discuss the question. At this meeting telegrams to the president of the Petroleum Producers' Union, Captain William Hasson, from officials of the railroads were read, declaring that the contracts with the South Improvement Company were canceled. Also the following from the Standard Oil Company was read:

CLEVELAND, OHIO, *April* 8, 1872.

To Captain William Hasson: In answer to your telegram, this company holds no contract with the railroad companies or any of them, or with the South Improvement Company. The contracts between the South Improvement Company and the railroads have been canceled, and I am informed you have been so advised by telegram. I state unqualifiedly that reports circulated in the Oil Region and elsewhere, that this company, or any member of it, threatened to depress oil, are false.

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, *President.*

It was finally decided that "inasmuch as the South Improvement Company contracts were annulled, and the Pennsylvania Legislature had taken pains to safeguard the interests of the trade, and Congress was moving on the same line, after the 15th trade should be free to all." This resolution put an official end to the "oil war."

But no number of resolutions could wipe out the memory of the forty days of terrible excitement and loss which the region had suffered. No triumph could stifle the suspicion and the bitterness which had been sown broadcast through the region. Every particle of independent manhood in these men whose very life was independent action had been outraged. Their sense of fair play, the saving force of the region in the days before law and order had been established, had been violated. These were things which could not be forgotten. There henceforth could be no trust in those who had devised a scheme which, the producers believed, was intended to rob them of their business.

The South Improvement Company alias *The Standard Oil Company*

It was inevitable that under the pressure of their indignation and resentment some person or persons should be fixed upon as responsible, and should be hated accordingly. Before the lifting of the embargo this responsibility had been fixed. It was the Standard Oil Company of Cleveland, so the Oil Regions decided, which was at the bottom of the business, and the "Mephistopheles of the Cleveland Company," as they put it, was John D. Rockefeller. Even the Cleveland Herald acknowledged this popular judg-

ment. "Whether justly or unjustly," the editor wrote, "Cleveland has the odium of having originated the scheme." This opinion gained ground as the days passed. The activity of the president of the Standard in New York, in trying to save the contracts with the railroads, and his constant appearance with Mr. Watson, and the fact brought out by the Congressional investigation that a larger block of the South Improvement Company's stock was owned in the Standard than in any other firm, strengthened the belief. But what did more than anything else to fix the conviction was what they had learned of the career of the Standard Oil Company in Cleveland. Before the oil war the company had been known simply as one of several successful firms in that city. It drove close bargains, but it paid promptly, and was considered a desirable customer. Now the Oil Regions learned for the first time of the sudden and phenomenal expansion of the company. Where there had been at the beginning of 1872 twenty-six refining firms in Cleveland, there were but six left. In three months before and during the oil war the Standard had absorbed twenty plants. It was generally charged by the Cleveland refiners that Mr. Rockefeller had used the South Improvement scheme to persuade or compel his rivals to sell to him. "Why," cried the oil men, "the Standard Oil Company has done already in Cleveland what the South Improvement Company set out to do for the whole country, and it has done it by the same means."

HENRY H. ROGERS IN 1872

Now president of the National Transit Company and a director of the Standard Oil Company. The opposition to the South Improvement Company among the New York refiners was led by Mr. Rogers.

By the time the blockade was raised, another unhappy conviction was fixed on the Oil Regions—the Standard Oil Company meant to carry out the plans of the exploded South Improvement Company. The promoters of the scheme were partly responsible for the report. Under the smart of their defeat they talked rather more freely than their policy of silence justified, and their remarks were quoted widely. Mr. Rockefeller was reported in the "Derrick" to have said to a prominent oil man of Oil City that the South Improvement Company could work under the charter of the Standard Oil Company, and to have predicted that in less than two months the gentleman would be glad to join him. The newspapers made much of the following similar story reported by a New York correspondent:

> A prominent Cleveland member of what was the South Improvement Company had said within two days: The business *now* will be done by the Standard Oil Company. We have a rate of freight by water from Cleveland to New York at 70 cents. No man in the trade shall make a dollar this year. We purpose so manipulating the market as to run the price of crude on the Creek as low as two and a half. We mean to show the world that the South Improvement Company was organized for business and means business in spite of opposition. The same thing has been said in substance by the leading Philadelphia member.

"The trade here regards the Standard Oil Company as simply taking the place of the South Improvement Company and as being ready at any moment to make the same attempt to control the trade as its progenitors did," said the New York Bulletin about the middle of April. And the Cleveland Herald discussed the situation under the heading, "South Improvement Company *alias* Standard Oil Company." The effect of these reports in the Oil Regions was most disas-

AN OIL RIOT

On April 9, 1872, it was learned that a train of tank cars on the siding at Rynd Farm, Oil Creek, was loading with oil for the Standard Oil Company of Cleveland. An excited crowd gathered, and prevented the train pulling out. The tanks and lines were guarded for some time.

trous. Their open war became a kind of guerrilla opposition. Those who sold oil to the Standard were ostracized, and its president was openly scorned.

Mr. Rockefeller Begins All Over Again

If Mr. Rockefeller had been an ordinary man the outburst of popular contempt and suspicion which suddenly poured on his head would have thwarted and crushed him. But he was no ordinary man. He had the powerful imagination to see what might be done with the oil business if it could be centered in his hands—the intelligence to analyze the problem into its elements and to find the key to control. He had the essential element to all great achievement, a steadfastness to a purpose once conceived which nothing can crush. The Oil Regions might rage, call him a conspirator and those who sold him oil traitors; the railroads might withdraw their contracts and the legislature annul his charter; undisturbed and unresting he kept at his great purpose. Even if his nature had not been such as to forbid him to abandon an enterprise in which he saw promise of vast profits, even if he had not had a mind which, stopped by a wall, burrows under or creeps around, he would nevertheless have been forced to desperate efforts to save his business. He had increased his refining capacity in Cleveland to 10,000 barrels on the strength of the South Improvement Company contracts. These contracts were annulled, and in their place was one signed by officials of all the oil-shipping roads refusing rebates to everybody. His geographical position was such that it cost him under these new contracts 50 cents more to get oil from the wells to New York than it did his rivals on the Creek. What could he do?

Mr. Rockefeller Gets a Rebate

He got a rebate. In spite of the binding nature of the contracts signed in New York on March 25th by representatives of all the railroads, before the middle of April the Standard Oil Company was shipping oil eastward from Cleveland for $1.25—this by the sworn testimony of Mr. H. M. Flagler before a commission of the Ohio State Legislature, in March, 1879. How much less a rate than $1.25 Mr. Rockefeller had before the end of April the writer does not know. Of course the rate was secret, and he probably understood now, as he had not two months before, how essential it was that he keep it secret. His task was more difficult now, for he had an enemy active, clamorous, contemptuous, whose suspicions had reached that acute point where they could believe nothing but evil of him—the producers and independents of the Oil Regions. It was utterly impossible that he should ever silence this enemy, for their points of view were diametrically opposed.

They believed in independent effort—every man for himself and fair play for all. They wanted competition, loved open fight. They considered that all business should be done openly—that the railways were bound as public carriers to give equal rates—that any combination which favored one firm or one locality at the expense of another was unjust and illegal.

Mr. Rockefeller's Opinions and Character

Mr. Rockefeller's point of view was different. He believed that the "good of all" was in a combination which would control the business as the South Improvement Company proposed to control it. Such a combination would end at once all the abuses the business suffered. As rebates and special rates were essential to this control, he favored them. Of course Mr. Rockefeller knew that the railroad was a public carrier, and that its charter forbade discrimination. But he knew that the railroads did not pretend to obey the laws governing them, that they regularly granted special rates and rebates to those who had large amounts of freight. That is, you could bargain with the railroads as you could with a man carrying on a strictly private business depending in no way on a public franchise. Moreover, Mr. Rockefeller knew that if he did not get rebates somebody else would; that they were for the wariest, the shrewdest, the most persistent. If somebody was to get rebates, why not he? This point of view was no uncommon one. Many men held it and felt a sort of scorn, as practical men always do for theorists, when it was contended that the shipper was as wrong in taking rates as the railroads in granting them.

Thus, on one hand there was an exaggerated sense of personal independence, on the other a firm belief in combination; on one hand a determination to root out the vicious system of rebates practised by the railway on the other a determination to keep it alive and profit by it. Those theories which the body of oil men held as vital and fundamental Mr. Rockefeller and his associates either did not comprehend or were deaf to. This lack of comprehension by many men of what seems

to other men to be the most obvious principles of justice is not rare. Many men who are widely known as good, share it. Mr. Rockefeller was "good." There was no more faithful Baptist in Cleveland than he. Every enterprise of that church he had supported liberally from his youth. He gave to its poor. He visited its sick. He wept with its suffering. Moreover, he gave unostentatiously to many outside charities of whose worthiness he was satisfied. He was simple and frugal in his habits. He never went to the theater, never drank wine. He was a devoted husband, and he gave much time to the training of his children, seeking to develop in them his own habits of economy and of charity. Yet he was willing to strain every nerve to obtain for himself special and illegal privileges from the railroads which were bound to ruin every man in the oil business not sharing them with him. Religious emotion and sentiments of charity, propriety and self-denial seem to have taken the place in him of notions of justice and regard for the rights of others.

Unhampered, then, by any ethical consideration, undismayed by the clamor of the Oil Regions, believing firmly as ever that relief for the disorders in the oil business lay in combining and controlling the entire refining interest, this man of vast patience and foresight took up his work. The day after the newspapers of the Oil Regions printed the report of the Congressional Committee on Commerce denouncing the South Improvement Company as "one of the most gigantic and dangerous conspiracies ever attempted," and declaring that if it had not been checked in time it "would have resulted in the absorption and arbitrary control of trade in all the great interests of the country," *Mr. Rockefeller and several other members of the South Improvement Company appeared in the Oil Regions. They had come, they explained, to present a new plan of coöperation, and to show the oil men that it was to their interest to go into it. Whether they would be able to obtain by persuasion what they had failed to obtain by assault was now an interesting uncertainty.

TITUSVILLE IN 1864

At the time of the discovery of oil in 1859 Titusville was a thrifty country settlement of perhaps 300 inhabitants. It depended chiefly on lumbering for its life. When news of the Drake well reached the outside world, Titusville became the headquarters for an extraordinary inrush of people from all parts of the United States. The rapid growth forced on the town was much more solid than in the case of most towns of the Oil Region. By 1864, as the above picture shows, Titusville was a very good specimen of an American town developed under normal circumstances.

* The report of the Committee of Congress which investigated the South Improvement Company was not made until May 7, over a month after the organization was destroyed by the canceling of the contracts with the railroads.

(To be continued)

I STAND BETWEEN LADY MACBETH AND MATRIMONY

BY CLARA MORRIS

Author of "Life on the Stage"

Illustrated by W. Glackens

THERE is no habit more tenacious than the habit of work. Once acquire it, and you are helpless. You may never "loaf and invite your soul," you cannot lounge about with your hands in your lap, doing nothing at all the fair long day. In reality to the victim of the working habit there are no long days, they are all short days. Like many another I realized my danger when too late. When I came to New York and the continued run of a play left to me some hours of the day without work, I immediately went forth and hunted work to fill them up with. It was thus I came to make the acquaintance of that Monsieur Fasquelle of France, who had so much anxiety as to the whereabouts of his brother-in-law's hat and the butcher's candlestick. An excellent grammarian, Monsieur Fasquelle, but a bit eccentric as a conversationalist, it always seems to me. I saw my danger then, but the habit was already too strong, and alas! it is not broken yet. Therefore it is not surprising that when I began to star, finding considerable time in which I used to study plays unoccupied, I turned my attention to the subject of matrimony. And let me say here that the actress, even the sentimental one, generally arranges her marriage with brevity, celerity, and despatch. She cannot for her life bring herself to look upon her wedding as a matter of world-moving importance, as does the girl in private life, who, judging by her own excitement, pride, display, and momentary supremacy, decides that her marriage is nothing short of a social cataclysm.

"Costumes carried to and from the theater in champagne baskets, by the basket-boy"

Late in the '60s actors still had their costumes carried to and from the theater in champagne baskets, by the "basket-boy," and the very first and most important duty of the actor or actress, after rehearsal, was to get the basket ready and place it outside the door—then, only, one might feel free.

Well, Cupid had been taking a little flyer behind the scenes, and a young comedian had been stricken with love for a bit of a girl who danced between the first play and the farce. One day he saw the old leader of the orchestra tap her cheek with his bow, and the awful familiarity was too much to be endured—silently. He walked home with her, and, in the boarding-house hall, he spoke. A minister's name was mentioned—a number—a street—something about a license. Nothing seemed very clear, except his love and his desire to get married at once—at once!

"Oh, Lizzie, will you marry me? Dear little Lizzie! will you?" he implored.

And Lizzie, who was about the height of a nine years' old child, but was full sixteen, very pink and very pleased, looked coyly up, then modestly down, and answered: "I'm awfully glad you love me, Ted, but—but, really you know you'll have to wait a little!"

Down went Ted's face: "Wait?" he cried, in a tragic voice. "Wait? Good kingdom! Why? What for? How long?"

And Lizzie, with wide, reproachful blue eyes, said: "Why, Ted, you know well enough you'll have to wait till I get my basket ready."

And when he heard the thump of that article at his sweetheart's door, he issued forth from his room, tied the strings of her bonnet under her chin, and they sallied forth and were married. And it is gratifying to know that that knot was not only simply and swiftly tied, but securely too, for though they endured many hardships, faced many troubles, lost two wee lambs from the little flock sent to them, while the blackest kind of a small goat was spared for them to struggle with, yet the sorrow and shame of divorce came never near them—never! and love lasted while life lasted!

Another actress-bride, here in New York City, being unable to leave town, though the heat was appalling, was married in the parlor

in "a going-away gown of pale gray," the paper said; and the reverend gentleman who had officiated having departed, straightway the bridal pair also went away, upon their wedding journey. Away upstairs, up a ladder, through a scuttle, out upon the roof, where, in a hammock swung between the chimneys, the bride ensconced herself and was sweetly served with ice-cream and angel cake, by a very handsome, kneeling groom, who, finding the gravel hard and sharp, folded the napkin into a pad and placed it beneath his bruised knee. And when the cream and angel cake were gone, their honeymoon rose and found them there with inwreathing arms and waving palm-leaf fans, still at their banquet, but now supping of the nectar of confessed love, each listening to the other's tale of how and when and where the first spark of love flew into an innocent and unsuspecting heart. Nor was the element of danger quite absent from this wedding journey, for the bride was a large woman—though a darkly handsome one; large was she and heavy, and the scuttle was small and the ladder almost straight and weak to shakiness. There was an earnest discussion along towards dawn, as to which one should first descend. Finally the bride declared for the groom's advance. "You see, should I stick fast, dear, you might half starve up here before our condition was discovered, but if you go first and I in following, stick fast, you are ready to give the alarm and call upon the fire department for assistance—for scuttles, I think, are in the line of fire work?"

So she came last, and though most of the rungs of the ladder came down with her, she was safely back from her wedding journey.

Three weeks afterward, at a birthday dinner on Staten Island, I sat opposite this bride. Our hostess had been speaking of favorite places on the Hudson, and suddenly she asked of my vis-à-vis: "Your honeymoon was on the Hudson—how sensible! and did you go up or down?"

Pushing a tiny bone from the fish on her plate, she answered calmly: "I went up." Then as all the blood in my body seemed to be pumping up into my face, she gave me a reproachful look, and asked: "Don't *you* admire the country about Newburgh?" And that woman prided herself upon her truthfulness!

In contrast to these two rather exceptionally abrupt ceremonies, I recall the fact that at the first wedding I had the pleasure of attending in New York, the young girl-bride had so worn out her strength in preparations, in shopping, in fitting, in receiving and acknowledging, in planning and arranging and rehearsing, that grave doubts were expressed by the family physician of her ability to pass through the church ceremony and the home reception without collapsing utterly: and the bridesmaids found themselves "shouldered about" (as they declared), by doctor and nurse, and when the maid of honor came to entreat for the frantic groom, one word with the bride—one single word, just through the merest crack of the door—that tormented young person burst forth with a "NO!" and a passionate declaration that she "wished she had never seen him, and if he sent her another message she would never look at him again as long as she lived!" There were nerves for you, and oh, the pity of it! I saw a small bottle of chloral slipped into the traveling bag of that bride.

"Saw the old leader of the orchestra tap her cheek with his bow"

Yes, the girl in private life and the actress hold widely differing views of weddings—weddings, mind you, not marriage. An actress loves as warmly, promises as truly, hopes as fairly as does the outsider, who makes the ancient vow that is yet ever new—to love, to honor, to obey! Only the girl in private life often finds in her wedding her sole opportun-

ity for personal display. It is her day of power and authority—when she plays the leading part, when she is the head and front, the beginning and the ending ; when, as a slangy little woman remarked to me a week or two ago, "She is the bride, and the bride is the whole show!" Hence her joy in the great spectacular wedding. But the actress is on exhibition every day of her life—she is a mimic bride over and over again, and to a sensitive woman there is almost an immodesty in a public wedding for an actress.

"Out upon the roof, where, in a hammock swung between the chimneys, the bride ensconced herself and was sweetly served with ice-cream and angel cake"

All of which, when the time came, I elaborately, carefully, and I hope lucidly, explained to the family of my adoption. The wonder to me is that I ever married at all. In the first place, my love affairs ran a course so far from smoothness, so tangled and so rough, that a map of them would resemble the work of gullies a heavy rain storm cuts in garden paths and driveways. Then, again, I had a bad start in my matrimonial proposals. Those cats not only spoiled the first one, but seemed to some extent to hoodoo the others. You are sceptical, perhaps, because I, who am not beautiful, speak of loves and proposals? But you should not be, for the woman who is plain and knows it, often sees in her plainness a challenge from *fate*, and if she amiably and gaily takes it up, is apt to win, well, lovers among other things. Many women are in love with love long before the special lover arrives upon the scene, and while there is flirtation that is silly and flirtation that is cruel, there is, too, that flirtation which means *attention* without *intention* that is quite a charming pastime, and one that is popular alike with homely or handsome women. Only the beauty often says to herself, after a new conquest: "It's this lovely mask he cares for. If my hair became thin, if my skin became sallow, my eyes dull—would he care for me then? could *I* hold him?" While the woman whose mirror shows her, perhaps, only clear eyes and general wholesomeness, knows that keenest triumph, "It's *I* whom he cares for—*I*, my very self, for here is no rare beauty of feature or coloring to attract his eye!"

Well, beautiful women—who are the flowers of the human race—can afford to suffer a mild twinge or two; they have only to look into the nearest pair of eyes to find comforting admiration and be happy again. But oh, what a tragedy is the fading of a great beauty! A splendid creature once lost her nearest and dearest, and she brought herself to say: "The Lord gave, the Lord taketh away, blessed be the name of the Lord!" But when her beauty began to fade with startling rapidity, she stood before her glass, in the presence of a friend, and forcing a smile, she said: "Oh,

well! the Lord gave and the Lord taketh away, blessed—oh, I can't!" she shrieked. "I can't bless His name! Why, oh, why give me beauty, only to rob me of it? It's cruel, cruel!" Any one who saw that agony of loss express itself in uncontrollable cries and

"She answered calmly, 'I went up'"

writhings must have felt that sometimes one pays a penalty for being unusually beautiful—but I do truly believe that no woman would be deterred, even by such a sight, from wishing to be fair to see.

Did you ever open your mother's Bible without finding a pressed rose, or a pansy, or a violet, there? To you it looks yellow and dry as dust and meaningless—but she knows what you do not, and it is rich with the color and sweetness her memory endows it with. Just so a woman has closed between the long-past years the love affairs of her girlhood—mere names, dull and meaningless they may seem to you, but her memory gives to them eye-sparkle, smile-flash, the swift word, the knightly act, and no matter what change time and the world may have wrought upon these men, in the heart of the woman whom they once loved, they remain ever young, ever admirable.

For my part, when I sort out my own little bunch of beaux, I feel a sort of maternal tenderness for them, and my tormenting spine almost straightens itself with pride as I recall the fact that every man jack of them made his name stand for something worth while and wrote it high enough to be clearly read by his fellow citizens, before retiring from the great struggle we call life.

The demands of my profession received my first consideration: therefore in the character of sweetheart I was pretty severely criticised now and then; while as a friend I was declared a creature of superlative perfection. One resentful male creature remarked, as he grabbed his hat: "Love? Love's nothing but a miserable little side issue in your life! And yet some donkey has written that 'Love is only an incident in a man's life, and is the whole world to a woman'—much he knew about it!"

John Cockerill, after kicking the hassock down stairs, declared that "if all girls were as prudent and cautious as I was, every cottage in the city would be for rent, and a wedding would become a nine days' wonder"; while a soldier solemnly vowed that every single time he tried to deploy his tender sentiments, his admiration, and his love before me, I left the reviewing stand to see if a wig was properly dressed for the night or pulled a "part" over to me to make quite sure of my lines in some infernal stage love scene. But out of the detritus of crumbling loves, what splendid friendships came—frank and true and lasting to the grave!

It is curious, too, the way in which my small love affairs are all tangled up with certain plays. My taking of a husband is so tied up with the production of Macbeth, that I simply cannot think of my wedding without hearing a swirl of the "Around—around—around—around! About—about—about—about!" music of the witches' cave scene:

> "Double, double, toil and trouble,
> Fire burn; and, cauldron bubble."

Dear me! dear me! how those two memories do braid themselves together! First of all it was the man I was engaged to marry—John A. Cockerill—who gave Mr. F. C. Harriott his letter of introduction to me. Then, to our mutual joy and happiness, John and I wisely snapped our bonds and became our peacable law-abiding selves again; and, that becoming known to Mr. Harriott, he concluded that he would now enter the lists—which was right enough, only his courtship would have been much simplified if Lady Macbeth had not come upon the scene at almost the same time—for, *place aux dames*, the lady was the first consideration. What a state of mind I was in, to be sure! I could not accept the traditional, martially stalking drum-major of a woman, who spoke in sepulchral tones and splashed about in blood as though she were quite used to it; who spoke of dashing out the brains of her suckling, with a fiendish satisfaction in her own nerve that made her final remorseful breaking-down of brain and heart a contradiction—almost an impossibility.

Discussion of the famous character grew warm—reached the papers, and even the public in the persons of "Constant Reader," "Old Play-goer," and "Veritas," wrestled with the great question anent the femininity or the masculinity of Lady Macbeth. Occasionally, my view of her character met with approval, but oftener I got a rap over the knuckles by being sharply reminded that my age and inexperience only fitted me to follow—not to lead; that Mrs. Siddons, Miss Cushman, Madame Janauschek had clung to a traditional Lady Macbeth—and that was the only one the public knew or wanted. I meekly reminded Veritas that Mrs. Sarah Siddons, late in life, had herself declared for a distinctly feminine Lady Macbeth, fully confessing the error of her own characterization, but adding that she had not had the courage to alter the presentation the public knew so well.

An actress in the West, who was not overburdened with reverence, once remarked in my hearing, that "Lady Macbeth was a fraud—that if the part were given out without a name, any decently fair actress would accept it without a second thought, but tack on the name 'Lady Macbeth,' and the best pair of knees in the profession would begin to tremble—besides which, the part was greater to write about than it was to act!"—in her opinion.

There was truth in the first part of that assertion. There is a sort of traditional terror that wraps Lady Macbeth as with a robe. You find all the greatness of the mighty Pritchard, Siddons, Cushman, and the rest, looming up between you and the part you are studying. They and their "business," their reading of certain lines—Siddons's "We *fail!*" Cushman's "Give *me* the daggers!" go whirling through your brain. You feel smaller and smaller, and, worst of all, these great traditions are frightening you away from Shakespeare's Lady Macbeth. You forget you have the same material to build with that they had—Shakespeare's own words; that you have the right to construe those words according to the best effort of your God-given intelligence—and very often custom is too strong

"'I can't bless His name! Why, oh, why give me beauty, only to rob me of it? It's cruel, cruel!'"

and one more Lady Macbeth is monumental, declamatory, gory-minded, and domineering.

Yet Macbeth loved the fair-faced hypocrite and petted her with endearing terms. She was his "Chuck!" his "dearest Chuck!" his "dear love!" Even to his king, he openly shows his love for her, when he asks the royal permission, to *himself* act as harbinger:

> "And make joyful the hearing of my wife,
> With your approach."

He makes no pretense of hastening ahead to prepare for the king's reception and bestowal—not he; only "to make joyful the hearing of his wife." Very well, then, granted he loved and cosseted her and was a fine soldier, big and bluff and physically brave—and "in joining contrasts lieth love's delight,"—then his contrast would be the slender, slight, possibly small woman, fair, soft, tender in seeming, this "dearest Chuck!" whose soft body housed a soul of fire, whose brain seethed with plans to gratify her devouring ambition. Nor was this pet and darling of the rough soldier's love supported in her dread deeds by her own mere normal strength. Crafty and subtle as she was, clever as her reading of Macbeth's character proves her to have been, she only becomes terrible as a fate through her absolute reliance upon this supernatural power of the witches. There is something appalling in her ready faith and eager summoning of the "spirits of evil" to her aid, and right in that invocation I find my proof that Lady Macbeth was naturally womanly, pitiful—capable of repentance for wrong done, and had sufficient belief in God to at least fear Him. For in that moment of exaltation, when the promise of the crown was tightening every thrilling nerve to a mad determination, her first demand of the "murdering ministers" is that they shall "unsex her," that they shall fill her from the crown to the toe top-full of "direst cruelty." Further, she wants the access and passage to *remorse* stopped up. Fearing the softening influence of her little child, she prays the evil spirits to "take her milk for gall" and apparently already convinced that *she* may have to do the awful deed, herself, she prays for "thick night, that her keen knife see not the wound it makes; nor Heaven peep through the blanket of the dark, to cry, hold! hold!"

She is graceful, suave, and gracious to the king. She flatters and cajoles Macbeth, and when her boldness startles him and he would gain time and "speak further," with assurance that is almost patronage she bids him: "Only look up clear—and leave all the rest to her!"

"'Love? Love's nothing but a miserable little side issue in your life'"

You see already she is relying utterly upon the supernatural power of the witches, and it is her faith in them that sustains her through the awful ordeals that follow. And when at last it is borne in upon her that they have played her husband false—that all stained with crime they two are left to face an outraged God—how quickly the delicate woman becomes a physical wreck.

Masculine? Never! Could a masculine woman show such tender pity and patience as Lady Macbeth shows for Macbeth in the banquet scene? Oh, the weariness, yet the wifely, almost maternal, gentleness of that line to the broken man:

> "You lack the season of all natures, sleep."

So I was busy defending my idea of the feminine Lady Macbeth, in trying to arrange some business for my exit after the banquet scene; for alas! I had become a star and had

no one to "direct" me now. Instead, in an agony of embarrassment and shyness I had to direct everything myself. How I blessed my old days of service in the ballet, just then, for I was so familiar with the time-honored music of Locke, with every bit of business for the apparitions, soldiers, supers, *et al.*, that not even the oldest witch chasséing about the caldron could find a chance to sneer at my ignorance, modern as I was. It was only business for my own part that gave me pause.

Then one day that fine old actress, Mrs. Farren, who was an honor to her profession all her long life, and who had been Lady Macbeth before I was I at all, said to me very kindly, as she pressed my aching head between her cool hands:

"Don't, my dear! Give it up!"

"Don't what, Mrs. Farren?" I asked, leaning my head against her breast for a few restful moments. "Give up what?"

"Your foolish idea of a coaxing, crafty, womanly Lady Macbeth. Forgive my plain speaking, my child, but you work so hard and I fear you are pouring your strength upon the dry earth. I hate to see such waste. My dear, I starred for years as Lady Macbeth, and the louder, more violent, more declamatory I was, the better the people liked me. They expect to see Macbeth bullied into action, to speak frankly."

"But," I asked, "what makes her break down, if she is such a sergeant of a woman? The public must think that——"

"Ah, my dear," interrupted Mrs. Farren, "that's where you blunder. The public does not think—that's one of your new notions. Now, my child, you are sensitive, so why not save yourself unkind criticism? Cut your cloth by the good old-fashioned pattern—you know it well. Oh, that's your cue—run along."

Imagine my heaviness of heart after that, for I knew the dear woman spoke with the kindest intention, and I was deeply touched; for at that time she was almost a stranger to me.

And if you can believe it, that being also a Friday, Mr. Harriott concluded that that afternoon was a fit and proper occasion for a proposal, and being a man of considerable decision of character, he proposed. And lo! we both made the discovery that in the breast of this meek and humble Clara there dwelt a certain pride, stiff-necked and exacting—for you see I was an actress, otherwise a nobody, and this gentleman who addressed me was an outsider and a member of an old and well-known family. And I said: "When your people are acquainted with your intentions and—"; and of course he interrupted with the time-honored remark about marrying him, not etc. But I, having been made quite savage by the Macbeth rehearsal, was determined to marry the whole family or not at all. No! not even would I try on a ring, let alone wear one—until the Harriotts on the one side, and the Havemeyers on the other, knew and approved of the proposed marriage!

And he went forth to seek his family, while I sought bay-rum, a handkerchief, and the play-book of Macbeth. And the proposal of marriage hung in the air like Mahomet's coffin—but what could you expect of a proposal made on Friday?

"I was determined to marry the whole family or not at all"

ACROSS THE STATE

BY GEORGE KIBBE TURNER

Author of "The Taskmasters"

Illustrated by Anna M. Betts

RUNNING your eye across the map of the State you see two slowly converging lines of railroad writhing out between the hills to the sea-coast. Three other lines come down from north to south by the river valleys and the jagged shore. Along these, huddled in the corners of the hills and the sea-line, lie the cities and the larger towns. A great majority of mankind, swarming in these little spots, or scuttling to and fro along the valleys on those slender lines, fondly dream they are acquainted with the land in which they live. But beyond and around all this rises the wide, bare face of the country, which they will never know—the great patches of second-growth woods, the mountain pastures sown thick with stones, the barren acres of the hillside farmer—a desolate land, latticed with gray New England roads, dotted with commonplace or neglected houses, and pitted with the staring cellars of the abandoned homes of disheartened and defeated men.

Out here in this semi-obscurity, where the regulating forces of society grow tardy and weak, strange and dangerous beings move to and fro, avoiding the apprehension of the law. Occasionally we hear of them—of some shrewd and desperate city fugitives brought to bay in a corner of the woods, or some brutal farmhouse murderer still lurking uncaptured among the hills. Often they pass through the country and out beyond, where they are never seen again.

In the extreme southwestern corner of the State the railroads do not come; the vacant spaces grow between the country roads, and the cities dwindle down to half-deserted cross-roads hamlets. Here the surface of the map is covered up with the tortuous wrinkles of the hills. It is a beautiful but useless place. As far as you can see, low, unformed lumps of mountains lie jumbled aimlessly together between the ragged sky lines, or little silent cups of valleys stare up between them at their solitary patch of sky. It seems a sort of waste yard of creation, flung full of the remnants of the making of the earth.

❧

A cool night in late September was beginning to set in along a road at the eastern edge of these hills. The shrill whistle of a small boy, a lonely and penetrating sound, went out across the great, dim, uncertain upland plain about him, which the blue twilight had already enshrouded. To the west, above the blue-black mountains, broken masses of slate-colored clouds loomed in huge relief against the whitish light of a nearly faded sunset. The thin whistle seemed the sole indication of life in all this vast and vacant place; only, some distance up the road appeared indistinctly the black outlines of a seemingly unoccupied farmhouse.

The boy was advancing up the road, carrying a half-filled pail of milk. He was a child of perhaps ten years, exceedingly frail and thin, with a drawn, waxen face, and sick, colorless lips and ears. On his head he wore a thick plush cap, and coarse, heavy shoes upon his feet. A faded coat, too long in the arms, drooped from his shoulders, and long, loose overalls of gray jeans broke and wrinkled about his slender ankles.

Suddenly the whistle stopped; the boy had seen an apparition. The figure of a man rose silently from behind a stone wall and waved to him to stop. The child stood transfixed; his face blanched with terror as the figure clambered over the wall and shambled down into the road.

The stranger was of middle height, loosely knit and thin, with a cunning, brutal face. He had a bullet-shaped head, with fine, soft, reddish-brown hair; a round, stubbly beard shot with gray; and small beady eyes set close together. He was clothed in an old, black, grotesquely-fitting cutaway coat, with coarse trousers tucked into his boot-tops. A worn visored cloth cap was on his head. In his right hand he carried an old muzzle-loading shotgun.

"Hullo," said the apparition hoarsely.

"Hello," piped the frightened child.

"What you got there?"

"Milk."

"Set it down."

The boy did as he was told, and the man, stepping forward, snatched the pail from the ground and put it quickly to his lips. He

drank eagerly, like a desperately thirsty beast, with unpleasant noises in his throat and mouth.

Then he set down the pail, panting; the boy had started to run away.

"The boy was advancing up the road, carrying a half-filled pail of milk"

The man called to him, pointing with his gun, "Come back here."

The boy obeyed, whimpering. "You ain't got no right to take my milk," he said.

"Come here," repeated the man.

"Dewey'll kill me when I go back without it," complained the boy.

"Shut up," said the man, striking him with the barrel of his gun. The boy shrank silently, like one used to blows.

"Now you set there," said the stranger, pointing to the bank with his gun, "and you stay there till I tell you to get up."

He resumed his drinking, the boy staring fearfully at him from the bank. Finally, appearing to be satisfied, he turned his attention to the child.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"I'm the State boy up to Henry Dewey's."

"What's your name?"

"Sam."

"Been sick?" said the stranger, taking hold of his pipestem arm.

"Oh, I dunno," said the boy wearily; "I feel kinder mean. Dewey he ain't treated me very good."

The man grunted unsympathetically. "Had your supper?" he asked.

"No."

"Well, drink this," he said, indicating the milk that was left.

"No, I don't want to; Dewey'll just kill me when I get back," the boy repeated.

"You drink it," commanded the man.

The boy, taking up the clumsy pail, sipped lightly at the milk over its edge, then started to set it down.

"Drink some more," said the man; "you'll need it."

The boy this time took a long and hearty draught. "Now, can I go?" he ventured when he had finished.

The man not answering at once, he took up the pail and shuffled a few steps forward to try him.

"No, you don't," called the

other. "Come back here; you're goin' with me."

"What for?"

"Never mind what for. Throw that pail over the wall. Now, come along."

He started out toward the east.

"Now, don't you try any funny business," he instructed him. "If you do, you'll wish you hadn't."

The two went along together, the boy shrinking to the farthest possible side of the road from his companion, his poor little intellect stricken with wonder and fear.

They had advanced but a short distance when the man suddenly stopped. The sound of a wagon and the disjointed monotones of men's voices floated up the still road. The man silently pointed the boy to the stone wall, and both disappeared behind it.

"If you move, I'll kill you," whispered the man in the child's ear.

The wagon came on, rattling and grating on the stony road, and the gruff voices of its occupants grew louder.

"I tell you we're goin' to get him," said one. "He's in there somewheres."

"What makes you think so?"

"Think so? I know so. Didn't Hen Loomis's wife see him here only Tuesday afternoon, and get scart most to death by him? And didn't Ben Niles's boys find where he'd been havin' a fire over in Bemis's swamp? Oh, he's there fast enough."

"Well, if he is, you can have my chance at him. I ain't anxious to get too clus to that gun of his'n."

"That $500's worth tryin' for, anyhow," said the other voice, growing more faint. "Besides, there'll—be—enough—there—to-morrer—to——"

The words were no longer distinguishable. The dark head of the man reared itself cautiously from behind the wall and listened till they were out of sight. Then he got up quickly, pulled the boy over the wall with him, and started along the road again.

"What's that's goin' to happen to-morrer?" he asked.

"It's the hunt."

"What hunt?"

"For Bostwick, the murderer; the feller that killed a man over in Dumbleton. That is," stammered the boy, looking furtively at the man, "folks say he killed him. And, anyway, they're goin' to hunt the swamps to-morrer for him. And there's $500 reward for catching him," said the boy, with his voice full of wonder at the magnificence of the sum.

"Where're they goin' to hunt?" asked the man.

"Right through here anywheres," announced the child, "and over west of here. They've been huntin' him right along through from Windham County. They come near catchin' him over there. They had bloodhounds to track him with."

"They got them bloodhounds here?" flashed the man.

"I dunno," said the boy; "they was tryin' to get 'em."

The man had unconsciously quickened his step; the boy followed with difficulty, occasionally breaking into a run. In his childish mind he was trying to frame a question properly.

"I thought—I thought first you was him—Bostwick, I mean," he quavered. "Wasn't that funny?"

He did not get the answer he was looking for.

"You did, huh?" growled the man.

"Yes, sir," said the boy faintly.

A long and futile silence ensued; the conversation had stopped. The boy still shrank to the other border of the road as he pattered along after his companion. The man pushed along with long, ungainly strides, his knees springing under him at every step. The boy followed as best he could.

"Have I got to go with you all night?" he ventured at length.

An affirmative grunt came from across the road.

"What makes you want to take me with you?" he asked after a pause.

"I ain't goin' to have you go back home—not to-night. Besides, I need you."

"Why? What good could I do?" argued the boy.

Silence.

"Won't you tell me, please."

"You shut your yap," said the man, ending the discussion.

For long hours the two silent figures went eastward along the road, through the still stretches where it tunnels through the motionless woods; down into the cold white reek of the marshes—small, ghostly amphitheaters where the frogs chanted their grotesque choruses; past the lonely, lifeless, black-windowed farmhouses; up across the bare, stony hills, with their bleak, dark edges outlined against the dim, starry sky.

They had gone along without a word for ten dark miles. Suddenly, when they were coming through a little patch of thin woods, a spot of white darted out from one side and went

bobbing across the road. The man stopped, threw up his gun, and fired. The spot stopped, and a convulsive scratching began in the weeds at the roadside. The man stepped toward it and came back again, carrying a cotton-tail rabbit with a broken back. He mercilessly beat out its remaining life by rapping its head against a boulder.

"You saw how I got that feller?" he asked, peering into the boy's face.

"Yes, sir."

"Well, you take warnin' by that. Don't you never let me catch you tryin' to run away, that's all. Understan'?"

"Yes, sir," repeated the boy feebly.

"Oh, I don't miss nothin'; not very often," boasted the man.

As the night wore on, the boy, poorly nourished for such exertion, and craving his natural sleep, began to stumble and drop behind from fatigue. At last he fell flat. His companion, after urging him by threats and oaths, finally came across and dragged him on, pulling at his lifeless arm.

"I can't, I can't," complained the tired boy. Nevertheless they went a mile or two farther before they stopped; they had traveled in all some twenty miles. The man, seeing the dawn coming on, selected a close, low thicket of young pines a little back from the road, and crawled in, pushing the boy before him. The child lapsed into a black, unconscious sleep where he fell, and the man soon followed his example, with his gun beside him.

When the boy awoke again, the man had him by the arm, whispering to him to be silent. There were voices outside the pine thicket. Two ungainly country youths, with shotguns in their hands, clumped down the pasture, followed by a little black mongrel dog.

"Wonder if they got Bostwick over to Jackson's Corners to-day?" said one.

"I dunno."

"The feller that gets that $500'll be a lucky one, won't he?"

"Yep."

"Wisht we could see him once, by Jiminy, so we could have a shy at it."

"How'd you like to have him sittin' right over there where that rock is?" said the young fellow, stopping and taking a long and deliberate aim at his imaginary captive. "They ain't no such luck for us."

"The two silent figures went eastward along the road"

"The small boy, dazed by his sudden good fortune, followed her silently"

"Come on," said the other.

All at once the small dog, snuffing at the pine thicket, set up a currish clamor. He had smelled the two persons inside.

"What's that dog got in there?" asked the loitering one.

The barking continued. The man lay on his belly in the thicket, glowering at the two figures.

"I'm a-goin' back and see what it is," said the inquisitive one.

Underneath the noise of the dog's barking came two ugly snaps, and the hammers of the man's old muzzle-loader lay back viciously.

"Oh, come along," called the companion impatiently. "We're late, anyhow. If you wait to see everything that fool dog barks at, we'll never get there."

The other reluctantly obeyed, and the two youths, by repeated calls and stampings, dragged the unwilling small dog from his discovery.

As the man watched the trio disappear, he gave a little sigh of relief.

"I'd a-hated to done it," he said softly to himself. He uncocked his gun and laid it down. The boy only stared. He was sick and white and speechless.

Before the boy had waked, the man had dressed the rabbit. He now cooked it over a crude brush fire, and then began devouring it from his hands, giving the boy his small share.

"To-morrer," he said, "you get your share of the grub, or you go without."

The silence of the night before continued between the two. The child finally endeavored to break it.

"I—I'm glad they didn't catch us, ain't you?" he ventured.

The man gave an affirmative grunt.

"So'm I."

Silence fell again between them; the crude little boyish attempt at friendliness had failed.

The boy, having permanently subsided into silence, stared furtively at the figure beside him. He sat propped up against a little tree, his eyes half closed, waiting for the dark. Across his knees lay his weapon—the old, grim, muzzle-loading shotgun, which never left his hands. The boy's eyes were fixed mostly on this—on the worn and shining buttplate, the scarred and dingy black walnut stock, the dents on the long brown barrels

worn bright at their ends. He was thinking, sick at heart, of what it had already done, and what it threatened him. His whole childish soul cowered before it, beyond any possibility of revolt.

"Come along," said the man, poking him with the weapon. It was dark enough at last. "We'll git out of *this* country," he continued, with an oath.

The boy rose and followed him, flinching with the exquisite pain of the first use of his tired and blistered feet.

The weather had softened; it looked like an approaching rain. The sunset had been pale and watery, and now the stars shone through a soft blur of gray, and the air of the night seemed thick with moist darkness. They soon came to a new country, less broken and precipitous; they were leaving the hills behind them. Toward midnight they reached the great river which divides the State.

Turning from the highway, they crossed it on the high, gaunt, skeleton framework of a railroad bridge. Behind them, set over the hills they had left, a great, soft, mysterious planet painted its dim yellow trail in the dark, still waters of the stream. The weary boy, glancing over his shoulder, saw it with a feeling of awe and loneliness.

Just as the two dusky figures had achieved the eastern bank, the express came roaring and whistling down from the north like some unearthly animal shrieking at its sudden discovery of the river. The two fugitives stood by, outside the yellow blur from the windows and waited till its whirling and dizzy clatter had ceased; then stared helplessly at the red-eyed lanterns glowering in its dusty wake. It was their first unexpected encounter with the great forces of civilization.

Nothing more unusual chanced that night. The two returned to the highway, and shortly after the man deftly and silently stole two chickens from a farmyard, while the boy stood watching in the road. They slept again in a little thicket, eating one chicken before they went to rest, and saving the other for the coming day.

That next afternoon it appeared what part the boy must take. He was to act as a scout and forager—to get all sorts of information, occasionally to buy bread—in short, to stand between the man and the rest of the world. If asked about his companion, he must explain that he was his father. Thus the very presence of the boy served the man as a guard against suspicion.

"But you want to remember I got my eye on you all the time. And you don't want to talk too much," the man cautioned him.

Night fell early, and they pushed on. A thin rain had begun, and the sky was overcast with solid blue-black clouds. All at once, when it was quite dark, they came out on the brow of a little hill. Beneath them, across a little murky plain, the clear white electric lights of a distant city shone, scattered on the darkness—black velvet and diamonds—against the dim horizon line.

The man pointed toward them and outlined his orders. They were to go nearer them together, and then the boy was to go on alone and buy a bottle of cheap gin.

"If you stay too long," said the man, dismissing him, "I'll come and git you; and if I do, I'll be sorry for you, that's all."

The boy did not doubt for an instant the man's ability to carry out his threat; the whole heaven and earth were filled for him with the terror of the power of this silent man with the gun. He trudged into the city alone; by a display of infinite juvenile tact and mendacity got a stranger to buy the liquor for him, and returned in fear and haste to the meeting place. The man, sitting by the roadside, immediately took a great draught of the crude and fiery liquor.

It rained miserably as they went along, but the man paid no attention. Exhilarated by the liquor, for the time being he had changed his whole manner. From his customary morose taciturnity he became gradually boisterous. He pushed the weak boy back and forth across the road; he slapped him heavily on the back, and tripped him up with the barrel of his gun; he sent out uncouth and foolish cries, and maliciously menaced the terrified child with his weapon. Then he broke into a series of yells, and at last discharged his shotgun into the air. Fortunately for him, there was no one to take the trouble to see what drunken man this was who was disturbing the sleep of the countryside.

Finally, when his exhilaration was somewhat spent, he became foolishly confidential.

"What made you guess I was Bostwick, that time?" he demanded of the boy, with a cunning leer.

"I dunno," stammered the boy.

"You dunno, don't you? Well, I'm goin' to tell you somethin'. I *am* Shem Bostwick. I'm the feller they're lookin' for. I'm just that same boy. Now you know it, don't yer? But don' you tell anybody, will yer?

"By God!" he continued, straightening himself up, "lizzen to me' askin' him not to tell anybody. If he did tell, Id jus' blow him to chunks.

"Look a' that," he continued, fondling his old shotgun, "ain' she a dandy? Bes' frien' I've got. I've had that ol' girl twenty years, an' they ain' no better shooter in this State. Oh, she fools 'em all. I can git a white rabbit with her every time at twenty rod.

"And that ain' all I can git with her neither," he said leering; "you know that, young feller, jus' well's I do. Don't you, huh? They ain' nothin' like her round these parts, and don' you forgit it. I bet Lem Bradford thought so when I let him have it. I didn' have to let him have it but once, neither; once was enough.

"Wha's all this hollerin' about my killin' Lem Bradford, huh?" began the murderer again, like a man arguing a grievance. "What're they chasin' me round so for? The critter brought it on himself, didn't he? Sposin' I did lick my wife once or twice, the contrary devil —she was *my* woman, wa'n't she, and not his'n? It don' make no difference if she *was* his sister. I told him what he'd get if he kep' on his interferin', and he got it. And that's all there is to it. If you had a wife, and anybody come interferin' between you and her, you'd done the same, wouldn't yer? *Wouldn't* yer, *huh?*"

"Oh, yes, sir," said the boy feebly.

The two tramped through the night, the murderer continuing his maudlin tirade to the child, and occasionally stopping to take another drink. Toward morning they turned from the road and rested in an old barn in the woods—a tottering, wood-colored ruin in a small clearing in the woods, filled with the coarse hay from the little damp woodland meadow.

When the boy awoke again the man was outside the barn, seated with his back against the wall, staring at a soiled copy of a sensational newspaper. Sprawling across the front page, set in the midst of the type, was a coarse black cut of the uncouth, gorilla-like figure of a man, carrying a gun in one great hand. Across the top, in staring letters was printed, "Shem Bostwick." As the boy came out of the barn, the murderer was muttering through the letters of his own name.

"D' you hear them fellers outside here this mornin'?" he called.

"No, sir."

"Well there was some—three of 'em out here huntin'—and when they went away they left this paper.

"Here," he demanded, "how does that go? You read that there."

"I'd rather not," objected the boy, looking at it; "I'm 'fraid you won't like it."

"You go ahead and read it."

The boy began to read in halting, childish fashion, while the man listened in grim silence.

"'Shem Bost-wick, mon-ster and mur-der-er, defies ci-vi-li-za-tion with his gun. A stor-y of mur-der foul and vain pursuit. Can this be a hu-man be-ing?' That's what it says in big letters; now it says like this:

"'Dumbleton, September 25.—A hor-ri-ble and re-vol-ting mon-ster, a hu-man beast arm-ed with a shot-gun, is roam-ing about the swamps around this quiet ham-let, hold-ing ci-vi-li-za-tion at bay with his wea-pon. In vain packs of savage blood-hounds and de-ter-min-ed bands of stur-dy far-mers scour the coun-try-side for him day by day. These things have no ter-ror for him. A dweller of the for-ests from boy-hood, he laughs at all at-tempts at capture. The old-est in-hab-i-tants shake their heads and say he will never be tak-en alive. If he is, it will mean still more tra-ge-dies.

"'On Sep-tem-ber thir-teen, a blood-y and event-ful day in this lit-tle com-mu-nity, Shem Bostwick shot and killed Lem Bradford in his own doorway. It was mur-der most foul. Brad-ford was a peace-a-ble and law-a-bid-ing cit-i-zen. Bostwick, as all a-gree, is a brute of the low-est type—cow-ard-ly, in-tem-per-ate, quar-rel-some—an in-hu-man hus-band and fath-er, fear-ed and de-spised by all ——'"

"Here," said the man at last, "does it say all that?"

"Yes, sir," said the boy, pointing, "right there."

The man muttered over it with his lips.

"Damn yuh," he said, "if I thought you was makin' that up I'd kill yer."

"That's just what it says," protested the boy. "Right there, see?"

"Yes, I guess it does," said the man, who could only decipher it in a crude way.

He crumpled up the paper viciously and threw it down. "I'd like to see the feller that wrote that, once," he said.

"Well, they ain't got me yit," he continued, after a pause.

The man was silent and ugly after his night of drinking. He said nothing more till they were on their way again.

"I talked pretty free last night, didn't I?" he broke out, at length.

"Yes, sir; that is quite a lot—you did."

"What'd I tell yer?"

"Oh, about yourself and Lem Bradford and everything like that."

The murderer stopped the boy in the middle

of the road, seizing his arm fiercely, and drawing him in front of him.

"If you ever said a word to anybody about what I told you, you know what I'd do to you? I'd blow you to pieces. Understan'?"

"Yes, sir," said the boy. "I won't never, never tell one word—not to anybody."

"You remember now, you're the only one who knows about me. If anybody finds out who I am, I'll know who told 'em, and the first thing I do, I git you."

"Don't," said the boy, flinching. "You're hurtin' my arm."

"You understan'?" said the other, shaking him.

"Oh, yes, sir; yes, sir; yes, sir; I do. Oh, please let go."

The man loosed him, and they walked on together, the boy nursing his arm and revolving his fears silently in his mind. He was too terrified even to cry.

They had come now to a section where there were more towns and cities to be avoided, and a more frequent sprinkling of farmhouses. They kept well to the south of the railroad, along the higher and more barren land, two black figures on the ridges, outlined against the night sky—hunted creatures looking down on civilization from afar. Occasionally they heard the faint shrieks of the locomotives across the hills, occasionally they saw the blur of a city's light on the black horizon line. All this time they were drawing away from danger. Their journeys grew shorter every night; at last they began to travel days.

But as the physical strain decreased, the terror of the silent child reached its crisis. His fears now took a very concrete form. He had been of great assistance to the man; now more and more he was ceasing to be a help and becoming a positive danger. How would the man dispose of him? Ever since that night of drunken confession, a spirit of insane suspicion had grown upon the murderer. He struck the boy and watched him and threatened him.

"What's to hinder me just knockin' you in the head some night, and buryin' you, huh?" he asked, one day. "Nobody'd be no wiser, would they?"

This grim threat, taken with a child's seriousness, gathered strength in the boy's mind, till it excluded all other thinking. By day he looked furtively into the man's face, striving to see what was going on in that dull mind; by night he woke with a start and a gasp, dreaming of it.

They came at last to the low country, which betokened the neighborhood of the sea—a light, rather barren land, with patches of scrubby trees, and broken here and there with little rounded hills. The more the man considered himself safe, the more his natural brutal daring returned to him. He was really in greater danger than ever. Filled with his distrust of the boy, he no longer stayed out of sight while the child was making his calls at the houses along the way. Instead, he loitered near, in the road, a strange and suspicious figure, listening to overhear the conversation. Once or twice he had broken in and ordered him away, to the mild wonder of the women at the door.

In the midst of one quiet, idle country afternoon they came to a broad, white farmhouse set a little back from the road. The boy was sent up to it. In the wide kitchen a large, motherly woman, past middle age, with a kind, strong face, and grayish hair drawn back from her ample forehead, sat rocking back and forth in a little rocking-chair, resting from her work. A tall, raw-boned girl was busy about the room. The older woman was touched by the forlorn appearance of the child, and began to ply him with questions. The boy returned his usual story. The woman pressed him further; she was too shrewd for the child, and soon had him confused.

"You're a-lyin' to me, boy," she said, taking him by the shoulders. "Now you tell me, who are you, truly?"

At this moment the man, frightened and exasperated by the delay, and finding his calls of no avail, appeared in the doorway. The girl gave a little exclamation of fear when she saw him.

"What're tryin' to do with that boy, huh?" he said to the elderly woman.

"I'm tryin' to find out who he is," she answered, her broad, firm mouth tightening.

"Well, he's my boy, so you let him be."

"I don't know as I'm called on to let him be. I don't believe he's your boy, in the first place."

The man strode across the room and gripped the boy by the wrist. "You come on out of here," he said, jerking him away. "And you," he said to the woman, "take your hands off'n him and keep 'em off."

She started toward him, and he threatened her with his gun. The undaunted woman, astonished by his effrontery, but not in the least terrified, began a search for some domestic weapon. "I'll teach you to come threatenin' people in their own houses," she cried, seizing a broom. "Here, you get out of this. Oh, I ain't afraid of your gun!"

"You ain't, huh?" said the man, cocking it.

He retreated with the boy, covering her with the weapon. The woman stood her ground, but she did not dare to advance. As the pair went around the corner of the house and started down the road, she collapsed into her chair.

"Well, my goodness gracious, if I don't believe he'd a really shot me," she called breathlessly to the motionless girl, fanning herself with her apron. In a moment more she was upon her feet again.

"Well, here, Martha," she said, "this won't do. You stay here while I go out and call the men. What's the use of havin' a deputy sheriff for your husband, if he can't protect your own home?"

She hurried out behind the house, and blew a long blast on the conch shell for the men in the fields. The fugitive in the road heard the sound and took warning. True to his instincts he left the highway and headed for the nearest woods.

"What'd you tell her, huh?" he asked, seizing the boy's arm again.

"Oh, don't, please don't," said the boy. "I didn't tell her nothin'."

"I got a good mind to kill yer," said the man.

"Oh, honest, I didn't tell her. I done everything I could; I lied every way I could think of."

Even from where they had gone, they could see the men gathering. A boy started off on a bicycle to a neighbor's. The women stood watching them, while the men rushed into the house.

These women, it seemed, had even a suspicion of who he was.

"I tell you what he looked like to me, ma'am," said the hired girl, "he looked just like that picture of a murderer they had in last Sunday's paper from out in Windham County."

"I believe you, he does. But what's he doin' with a boy? Look at him now kickin' that child," she continued. "I wisht I had him where I could lay my hands on him."

"Where've they gone to, mother?" said the head of the house, rushing out again, with his heavy shotgun in his hand.

"Down to the swamp; they've just this minute gone into the woods right there by the big hemlock tree."

The two fugitives had come into the duck-hunting country, where every farmhouse had its shotgun, and many of them two—great serious ten-bores most of them, for use on the coast. It was a bad section to arouse. The party from the house was ready to start immediately. The excited boy on the bicycle had done his work thoroughly, and figures of farmers were already seen hurrying down the road, with guns in their hands, and some of them with their dogs. All converged rapidly toward the big hemlock at the edge of the woods.

"You want to watch out for him," said the deputy sheriff; "he's a desperate man, and he's got a gun, and there's no knowin' what he'd do with it. He can't go very far now before he gets into the swamp."

Suddenly there was the report of a gun. The dogs had found the man, and he had shot the foremost of them, a great ugly mongrel mastiff.

The other animals retreated, yelping, and the party of men moved down the outside of the woods to where the shot came from. The murderer appeared dimly among the trees, reloading his weapon, the great, bloody dog thrashing about half dead a little way before him. He was not far from the edge of the woods; just behind him was a branch of the swamp.

The owner of the dog was frantic with rage. "You wait," he cried, with an oath, edging in toward the man. "Two can play at that game."

"You want to be careful, now, Jim," said another.

"Oh, I guess a ten-bore'll carry farther'n that old twelve of his."

"Yes, by God!" said another excited man, "and a rifle'll carry farther'n a ten."

"That's all right," said the deputy, "but what about that boy? You ain't thinkin' of him. Just look what he's doin' with him."

The man was now preparing to make a last use of the boy. He had deliberately placed him before him as a protection.

"No, sir," said the deputy, "don't you shoot and hit that boy. You fellers are in too much of a hurry. I'm goin' in and tell him to give himself up."

He advanced a few steps into the woods.

"You might as well put down that gun and give yourself up," he called. "You can't get away now, anyhow."

In reply the man leveled his gun at him. "You get out o' here," he said.

The deputy sheriff looked at him without flinching, wondering whether he were called upon to advance.

"I wouldn't do it, Mr. Crane," cautioned two or three voices; "you can't tell what he might do. Besides, we'll get him somehow."

The deputy finally took their advice.

It seemed for a long time that they had been too hopeful. For nearly two hours he stood there at bay. The struggles of the dying dog ceased; the sun sank down toward the horizon, and its level shafts flushed pink the dark interior of the woods; the cool sense of evening began to settle in upon the lowlands. Still the hunted man stood there, grim, speechless, desperate, peering out between the trees. Before him sat the huddled figure of the boy; behind him the practically impassable branch of the swamp. The semicircle of men stood irresolutely at the edge of the woods.

At last there was a little shout of recognition from the younger fellows in the gathering. "Here's Birnie White."

The town dare-devil, a young, athletic fellow, with a handsome, rather dissipated face, had arrived. He felt at once that something was expected of him, and listened in silence to the features of the situation. At last calling aside his boon companion, he talked earnestly to him, then started off alone around the edge of the woods.

"If he thinks he can keep me out o' there, he's damned mistaken," he said.

"You stay where you are," he called to some of the crowd, who had started after him.

"What's he up to now?" asked some one.

"You wait," said his friend.

The figure skirted around and disappeared into the woods beyond the little branch of the swamp. They could hear him crashing through the underbrush.

All at once he stopped, and his hoarse voice echoed harshly through the woods. He was taunting and reviling Bostwick, calling across to the group of men a continual stream of insults.

"I got him headed off this way," he yelled. "He's a healthy murderer, he is. You couldn't make him fight with a club. Oh, I've got him. I see where that five hundred dollar reward comes to me. Get ap out o' there, you sneakin' devil, you. You won't, hey? Well, I'll just come in and get you then. Oh, you're a nice thing, you are; you're easy. Say, he could 'a' come right out o' here, if he'd only had the sense to. Now we've got him corralled."

His continual jibes made the murderer nervous and angry. He became suspicious of being trapped from the rear. Soon he got up, stepped down to the edge of the swamp, and began peering through the bushes which concealed his tormentor. The yells of the latter continued, and Bostwick, growing more and more angry, devoted still more of his attention to getting him.

"Come on now, Whiskers," taunted the dare-devil, "come on out and see a feller. There'd be just two of us—you and me. Come on out and take a whirl with me. You don't dare to, that's what's the matter with you.

"Oh, I see you prowlin' round, you pup, you. You stick your ugly mug out o' there again, and I'll let you have it."

The fugitive's whole hatred and attention became focussed at the point where the yells came from. Suddenly there came a cry from behind him.

"We've got the boy. We've got the boy!"

The confederate, watching his chance, had sneaked up and seized the child at an opportune moment, and hurried him away. From outside the woods came a joyful clamor of men and dogs.

There were now left just these two men, with guns in their hands, stalking each other on either side of the thicket of the swamp. They were nearly matched in woodcraft; the murderer began to understand this. Besides, being surrounded now on both sides, it was necessary for him to do something at once.

"*Now* where are you, Willie?" taunted his persecutor across the swamp.

The desperate man came plunging through the bushes in the direction of the voice, exactly as the other intended that he should. As he emerged a little from the thickest of it, he saw the form of his enemy disappearing at the other side of a little opening in the center of the swamp. He took a snap shot at him. He was too late; he missed him.

Excited cries came from the crowd outside the woods.

"Hi, yi, yi, yi!" yelled the dare-devil; "missed me, missed me."

With a yell of beastly anger the murderer pushed out to follow him, the ground of the swamp growing more and more uncertain under his feet. At last, lunging forward at a little clump of grass, he missed his calculations and splashed down on all fours into the soft treachery of the deepest part of the marsh. His terrible gun, falling with him, was choked solid with mud—become in an instant a ridiculous and bedraggled thing.

The dare-devil, watching for some such downfall, reappeared immediately at the edge of the opening, and covered him with his gun.

"I've got him," he yelled joyously; "I've got him."

The eager crowd came rushing through the woods. The man, wallowing to his feet, stood sullenly waiting where he was, like a dan-

gerous animal in a trap, sinking all the time farther and farther into the soft ground.

A part of the crowd occupied themselves dragging him to firm land and securing him. Another group gathered about the boy, questioning him.

The motherly woman and the girl, drawn by curiosity to the edge of the woods, had charge of him.

"Who is he?" demanded some one abruptly, concerning the captured man.

The boy did not answer.

"You'd better tell me," said the man roughly, "if you know what's good for you."

The motherly woman turned on him energetically.

"You leave that boy alone," she said; "I'll take care of him.

"Won't you tell me, boy, who the man is?" she asked persuasively.

"I'd rather not."

"Tell me one thing. Is he Bostwick, the murderer?"

The boy hung his head.

"Is he? Tell me, that's a good boy. There won't anybody hurt you now."

The boy at last gave a deep affirmative nod, without speaking.

The crowd about them broke into a shout. "It's him; it's him. It's Bostwick," they called.

The boy's terror returned. "I hadn't ought to told you," he cried. "He'll kill me, he will. He'll just kill me."

"There, there," said the motherly woman, kneeling and putting her arms around him. "He can't hurt you now. They've arrested him."

The boy hid his face in her shoulder.

"Poor little feller," she said; "just feel o' them arms and that body. There just ain't nothin' to him."

"I guess he's glad to get away from that man," ventured the girl.

"I guess you are, too, ain't you?" said the motherly woman, holding him away from her.

"Oh, I dunno," said the boy, shuffling with his feet. "He scared me, that's all. He didn't treat me much worse'n Dewey did. It don't make much difference to me, anyhow. I'm nothin' but a State boy. They'll just send me back to Dewey, that's all."

"They won't, not if I can help it," said the motherly woman determinedly. "And they can't neither—not when he treated you like that.

"I've half a mind to keep you myself," she said.

A flush of pleasure showed under the boy's pale skin.

"I wisht you could," he stammered.

"I can and I will," said the woman, touched by his pathetic eagerness. "We've been wantin' a boy round the house some time.

"Come on now," she said, taking him by the hand, "we'll go and see if we can't get you something to eat and something fit to wear."

The small boy, dazed by his sudden good fortune, followed her silently up across the field, and both disappeared into the doorway of the kitchen. He was set down by the woman at the table while she was getting some food. As he sat there, staring about the strange room, he heard the loud talk of the men hitching up at the barn to drive Bostwick away to jail. He began to tremble again at the sound. The motherly woman, seeing this, came across the room and put a kind hand on his shoulder.

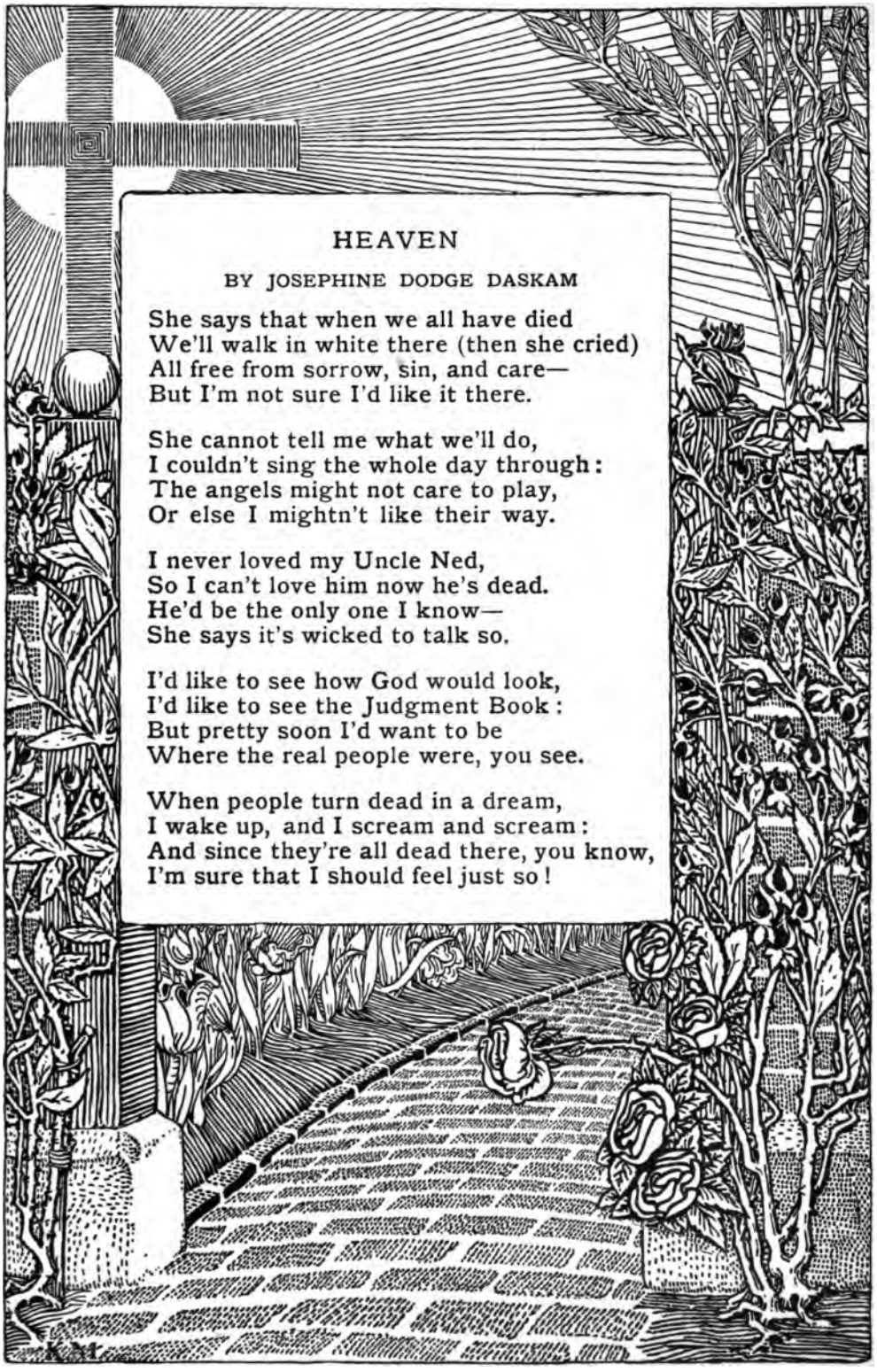
The new-found sympathy, the release from terror and bondage, the unexpected sense of hope for the future swept all at once over the mind of the child and overpowered him. He threw his face down on his hands and began sobbing with hysterical happiness against the edge of the old kitchen table.

OPTIMISM

BY H. W. BYNNER

THERE'S not a man of all that preach despair
Who, under his stolidity, would dare
A moment go without the inner trust
That something Blessed shall be found somewhere.

JOSEPHINE DODGE DASKAM



HEAVEN

BY JOSEPHINE DODGE DASKAM

She says that when we all have died
We'll walk in white there (then she cried)
All free from sorrow, sin, and care—
But I'm not sure I'd like it there.

She cannot tell me what we'll do,
I couldn't sing the whole day through:
The angels might not care to play,
Or else I mightn't like their way.

I never loved my Uncle Ned,
So I can't love him now he's dead.
He'd be the only one I know—
She says it's wicked to talk so.

I'd like to see how God would look,
I'd like to see the Judgment Book:
But pretty soon I'd want to be
Where the real people were, you see.

When people turn dead in a dream,
I wake up, and I scream and scream:
And since they're all dead there, you know,
I'm sure that I should feel just so!

Drawing by Karl Moseley

THE FLYING DEATH

A Story in Three Writings and a Telegram

BY SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

PART I.—THE TRACKS IN THE SAND

DOCUMENT NO. 1. *A Letter of Explanation from Harris Haynes, Reporter for "The New Era," off on Vacation, to his Managing Editor*

MONTAUK POINT, L. I.,
Sept. 20, 1902.

MR. JOHN CLARE,
Managing Editor, The New Era,
New York City.

My Dear Mr. Clare: Here is a case for your personal consideration. You will see presently why I have not put it on the wire. If it resolves itself into anything sufficiently reasonable to print, there will be time for that later; at present it is—or, at least, it would appear on paper—a bit of pure insanity. Lest you should think it that, and myself the victim, I have two witnesses of character and reputation who will corroborate every fact in the case, and who go farther with the incredible inferences than I can bring myself to do. They are Professor Willis Ravenden, expert in entomology and an enthusiast in every other branch of science, and Stanford Colton, son of old Colton of the Button Trust, and himself a medical student close upon his diploma. Colton, like myself, is recuperating. Professor Ravenden is studying the metamorphosis of a small, sky-blue butterfly species of bug with a disjointed name which inhabits these parts but is rapidly leaving in consequence of his activity and ardor in the hunt.

We three constitute the total late-season patronage of Third House, and probably five per cent. of the population of this forty square miles of grassland, the remainder being the men of the Life Saving Service, the farmer families of First, Second, and Third Houses, and a little settlement of fishermen on the Sound side. There's splendid isolation for you, within a hundred miles of New York. A good thing, too, if the case works out into something big, for there is little danger of its reaching any of the other newspaper offices.

This afternoon—yesterday, to be accurate, as it is now past midnight—we three went out for a tramp. On our return we ran into a fine, driving rain that blotted out the landscape. It's no trick at all to get lost in this country, where the hillocks were all hatched out of the same egg, and the scrub-oak patches out of the same acorn. For an hour or so we circled around. Then we caught the booming of the surf plainly, and came presently to the crest of the sand-cliff, eighty feet above the beach. As the mist blew away, we saw, a few yards out from the cliff's foot, and a short distance to the east, the body of a man lying on the hard sand.

There was something in the huddled posture that struck the eye with a shock as of violence. With every reason for assuming, at first sight, the body to have been washed up, I somehow knew that the man had not met death by the waves. Where we stood the cliff fell too precipitously to admit of descent; but opposite the body it was lower, and here a ravine cut sharply through a dip between the hills at right angles to the beach. We half fell, half slipped down the abrupt declivity, made our way to the gully's opening, which was almost blocked by a great boulder, and came upon a soft and pebbly beach only a few feet wide, beyond which the hard, clean level of sand stretched to the receding waves. As we reached the open a man appeared around a point to the northward, saw the body, and broke into a run. Colton had started toward the body, but I called him back. I didn't want the sand marked up just then. Keeping close to the cliff's edge, we went forward to meet the man. As soon as he could make himself heard above the surf he hailed us.

"How long has that been there?"

"I've just found it," said Colton as we turned out toward the sea. "It must have been washed up at high tide."

"I'm the patrol from the Bow Hill Station," said the man briefly.

"We are guests at Third House," said I. "We'll go through with this together."

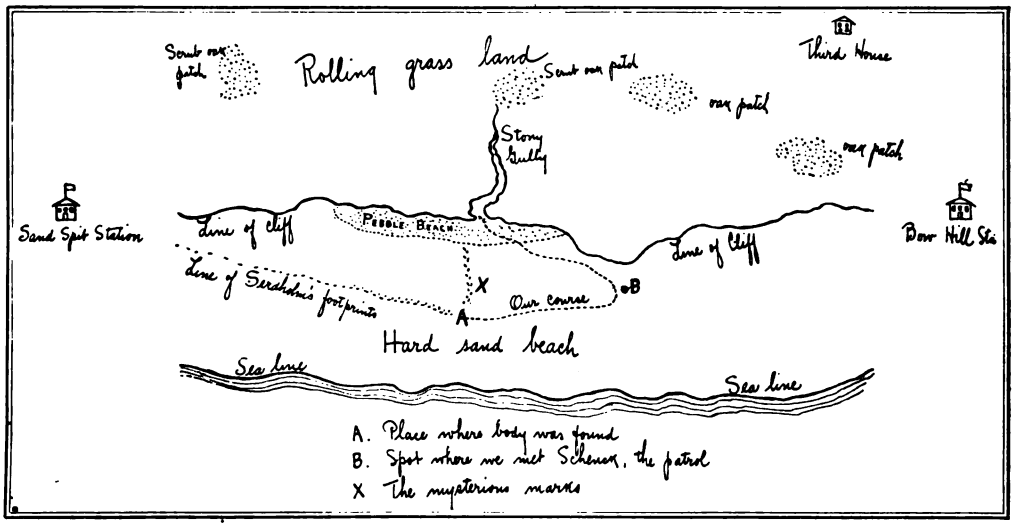
"Come along, then," said he.

We were now on a line with the body, which lay with the head toward the waves. The pa-

trol suddenly checked and exclaimed, "It's Paul Serdholm." Then he rushed forward with a great cry, "He's been murdered!"

"Oh, surely not murdered," expostulated the Professor nervously. "He's been drowned, and——"

"Drowned!" cried the patrol in a heat of contempt. "And how about that gash in the back of his neck? He's the guard from Sand Spit, two miles below. Three hours ago I saw him on the cliff yonder. Since then he's come and gone betwixt here and his station. And—" he gulped suddenly and turned upon us so sharply that the Professor jumped—"what's he met with?"



MAP SENT TO MR. CLARE BY HAYNES

"The wound might have been made by the surf dashing him on a sharp rock," I suggested.

"No, sir," said the patrol with emphasis. "The tide ain't this high in a month. It's murder, that's what it is—bloody murder," and he bent over the dead man, with twitching shoulders.

"He's right," said Colton, who had been hastily examining the corpse. "This is no drowning case. The man was stabbed, and died instantly. Was he a friend of yours?" he asked of the patrol.

"No; nor of nobody's, was Paul Serdholm," replied the man. "No later than last week we quarreled." He paused, looking blankly at us.

"How long would you say he had been dead?" I asked Colton.

"A very few minutes."

"Then get to the top of the cliff and scatter," I said. "The murderer must have escaped that way. From the hilltop you can see the whole country. Keep off that sand, can't you? Make a detour to the gully."

"And what will you do?" inquired Colton, looking at me curiously.

"Stay here and study this out," I replied in a low tone. "You and the Professor meet me at Sand Spit in half an hour. Patrolman, if you don't see anything, come back here in fifteen minutes." He hesitated. "I've had ten years' experience in murder cases," I added. "If you will do as you're told for the next few minutes, we should clear this thing up."

No sooner had they disappeared on the high ground than I set myself to the solution of the problem. If you will look at the rough map inclosed, you will see how simple it should have been. Inland from the body stretched the hard beach. Not one of us had stepped between the body and the soft sand into which the cliff sloped. In this mass of rubble, footprints would be indeterminable. Anywhere else they should stand out like the stamp on a coin.

As we approached I had noticed that there were no prints to the north. On the side of the sea there was nothing except numerous faint bird tracks, extending almost to the water. Taking off my shoes, I followed the spoor of the dead man. It stood out, plain as a poster, to the westward. For a hundred yards I followed it. There was no parallel track. To make certain that his slayer had not crept upon him from that direction, I examined the prints for the marks of superimposed steps. None was there. Three sides, then, were eliminated. My first hasty glance at the sand between the body and the hills

had shown me nothing. Here, however, must be the evidence. Striking off from the dead man's line, I walked out upon the hard surface.

The sand was deeply indented beyond the body, where the three men had hurried across to the cliff. But no other footmark broke its evenness. Not until I was almost on a line between the body and the mouth of the gully did I find a clue. Clearly imprinted on the clean level was the outline of a huge claw. There were the five talons and the nub of the foot. A little forward and to one side was a similar mark, except that it was slanted differently. Step by step, with starting eyes and shuddering mind, I followed the trail. Then I became aware of a second, confusing the first, the track of the same creature. At first the second track was distinct, then it merged with the first, only to diverge again. The talons were turned in the direction opposite to the first spoor. From the body to the soft sand stretched the unbroken lines. Nowhere else within a radius of many yards was there any other indication. The sand lay blank as a white sheet of paper; as blank as my mind, which struggled with one stupefying thought—that between the body of the dead life-saver and the refuge of the cliff no creature had passed except one that stalked on monstrous clawed feet. You will appreciate now, Mr. Clare, that this wasn't just the thing to inflict upon a matter-of-fact telegraph editor, without preparing his mind.

My first thought was to preserve the evidence for a more careful examination. I hastily collected some flat rocks and had covered those tracks nearest the soft sand when I heard a hail. For the present I didn't want the others to know what I had found. I wanted to think it out, undisturbed by conflicting theories. So I hastily returned, and was putting on my shoes when the Bow Hill patrolman—his name was Schenck—came out of the gully.

"See anything?" I called.

"Nothing to the northward. Have you found anything?"

"Nothing definite," I replied. "Don' cross the sand there. Keep along down. We'll go to the Sand Spit Station and report this."

But the man was staring out beyond my little column of rock shelters.

"What's that thing?" he said, pointing to the nearest unsheltered print. "My God! It looks like a bird track. And it leads straight to the body," he cried, in a voice that jangled on my nerves. But when he began to look fearfully overhead, into the gathering darkness, drawing in his shoulders like one shrinking from a blow, that was too much. I jumped to my feet, grabbed him by the arm, and started him along.

"Don't be a fool," I said. "Keep this to yourself. I won't have a lot of idiots prowling around those tracks. Understand? You're to report this murder, and say nothing about what you don't know. Later we'll take it up again."

The man seemed stunned. He walked along quietly, close to me, and it was no comfort to feel him, now and again, shaken by a violent shudder. We had nearly reached the station when Professor Ravenden and Colton came down to the beach in front of us. Colton had nothing to tell. The professor reported having started up a fine specimen of his sky-blue prey, and regretted deeply the lack of his net. If anything but a butterfly had bumped into him I don't believe he would have noticed it.

Before we reached the station, I cleared another point to my satisfaction.

"The man wasn't stabbed. He was shot," I said.

"I'll stake my life that's no bullet wound," cried Colton quickly. "I've seen plenty of shooting cases. The bullet never was cast that made such a gap in a man's head as that. It was a sharp instrument, with power behind it."

"To Mr. Colton's opinion I must add my own, for what it is worth," said Professor Ravenden.

"Can you qualify as an expert?" I demanded with the rudeness of rasped nerves, and in some surprise at the tone of certainty in the old boy's voice.

"When in search of a sub-species of the Papilionidæ in the Orinoco region," said he mildly, "my party was attacked by the Indians that infest the river. After we had beaten them off, it fell to my lot to attend the wounded. I thus had opportunity to observe the wounds made by their slender spears. The incision under consideration bears a rather striking resemblance to the spear gashes which I then saw. I may add that I brought away my specimens of Papilionidæ intact, although we lost most of our provisions."

"No man has been near enough the spot where Serdholm was struck down to stab him," I said. "Our footprints are plain; so are his. There are no others. The man was shot by some one lying in the gully or on the cliff."

"I'll bet you five hundred to five dollars

that the autopsy doesn't result in the finding of a bullet," cried Colton.

I accepted, and it was agreed that he should stay and report from the autopsy. At the station I talked with various of the men, and, assuming for the time that the case presented no unusual features of murder, tried to get at some helpful clue. Motive was my first aim. Results were scant. It is true that there was a general dislike of Serdholm, who was a moody and somewhat mysterious character, having come from nobody knew whence. On the other hand, no one had anything serious against him. The four clues that I struck, such as they were, I can tabulate briefly.

(I.) A week ago Serdholm returned from Amagansett with a bruised face. He had been in a street fight with a local loafer who had attacked him when drunk. Report brought back by one of the farmers that the life-saver beat the other fellow soundly, who went away threatening vengeance. Found out by 'phone that the loafer was in Amagansett as late as five o'clock this afternoon.

(II.) Two months ago Serdholm accused a local fisherman of stealing some tobacco. Nothing further since heard of the matter.

(III.) Three weeks ago stranded juggler and mountebank found his way here, and asked aid of Serdholm; claimed to be his cousin. Serdholm turned him down. Man returned next day. Played some tricks and collected a little money from the men. Serdholm, angry at the jeers of the men about his relative, threw a heavy stick at him, knocking him down and out. As soon as he was able to walk, juggler went away crying. Not since seen.

(IV.) This is the most direct clue for motive and opportunity. Coast-guard Schenck (the man who met us at the scene of the murder) quarreled with the dead man over the daughter of a farmer, who prefers Schenck. They fought, but were separated. Schenck blacked Serdholm's eye. Serdholm threatened to get square. Schenck cannot prove absolute *alibi*. His bearing and behavior, however, are those of an innocent man. Moreover, the knife he carried was too small to have made the wound that killed Serdholm. And how could Schenck—or any other man—have stabbed the victim and left no track on the sand? That is the blank wall against which I come at every turn of conjecture.

Professor Ravenden, Schenck, and I started back, we two to Third House, Schenck to his station. Colton remained to wait for the coroner, who had sent word that he would be over as soon as a horse could bring him. As we were parting Schenck said:

"Gentlemen, I'm afraid there's likely to be trouble for me over this."

"It's quite possible," I said, "that they may arrest you."

"God knows I never thought of killing Serdholm or any other man. But I had a grudge against him, and I wasn't far away when he was killed. The only evidence to clear me is those queer tracks."

"I shall follow those until they lead me somewhere," said I, "and I do not myself believe, Schenck, that you had any part in the thing."

"Thank you," said the guard. "Good-night."

Professor Ravenden turned to me as we entered the house.

"Pardon a natural curiosity. Did I understand that there were prints on the sand which might be potentially indicative?"

"Professor Ravenden," said I, "there is an inexplicable feature to this case. If you'll come up to my room, I should very much like to draw on your fund of natural history."

When we were comfortably settled I began.

"Do you know this neck of land well?"

"In the study of a curious and interesting variant of the Lycæna pseudargiolus, I have covered most of it, from here to the Hither Wood."

"Have you ever heard of an ostrich farm about here?"

"No, sir. Such an enterprise would be practicable only in the warm months."

"Would it be possible for a wandering ostrich or other huge bird, escaped from some zoo, to have made its home here?"

"Scientifically quite possible. May I inquire the purpose of this? Can it be that the tracks referred to by the patrol were the cloven hoof-prints of——"

"Cloven hoofs!" I cried in sharp disappointment. "Is there no member of the ostrich family that has claws?"

"None now extant. In the processes of evolution the claws of the ostrich, like its wings, have gradually——"

"Is there any huge-clawed bird large enough and powerful enough to kill a man with a blow of its beak?"

"No, sir," said the Professor. "I know of no bird which would venture to attack man except the ostrich, emu, or cassowary, and the fighting weapon of this family is the hoof, not the beak. But you will again pardon me if I ask——"

"Professor, the only thing that approached Serdholm within striking distance walked on a foot armed with five great claws." I rapidly sketched on a sheet of paper a rough, but careful, drawing. "And there's its sign manual," I added, pushing it toward him.

Imagination could hardly picture a more precise, unemotional, and conventionally scientific man than Professor Ravenden. Yet, at sight of the paper, his eyes sparkled, he half-started from his chair, a flush rose in his cheeks, he looked briskly and keenly from the sketch to me, and spoke in a voice that rang with a deep under-thrill of excitement.

"Are you sure, Mr. Haynes—are you quite sure that this is substantially correct?"

"Minor details may be inexact. In all essentials, that will correspond to the marks made by something that walked from the mouth of the gully to the spot where we found the body, and back again."

Before I had fairly finished the Professor was out of the room. He returned almost immediately with a flat slab of considerable weight. This he laid on the table, and taking my drawing, sedulously compared it with an impression, deep-sunken into the slab. For me a single glance was enough. That impression, stamped as it was on my brain, I would have identified as far as the eye could see it.

"That's it," I cried, with the eagerness of triumphant discovery. "The bird from whose foot that cast was made is the thing that killed Serdholm.

"Mr. Haynes," said the entomologist dryly, "this is not a cast."

"Not a cast?" I said in bewilderment. "What is it, then?"

"It is a rock of the Cretaceous period."

"A rock?" I repeated dully "Of what period?"

"The Cretaceous. The creature whose footprint you see there trod that rock when it was soft ooze. That may have been one hundred million years ago. It was at least ten million."

I looked again at the rock, and unnecessary emotions stirred among the roots of my hair.

"Where did you find it?" I asked.

"It formed a part of Mr. Stratton's stone fence. Probably he picked it up in his pasture yonder. The maker of the mark inhabited the island where we now are—this land was then distinct from Long Island—in the incalculably ancient ages."

"What did this bird thing call itself?" I demanded. A sense of the ghastly ridiculousness of the thing was jostling in the core of my brain, a strong shudder of mental nausea born of the void into which I was gazing.

"It was not a bird. It was a reptile. Science knows it as the Pteranodon."

"Could it kill a man with its beak?"

"The first man came millions of years later —or so science thinks," said the Professor. "However, primeval man, unarmed, would have fallen an easy prey to so formidable a brute as this. The Pteranodon was a creature of prey," he continued, with an attempt at pedantry which was obviously a ruse to conquer his own excitement. "From what we can reconstruct, a reptile stands forth spreading more than twenty feet of bat-like wings, and bearing a four-foot beak as terrible as a bayonet. This monster was the undisputed lord of the air; as dreadful as his cousins of the earth, the Dinosaurs, whose very name carries the significance of terror."

"And you mean to tell me that this billion-years-dead flying sword-fish has flitted out of the darkness of eternity to kill a miserable coast-guard within a hundred miles of New York, in the year 1902?" I cried. He had told me nothing of the sort. I didn't want to be told anything of the sort. I wanted reassuring. But I was long past weighing words.

"I have not said so," replied the entomologist quickly. "But if your diagram is correct, Mr. Haynes—if it is reasonably accurate—I can tell you that no living bird ever made the prints which it produces, that science knows no five-toed bird and no bird, whatsoever, of sufficiently formidable beak to kill a man. Furthermore, that the one creature known to science which could make that print, and could slay man or a creature far more powerful than man, is the tiger of the air, the Pteranodon. Probably, however, your natural excitement, due to the distressing circumstances, has led you into error, and your diagram is inaccurate."

"Will you come and see?" I demanded.

"Willingly. I shall have to ask your help, however, with the rock. We would best sup first, I think."

It was a hasty supper. We got a light, for it was now very dark, and, taking turns with the lantern and the Cretaceous slab (which hadn't lost any weight with age, by the way), we went direct to the shore and turned westward. Presently a light appeared around the face of the cliff, and Colton hailed us. He was on his way back to Third House, but of course joined us in our excursion.

I hastily explained to him the matter of the footprints, the diagram, and the fossil marks.

"Professor Ravenden would have us believe that Serdholm was killed by a beaked ghoul that lived ten or a hundred or a thousand million years ago," I said recklessly. "A few years one way or the other doesn't make any odds."

"I'll tell you one thing," said Colton gravely. "He wasn't killed by a bullet. It was a stab wound. A broad-bladed knife or something of that sort, but driven with terrific power. The autopsy settled that. You lose your bet, Haynes. Why," he cried suddenly, "if you come to that, it wasn't unlike what a heavy, sharp beak would make. But—but—this Pteranodon—is that it?—Oh, the devil! I thought all those pterano-things were dead and buried before Adam's great-grandfather was a protoplasm."

"Science has assumed that they were extinct," said the Professor. "But a scientific assumption is a mere makeshift, useful only until it is overthrown by new facts. We have prehistoric survivals—the gar of our rivers is unchanged from his ancestors of fifteen million years ago. The creature of the water has endured; why not the creature of the air?"

"Oh, come off," said Colton seriously. "Where could it live and not have been discovered?"

"Perhaps at the north or south pole," said the Professor. "Perhaps in the depths of unexplored islands. Or possibly inside the globe. Geographers are accustomed to say loosely that the earth is an open book. Setting aside the exceptions which I have noted, there still remains the interior, as unknown and mysterious as the planets. In its possible vast caverns there may well be reproduced the conditions in which the Pteranodon and its terrific contemporaries found their suitable environment on the earth's surface, ages ago."

"Then how would it get out?"

"The violent volcanic disturbances of this summer might have opened an exit."

"Oh, that's too much!" I protested. "I was at Martinique myself, and if you expect me to believe that anything came out of that welter of flame and boiling rocks alive——"

"You misinterpret me again," said the Professor blandly. "What I intended to convey is that these eruptions are indicative of great seismic changes, in the course of which vast openings may well have occurred in far parts of the earth. However, I am merely defending the Pteranodon's survival as an interesting possibility. My own belief is that your diagram, Mr. Haynes, is faulty."

"Hold the light here, then," I said, laying down the slab, for we were now at the spot. "I will convince you as to that."

While the Professor held the light I uncovered one of the tracks. A quick exclamation escaped him. He fell on his knees beside the print, and as he compared the to-day's mark on the sand with the rock print of millions of years ago, his breath came hard. I would not care to say that I breathed as regularly as usual. When he lifted his head, his face was twitching nervously.

"I have to ask your pardon, Mr. Haynes," he said. "Your drawing was faithful."

"But what in Heaven's name does it mean?" cried Colton.

"It means that we are on the verge of the most important discovery of modern times," said the Professor. "Savants have hitherto scouted the suggestions to be deduced from the persistent legend of the roc, and from certain almost universal North American Indian lore, notwithstanding that the theory of some monstrous winged creature widely different from any recognized existing forms is supported by more convincing proofs. In the north of England, in 1844, reputable witnesses found the tracks, after a night's fall of snow, of a creature with a pendent tail, which made flights over houses and other obstructions, leaving a trail much like this before us. There are other corroborative instances of a similar nature. In view of the present evidence, I would say that this was unquestionably a Pteranodon, or a descendant little altered and a gigantic specimen, for these tracks are distinctly larger than the fossil marks. Gentlemen, I congratulate you both on your part in so epoch-making a discovery."

"Do you expect a sane man to believe this thing?" I demanded.

"That's what I feel," said Colton. "But, on your own showing of the evidence, what else is there to believe?"

"But, see here," I expostulated, all the time feeling as if I were arguing in and against a dream. "If this is a flying creature, how explain the footprints leading up to Serdholm's body, as well as away from it?"

"Owing to its structure," said the Professor, "the Pteranodon could not rapidly rise from the ground in flight. It either sought an acclivity from which to launch itself, or ran swiftly along the ground, gathering impetus for a leap into the air with outspread wings. Similarly, in alighting it probably ran along on its hind feet before dropping to its small fore feet. Now, suppose the Pteranodon to be on the cliff's edge, about to start

upon its evening flight. Below it appears a man. Its ferocious nature is aroused. Down it swoops, skims swiftly with pattering feet toward him, impales him on its dreadful beak, then returns to climb the cliff and again launch itself for flight."

All this time I had been holding one of the smaller rocks in my hand. Now I flung it toward the gully and turned away, saying vehemently:

"If the shore was covered with footprints I wouldn't believe it. It's too——"

I never finished that sentence. From out of the darkness there came a hoarse cry. Heavy wings beat the air with swift strokes. In that instant panic seized me. I ran for the shelter of the cliff, and after me came Colton. Only the Professor stood his ground, but it was with a tremulous voice that he called to us:

"That was a common marsh or short-eared owl that arose; the Asio accipitrinus is not rare hereabouts. There is nothing further to do to-night, and I believe that we are in some peril remaining here, as the Pteranodon appears to be nocturnal."

We returned to him ashamed. But all the way home, despite my better sense, I walked under an obsession of terror hovering in the blackness above.

So here is the case as clearly as I can put it. I shall have time to work it out unhampered, as the remoteness of the place is a safeguard so far as news is concerned, and only we three know of the Pteranodon prints.

It is now 4 A.M., and I will send this over by the early wagon, which takes stuff to market. Then I'll get a couple of hours' sleep and go back to the place before anyone else overruns it with tracks. It has come on to rain, and the trail will be wiped out, I fear, except the spots still protected by my rock shelters. Professor Ravenden is going to write a monograph on the survival of the Pteranodon. So there is one basis for a newspaper story. If he can afford to identify himself with that theory, surely we can.

It seems like a nightmare—formless, meaningless. What you will think of it I can only conjecture. But you must not think that I have lost my senses. I am sane enough; so is Colton; so, to all appearances, is Professor Ravenden. The facts are exactly as I have written them down. I have left no clue untouched thus far. I will stake my life on the absence of footprints. And it all comes down to this, Mr. Clare: Pteranodon or no Pteranodon, as sure as my name is Haynes, the thing that killed Paul Serdholm never walked on human feet.

Very sincerely yours,

HARRIS D. HAYNES.

P.S.—I shall send for a gun to-morrow, and if there's any queer thing flying I'll try to get a shot at it.

DOCUMENT No. 2. *A telegram*

MONTAUK POINT, N. Y.,
8 A.M., Sept. 21, 1902.

JOHN CLARE, Managing Editor,
New Era Office, N. Y.

Haynes mysteriously killed on beach this morning. Stab wound through heart. Send instructions.

WILLIS RAVENDEN,
STANFORD COLTON.

(To be concluded in February)

A Pilgrim from Abyssinia

by Stephen Bonsal

with illustrations by Corwin K. Linson

TOGETHER with many other pilgrims of divers nationalities, I had been lodging for over a week in the Greek Hospice, a battlemented, jail-like structure that stands frowning by the side of the Holy Sepulcher. It was impossible quite to escape the bellicose atmosphere of the place. The hatred of the Moslem waxed strong within me, and I began also to understand why the Christian sectaries who throng the holy places, on high days and holy days, in fact whenever the occasion presents, fall upon each other with bludgeons whose weight and exquisite balance I was daily called upon to examine by the expectant belligerents. With nerves on edge and my judgment out of all perspective, living in cloisters which had been converted into arsenals, and in refectories and chapels which were loopholed for rifles, saturated with the ecclesiastical conditions that prevail in the Holy City to-day, I found it hard to believe that here, however many centuries ago, it could have been said of the Christians, "See how they love one another!" With due regard to truth, this judgment cannot be given to-day, and the pilgrim who is unable to rise superior to the temporal conditions in which he must live will find a sojourn in the holy places which are now unhallowed, and his daily walks amid the desecrated sanctuaries, anything but elevating to his mind or strengthening to the fiber of his faith.

There was with me in the hospice a pilgrim from Natal with whom I had been thrown by the accident of travel. He was prosperous and well-to-do, and did not care who knew it. As long as his Kaffir stocks stood firm he was evidently inclined to think that the world in which we are living was the best of all possible worlds. Ultra-conservative, he was the frank opponent of all changes in the social order and against all innovations or even improvements, except such as in the matter of mining machinery might increase the profits of the Rand. Soon, however, even his equanimity vanished, and within him, too, began to work the leaven, I wish I could say of righteousness, but I must compromise with the leaven of righteous indignation, and even that expression causes me some qualms of conscience. What we had to contend with most was the situation of the Greek Hospice. Had it been possible, I think we would have changed our lodgings, and gone to live with the Latins, the Armenians, or even the Copts; but before this thought took practical shape we were convinced that in throwing our fortunes in with the Greeks, though but for a day, we were eternally damned, as far as the Latins, the Armenians, and the Copts were concerned. Our hospice, or rather that of the Greeks, is practically an annex of the Church of the Holy Sepulcher, and there, upon either side of us, stood a mosque. That to the right, and the more objectionable of the twain, is known in Turkish as the mosque of Al Hanky, or the hanged man, from the tradition (doubtless based on fact—it sounds like the man) that here, when he took the city, Saladin hanged the Greek Patriarch of the day. Upon the minaret of this mosque, at certain invariable hours, which, however, we always found unseasonable, there would appear a wild-eyed fanatic, climbing the winding way, springing from step to step with the agility of a tiger, and then a moment later his challenge to Christendom, his praise of the Lord Mahomet, would ring out over the holy places and even

down into the dark crypt where the Son of Man was laid, there where the pilgrims from many lands were gathered together to pray, to weep, or to rejoice. Sometimes the pilgrims chose not to hear, the hour of the Gentiles not having come, but not seldom as I watched I caught the gleam of an upturned eye, which told me that the war-cry which rang in their ears found an echo in some hearts, and would be remembered.

"What a disgraceful thing it is for the Christian powers to permit it!" exclaimed the pilgrim from Natal angrily one morning, as we met by the cistern in the monastic courtyard, where, by special favor of Brother Stephanos—Adelphos Mou—we were allowed to perform our daily ablutions; though, as it was evidently regarded as a schismatic, if not quite an infidel practice, the example was not followed by our Greek brethren. Here, in the chill of the morning, while engaged in the brotherly service of throwing buckets of water over each other, the cry of the ardent muezzin filled the air and reverberated through the cloisters with the praise of Allah and of Mahomet, his only Prophet.

"I can't stand this much longer," continued the Natal pilgrim. "What a shameful situation it is! What a pity you haven't a man in the western world like our Cecil Rhodes! He wouldn't stand it a minute, I can assure you. What a grave so-called Christian statesmen have dug for Christianity! You know I can't trust myself in the streets any more. What with the Turkish soldiers smoking cigarettes in the Holy Sepulcher, and making game of the Russian women, as they kiss the stone flagging of the way from Olivet to Calvary, I don't know what is going to happen, and——"

However, I persuaded my pilgrim brother to go out with me as usual after breakfast, which he consented to do, having hit upon a plan which he thought would obviate all danger of an untoward incident.

"I shall keep my fists rammed home in my pockets," he said contentedly, "and never take them out until I have counted twen—no, ten."

So, somewhat relieved in mind, we started upon our daily promenade, and Brother Stephanos, our host and brother from the Ionian Islands, accompanied us, discoursing as we went in odd ends and tags of European and Asiatic languages.

The streets leading to the Sanctuary were thronged that morning with many strange figures. In the place of the travel-worn, meek-eyed Christians, we saw on every side the fierce faces of the raw Turkish recruits, who, as Brother Stephanos informed us, had been called to the city to be drilled and armed, preparatory to starting for the Hauran, where, it had been ordered from Constantinople, the homes of the Christian tribesmen were to be destroyed, and their fields laid waste. The eyes of the recruits burned with a vindictive fire as they passed us in the great courtyard in front of the Palace of David. Across the shaky drawbridge, half clad and shivering in the cold, we saw them drilling in the very courtyard where, perhaps, the immortal psalms first were sung; and in the house of the King of Kings we could hear them take the oath of allegiance to Abdul Hamid, which means, whether avowedly or not, the destruction of the seed of Jesse.

The sight had not pleased the pilgrim from Natal. Though his stout fists were still rammed home in his bulging pockets, it was evident that he kept them there with considerable effort, and I breathed more freely as, walking down the Street of David, we approached the monastery. We were within fifty feet of our goal when we came suddenly face to face with five or six of the new recruits climbing the steep narrow way to Mount Moriah, and driving before them a little caravan of mules and donkeys heavily laden with the yet warm and bleeding skins of goats and sheep. I led the way, and had safely passed through the narrow lane that was left open to us, when, hearing the sound of a scuffle, I looked hastily round, to find that not only were the fists of my pilgrim brother not in his pockets, but that one had landed on the ear of the muleteer nearest to hand, while with the other he was lunging at his ribs. As I looked, another muleteer caught the pilgrim from Natal in his vice-like grip, and in a moment, struggling and writhing for the upper hand, they were rolling over the sharp, uneven stones, first one and then the other in the saddle. Brother Stephanos, in the meantime, had been leisurely tucking up his sacerdotal gown, and now extending before him his pastoral staff, its resounding whacks began to echo through the tunnel-like street.

No one in particular attacked me, and I stood for a moment undecided what to do. I was aware of the great danger of these personal encounters near the powder mine of the holy places—one great European war has already grown out of them—and it seemed to be clearly my duty to do all in my power to keep this duel between champions from broadening into religious strife, with unnumbered and unborn millions to be involved on both

"His challenge to Christendom . . would ring out"

sides. "But if it has to result in a general religious war," I muttered, "what a rare opportunity presents itself to me of becoming the historian of this epoch-making event!" So I drew out of the engagement, as far as the lay of the land would allow, determined to chronicle dispassionately, even though contemporaneously, the events as they transpired. But suddenly this dream was shattered. I felt a sinewy hand about my throat, and then all was confusion. When my ideas grew clearer, one man was holding me by my feet, while two others were trying to dash out my brains upon the jagged stones of the way. The cry that I uttered, the anxious, sweeping look I gave around me, disclosed no hope of succor. Brother Stephanos, with his back to the wall, was keeping three new assailants at bay, and that was all that could be expected even from a man of his thews and sinews. The pilgrim from Natal was beaten, and beaten badly, but he did not know it. As fast and as often as he was thrown to the ground, he would stolidly rise up again, and demand to continue the fight. Fortunately for us, in the general *mêlée* the mule packs of dripping skins had become shifted, and fallen to the ground, which made our falling somewhat softer, else had this pilgrimage not been written. There may have been religious rows about the Holy Sepulcher more terrible in mortality than this—indeed, if the pious chroniclers or Paynim historians are worthy of credence, there have been—but never, I think, was there a battle in which the combatants were so literally bathed in blood and gore, though, fortunately, neither the one nor the other was personal to us or to our opponents. The last thing I saw clearly of the swimming scene was Brother Stephanos delivering a famous quarter-staff blow (worthy of the best traditions of Friar Tuck), which sent one of his antagonists reeling. A good stroke, but not enough to turn the tide of battle that was flowing so strongly against us. Then a stout cry fell upon my ear, some one dropped me and some one picked me up, and I came to, tenderly held in the arms of a great black man, all robed in white, with a pyramid of wool upon his head which suggested the bearskin covering of an English grenadier. Almost in the same instant he laid me gently down and was gone like a tornado. Taking Brother Stephanos's assailants in the rear, he soon put them to flight. Another big black man was pounding the life out of the muleteer who had proved too much for the pilgrim from Natal. The mule men and the other recruits who had rushed to their aid were discouraged at the apparition of these black champions. They were looking about them, evidently in search of an avenue of flight, when suddenly I heard the cocking click of the old-fashioned rifle, and saw that above and below us the street was cordoned with Turkish *zaptiehs*, who had come to the scene of the struggle.

A short parley now ensued between Brother Stephanos and the officer of the guard. It had been, as the reader knows, my intention to

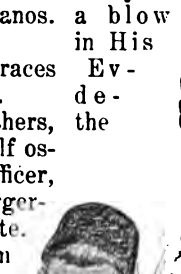
write a strictly impartial account of this religious row from the standpoint of a disinterested spectator; but as this purpose had been defeated by overpowering force, there seemed to be no ethical reason why I should not back up Brother Stephanos's statement, which I did not understand, as to how the row began, and I did so stoutly, and so did the pilgrim from Natal and our twain of black champions. The Turkish captain lit a cigarette, and puffed away, listening with a bored expression to the charges and the counter-charges; then with a gesture he bade the muleteers load up their gory skins and proceed about their business up the steep ascent to Moriah.

"Victory!" shouted Brother Stephanos. "We hold the field!"

And our Greek brethren from the terraces of the monastery shouted back the cry.

Brother Stephanos preened his feathers, kissed his pastoral staff, crossed himself ostentatiously in the face of the Paynim officer, and then, at a pace which I thought exaggeratedly slow, led the way to the hospice gate. When I met the eyes of the pilgrim from Natal he blushed scarlet through his yellow bruises.

"I counted ten," he protested. Then . . . "Well, I don't know what happened. I have stood a good deal since I have been in Jerusalem. I have seen those Turkish brutes laughing and smoking about the Manger in Bethlehem, and the Holy Sepulcher here; but when I saw that brute maltreating his mule I couldn't stand it any longer, and I gave him one in the solar plexus, only hedidn'tseem to have one—thebeast."



Our brethren closed thegate behind us, and when it was bolted and barred, and the Turkish *zaptiehs* had returned to their posts by the Holy Sepulcher, the Greeks again acclaimed us as victors. One enthusiast asked to arrange the latchet of Brother Stephanos's sandal; another kissed my bruises unctuously. Half way up the steps leading from the terrace to the refectory, Brother Stephanos turned and addressed us.

"It was an act of criminal aggression," he said. "Praise be to God, who gave us the strength to nip it in the bud. It was clearly an attempt to obstruct our way to the holy places, to abridge our rights, which are recognized by the Sultan and guaranteed by the thirteen signatory powers; and oh, my brethren, this affray may lead to great things! It may change the map of the world—who knows?—and bring the Holy Land within the Christian pale. Please God it may be so. Praise God, who has given me the opportunity to strike a blow this day in His service." Everybody was delighted. Only the meek eyed lay-brother, as he served the yellow cordials, whispered, "But I'm afraid you'll all be summoned before the *mutesarib* and fined five pounds Turkish."

"The Tsar would never permit it," said Brother Stephanos. "The Great White Tsar, thank God, knows how to protect his crusaders!"

At this moment I suddenly became aware of the fact, until then in the excitement over-looked, that the two black men who had so valiantly come to our aid had disappeared without a word of thanks. Closely followed by the pilgrim from Natal, and, though with less alacrity, by Brother Stephanos, I rushed back into the cloister, and from there out on the terraces, but not a trace of our opportune friends did we find.

"Where can they have gone to, and what must they have thought of us?" I cried.

"Perhaps the earth has swallowed them up, as it did the champions of old," suggested the pilgrim from Natal, but Brother Stephanos only crossed himself. To him at least the suggestion was no joking matter. We opened the barricaded gates and peered cautiously out into the street. Still no signs of our rescuers. We were about to give it up when a street boy who had witnessed the encounter grasped the situation, and pointed to a place where the high street wall was low and shelving.

"Ah!" said Brother Stephanos, with a sigh

"We saw them drilling"

of relief. "They were Abyssinians, and have returned over the wall to their rest-house."

Our good Greek brother was somewhat annoyed when we insisted upon visiting them, and only consented to serve as our guide when we promised not to scale the wall, but to follow him through the circuitous but more comfortable way for a man of his weight. And at last our patience was rewarded. We found the mysterious champions in a dirty little courtyard in front of the Church of St. Helena. The yard was filled with tepee-shaped wigwams of thatch and mud, in which the pilgrims from Ethiopia reside during their visits to the Sanctuary. No one paying the slightest attention to us, we were rather at a loss what to do, when my especial champion rushed out of the nearest hut, only to stop when within hand-shaking distance, evidently overcome with embarrassment.

We were embarrassed too. The second champion appeared, and his expression was not at all amiable. I had an idea, which afterward proved well founded, that he had had a previous meeting with Brother Stephanos. Then suddenly, by a stroke of inspiration my rescuer saved the situation, and at the same time made clear the reason why he had espoused our cause. From under the great white robe which, with the exception of a loin cloth, was his only garment, he drew a parchment roll covered with goat skin, and pointing to the Holy Sepulcher as he did so, kissed it. I drew out of my pocket a Testament, which I was carrying, among other reasons, because it is the best guide to the Holy Land to-day, and the great black sprang forward and kissed that too. Then we had a religious reunion, over which, indeed, Christian concord reigned.

"Poor fellows!" said Brother Stephanos, somewhat mollified by the respectful behavior of the blacks, "they certainly mean well."

During the long conversation which ensued, lasting until each side was thoroughly satisfied it could not understand a word of the other's language, I had an opportunity to look our champions over. They were both very large men, and their appearance of great height was added to by the towering mass of wool they wore upon their heads. One was stout and portly, unctuous as to his skin, and evidently well nourished, but my rescuer seemed fairly famished. His skin hung loosely about his shrunken body, and there were great callous places on his legs, as upon a pack-horse. Now that the joyous excitement of the fight was over, he leaned wearily upon the bludgeon with which he had played so rapidly, and with apparently such tireless vigor, on the heads of the Turkish recruits. Seeing that conversation did not make much headway, the stouter and more comfortable looking of the blacks, a permanent resident, it appeared, attached to the Abyssinian Church of St. George, sat him down before us in the clear cold sunlight, and resumed his writing with a pointed stick upon a parchment scroll, copying from a great roll of manuscript that lay before him on a rock. In the meantime I took hold of Maroo, my rescuer, by the arm, and though Brother Stephanos raised his eyebrows at the idea, I announced my intention of taking the pilgrim from Abyssinia back to dinner with us.

"I shall go ahead and secure the services of the Greek Patriarch's interpreter," he assented resignedly, when he saw that I was not to be gainsaid, and with that our Greek brother waddled off before us, the pilgrim

from Natal and I bringing up the rear, with Maroo between us, arm in arm.

Our dinner, even with the aid of the Patriarch's many-tongued interpreter, did not open promisingly. The surroundings were all so new to Maroo that there were times when I feared that even did he not faint out of sheer weakness, he would do so to escape his embarrassment; and there were moments when, good and kind as he really was at heart, I could have gladly boxed Brother Stephanos' ears for the hauteur and the perhaps unconscious condescension with which he addressed the wild and somewhat uncouth sectary from the heart of Africa, who for the first time was breaking bread at his table. So the conversation languished, the interpreter had nothing to do but eat, and Maroo, our guest, looked chilled and miserable. Then, suddenly, the pilgrim from Natal put a question which I tried, but too late, to intercept.

"How in the world had Christianity ever penetrated to his home in dark Africa?" was the way he put it; but Maroo, far from being offended, answered quietly and simply, with the intonation of a man who is talking about an interesting event which happened last year:

"The news came to our country in a strange way. At the beginning of the fifth century a merchant vessel from Alexandria was wrecked upon our coast. Two men who sailed upon her and were saved from the waves by miraculous intervention were followers of Christ. They brought us the Word. The scales fell from our eyes, and we believed." Then again he brought out the skin-covered parchment, and unrolled the scroll. "They brought us these —the gospels of Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John. In them we believe, and by these words we hope to be saved. They are written in Gzeh, the ancient church language of our country."

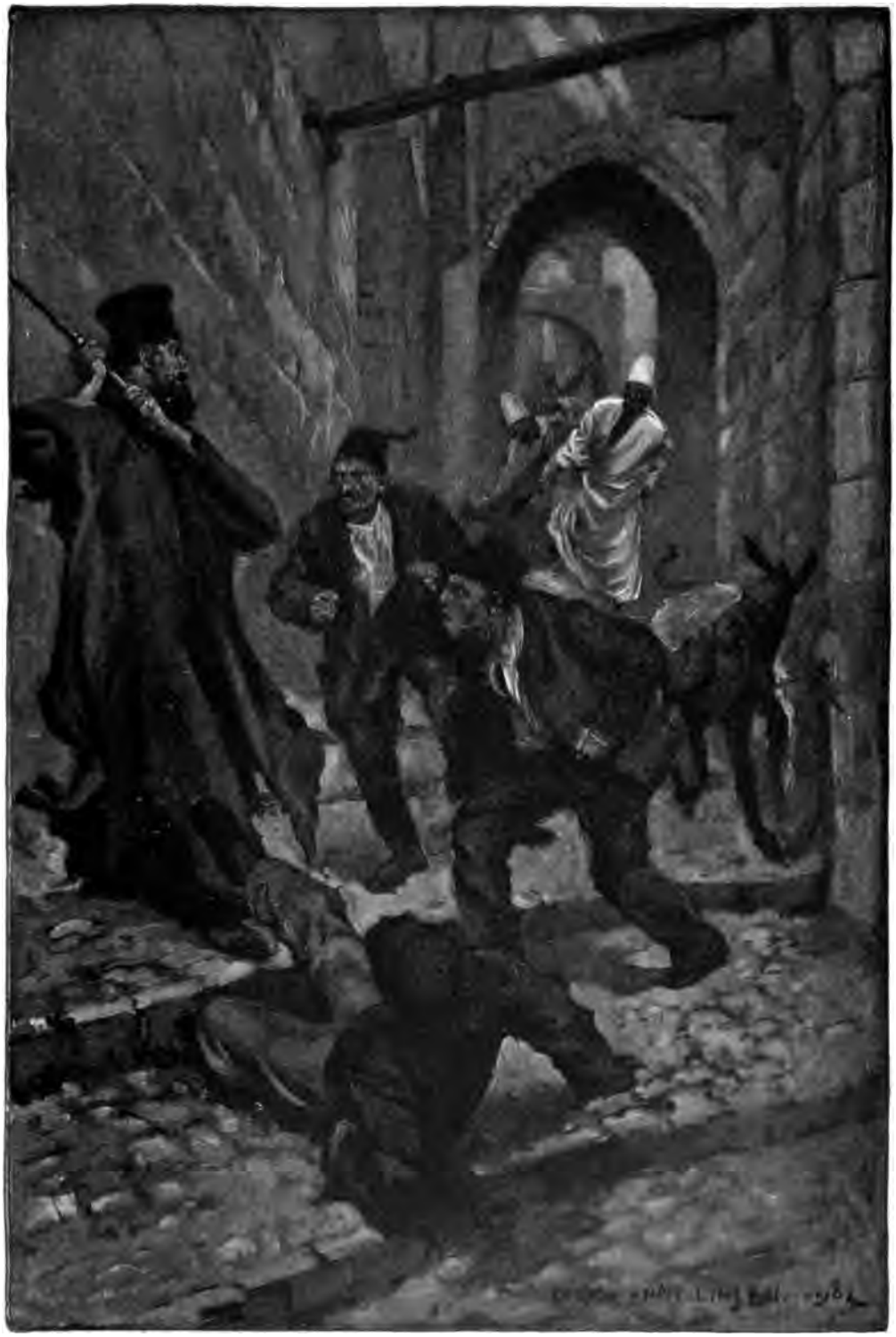
Seeing that I followed what he said with close attention, he reached over to me with a confiding smile the book which was his treasure. As I turned over the pages one after another, wondering at the strange, and to me incomprehensible characters through which the familiar truths and the transcendent beauties of the Gospel had been unfolded to his simple faith, I noticed at the end of each gospel a great golden seal, in which there were letters of blue. "And what does that mean?" I inquired.

"The legend says that these scriptures have been read and compared with the original holy books in the monastery by the Great Lake; and as a sign thereof and a covenant of their correctness, Narunah, the Light of Ethiopia, the queen-wife of our Ras, has set and affixed her seal."

"But how did you manage to come so far alone and—" The pilgrim from Natal, who had long and circumstantial stories about the cost of travel, was about to say "and without money," but checked himself.

For a moment a dreamy expression came over the Abyssinian's eyes—eyes which before had burned and shone like living coals, and in that moment, the historic and realistic moment so rarely bestowed, he seemed to live over again the days and the months of the journey which, in the light of our soft-cushioned pilgrimages, seemed almost miraculous. Then, in a few short, graphic sentences, he gave us glimpses of his odyssey.

"My queen Narunah, the Light of Ethiopia," he began, "gave me her blessing and her passport; but she said: 'Maroo, the kingdom of the faithful, the lands which acknowledged the lordship of Prester John, have vastly dwindled, and since his mighty day we have become weak, because of our sins, I fear me it must be said; so soon you will come to the stranger-people's country, and there, Maroo, may God help you, and Our Lady of the Road stay you by. To pass through the land of the idolaters you must show the wisdom of the serpent and the innocence of the little child; but I know that if it needs must be, Maroo, most faithful and diligent of the



"Brother Stephanos, with his back to the wall, was keeping three new assailants at bay"

sons that have grown up in the sacred monastery, you will know how to die for the Holy Religion."

"'My Lady,' I answered, 'under His protection, with Mary's guiding star, and your passport, I have no fear to pass through the land of the idol worshipers. But what would you have me do in the City of the Sanctuary, should it please God to lead me there?'

"'Should you succeed, Maroo, faithful one—and the prayers of all who dwell in the light of the Holy Religion by the Sacred Lake will accompany you—it is my wish that after the days of quarantine which are prescribed for all pilgrims who have passed through the infidel lands have been complied with, you should pass a month of purification by the manger, and then yet another one by the tomb in which He was laid. And then, when you are, as I doubt not you will be, refreshed in body and strengthened in soul, you shall address yourself to the task which has long awaited performance, and for which I have selected you. You shall take with you the Holy Scriptures, as they have been preserved to us in the monastery by the Sacred Lake, preserved by the great goodness of God and the stanchness of the great Emperor's children, through wars, pestilence, and famine. With them you shall diligently search the most sacred and most authentic of the Scriptures in the Sanctuary, and mark if during all these years of separation one strange unlawful word has crept by some device of the Evil One into our sacred writings.'

"And gold she gave me at parting, but I would not have it. 'O Lady Queen, Light of Ethiopia!' I said, 'the idolaters may let me pass a beggar, but not if I carry with me the shining pieces clipped from the footstool of their god Baal. Let me go with a light wallet and a light heart, winged with the words of your blessing.'

"And so I started, and soon I came to the end of the land where the passport of our Queen ran, and that no hurt might come to it, or heathen disrespect, there on the borders of the land the infidels have stolen, I left it with a hermit who lived in a cave on the mountain side. He showed me his place of most secret hiding in a crevice of the rock, so that I might find it again should he be gone on my return; and he blessed my going, the path that opened before me, the feet that carried me, the heart that sustained me. 'My brother, perhaps I shall make a swifter journey than thou,' he said. 'Perhaps we shall meet on the steps of the Sanctuary.'

The meek-eyed lay-brother

"I followed the windings of the Blue Nile until I came out of the mountain country into the sand plains, where the river swells and flows with a mighty flood down through the black land into the red sea. Here the children of Allah, the false and forsworn men who have made of El Mahdi a prophet, ruled the land, with their green banners, and often I was sore afraid. It was in my heart to turn back. As far as the eye could reach the land was aflame with war. Brother was in arms against brother, and my way was strewn with the dead, which no man had thought to bury. I was beaten, and I sat in chains; but no man thought to take my life, there were so many greater and richer to slay. At last a Baggara Arab, a slave-trader who had journeyed far into Ethiopia and learned somewhat of our speech, befriended me. He saved me from the jailer, and under his protection I journeyed down the Nile toward Khartoum. There I think it was his purpose to sell me, but it was not to be. Before Omdurman we came upon the battle-field where the spear-bearers of the false prophet lay in their serried ranks as though smitten by the hand of God. My Baggara master fled, but I went on, for over the city shone the cross and the Christian banners; and the Carmelite nuns, who had been so long in bondage, when I knocked at their door gave me to eat, and out of their gentle pity at my sore plight comforted and consoled me."

Our frugal meal had seemed a feast to the pilgrim from Abyssinia, even though, as the

pilgrim from Natal asserted, he only partook of the fumes. The coals burned bright in the great brass braziers, and filled the damp, stone-walled, uncarpeted refectory with a genial warmth. Brother Stephanos had finished his coffee and the third glass of his yellow cordial; one of his eyelids drooped, and it was time for the siesta. Suddenly Maroo rose from the table; his eyes had fallen with favor upon a narrow bench which stood by the wall. He walked softly over to it, and then quietly stretched out his great spare limbs, aching with fatigue and fever, upon it. Then he looked contentedly about him through his half-closed eyes. He was evidently enjoying the warmth and comfort of the place. At last he was at home, at ease. But suddenly a sharp look of suspicion shot across his features. His eyes rested upon each one of us in turn with a gaze of closest scrutiny. Then cautiously, with a smile that smacked of reassurance, he drew from out the capacious folds of his white garment the holy writings, and placed them under his head as a pillow, where no man might lay hands on them without awakening him. And soon he was asleep, with the stern lines of his features relaxed and a childlike smile playing like fleeting sunshine upon his lips.

Brother Stephanos ransacked the vestiary, and finally produced a travel-worn blanket, in which he wrapped the thinly clad form of the sleeper. The pilgrim from Natal looked at the goatskin roll upon which our happy brother pillowed his dreams, and then he said with a curiously earnest ring to his voice that I had never heard before:

"Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John
Bless the bed that he lies on."

"Some of these Ethiopians," whispered Brother Stephanos, "show faith and aptitude for right principles. I do not despair but that some day they will be found worthy of admission into the true Church."

THE LORDS OF SONG

BY WILFRID WILSON GIBSON

WHEN God had winged the choral spheres
To sweep through spacious night,
One laggard star that soaring swerved
He plucked from out the flight:

He brake its fire between His hands,
It fell in shredded flame;
On bridled winds across the void
The lords of singing came,

To rule the world by right of song,
To raze the towers of Death,
And hurl high-throned oblivion down
With storm of chanting breath!

ENGLISH MEN OF LETTERS

Personal Recollections and Appreciations

BY GEORGE W. SMALLEY

II

THERE are certain reputations in literature which take you by storm whether you will or not. They are not merely reputations, they are obsessions. Mr. Rudyard Kipling's is one of these. Like him or not, he is a force in modern English and American life, and he has to be reckoned with. We have forgiven him much, for there was much to forgive; but forgiveness implies forgetfulness, and the whole of that business belongs to the past. Widely known as is his personality, not all the best of him is known. He has written of late years so copiously, and has engaged himself in publishing controversies of such a kind that there are those who accuse him of taking a view of literature which seems mercenary. It is an unjust accusation. His are not among the books which sell by hundreds of thousands; at most the thousands are to be computed by scores. In literature, as in other walks of industry, a large income does not necessarily imply an accumulated fortune.

If I refer to such matters, it is as preface to an anecdote. We all know the "Recessional"—thus far the poetic climax of Mr. Kipling's career. The journal to which it was addressed for publication sent to its author, by way of acknowledgment, a check for a very large sum. Mr. Kipling returned the check. "I will not," he said, "take money for a poem on such a subject as that. It was written from other motives." He would not make a trade of patriotism, nor merchandise of the Queen's Jubilee.

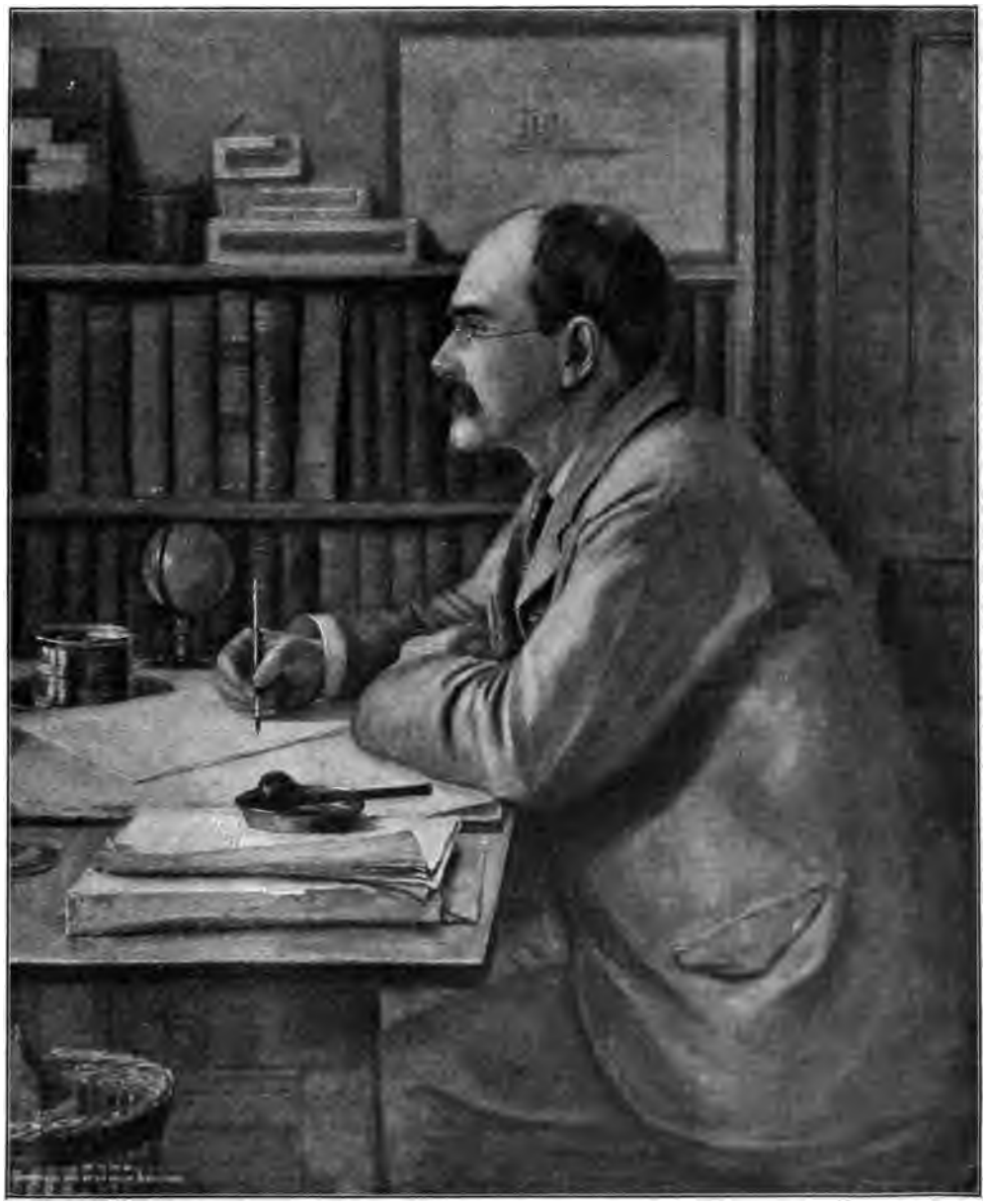
Beyond dispute he is the poet and herald of imperialism. England so regards him, and accepts him. He has, in the judgment of the English people, struck the true imperial note; not once, not twice, but again and again, and it echoes round the globe. Tennyson, with his "Form, riflemen, form," was thought to have inspired, or largely helped, that volunteer movement of which, in these last two years, the English have seen great results. But Mr. Kipling, they will tell you, has done a far greater service. At a critical, perhaps perilous, moment of its history, he has made those songs of the nation which, as we were long since told, are more than its laws. The Little Englanders sneer at him as the poet of the music hall. They might as well say Mozart was a composer for the hand organ. Genius cannot be vulgarized. And it is partly because Mr. Kipling is the lyrical voice of the strongest public impulse of his time that he stands in a relation to his own countrymen far closer than to us, or to any but his own people.

The protests against the latest blast on his trumpet, "The Islanders," are taken here at more than their true worth. Not only Little England, we are told, but other Englands, are against him. He has tried to force the hand of the Government about conscription. He has outraged the national feeling for sport by his "flanneled fools." He has insulted the men fighting in South Africa, and I know not what other nonsense, including an assertion that his best friends in the press have turned against him. No doubt he has been criticised and opposed. It is the way of Englishmen to speak out; and it is also the way of Englishmen to endure censure and unpalatable opinions, to say their say about them, and then go on as if nothing had happened. And, in fact, I believe Mr. Kipling's place in the hearts of his fellow-countrymen was never higher than it is to-day. He by his manly verse, and Mr. Chamberlain by his manly answer to the German chancellor, are the two voices of England on the two subjects which lie nearest to her people's thoughts and feelings.

Mrs. Humphry Ward is a difficult subject if only because she is a woman; and there are other reasons why I, at any rate, must write of her with reserve. Your public wants to know something about the woman as well as about the writer. Well, it may be possible to say so much as the public could find out for itself if it had the opportunity—if, for example, it lived in England, where Mrs. Ward is to be met by that important part of the public which is known as society. She has been, of course, an object of curiosity; and still is. People wanted to meet the author of "Robert Elsmere," and they now want to meet the author of "Eleanor."

Her social horizon has broadened a good

deal since those earlier Elsmere days. The migration from Russell Square to Grosvenor Place indicates well enough this expansion of the social limit of view. Russell Square is in Bloomsbury; Grosvenor Place is in Belgravia. To leave the one and come to the other is a translation from the past to the present; from the region which once was fashionable to the region which is fashionable now. The house in Grosvenor Place looks on the gardens of Buckingham Palace itself. Nor is that the only house. There is another in the country—in that central district of Buckinghamshire of which the Rothschild family have annexed so large a part for themselves. They have no less than five important places, all within a drive of each other: Tring, once a royal demesne, where Elizabeth has slept and Nell Gwyn—"pretty, witty Nell"—lived by grace and gift of her royal lover, now rebuilt into a splendid mansion crowded with treasures of art, belongs to Lord Rothschild;



From the painting by Sir Philip Burne-Jones *Copyright by Sir Philip Burne-Jones, 1900*

RUDYARD KIPLING

Mentmore, the creation of Baron Meyer de Rothschild, came to Lord Rosebery by his marriage with Baron Meyer's daughter, and is his to-day; Ascott, a glorified cottage, is Mrs. Leopold Rothschild's; Halton, a glorified villa, enshrines the unique collection of French pictures of the eighteenth century which Mr. Alfred Rothschild formed; and enshrines much else. Finally, there is Waddesdon, the French château which the late Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild set on a hill, surrounded with an improvised park into which he transplanted full-grown trees, amid lovely grounds, and converted inside into a museum; all of which, together with her own Eythrop, a toy house of singular beauty, is now the possession of Miss Alice Rothschild, the two estates together spreading over some 18,000 acres of the best land in England.

These are the surroundings amid which Mrs. Humphry Ward has her country home. In one of the Rothschild houses she is often to be met; in three of them she has been a guest; from one of them she drew in part the interior amid which passes some part of the action of "David Grieve"; Ashridge, Lord Brownlow's place, supplying another part. She makes a discreet use of her knowledge, both of persons and places, observing the rule that you may not put into your novel a portrait of any single character whom you have met socially, but may compose a figure in fiction out of two or more real individuals. That is what Mrs. Ward has done in her latest novel, "Eleanor."

I suppose we must accept "Eleanor" as meaning that no new manner in fiction is now to be expected from her, for this latest experiment has the excellencies and the defects of those which preceded it. A laborious study of certain phases of life in Italy and of Italian character; a landscape constructed in mosaic; a scene in St. Peter's, done as by a journalist of the highest order, but still a journalist; types of character, both English and American, of which the details are strictly correct and from which the vital spark is absent; a supreme, unremitting, indefatigable effort of conscience in place of the spontaneity which the reader craves; stores of accumulated knowledge, with much of which you would joyfully dispense in exchange for one touch of the nature which makes the whole world kin; an art never quite concealing itself; an art from which the sense of effort is never absent; an art which seems ascetic in its struggle toward the ideal it never quite reaches—such is the final word for the present of Mrs. Ward's literary craftsmanship. I should go too far if I allowed myself to draw a comparison between Mrs. Ward the writer and Mrs. Ward herself. I will leave that for the reader, only warning him that it is the writer, and not the woman, of whom I myself am writing.

"A typical Englishman" Mr. Anthony Trollope might be called. But there is no typical Englishman except on the stage, and then he is a caricature. There is not one type, there are many; and Trollope was a very good example of one of the best types. He had the bluffness which is supposed to be characteristic of the race; the hearty manner, the love of outdoor life; the loyalty and the red face which belong to the country squire. This man of letters seemed to have spent all his life in the country, growing turnips and preserving game. He had, in fact, spent part of it; but that part was in the hunting field, where he rode hard and straight, though never a very good horseman. He hunted three days a week during the season, going down by train from London and returning the same night. His books are full of his experiences in following the hounds, and there are no better hunting pictures. Whyte Melville's are not better, though Whyte Melville was a better man in the pigskin.

But the Trollope whom American readers may be supposed to care for was not the Nimrod, not the post-office inspector, but he who lived in Montague Square and wrote the Barchester novels. At one time, and during many years, I saw much of him. We lived in the same quarter of London. One morning, before I knew much about his habits, I went in to see him toward noon. He was at breakfast (a mid-day French breakfast), and asked me to join him. I said I had breakfasted much earlier. "What," he broke out; "do you mean to say you are not man enough to eat two breakfasts?" His rule was to begin work at eight o'clock each morning, except Sundays and days when he hunted, and to work until eleven o'clock. Each morning, between these hours, he wrote eight hundred words; no more and no less. He wrote almost a lady's hand—fine, rapid, firm, not always easy to read.

I have known four men who could compose in this way, as it were, to order, and who scoffed at the theory of waiting for inspiration. The four were Trollope, Sir Richard Burton, Browning, and the American novelist Mr. Marion Crawford. Each was master of himself at all moments, and could do his best at one time as well as another. Dickens was, perhaps, a fifth; he sat regularly at his

desk from nine in the morning till one. If he found he could go on with the current novel, well and good; if not, he wrote letters or read, but for these four hours there he sat. They were all men of unusual physique, all used to the taking of much exercise, all with sound minds and sound bodies. Trollope used to write in his library, which filled a kind of extension to the Montague Square house, halfway from the first to the second floor. It was more a workshop than a library, yet held a good many books, in open cases, which Trollope, with his niece's help, used to dust religiously twice a year. London, with its fogs and soot-laden air, is not a place where valuable books can be exposed with impunity. He knew London inch by inch, and the counties in which the scenes of so many of his novels are laid, and for all social and personal traits had a microscopic eye. It is this power and habit of accurate observation which will immortalize his best novels—the Barchester series. They were for a time, after his death, little read; now they are read again with ever fresh pleasure.

As I have mentioned Burton, I will tell you an anecdote of that extraordinary man. One night, at a house in London, going upstairs at a very late party, I saw Burton sitting on the landing steps at the angle, with a book in his hand and a small writing-pad on his knees. It was a smoking party, very crowded, rather noisy (for London)—men were passing and repassing, and it was one o'clock in the morning. But there sat Burton, absorbed in his work, evidently all unconscious of what was going on about him, his pencil traveling fast over the paper. Presently I said, "How are you, Burton?" He answered, "How are you?" without looking up, and the pencil went steadily on. "You've chosen a nice, quiet place to work," I said. "One place is as good as another," he growled out. "It makes no difference to you?" "None." "May I see your book?" He handed up the little volume, in its dark, queer cover, much the worse for wear—a volume of Camoens in the Portuguese, which he was translating into English—Portuguese being one of the twenty-seven languages which he knew and spoke.

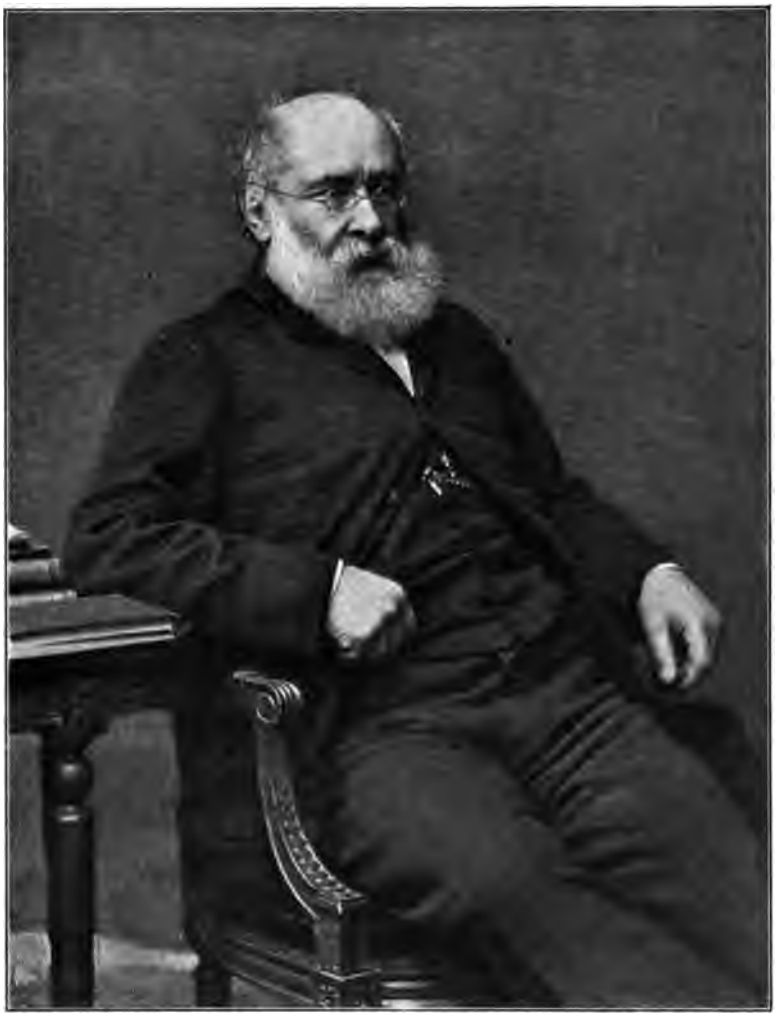
From a photograph by H. Walter Barnett

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD

"Well," I said, "I suppose you want to be let alone; but are you never tired?" He replied, "I never knew what it was to be tired." There is a ray of light on Burton's career, with its enormous amount of accomplished work.

I would set over against Trollope, with his robust English nature and look, Du Maurier, who had neither; who was, in fact, one of

the least English of Englishmen, perhaps because he was half a Frenchman. The gallantry of his nature was also half French, just as his unflinching, steadfast courage was altogether English. During a great part of his life this artist, whose livelihood depended on his eyesight, was tormented by his eyes. He lost the sight of one; the other was preserved with difficulty and with impaired vision. The yet untold story of his going to Sir William Bowman, then the first oculist in England, is pathetic. Bowman had to assure him that the one eye was gone irrevocably, and that the other was in constant danger. "Can nothing be done?" asked Du Maurier. Bowman told him he might try an operation, but it was a desperate chance; not once in a hundred times had it succeeded. "Try it," answered Du Maurier; "one chance in a hundred is something." A day was appointed. When he entered, Bowman again advised him against the operation. It would be very painful; recovery would be slow; he must spend days in a darkened room, and all probably for nothing. Du Maurier's only answer was to ask him to go on at once. "Then," he said, "to my horror, Bowman went to his bookcase, took down a volume, and began to read. I thought he was not quite sure what he had to do or how to do it, and that he was reading up the case. For the first time my heart sank." But Bowman presently put away his volume, took up his instruments, and performed his operation with his usual sureness and delicacy of hand. It wholly failed, as he had predicted. The eyes were no better.



From a copyright photograph by Elliott & Fry

ANTHONY TROLLOPE

So imperfect was the vision during all the later years of Du Maurier's life that he used to draw twenty or fifty times the scale of the block from which the drawing was finally printed for "Punch." His studio in the little house at Hampstead was a curiosity, with its great areas of blackboard and other material, half the space of one side filled with them. He was beset, moreover, by the fear that his invention would fail him. He was always saying, "Give me an idea; give me a subject. I can think of nothing." He kept what he quaintly called a joke-pot, into which he cast the letters which came to him by post, often from unknown persons, with suggestions for cartoons. But he never lost his fac-

ulty of seeing what was about him. You could trace his comings and goings by the subjects he treated in "Punch"—London, the French coast, Whitby, and many other places.

He went to Whitby for many summers. It is, perhaps, or was, the most picturesque town in England, with its red-roofed houses climbing the steep banks of the ravine through which the Esk pours into the North German Ocean, and crowning the cliffs on either hand. No one who has known them can ever forget the ruined abbey, the rugged, beautiful coast line, the far-stretching moors inland, the woods, the unique charm of Robin Hood's Bay, the river on which we boated, the tea gardens at Cockmill where we held high festival with tea and buns, the dam over which we ruthlessly dragged the harbor boats for the sake of the lovely reach of river above it, the piers, the granite gateway through which we rowed or sailed out to the North Sea, the breakers through which we had sometimes to find our way back again, the Scar, that awful expanse of rock in the pathway of the shipping which came down from the north and sometimes skirted past its iron edge, and sometimes did not.

The beauty and the terror alike left their mark on Du Maurier's susceptible soul. Alike they reappeared in his sketches; and the homely life of the fishing port appeared in every form. It fascinated him, as it fascinated Lowell, who spent nine successive summers there. The two were great friends. Lowell thought Du Maurier one of the best talkers he had ever met. He had the Gallic nimbleness of mind, the wit, the sharpness of touch, the sense of contrast and symmetry, all which are French qualities. Anecdote in abundance, also, and a quickness in repartee which was like the glance of an arrow.

Mr. Henry James was another of the Whitby group. There and elsewhere grew up a friendship between him and Du Maurier which was destined to have a beneficent influence on the fortunes of the artist. It was Mr. Henry James whose encouragement made Du Maurier a novelist, and it was the writing of novels which, near the end of a career that had never meant to him more than a comfortable income, brought him affluence, or what seemed to him such. He had thought out the story of "Peter Ibbetson," and as he and Mr. James rambled one afternoon over Hampstead Heath and through the pleasant lanes of Highgate, he sketched the scenario. When Mr. James told him that he had found the material for a good story, Du Maurier said, "Take it and write the story." "No," answered the novelist, "use it yourself; there's no reason why you shouldn't write a novel, and you couldn't have a better *donnée* to begin with." After some urging, Du Maurier began to think he might try, having, after all, at all times and in all matters, a just confidence in his own powers. So he wrote "Peter Ibbetson," and then "Trilby," and then "The Martian," and the riches which flowed in upon him brightened the end of his life. He was, perhaps, almost equally pleased with the new fame which came to him in such full measure, and with the thought that he had done successfully what so few men had ever achieved—turned his hand to a new art late in life, and made for himself a new place in a new world.

Yet I imagine he has a surer immortality in the pages of "Punch" than in those which he composed for himself with the more unfamiliar instrument of the pen. His art and his gift for delineating phases of social life, for putting his finger on what was novel or on what was common but became new by his handling of it, were his alone. If he had no very wide range, he had no equal, and almost no rival, in his own field. He felt himself an artist to the tips of his fingers. He found the type of a beautiful English girl in his own daughter; it is her likeness you see year after year, and admire for her classic yet modern beauty, and that lithe straightness of figure and carriage which are characteristic of the best and best-bred English girls. He added an inch or so to her height; otherwise the portrait is accurate, and it was one of the things in which Du Maurier took the greatest delight. Never was there a family in which family ties were closer, nor ever an artist to whom domestic life was more precious.

Of Mr. Hardy I shall have but a word to say. I have no real acquaintance with him. I have met him from time to time in a London house where, sooner or later, all men of distinction are to be met, and the last time was many years ago. I remember him as rather under medium height, with a bald head, and eyes in which the habit of observation and habit of reflection were alike visible. He seemed to see everything, and to make remarks on it at the same time. His manner was one of tranquillity; as if an inward content left him indifferent to what went on without, except in so far as it supplied him with the material needful for his books and for his other intellectual occupations, since no man who writes books like Mr. Hardy's can make his books the only object of his thoughts. It is life, not the book, which comes first. He

From an unfinished painting by himself

GEORGE DU MAURIER

talked softly, not, I thought, very freely, but seemed to keep his freest communings for himself.

His fifty years, now increased to past sixty, had left their mark; the buoyancy of that mid-youth which had produced "Far From the Madding Crowd" was there no longer. Equally far off was the over-maturity of mind to which we owe "Jude the Obscure," though that came only four or five years after his real masterpiece, "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," on which he was then brooding. For society, in the conventional sense, he cared, perhaps, little; he preferred Dorsetshire, with its lanes and far-spreading landscape, and loved, I fancy, his own meditations best of all, and best of all when they were in the open air. One can imagine a pair of country lungs doing their work with difficulty in the thick air of the metropolis of the world. Underneath his gentle ways there was energy enough, and the depth of the waters that run still. Not knowing that he was a writer of renown, you might pass him by with a casual look and a sentence of civility. Know him as Mr. Thomas Hardy, and you sought for the secret of his fame. If you did not find it completely, it was always open to you to seek it in his books, and find it there completely, or incompletely, as it might happen.

Not to many men has it been given to acquire a celebrity both for humor and for ill-humor; but it has fallen to Mr. W. S. Gilbert to achieve that distinction. The humor, however, is imperishable, and the slight defects of temper which have impaired his popularity will be forgotten when his better qualities are remembered. Nobody would care to dwell on them, nor even to mention them, if Mr. Gilbert himself had not blazoned them to the world; not once, only, nor twice, but again and again, all through his brilliant career and down to the present day. The law courts are almost as familiar to him as the stage, and in each arena he has a fame peculiar to himself. He has quarreled with many friends, sometimes with a mere acquaintance, on slight occasions and on matters of real moment. That he has always been in the right and the others almost always in the wrong I do not doubt. His misfortune is that the occasions in which he has come forward to prove himself in the right have been so numerous, and that sometimes a jury, whether of twelve men or of a wider public, proved so difficult to convince.

From the painting by Winifred Hope Thomas

THOMAS HARDY

But let us pass from this. Mr. Gilbert's ill-humor was, perhaps, after all only the reverse of the medal which glitters on its right side with the true and right humor for which the world owes him much, and may well forget the other. If his long partnership with Sullivan and D'Oyly Carte ended in a smash, it was not till they and the rest of the world had found a permanent profit in it. The three were born to be mated. D'Oyly Carte had great qualities as a stage manager, and unfailing courage in the conduct of a theater. Sir Arthur Sullivan had a genius in music capable of other things than the "Pinafore" or "The Mikado"; but since comic scores paid best, he devoted to them the greater part of his abilities and time. He became, in a way that Mr. Gilbert never did, a figure in the social world, with a royalty or two as a kind of permanent ornament in the foreground of his bachelor parties. Mr. Gilbert built himself a beautiful house in the somewhat remote quarter of South Kensington, to which people journeyed a little reluctantly; while to Sullivan's apartment, easy of access in Westminster, the people he wanted thronged without persuasion.

You had but to look at the two men as they came before the curtain on a first night, after one of these successes which often were genuine, but always skilfully engineered. Sullivan came gracefully, all smiles, with a certain affable decorum and easy bearing which made his short, stout figure look less short and less stout than it really was. Mr. Gilbert had to be dragged on, and arrived in the presence of an applauding multitude with the air of a man who resents an indignity. If the applause had been all hisses he could not have received it more ungraciously. I am not sure that a British audience, itself often a little cross-grained, did not like Mr. Gilbert the better for his roughness of manner. He remained a public favorite, whatever he may have been in private.

And in private, when he chose, he could be, and was, delightful. His conversation was, to say the least, individual. He did not economize; he gave you freely of what he had, rightly certain that he had enough for the purpose of social intercourse, and enough left for the stage. His wit played freely, and if the flash of lightning were sometimes followed by a growl of thunder, that is, after all, but according to the law of nature. He could be acid, even acrid; yet even in his

W. S. GILBERT

bitter moods the bitterness was of an agreeable flavor. The dangerous moments were when he threw restraint to the winds, and, all in a moment, the dining-room or other social rendezvous became a kind of prize-ring in which there were blows to take if not blows to give. Sometimes there were both. There are painful stories of his extreme austerity in directing the rehearsal of an opera; of actresses in tears, and a whole company so harassed and beaten about as to become capable of nothing but mistakes. I prefer to believe these tales to be exaggerations. Mr. Gilbert was a martinet, and had a most clear conception of what he wanted, and a firm resolve that it should be done as he wanted it, and not otherwise. We need not go beyond that. The stage owes him much. There is in England, as in America, but a lax notion of those methods which a French *régisseur* employs inflexibly, and the French dramatic author more inflexibly still. Mr. Gilbert knew his rights and asserted them, and when rights are not freely acknowledged, and a spirit of something like mutiny prevails, there may be an excuse for harshness which in better-regulated theatrical communities would be uncalled-for, because the authority would be undisputed.

I will end with two writers who are not primarily men of letters, but journalists; and first, Mr. Labouchere, a name often heard in America, often supposed to belong to a public man of real eminence and of real influence in public affairs. If it were ever so, which I doubt, it is so no longer. Mr. Labouchere is an extinct force; if his weekly paper is still read, it is for its society gossip and miscellaneous matter, not for its politics.

He is an effective journalist, but in almost all points the opposite to a literary man. He is without learning or any tinge of scholarship. His views of life have never been speculative (except upon the Stock Exchange), but always strictly practical. He is ready with his pen and with his speech, whether in public or private, and this glibness, combined with a cynical audacity, a pretty wit, and an unusual gift of hitting the mark, gave him the ear of the House, which he amused. It was when he became serious, or tried to, and ceased to amuse, that he ceased to hold the attention he had once gained. His real kindliness of nature in private turned acid in pub-

lic. He has a genius for political intrigue. He has courage, a power of seeing things as other men do not see them, a contempt for sentiment; no very evident deference to such things as principle in public affairs, nor a belief in it in others. His is the mistake so many otherwise clever men are guilty of—they do not believe that other men may have those qualities in which they are themselves deficient. This it is which vitiates those calculations which it is the business of both statesmen and politicians to make. Cynicism may be pushed to a point where it becomes not only immoral, but misleading. Intellectual gymnastics have been Mr. Labouchere's pastime since he was first heard of in public life. Politics are to him a game which he plays astutely, and, in a way, with success.

He comes as near as anybody to being the Figaro of English public life, but with animosities which the genial Barber of Seville would have known to be a mistake. He thinks Mr. Gladstone, if he had not been hindered, would have offered him a place in his last Cabinet. It is certain that Mr. Gladstone never meant to do that. He wanted no Cabinet jester. And yet there is a Mr. Labouchere so kind of heart, so generous, so honestly devoted to causes he deems good, so true a friend, so admirable in many other ways, that one can but wish he had devoted to the service of the State these better qualities and gifts, and so allowed one to praise his public career with unreserve, and with the same sympathy which he attracts from many friends and gives to many good objects.

What one may praise is his power of putting things—his lucid directness of style, his gift for interesting his reader in a subject the reader cares nothing about. That is his real claim to a place among writers. With it goes, unhappily, a dangerous recklessness in the misstatement of what he wishes you to accept as facts. He does not inspire confidence. Perhaps he does not want to. He is clever, but not clever enough to conceal the bitterness of his animosity. His unremitting guerilla war on Mr. Chamberlain is an example. It does Mr. Chamberlain no harm. I should almost say it had done him a great and lasting service. Mr. Labouchere's humor is genuine enough, but is best seen in other ways—often American. He tells a story inimitably well. He tells one of a bet that he would give Whiteley, who owns a great department store in London, and calls himself "The Universal Provider," an order he could not fill. The order was for a second-hand coffin, and the coffin was duly delivered. "I asked Whiteley," said Labouchere gravely, "how he happened to have a second-hand coffin. 'Sir,' he answered, 'it was a misfit.'"

Among English journalists who are entitled to rank as men of letters, I select Mr. Archibald Forbes, not only for his real power as a writer, but because of one or two exploits which certainly were not altogether literary. Ulundi is one; perhaps the better known of the two. Lord Chelmsford's decisive victory over Cetewayo was won in the afternoon of the 4th of July, 1879. Forbes had been in the thick of the fighting, and it was surmised that he might make an effort to get away that night with the news. To Lord Chelmsford's anxious mind that meant certain death, and he issued orders that no one should leave the camp. If he had known Forbes better, he would have known that he was only adding another peril to the enterprise Forbes was determined to attempt. He now had a fair chance of being shot by a British sentry before taking his chance of being murdered by the beaten Zulus, who swarmed over the country which lay between him and the nearest telegraph office. But that did not stop him. He made his way past the picket line, and out into what was for the moment the darkest and most dangerous district of all Africa. By night, through hordes of savages, through a pathless waste, alone, Forbes rode on, rode hard till morning, then found somehow a fresh horse, and, before a second night set in, had completed his journey of 110 miles, reached his goal, and sent his battle telegram, a day or two days in advance of all rivals.

The other exploit connects itself with the Shipka Pass in the Russo-Turkish War of 1877. General Gourko had crossed the Balkans and entered Roumelia in July. The Turks drove him back in August, when he retreated to the Shipka passes, and there Radetzky came to his aid. Suleiman Pasha flung his whole army against them, and from the 20th to the 27th of August the attack continued. During all this week Europe was without news. The fate of the Russian army and of the whole war hung doubtful. Forbes was at Tirnova, some forty miles away. Tired of waiting for despatches that ought to have reached him and did not, he set out for the Shipka Pass, to see for himself what was going on. The Russian outposts told him that nobody had got through, or could get through, since the pass was completely enveloped by Suleiman's troops, and advised him to turn back. But that was not what Forbes had come

for. He went on, slipped through the Turkish lines at night, and made his way to the Russian headquarters. He found Gourko hard pressed, but holding his own. He stayed on in the trenches till he had satisfied himself—and Forbes had a soldier's eye for a battle or a siege—that the strength of the Turkish attack had spent itself; then he set his face once more northward.

The rumor of his going had spread, and near Tirnova, where the Czar had his headquarters, Forbes was stopped and taken into the imperial presence. "They tell me," said the Czar, "that you have been to Shipka and bring news of Gourko." "Yes, your Majesty." "But I have sent within the last four days seven aides-de-camp, not one of whom has got through," and the Czar proceeded to put questions which showed him skeptical about this present performance. Forbes soon convinced him. He drew a plan of the pass, and of Gourko's defenses; described exactly the distribution of his forces, gave a minute account of the Turkish assaults and of the whole military situation as he had left it, with the assurance that, in his judgment, the pass could not be forced. The Czar detained him some hours under examination, thanked him, complimented him on his daring and skill, and let him go.

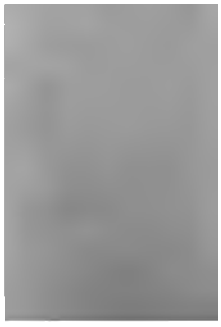
Crossing the Danube at Rustchuk, he rode on to Bukharest, the first point from which a long telegram to London could be surely despatched, nearly one hundred miles distant from Tirnova. He arrived at eight o'clock in the evening. He had been three days and nights either in the saddle or in the Shipka trenches under fire, without sleep, often without food. "I was dead tired," said Forbes, from whose lips I had this story. "Not a word of my despatch was written, and I had news for which I knew the world was waiting—news on which the fate of an empire and the fortunes of half Europe depended. And it was as much as I could do to keep my eyes open, or sit up in the chair into which I had dropped." "What did you do?" "I told the waiter," answered Forbes, "to bring me a pint of dry champagne, unopened. I took the cork out, put the neck of the bottle into my mouth, drank it with all the fizz, sat up, and wrote the four columns you read next morning in the 'Daily News.'" As a piece of literature the four columns were of a high order. As a piece of news they were one of the greatest "beats" ever known. Taken together, and with all that history of those three days, they would entitle Forbes, even had he never done anything else, to that place at the very head of his profession to which he had many other titles scarcely less valid.

A BOY'S POINT OF VIEW

BY FLORENCE WILKINSON

SOMETIMES the road to Sunday School
Drags out so hot and dreary,
But that same road to go trout-fishing,
It springs along so cheery.

I get so tired running errands
I'd almost like to drop;
But when I'm playing hare-and-hounds
I never want to stop.



BY CHARLES FLEMING EMBREE

Illustrated by Urquhart Wilcox

I

WHEN BAXTER WILHITE won the long jump on the athletic field at the State University he was thinking about Kate McLean. Just before starting on the run he had torn a dark red cap from his head and thrown it down. That was absent-mindedness, but it piqued Kate because she had bought that cap for him and embroidered a highly original swirl of fraternity colors on it. It was just like Baxter to throw it right down in the dirt at the critical moment.

So that was the end of his hopes for a drive with her before he went home to Fort Wayne and she returned to Princeton for the summer. She was a lively creature with sparkling black eyes, a nose turned up a trifle saucily, and a tender mouth. She had gone to her room in the dumps after that long jump, and he sat for two hours in the parlor of her boarding-house trying in vain to get a sight of her. Then, train-time coming, he went to Fort Wayne, sorrowful, puzzled, and absent-minded as ever. Just as he entered his father's house he remembered the cap.

He stopped and stared at a tree with his tongue in his cheek, then smote his thigh.

The elder Wilhite manufactured famous cook-stoves and ranges. Baxter, having given his mother a bear-like hug, and illuminated her day with his smile, strode into the factory office and lighted that up also.

"I tell you, Samson," his father was saying, "Buck Brothers are outdoing us in the southern part of the State. Now this lively firm in Princeton is making that another center. And there they go, sweeping us out with their old lead ranges."

Samson swore under his breath, looking over an order. It was at this moment that a thought sprang up in Baxter's revery.

"If that's all," said he, mildly. When his big voice became mild it held a charm.

"What do you know about it?" sniffed Samson.

"If you don't mind," said Baxter, nonchalantly, "I'll spend the summer winning back that trade. Princeton, you said?"

"If you can win New Albany and Princeton, you have the wedge well in," said old Wilhite, looking with pessimistic interest on Baxter. "How would you do it, now?"

"Give me the biggest spring wagon you can

find and ship us to—Princeton, you said? Send some ranges ahead, and let me have Tarsus, the negro cook. We'll bake biscuits in public."

Samson had sat down pained. "Try me!" cried Baxter.

Mr. Wilhite, pleased at the genius of his son, heard further details; then, in spite of the frigidity of Samson, and not feeling very trustful himself, he suddenly agreed.

II

"Kate! Kate McLean!" called the unapproving voice of that girl's stepmother at the foot of the staircase.

"Yes, yes," came down Kate's impatient reply.

"Are you dressing up, Miss, to go out again with those undignified girls?"

"Mother, I *wouldn't* quarrel with you all the time if you would only be good!" Kate called. She was tying a red ribbon round her neck, and her mirror cast back at her the prettiest thing she had ever seen.

"Are you going out traipsing, in spite of my wish?" asked Mrs. McLean.

"You have on your gayest hat yourself, mother," called Kate, mischievously.

"Kate McLean, where are you going?"

Kate suddenly laughed, long and hilariously. There was a silence.

"Kate McLean!" came up the icy syllables.

"Oh, the big competition in stoves has arrived at Princeton," said the girl with prim solemnity.

"In what?" inquired Mrs. McLean.

"Didn't you know about it?" the girl's voice was flowing upward. "Two range factories. Frances and Belle say," her smiling face appeared over the banisters, "that they bake biscuits and give them away."

"Kate!"

"Buttered," said Kate.

Mrs. McLean cast one withering glance up at her stepdaughter's snub nose. Then she moved majestically away.

"I have no sympathy with it!" she ejaculated.

If the truth be told, the only relish Baxter had found in that method of pushing his father's business was the relish of approaching Princeton. It was this that made him sweep everything before him in New Albany. It was this that animated him as he swung across the State in a spring wagon with the range up behind and Tarsus beside him. Yet there was an element of the lark in this unique employment, storming villages, capturing whole populations by the gentle art of the oven.

"'We'll bake biscuits in public'"

But his methods had aroused emulation in his rivals. They, too, had begun to bake biscuits. There had been exciting races for certain towns, bitter defeats, hair-breadth victories. And now at last the representatives of Wilhite and Samson, and those of Buck Brothers, had descended on Princeton, as birds of prey on a barnyard. The sample ranges had come booming in from country roads, mud flying, whips cracking.

Along the east side of the square came Kate, Frances on one arm and Belle on the other. It was a jolly afternoon with the sun shining, a season of the pleasant bustling of commonplaces. The streets were full of wagons and buggies. The grass in the courthouse yard was green.

Round Mr. Tindall's tin and stove shop at the square's southeast corner a crowd with tickled expressions of countenance craned their necks. Down on Broadway, two blocks distant, another crowd, equally tickled, jostled round the pregnant oven of Buck Brothers. Toward Tindall's came the three girls, like bright feathered creatures let out of an aviary, and little was Kate McLean dreaming what eye was about to meet hers.

"Now ladies and gentlemen," cried a clear and commanding voice at the door of Tindall's large wareroom, "walk right up and test

"'*Delighted*'"

these biscuits, please; just five minutes by the clock since my good friend Tarsus touched the match to the fire. I guarantee you the Wilhite and Samson range will bake biscuits in eighty-five seconds less than any other range in the world, and I'm ready to prove it.

"Tarsus, give the lady a little more butter there. I see by the little girl's face, madam, that she likes it. It's almost as light and dainty as you are, little girl, I'll give you my word, but not quite. Don't crowd, gentlemen."

"Oh!" Kate McLean had said, and the ejaculation was long and mysterious. Yonder on the crossing she stopped.

"Come on," cried Frances, laughing and pulling at her sleeve. "I'm not afraid. Belle, he's *beautiful*. I'm going to push right up there, girls, and get one of those biscuits."

"Oh, no!" cried Kate, crimsoning and drawing back. She could see his face over the crowd. He had never looked handsomer, never more amiably smiling, never with more of that dark red in his olive cheeks. And he seemed to be dressed for some afternoon fraternity function. Tarsus, a natty negro of the sleeping-car-porter type, was serving hot biscuits with manners that would have adorned a French court.

"Why, Kate McLean, you're bashful!" taunted Belle.

"Lead on!" cried Kate, with sudden theatrics, her pretty lips set and her nose in the air.

In this order the three, links in a bright chain, went through the crowd: Frances's red shirt waist breaking the way, with farmers and farmers' wives, townspeople and their families, titillated of palate, falling back before her; Belle, a veil flying loose from her sailor hat, clinging to Frances's hand in front and Kate's behind; and Miss McLean, dressed in a bright blue waist and blue hat slanting up to a bunch of high violets, bringing up a half reluctant rear, mischief in her black eyes.

"Ladies and gentlemen, the mechanism of this range is so simple that a little dot of a girl could manage it." Baxter was fond of little girls. "Touch the knob, so, and the patent opening descends. The draft enters here, so strong that a candle's flame is at once extinguished. Place your left hand here," he turned his face toward the crowd, "and you find that the damper—hm—the damper——"

The red in his cheeks deepened, and he halted. Not two yards away from him were the mischievous lips, the black eyes, the high violets. A gentle flood of pink, like a sunset in miniature, flowed softly over her face; she looked interested in his stove. Frances was nibbling a biscuit; Belle was gazing rapt at Baxter Wilhite and his college clothes.

"Ah—hm—I was saying something about the damper," said he.

And Kate, without warning, laughed in the midst of that semi-stillness which his pause had occasioned; a soft, irrepressible, contagious and musical laughter. He lifted his hat and came forward, smiling and confused. The three girls and Baxter were the center of an admiring throng, who looked on with sedative approval, as they had looked at the biscuits. Tarsus was tossing in another panful and the range was roaring.

"Miss McLean," said Baxter, holding out his hand, "I am flattered to amuse you."

"Not at all," said she, turning a piquant face to him and, after allowing him to stand with his hand held out till a farmer tittered, she decided to favor him with her fingers.

"It was the biscuit that pleased me; let me introduce my friends."

They were standing on the sidewalk; the crowd seemed to think it all very agreeable, and munched away.

"Why, Mr. Wilhite! She didn't tell us she knew you!" said Frances, excited.

"I think the biscuit was *grand!*" said Belle.

"Kate McLean!" came a sudden, shattering command from behind Baxter, who turned in a hurry.

There stood Kate's stepmother, that woman of a strange disposition. Her large eyes were on the girl, condemnation written in every line of her features. She was both tall and plump, with a fine figure elegantly clad.

"Kate," said she, "is this the place for a lady? Go home, shameless girl. Who is this person—some patent medicine man, I suppose?"

A spring wagon dashing up to the curb saved Baxter's dignity.

"Out with that other range, Tarsus!" cried he, red to the roots of his hair. Three men tossed a stove into the vehicle. Tarsus, having distributed his last pan of biscuits, sprang to the seat. "Ladies and gentlemen," cried Baxter, vainly endeavoring to be suave, "I'm going to Smithville to leave a deputy there and show that town the merits of this range. I'll be here all next week on this very spot, proud to show you the workings of the draft and damper, happy to give you another taste. Thank you—thank you!"

He was on the seat.

"Mother!" Kate had cried, cut to the quick. The two women were hopelessly incompatible; but this was too much; her

"Abreast and all but crashing against one another,

mother had insulted him. All her spirit came up; she tossed her head. The laughter of the crowd stung her, and, months of rebellion suddenly producing action, she swept by Mrs. McLean to the spring wagon, crimsoning and ashamed, but daring. The dignity of Wilhite's occupation had been assailed in public, and because of her. She turned her animated face up to him. Her mother was looking sternly on and the crowd became excited.

"Baxter," she said, "I promised to go driving with you. Aren't you going to take me?"

He was startled, also amused.

"Whenever you say," said he.

"Now," she replied, mischief coming back into her eyes, her lips still firm. "Give me your hand—I'll come up, if you please!"

"But—this rig?" he stammered, feeling Mrs. McLean's unsympathetic eye consuming him as she stood apparently horrified.

"What?" said Kate, with fine hauteur, "you promised—and you refuse?" The trembling violets were on a level with his hand as he held the whip.

She had him caught there; the crowd began to smile, with one wide circling display of teeth.

"Delighted!" said he, gallantly, and leaping to the ground, handed her up in a jiffy.

Tarsus, as proud as any liveried footman, made for her a cushion of Baxter's raincoat, and sat down on the stove behind. Kate, gazing straight ahead, waited. Wilhite climbed up, put on his gloves, bowed and smiled at the crowd with a dare-devil look in his eye, gave the horses a touch, and they dashed away.

Mrs. McLean stood dumfounded; Frances and Belle were sick with envy; and yonder down along the east side of the square rode Kate, her beautiful hat quite a marked thing, the range rattling behind with Tarsus sitting

they flew forward into the single stretch that meets the bridge"

on it; she thus vindicating the aspersed occupation of Baxter. And for some reason the crowd at the tinshop cheered.

III

They had passed the cemetery before either spoke. The air was bracing and Gibson County's rolling hills never looked greener. Some heavy clouds only occasionally obscured the sun. She sat straight and full of faith, while the rattle of the stove made a not unrhythmical accompaniment to the music of the horses' hoofs, and Tarsus, on his unusual seat, involuntarily twirled out little wreaths of whistled notes.

"But—how far may I take you?" asked Baxter, less puzzled than pleased.

"To Smithville, of course," said she, with a faded smile on her mouth. Somehow that commonplace name had an opiate sound, as though she had murmured, "Forever."

"I stay till Monday," he said at length, vaguely, a pleasant worry making his olive cheeks glow.

"And I," answered she, "return to-day on the five-thirty train. I shall arrive at home before six."

His sigh was long and delicious. Even driving slowly he should reach Smithville before half-past five.

"Mr. Wilhite," she said, soft color flowing over her face, "I want to apologize for mother."

"It was nothing—not a thing!" he vowed with dismissing vehemence.

"It was," she replied; "but you get a wrong impression of her. Frankly, we are incompatible—just born so. And I don't like to quarrel and fuss; it isn't nice, even when you get used to it. But do you know," she turned her black eyes on him, "we just do it all the time."

He mused on this. "Too bad," he said. To be let into her life, even in this way, was full of a rare excitation.

"Yes," she said, looking at the distant woods. "All the time. And she is good to me; she would work her fingers' ends off to make me something pretty. She comes in the night to see if I am warm. You are going to say that you forgive her."

"I do," he declared, "from the bottom of my heart. And now; I'm glad you deferred the drive till to-day—but why was it?"

She tossed up her head. "You threw the cap in the dirt," she said.

After that he took it out of his pocket, a red thing, still dirty, and, giving his hat to Tarsus, put it on. A friend in Bloomington had found it for him.

"It's going to rain," said she.

The thunder then burst with a terrific crash. He looked up; all the sky was covered and there were flashes in the east. It had come unawares.

"You'd better hurry," she said, a dulcet regret in her words.

He flicked the horses; the stove cried out, and Tarsus, bouncing on it, twirled his notes out shrill and fantastic. It grew strangely dark, and a high wind began to bend the trees and ravish her violets. The clouds came swooping down; and yonder, two miles across the panorama of the rolling fields, was the misty curtain of the rain rushing on.

"You'll never make it, Mr. Baxter," cried Tarsus.

Baxter pulled his cap down, shut his jaws, and his eyes glittered. Thus he looked when he won the long jump, thought she. He gave the horses a cut and the vehicle flew.

"You'd better hold to me," he cried.

She caught his arm and clung. They came to the summit of a steep hill, to the bottom of which another road, also from Princeton, ran westward and joined this. With skill he sent his horses down. There was no farmhouse visible; the sky's shade grew inkier, the wooded landscape was veiling itself in darkness. A quarter of a mile away the Patoka River, spanned by Severn's bridge, awaited them round a curve. Down they careened, he daring to the utmost, for the curtain of the rain was yonder rushing on.

"Look down that other road, Mr. Baxter!" suddenly cried Tarsus. "There's Buck Brothers' old lead range a-skimmin' over the ground to beat the devil, sir!"

"It is!" cried Kate, battle and joy welling up in her. "Oh, *do* let's beat him!"

Baxter's eyes glowed. Yonder, its horses galloping toward the conjunction of the two roads, came the rival spring-wagon; the rival representative, hair flying, whip circling; the rival range up behind shrieking with iron voice. Baxter's descent on Smithville was to be forestalled. Here was a race for the trade in stoves!

Down the last of the descent swept Wilhite, more daring yet, and in Kate's face leaped the blood. She grasped his arm and laughed with a wild ripple of fun and defiance. She was a child again. From the junction the two vehicles must pursue the same road to the covered bridge. The rival was standing up, lashing his beasts, determined to swing first into that common course; and just behind him

came the rain, while thunder burst like cannon on his head.

Baxter shot his horses into the lower level course. Directly at him plunged his rival's beasts; abreast and all but crashing against one another, they flew forward into the single stretch that meets the bridge. This was an even race to victory or defeat, and even Kate's high violets seemed to meet the wind with stiffer courage. While the representative of Buck Brothers stood and yelled at his horses, lashing them on like a Roman charioteer, Baxter crouched low, and the daredevil look on his bloodless olive face seemed to transmit some conquering electricity over the taut lines to his steeds.

Round the curve they dashed abreast. With both hands she clung to him. But the bridge! Yonder its hooded end gaped, its black tunnel was waiting. But it was narrow; two spring wagons so furious as these could not hope to plunge in there together. Single file or ruin —the bridge compelled the crisis. They lunged toward it—still abreast. Now, at last, within twenty feet of its opening, discretion for the girl conquered Baxter's eagerness to win. It could not be; he drew his horses back three yards from the bridge. They reared, and in that instant the hind wheel of the passing rival banged into the forewheel of Wilhite and Samson, crushed that circle of spokes, tore on through it savagely, hurled Baxter's vehicle aside, and was gone, thundering through the wooden tunnel. Tarsus was out, seizing the horses' heads. The spring wagon had been thrown into the gutter, but remained upright. Baxter sprang to the ground with the girl, and the horses were at length quieted. Then the rain, like lakes emptied, rolled down.

She scudded into the covered bridge, for the first time thinking of her hat.

"It's fine in here!" she called, laughing. "I'm ever so comfortable. Don't mind me!"

So Baxter and the negro brought the quivering horses in, and dragged the broken vehicle and its freight in after. The spring wagon was lopping down in front, wherefore they slid the range out and it sat in a home-like way on the floor of the bridge, so that Kate fell beside it and laughed till the tears ran down her cheeks.

"I'll take off my hat and stay a while, if you don't mind," said she at length, getting up. And she hung the blue thing on a nail.

"Well," said Baxter, staring at the descending torrents outside and the hopeless damage of the vehicle within, "it's evident that we'll have to make ourselves at home."

The bridge was about one hundred feet long,

"'*Kate, . . you've forgiven me about the cap?*'"

completely roofed and walled in, sufficiently dry and snug. It was pretty dark in there, and they could reckon on having it to themselves while the storm lasted. They went to the middle of it where the little river could not be heard rushing below for the rush of the rain above. At the far end the horses were stabled, Tarsus singing a matter-of-fact song.

"Sit down, Missy," said he, and put the seat of the spring wagon on the floor.

It was now pitch dark. In a big wooden box in the spring wagon Tarsus had a lantern which he used when he went to see his horses in the night at out of the way places. This he lighted.

Its rays fell on Kate, sitting hatless, two playful wisps of damp hair on her forehead, her hands clasped round her knees, her smile fresh and inspiriting.

"Well, Mr. Baxter," she said, while he leaned on the stove, "we couldn't go on even if it stopped raining. We do not know the roads in the night, and there are three turns close together. Also, it would all be horrible rivers of mud."

"It gives no sign of stopping, anyhow," said he.

"Well," she replied brightly, getting up, "now we'll have supper."

"Supper!" cried he.

"Of course; haven't we brought the stove? I'm going to make biscuits."

"Tarsus," called Baxter, pleased, "what all have you there in that box?"

"All the biscuit stuff, sir."

Baxter thrust his tongue in his cheek. "But fuel," cried he.

"There are the spokes," she suggested, taking up a broken piece and looking at the splinters. "Ladies and gentlemen—" she turned on him with a captivating smile and made sinuous movements with her graceful hands—"I'll guarantee you that this range will burn fifty per cent. less fuel than any other range in the world! You have to prove that, young man."

The idea charmed him. While the thunder rolled they all went to work. There was a length of stovepipe which fitted on the range, designed for out-door advertising occasions at county fairs. Tarsus had this up, and the stove assumed a haughty and ready-for-business air.

"It looks alive!" cried she. "We have a house to ourselves!"

They blushed and began on the biscuits. She would make them herself to Tarsus's infinite restlessness. He caught water at the end of the bridge. She pushed her sleeves high, daintily tucked up her overskirt, gave Baxter her rings to hold, and laughed at him till he was completely transformed with enchantment. Never had he spent an evening so full of sweet sorcery.

Tarsus had the wood in and the fire going. The range rebelled at first, and puffed and coughed; then struck off with a vim and roared tremendously, sparks flying out of the pipe.

"It sounds as though it were laughing," she suggested. "Here, Tarsus, be ready to put this panful in."

Baxter stood and looked on and she threw an occasional smile up to him. Her fingers

"'I tell you she has eloped'"

looked as white as the flour in the flickering lantern light. She rolled, and cut out, and tucked the round pieces in the pan with deftness. He saw the wisp of damp hair go curling on her cheek.

"My stepmother taught me this," she said. "Now, Mr. Tarsus, toss them in!"

A little later out they came as delicate and brown and crisp as the most fastidious epicure could wish. She was joyful and skipped. Down they sat on the seat side by side while the storm beat, and the negro with the French court manners buttered the biscuits and served them.

Nine o'clock. Ten o'clock. The storm still raged. She grew dreamy and sat with her

head on her hand staring at the light. Tarsus, having yawned, at length went off near the end of the bridge, lay down, and snored by the horses. Baxter broke up the box and put it in the stove, and while it blazed up they two drew the seat near, for the air was chill. There they sat in a little hollow globe of hazy light, the tunnel's shadows black on either hand. The flame showed her up-turned pretty nose, the lips now apart, the white cheeks, the big eyes.

"Kate," he said, "you've forgiven me about the cap?"

"I think I'll have to," she answered.

"I've been sorry all summer," said he.

She turned her eyes down.

"You—you didn't write," she faltered.

"I was stubborn," he said, in self reproach.

She waited a second. "Like me," she replied; her voice was wistful.

"Kate!—you are a sorceress. Turn this way. Kate, I love you!"

He had her hand. Slowly she turned, and the pretty nose was up, the eyes were half closed.

"You love me, Kate?"

"Yes," she whispered. So he took her in his arms.

"You'll marry me, Kate?"

She looked up and smiled; he kissed her lips.

"Yes," she said, hardly audibly; "and already we've learned to keep house, haven't we, Baxter?"

IV

"I tell you she has eloped," said Mrs. McLean, firmly, to Mr. McLean the next morning. "I insist. I knew that man was not the proper kind. You've tramped the town and walked the floor all night. Oh, mercy, John, I've done my duty for fifteen years in vain!" Her voice was broken a little, but still stern. "This is the day for that memorial service, and I'm going to church as though never a thing had happened, and if you had spirit you'd come along with me."

He was a retired manufacturer of tiles, with a goatee, and a limp in his gait. He looked dejected.

"I'll walk down with you," he said, "as far as the telegraph office."

They stalked along the street, and the family skeleton might as well have paraded in front, so miserable did they look. They met the preacher, who walked with them, trying in vain to soothe. At length McLean went off in a side street, and his wife, with the minister, proceeded to the court-house square.

The storm had passed; the sun was shining brightly. A crushed feeling was in Mrs. McLean and sometimes tears blinded her.

A muddy spring wagon rattled round a corner. Mrs. McLean stopped. With a crack of the whip Baxter drew up, his face alight but deferential. There sat Kate on the seat, as calm as ever, her high hat ascending with its customary patrician slant to the bunch of violets. Behind her was the range, and Tarsus, like a footman, sitting thereon. The victorious rival had sent this vehicle at the abating of the storm.

"Kate!" said Mrs. McLean. "Are you married?"

"Not yet," said Kate, with a ripple of laughter.

"Kate McLean, you will be married this minute—this minute, I say!"

Baxter leaped down; some people were gathering round.

"Mrs. McLean," began he politely, "we wish to be married, but——"

"But!" was Mrs. McLean's outraged interruption. "Mr.—whatever your name may be—did you suppose she could return to my house without being married, sir?"

"She is right," broke in her daughter firmly. The minister appeared shrunken against a fence. Baxter threw an appealing look at Kate, who, daring again, added with a smile, while her eyes flashed: "Baxter, I see the minister; we shall be married here, this very hour."

"O no," protested the minister, appalled. "Come to my house!"

No hint of her secret longing to have them at her own house came to the face of the violent Mrs. McLean. So Baxter went into the court-house in search of the county clerk, and, coming back after a time, found the minister striving to move Kate. Not she. She would be married then and there.

She leaped down into Baxter's arms, and they stood up before the astonished crowd, which was augmenting. Under the very eyes of Mrs. McLean (the guilty range, with Tarsus sitting thereon, for a background) they were married.

"Jump up, sweetheart," said he, and she did so.

"Mother," she called, and there were tears in her eyes, "aren't you going to say anything to me?"

Mrs. McLean stood pale. Then Baxter climbed to the seat, took the reins, and drove a few yards.

"Kate!" came the familiar order behind.

The vehicle was stopped. Here came Mrs. McLean, agitated.

"I'll go with you!" she said.

"Where, mother?" asked Kate.

"Home!" cried Mrs. McLean.

"But—you wouldn't ride up here?"

"Tell your man to get me home, Kate McLean, I don't care how!" cried she, and of a sudden wept.

Baxter leaped down and helped her up. There was room for the three of them on the seat. Away they rattled, range and Tarsus up behind. That crowd, for some reason, did not cheer. At the gate of Kate's home out limped Mr. McLean.

"Father!" she cried, "I'm married!"

McLean gazed with pain on Baxter, then held out his hand. A slow, shrewd smile of relief began to play on his face.

"You've swept the matter pretty clean," said he. "There's nothing left for me to do but buy you the stove!"

DR. LORENZ, STRAIGHTENER OF CHILDREN

The Great Austrian Surgeon with the Soft Strong Hand

BY JOHN SWAIN

IMAGINE the street in front of a big hospital filled with a crowd of earnest, eager men and women, carrying in their arms helpless and deformed children. Imagine yourself one of them, and that for three, four, even half a score years you have watched a son or daughter growing from infancy into childhood, unable to walk or run and play, unable to go about with other children and to enjoy life as they do; able only to sit patiently on the floor or lie endlessly in bed, and suffer physically and mentally, without hope of relief. Imagine that in all those years you had believed that for this your child the future held nothing but sorrow and darkness. And then imagine that you had suddenly learned that within this hospital was a stranger come from over the sea with a wonderful healing power for just such cases, and that under the deft touch of his strong hands your little one could quickly be made whole and well.

When you have imagined all that, you will have a faint idea of the feeling that moved the great throng, which on a day in October last besieged the Cook County Hospital in Chicago, imploring an interview with Dr. Adolf Lorenz, of Vienna, who was then operating in the clinical ampitheater; who was straightening and restoring to health and grace and normal functions the crippled children who were being brought to him—and doing it free of charge. A faint idea you may have, but a true conception never. For one who has not so lived with a helpless child of his own that grows daily more deformed and more pitiable, and has not for years felt his heart daily wrenched with sorrow at his own inability to relieve the suffering, can feel no more than a shadow of the emotion with which these men and women crowded in to touch the hand and even kiss the coat hem of the surgeon. It was an emotion that words could not have expressed, yet which was instantly interpreted and found ready response in the heart of the typical old Teuton professor as he came out of the hospital and stood before them saying, as One in Judæa, "Suffer little children to come unto me."

That was a moment which might well have been the culminating triumph of any man's life, thus to have his helpless fellow beings appealing to him for the relief which he alone had found it possible to give. And yet it was not with triumph, but with sorrow and infinite sympathy, that in the instant before he began his ministrations the world-famous surgeon, himself familiar through a life of struggle with the hardships of a laborer's task, paused, and looking out over the throng said, "Poor people! I did not know there were so many cripples in the world."

America has seen many healers of the hysterical order, of Dowies and Schlatters, giving little and taking much; it has witnessed annual pilgrimages to the shrines of St. Anne, in which thousands have participated; but not in the memory of the present generation, at least, has it witnessed such a flocking together of the multitude to receive the aid of a practical surgeon, who came asking nothing, but giving much, freely laying hands on them and making them whole. And if that would imply that Dr. Lorenz gained

from his recent tour of America honor and affection, it must be added that though the great majority whom he treated gave him no more than that, yet from those who were able and willing to pay he collected such fees as heretofore we have been accustomed to hear of only in connection with grand opera stars and Bohemian violinists. Fifty thousand dollars would be a mild estimate of the profits of the specialist's six weeks' trip to this country. Double would probably be nearer the amount. Yet so completely did his humanitarian work among the poor overshadow his few highly paid cases among the rich, that the latter are almost entirely lost sight of in contemplation of the whole.

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Lolita Armour, a favorite grandchild of Philip D. Armour, had been in the five years since her birth unable to walk. She was suffering, technically, from bilateral congenital dislocation of the hips. She was a bright and happy child, and very popular, but apparently hopelessly crippled. Every year increased her helplessness, and her parents cast about for some means to relieve her. They finally put her under the care of a Chicago surgeon famous for his work in orthopedics, and by him she was taken east for examination by other orthopedists. There was apparently but one thing to do—to operate by what is known as the "Lorenz method" of reducing the dislocation—an operation which has made famous its discoverer. The surgeon performed the operation, and put both hips in plaster casts. After a time the casts were removed, and it was found that one hip was entirely cured. The other had slipped out of joint again and required a second operation.

It was at this point that Lolita's father, J. Ogden Armour, went to Vienna for the originator of the operation. This was Adolf Lorenz, professor of surgery in the University of Vienna, and head of the department of orthopedics in the General Hospital of the Austrian capital. Dr. Lorenz was willing to take the case, but desired the little girl to be brought to him. But Mr. Armour, acting as American millionaires are supposed to act abroad, offered a price sufficient to "buy" Dr. Lorenz for six weeks—or, what was the same thing, it was sufficient to compensate him, not only for his trip across the Atlantic and for the operation, but for his loss of time and labor abroad, and that of his assistant, Dr. Frederick Mueller, as well.

Of Dr. Lorenz before he came to attend Lolita Armour, Chicago had heard nothing; but the surgical fraternity had, for his progress in the past few years has been almost identically that of orthopedy itself. Austria knew him long ago, for he grew up there a shining example of the truth that it is not in the new world alone that the poor boy can make his way to the top. Lorenz was a poor boy, a very poor one. He was born on a farm, of peasant stock, and during all his boyhood and young manhood toiled as only farmers toil who have never had the advantage of American farming machinery. Plowing, sowing, reaping, working before sunrise and after sunset, he built the massive frame and the enormous muscles which make him now able to perform operations unaided for which others require apparatus and assistance.

Not until he had secured in his farm neighborhood his early education and was ready to enter the university of Vienna as a medical student did he go to the capital. He landed there a green boy, with little to go on but determination. But he had lots of that, and went ahead. There were no better surgeons in Europe then than the men he studied under, and they had no readier pupil than he. Yet all through the university he was still the farm boy. He was still one of the people. And when, after graduation, he became the assistant of his old master and later his successor, and began to become known as the greatest of them all, he still found time to give his best services to those from whom he would take nothing, and to take from the rich whatever he thought was due.

Lorenz had chosen that department in surgery which gave the most play to his love of humanity—orthopedics. He became literally all that the word implies, "a straightener of children," and gloried in his success. All his efforts were spent in endeavors to make his work more successful and to reduce painful consequences. Whenever he made a step in advance, he quickly published it and urged it upon others, for the benefit of the little ones. He straightened curved backs, re-formed club feet, corrected bowed legs and knocking knees, set wry necks upright, and in other ways remedied and improved the cripples who were brought to him. Perhaps most of all he gave his attention to the troubles of the hip joint, and especially to congenital dislocation. When he began to practise, a child who was born with the head of the femur outside of the acetabulum, or hip socket, was doomed to remain a cripple through life. There was no way of remedying the defect. Paolo Poggi was working with it in Italy. Lorenz went at it in Vienna. Almost simultaneously they developed a mode of operation—possibly Poggi

having something of advantage in it—in which, by cutting down into the hip, laying open the defective joint, scooping out a false socket and placing the head of the femur in it, and then binding it in place until it had healed there, something of an improvement in the joint could be made. There were many dangers in it. Blood poisoning might follow. Suppuration often did. The child might not be able to rally from the shock. Or, more commonly than these, the joint became stiff, so that the patient would always be lame. But generally the child could walk after a fashion.

Five hundred times Lorenz operated by that method, always trying to improve it. He wanted to do it without the knife, for it is always his aim to do away with the use of the knife as far as he possibly can. He found that in every child under thirteen years on whom he operated there was always to be found some remaining socket, however defective. He thought that if the femur could be placed in this and held there a joint could be formed without cutting. He went to work on that hypothesis, and at last evolved the present "bloodless" method. Some idea of the importance of this step may be gained from the fact that Lorenz alone has operated by it, he says, 1,000 times in Vienna. He gave it to the world, and went to Paris to exhibit it at clinics, from which it spread quickly to America, and it has been used many times here.

This, then, was the operation which was to be performed on the little Armour girl. It consists of kneading and tearing the muscles of the hip and thigh until they are virtually stripped from the bone. The thigh is then given a powerful downward wrench in the axis of the body, and the head thrust into the socket. Then the leg is twisted out to an angle in which it cannot escape the socket, and there it is bound in plaster bandages. For six months the child must walk with these on, every step driving the thigh bone deeper into the acetabulum and helping to round out the joint. By that time the muscles have grown into their new positions, the ligaments are strong, and the patient should be well. The stages of the work are first the tearing loose of the muscles, and second the fastening of the leg in a certain position. The operation can be performed by many surgeons; but Lorenz, by virtue of those great farmer muscles and hands, is able to do it more quickly, more skilfully, more speedily than any one else.

Every surgeon knows that the fear of the knife, felt to some extent by every one, is greater among the poor than among the well-to-do. Persons ignorant of the methods of modern surgery had often rather suffer slow torture and death from deformity or wasting disease than submit to a cutting operation. For this reason they keep away as much as possible from the free wards of the County Hospital, where they believe the doctors are constantly seeking opportunities for cutting them open. Here and there through Chicago, and all through the country, were homes sheltering children suffering as Lolita Armour was, and their parents, not knowing that they could be cured without cutting, probably not knowing that it could be done without expense, hid them, grieved over them, and believed them hopelessly deformed.

So when an enterprising city editor picked out the news of the coming of Lorenz and featured it as the "story of the day," with an account of what the surgeon could accomplish, he conveyed wonderfully welcome news to many homes. When the papers, on the day after the Armour operation, reported that on the following day the famous foreigner would conduct a clinic at a local hospital and operate free of charge on a poor little girl afflicted just as the millionaire's daughter had been, to show Chicago surgeons how he worked, there was a rush to find him. His apartments in the Auditorium hotel were besieged from daylight to dark by fathers and mothers carrying their cripples. The hospital at which he appeared was surrounded. His appearance on the street was the signal for the gathering of a crowd. The newspapers made his features—or rather his beard and his enormous figure—familiar to the public, and he found no place in Chicago where he could escape the crowd.

The amazement of the Chicago surgeons at the number of cripples suffering from hip dislocation within their city was immense, but it did not equal that of Lorenz.

"Where do they come from?" he exclaimed on beholding the throng that met him at his first clinic. "I did not know that any city in the world had so many."

Later the puzzle was in some way explained when it was found that a farmer near Delavan, Wisconsin, had mortgaged his farm and with the money brought his crippled child to Chicago to Lorenz; that a resident of Nebraska had come 600 miles, bringing his little girl; that from Memphis a gentleman had brought his only son; that from all the Mississippi Valley they were flocking to Chicago. And Lorenz, when he saw how they came, seemed to feel that his knowledge had been

given him in trust for them. He held clinic after clinic at the County Hospital, at Wesley, at Mercy, and at other institutions, working endless hours over them.

Typical of these occasions was his appearance at Mercy Hospital at the regular clinic of Dr. J. B. Murphy. The big amphitheater was crowded with medical students and doctors, and with others who had been able to obtain admission. Some of the best known surgeons of the country were gathered on the front benches, watching with absorbing interest the work of the master. One by one the tiny children—some only two or three years old—were brought in and held up in the arms of the surgeon, while he examined the joint and showed to the audience what the defect was. Tenderly he handled the little ones. He quieted their fears, and sent them back to be given the anæsthetic. Then, as they were brought back to him and placed on the operating table, he would lay his enormous hands on the affected thigh, and, with a running explanation, interspersed with unexpected humor, and a comparison of the case in hand with others, he would knead and pull and twist, till it seemed as if the little one must be dismembered. There was no suffering, for the anæsthetic prevented that. And the work was done so skillfully and so swiftly that the enormous strength was often lost sight of. But when, with a final tug, he pulled the thigh down, having literally rubbed the bone free, and then, turning it out at a sharp angle, held it in position for the administering of the plaster cast, there was always a round of clapping, even of cheers, that showed the admiration of the doctors for his work. This pleased Lorenz. He would laugh like a boy and pat the child again tenderly. He was proud of his work, and he was proud to have it recognized, and he often looked up to tell the crowd so.

All the cases he operated on were not of hip dislocation. There was a seven-year-old boy with a wry neck brought in, and on him similar methods were used. While he lay unconscious Dr. Lorenz, bracing the little head against his own hip, drew up the shoulders till it seemed the neck would collapse. Then he pulled the head out as if he would wring it off. He twisted, pulled, tugged, and at last, by a subcutaneous tenotomy, cut a single cord which remained obstinate, and, straightening the head, held the boy up to be seen. "You see, the neck is somewhat improved," he said, laughing happily. Then he bent it over in the opposite direction and held it there while bandages were applied, that it might overcome the tendency to go back to its deformity.

A girl of sixteen, with a club foot which all her life had lamed her and rendered her an object of pity, was brought in. It was a sadly deformed foot, which had turned a life that should have been bright and happy into one of bitterness. Lorenz examined it a moment, and then with his powerful hands began tearing the ligaments apart, stretching, crunching, compressing, and then remolding. Wonderfully quickly it was done, and in a few minutes he stood aside and the spectators beheld instead of the deformity a foot as graceful and well-shaped as its mate. A moment later it was hid from sight in plaster bandages. In another case he set a defective knee without removing the patella, as is commonly done, and so prevented all danger of stiffness. And when all was done he went to an anteroom where he could meet those waiting to see him.

If in the clinic he had been bringing joy to many hearts, in the receiving-room it was his fate to give grief to as many more. They came with hip disease, with paralysis, with countless other troubles which either fell outside his scope or were too difficult to be treated in so short a stay. But to many he promised aid, telling them to come to his clinic next day, and giving their names to his assistant. They came with money that represented chattel mortgages on their furniture; laborers brought all their wages, and money they had borrowed; but the vast majority came penniless; and to all the reception was the same, for the healing art as understood by Lorenz makes no distinction on account of money.

There were many touching scenes in this little antechamber. Crowds of pale-faced women and frightened children waited their turn; weeping mothers went home heartbroken, and others became fairly hysterical with joy. A worn little woman, thin, haggard, ragged, carried in her arms a crippled girl of three years. She found herself in the front rank, and timidly handed up the little girl to be examined. Hope lighted her face; anxiety and love were mingled with it. She watched the surgeon's countenance as he deftly felt the child's hip and knee. She read the unfavorable answer before he spoke it. The child was hopelessly paralyzed, and he could do nothing for her. The mother sank sobbing to the cement floor, but the surgeon bowed and, taking her hand, raised her up. Tears were in his own eyes at her grief. It was not like that of those who were stronger and had other children. To the little woman this child was all in

the world. And Dr. Lorenz, bending, kissed her hand as he restored the child, saying in German, which was her tongue, "Madam, I cannot help your child. But God may heal her in His own time."

On another day a policeman in uniform, a man with a record for bravery in service, found himself one of the disappointed ones when the surgeon, wearied by hours of operating and examining, was forced to stop work for the day. At such a time the mask which convention puts upon the feelings is cast aside, and the natural father- and mother-love stand gloriously naked and unashamed. The policeman was crying and making no effort not to. He held the child aloft when Dr. Lorenz came out, and caught the surgeon's attention. The latter could not resist the appeal to make a quick examination as he passed.

"Come to me to-morrow morning, and I will treat her," he said in a low tone. "Give your name to my assistant." And as he went away the policeman's joy was as tearful as his sorrow had been.

Of course the Chicago papers made much of the presence in their city of this distinguished foreigner who went about working miracles of good. And Dr. Lorenz, reading the extravagant things they said about him, laughed his hearty, boyish laugh, and was immensely pleased. For he is a very human man, and is proud of the success he has attained. That was to be known from the way he described himself.

"Who are you in your own country, Dr. Lorenz?" an interviewer asked him.

He settled his long, muscular form deeper into an easy chair, and held up a big hand on the fingers of which to reckon his honors. "Well," he said, in rich German dialect, "I am, let me see—what you would call in English—Councillor of State. That is an honorary title—what you have not in America." This he reckoned on his thumb as an especial distinction. Fingers would do for the rest. "Then, I am Herr Doctor Professor Adolf Lorenz, professor of surgery in the University of Vienna." The ponderous title was rolled out with happy enthusiasm. "Then, also, I am Doctor Lorenz, head of the department of orthopedics in the—the—what you would call the Common—no, the General—Hospital in Vienna." He paused again and ran hastily over the fingers, frowned, smiled, and added, "And then I am also Doctor Adolf Lorenz, the great orthopedic surgeon." And he made that cover both remaining digits.

Two weeks Dr. Lorenz remained in Chicago, and then went on west, stopping in Denver, in Salt Lake, and in San Francisco, and in each case remaining long enough to repeat in smaller measure his Chicago adventures. He operated free of charge in scores of cases; in Chicago alone giving more than forty children what they had never hoped to have—the ability to walk. And he collected fabulous sums of money from his few paying cases. Aside from the Armour fee he was paid $2,000 for an operation on the daughter of a wealthy North Side family. From another he had $500. From others, who were willing to pay to have the work done at home and in private, rather than in clinic, similar sums. And every day, when he was not entirely busy in hospitals, he received these people at his rooms, charging them twenty-five dollars a visit, and collecting in this way more than $1,000 in the two weeks. And there was a curious feature about this that was never made public during his stay, doubtless to the loss of a good newspaper "story." For he brought with him from Vienna enough money for all his expenses, added to it his fees in Chicago and elsewhere in currency, and, scorning letters of credit or checks, carried this whole amount around with him in his pockets. Holdups are of daily—almost hourly—occurrence in Chicago, and the imagination delights to picture the scene that would have followed had some enterprising thug known of the enormous wad the surgeon carried in his pocket. Lorenz is not a timid man, and one can fancy the way in which he would have unset the various joints and kneaded the muscles of the surprised bandit.

On his arrival he insisted on calling on the surgeon who had already operated on Lolita Armour, as a spectator and friend. And having found in the local surgeon—himself famous all over America—a man after his own heart, he settled down in his office, making that his headquarters, and assigning to the local specialist the task of classifying his patients for him.

The Chicagoan, too amused at this turn of affairs to protest at it, did as he was directed, and suddenly found his own office calls rising from about eight per day to fifty or sixty. For Dr. Lorenz, in all his examinations, was saying to the complicated cases which he could not treat in his brief stay, "Go to Dr. ——, and have him take the case."

Of course, when the newspapers took Lorenz up, there were others ready to run him down. There were surgeons who said, in disgruntled manner, "I have been performing that operation for years myself." And there were others to defend him, who, while admitting this, asserted that they had never been able

Photograph by M. H. Clevenger, Chicago

DR. ADOLF LORENZ

operating for congenital dislocation of the hip, forcing the femur into the acetabulum, or socket. This gives an idea of the wonderful strength of his hands and forearms

to do it as well as Lorenz. But these quarrels affected the Austrian not a bit. When asked about his coming he laughed.

"It was so foolish," he said once. "They begged me to come, and paid me for it, when their own doctor could have done as well. But I am very, very glad I came, for the poor people seemed not to know they could be cured, and I have taught them that, at least." And that is very true. But Dr. Lorenz had to teach it to the rich as well as the poor; it was a rich man whose offer in St. Louis of $100,000 or more to treat his child, the surgeon refused, with a recommendation to try American surgeons.

Orthopedy is as old as the healing art. In the earliest civilized times men and women and children were placed in rude frames to correct deformities. But never has its power to relieve suffering been brought home to the people as it was by this child-loving, farmer-boy surgeon. Spartan fathers and mothers, history says, cast away their defective offspring at birth. Their conduct has been held up as a model of fortitude that has given the adjective "Spartan" much of its meaning. But the courage that throws away a maimed child is infinitely less than that which preserves it, cares for it, faces it cheerfully day after day, yields to its whims, shields its helplessness, and seeks with all the strength of mother love for some rift in the gloom of the future through which to espy happiness for the little one. That is the courage which deserves reward. And it asks and can have no greater one than it has received from the hands of this wonderful straightener of children.

THE BREATH OF LIFE

BY EDITH WYATT

THE gift of life was given me,
More wonderful than earth or sea,
Than cloud or star of changing skies
Where night and day resplendent rise—
The gift of life.

A thousand colors flash and glow,
A thousand odors waft and blow;
Or harsh or soft or crystal clear,
A thousand notes sound far and near—
The gift of life.

To work, to sleep, to work again,
Rejoice and laugh and suffer pain
Is mine: to know in bliss or ruth
The splendor of the real truth—
The gift of life.

Although that time at last must come
When all sweeps past me blank and dumb
And I untouched as shard or stone;
Perhaps forever—yet I've known
The gift of life.

THE RIGHT TO WORK

The Story of the Non-striking Miners

BY RAY STANNARD BAKER

PUBLIC opinion seems to be coming around to the view that the trades' union is here to stay. From many unexpected quarters we hear every now and then a more generous acknowledgment that the organization of labor is not only as inevitable as the combination of capital, but a good thing in itself. At the same time, and from the same fair minds, you hear expressions of passionate indignation at the abuse of power by unions. This means that public opinion is beginning to distinguish between unionism and the sins of unionists, as it is between organized capital and the sins of capitalists.

Clear-headed labor leaders say that violence hurts the union cause, and they denounce it in general. In general, too, violence of the old brick-throwing sort has decreased. It has not disappeared, however, but has taken on a subtler, more deliberate, more terrible form, in many cases, nowadays. Consequently, conditions arise which make liberty and the pursuit of happiness, not to speak of life itself, well nigh impossible to certain of the strikers' fellow men and citizens. The public at large, and often the leaders of unions, do not realize these conditions. But it is manifestly the duty of both to understand them clearly.

We believe that the presentation of the facts—the conditions under which the seventeen thousand non-striking miners worked—will be helpful to the public, which is the final arbiter, and beneficial to those also who have in charge the administration of labor unions. Mr. Baker was, therefore, asked to make an impartial investigation and report, and the following article is the result.—THE EDITOR.

"While the right to enter upon a strike is and must be conceded as a right belonging to the personal freedom of working men, this much must ever be demanded, and in the name of the same principal of freedom under which the men act who refuse to work; that they should cease to work must in no way interfere with the liberty of others who may wish to work. The personal freedom of the individual citizen is the most sacred and precious inheritance of America. The constitution and the laws authorize it. The spirit of the country proclaims it, the prosperity of the people, the very life of the nation, require it."—ARCHBISHOP IRELAND.

DURING the closing weeks of the great coal strike, seventeen thousand men were at work in and around the anthracite coal mines. More than seven thousand of these were old employees of the companies, long resident in the communities where they worked, with knowledge of the conditions of life there existing. Of the remaining ten thousand, part was made up of workers recruited from one section of the coal fields into another, men who dared not work in their home villages, but ventured employment at collieries where they were not personally known; and part consisted of men having no special knowledge of mining, recruited from neighboring farms or more distant cities.

It seems profoundly important that the public should know exactly who these seventeen thousand American workers really were, how they fared, and why they continued to work in spite of so much abuse and even real danger. This inquiry may be made without bias, without contravening the rights of labor to organize, or impugning the sincerity of the labor leader, or defending the operator.

In order, therefore, to learn more of these non-striking workers I visited a large number of them, their families, and their neighbors, union and non-union, in various parts of the anthracite regions, reaching them both in their homes and at their work in and around the mines. I saw the men themselves in each case, examining at first hand the evidence of their difficulties and dangers, recording exactly the reasons they gave for continuing to work, securing corroboration and further light from all sources, both union and non-union. The account of all the cases investigated would fill an entire number of this magazine; those here given are typical of the conditions generally prevailing, and show what the strike signified to the so-called scab, the non-striking worker.

The first man visited was David Dick, of Old Forge, a small town south of Scranton. I was

led to visit Mr. Dick by a letter bearing his signature published in the Scranton "Tribune." Here is the letter:

MR. DICK'S VERSION OF THE ATTEMPT TO KILL HIM.

EDITOR *Scranton Tribune.*

SIR: Your paper this morning (Monday) contained an account of the recent attempt on my life, which has several inaccuracies. I therefore send you a correct version, for I think the public ought to know how some persons are treated in this so-called "free country." On Tuesday evening, September 23, my next-door neighbor, Edward Miller, called at my house and spent some time with us. Shortly after 11 o'clock he left us to go home. I accompanied him to the gate in front of our house. Just as we said "good-night" I turned to reenter the house. Two shots were fired behind me; the shots whistled past my head and lodged in the door in front of me. The night was dark and it was impossible to see any one. My wife is an invalid. Imagine the shock when my family realized that a deliberate attempt had been made on my life.

A short time ago, my son, James Dick, had his home

DAVID DICK OF OLD FORGE

"'*I claim my right as a free man to do what my conscience approves.*'"

attacked at night by an angry mob. The windows were smashed and the house so damaged that he had to move his family out and come to my place for shelter. Now, why these depredations? Because my son and I try to earn a living for our families. I have been in this country thirty years, and have worked all these years as an engineer. I have tried all my life to live peaceably with all men. I am not a member of the union or any other organization, except the Christian church. When the order was given for engineers to quit work, like many others, I did not obey the orders. Why should I? The company had given me a support in return for my work – I considered myself fairly treated; I had no grievance.

Further, I disagreed with the policy of destruction and revenge which the proposed flooding of the mines implied. I admired the attitude of Mr. Mitchell in the strike two years ago, when he said the property of the companies should be protected, and went so far as to say that men who served as deputies should not be discriminated against when the strike ended. Now, all this is reversed, and I claim my right as a free man to do what my conscience approves.

My forefathers died in Scotland for what they believed to be right, and now, once for all, let me say that I propose to work for my home and loved ones. If I am murdered for this, then I ask my enemies to face me in the daylight and not come skulking around a man's house in the dead of night and fire when my back is turned.

No attempt has been made by the civil authorities to find a clue to the perpetrators of these outrages. I cannot but think if I occupied a position on the other side of the labor question what has happened would be heralded far and wide as an illustration of the tyranny of the operators or their friends. I write in the interest of freedom and justice and the rights of workingmen under the Stars and Stripes in this "land of the free and home of the brave." We have our suspicions of the guilty parties, and if we are correct, they are not far away from us. DAVID DICK.

Old Forge, *September* 29, 1902.

I found Mr. Dick in his engine house at No. 2 Colliery, Old Forge, a prosperous appearing Scotchman who had a singularly clear way of expressing his decided views. He told me he had written the letter, and would reassert all it said. He had come to this country without money, and had been able to save enough to purchase himself a good home of his own. He was a member of the Scotch Presbyterian Church. The company, he said, had always treated him well, and he had no reason for striking. He had been repeatedly threatened, once surrounded by a mob of Italians, once shot at, narrowly escaping death, as his letter shows, and he and his family were ostracised by the strikers of the community. But he said he proposed to work or not to work as he saw fit, and that no threat would deter him. Every day he walked over a mile to his work, going unarmed, though he showed me the riot gun which he had in the engine house to protect him in case the colliery was attacked, as it had been at one time.

Reasons of an Engineer

I talked with Charles Monie, another Scotch engineer of Moosic, Pa., who had worked for twenty-three years in the place he then occupied. He was a man of high intelligence, an elder in the Presbyterian Church of Avoca. He owned a good home, which I visited, and his children were finding good places in the greater world. I asked him why he had remained with the company. I quote his exact words:

WILLIAM THOMAS
"'*I'd rather be discharged than go back on my friends.*'"

"Unionism is all right when it is kept within bounds. But when it says to any man, 'You can't work until we give you permission,' and when it plans to destroy property, I claim that the individual has a right to quit.

"I have got a home over there without a cent of debt on it. I must have my regular wages to support it.

"I have a right to work when I like, for what I like, and for whom I like.

"I thought about this matter, and as long as my conscience approves my course I don't care who is against me. I don't know your beliefs, but I have faith that the great God will protect me, so I am not afraid."

How Gorman was Called Out

Another non-union engineer whom I called on in his engine house was J. R. Gorman, of Exeter Shaft, West Pittston, who had worked for the company twenty-five years. As he said, he was a "free born American citizen, not a made citizen." This is his story:

"At the beginning of the strike Paddy Brann, the president of the local union, came to me and said he was requested to inform me that my presence would be required at St. Alban's Hall that evening to discuss the strike.

"'I can't go,' I said, 'I'm working.'

"'You understand,' he said, 'that when the strike is over you won't have no work.'

"'Won't I?' I said.

"'No sir; we'll see to that, and you won't be able to buy any goods at the store. We'll boycott you.'

"'Partner,' I said to him, 'look here. Don't you bother your head about me; you've got troubles enough of your own.'

"They hung me in effigy and hooted me in the street. I had to go armed, but they didn't dare lay hands on me. I stand on my rights. I won't have anyone coming to me and telling me when I am to work and when I am to quit working. I don't join a union because I object to having some Dago I never saw before coming and ordering me to stop work or to go to work again. I can think for myself. I don't need any guardians. What is the object of their union anyway? Why strike, pure and simple, causing all this rioting and trouble. Some labor organizations give their members benefits and insurance, help take care of the sick, and bury the dead. Do the mine workers? Not a bit of it. They pay in their money month after month, the officers draw fat salaries, and by and by they all strike, and begin persecuting and assaulting honest men who want to work."

CHARLES MONIE

"'I have a right to work when I like, for what I like, and for whom I like'"

The Blinding of an Engineer

Another engineer whom I met was Abraham Price, of the Dorrance Colliery, Wilkesbarre. He had been with the company for twenty-two years. English by birth, he came to this country when four years old, and had made a place for himself in the life of the town. He never belonged to a union. He was never personally asked by union men to stop work, and had never been interfered with during the strike except to have strikers call him "scab." He said:

"I thought it was best for my own interest to remain at work. The company has done better for me than any union could. I believe that a man should have a right, no matter what his reasons are, to work when and where he pleases without dictation from any one."

Nearly three weeks after the strike was over, I am informed, on pay day, November 16, 1902, Mr. Price, with other non-union men, was assaulted, and his eyes put out with a blow from a stone.

William Thomas, a fine-looking Welsh engineer whom I met at the Exeter Colliery, had this to say concerning his reasons for staying:

"I thought I should be a coward to turn my back on people who had employed me for twenty-nine years and had always treated me well and paid me promptly. I'd rather be discharged than go back on my friends."

Adventures of an English Miner

I met Hugh Johnson, a licensed miner of Forest City, who had spent nearly all his life in underground work. He was a good type of the English miner, a man of intelligence, a member of the Masonic fraternity, a communicant in the Presbyterian Church, the owner of two houses which he had bought and paid for from his savings, though he is

not a vigorous man physically. I found that Johnson had been a member and officer of the union, indeed a delegate to the convention at Shamokin which declared the strike. He said:

"I believe in unions, and I have long been a member, but I could not agree with the methods of the United Mine Workers. I didn't think we had any cause to strike in the first place. I voted against the strike in the convention, but it was carried by the younger element. All the boys—about a third of all the members—are under age, and the Hungarians and Poles are allowed to vote, and they entirely overwhelmed the conservative element. I did not believe in destroying property by calling out the engineers and pump men, but still I staid out with the strikers until I began to see how the relief fund was distributed. I thought it should be share and share alike. I paid my dues regularly, and my expenses were going on, and I got to the point where I had to have help or else mortgage my home. So I applied to the officers of the local and they said: 'You've got property. Why don't you raise money on it?' And they gave me a good hauling over for presuming to ask for help. The men who got the relief were often those who had been intemperate and improvident before the strike—though there were plenty of genuine cases of poverty—and who had shouted loudest for the strike because they had nothing to lose. I know of some cases in which those relieved took out their relief orders at the store in hams and traded them off for beer. Now that system is putting a premium on improvidence, and fining every man who has saved up any money. As long as they do that of course the crowd that hasn't anything to lose is going to keep on striking."

A Non-union Man's Daughter

Mr. Johnson went back to work in the mines, and the union began at once a series of persecutions to compel him to come out. The school board, which was composed of strikers, refused to employ his daughter, who was an experienced teacher, on the ground that she was a "scab." His boy was hooted in school. He himself and other workmen were surrounded one night by a mob which shouted "Kill them! Kill them!" Stones were thrown and several men were injured, but Johnson was fortunately unhurt. Some of the stores refused to sell goods to him or any of his family, but he continued to work, and is working yet. All these things were done by his neighbors and friends,

J. R. GORMAN (at right),
who says he was always used well by the Company and sees no reason for going back on his employers

among whom he had lived an honorable life for years.

Many of the men who stayed at work, especially those of the less intelligent class, could, apparently, give no very definite reasons for their act.

Bellas, the "Scab"

One particularly determined worker was a teamster named Bellas, of the Lehigh Company. They heaped a mock grave in front of his house and set up the inscription:

> "HERE LIES THE BODY
> OF BELLAS THE SCAB."

That did not bother Bellas, nor did any of the threats. Once when they stopped him he said, "My father fought for this country up in the Wyoming Valley during the Revolutionary War, and I think I've got a right to work where I please."

At another time they surrounded him and asked him for his union card. He pulled a revolver out of his boot with the remark:

"Here's my card."

They stoned his house, hung him in effigy, and fired at him at night. Part of the time, to prevent his house from being blown up, he watched half the night and his son the other half.

Struggles of the Snyder Family

At Wilkesbarre I met John Snyder, a non-striking worker, and his wife. Snyder is a strong-built young fellow, brought up in the coal regions, a fireman by trade, though he never had worked in the mines until this summer. His wife had been a shopgirl in New York City. Just before the strike began she inherited a legacy of $450.

"When we got that," she said, "we thought that now we could have a little home of our own—I mean we could start one."

But the legacy was small, and homes were costly, so Mrs. Snyder finally went out of the city to Stanton Hill, and bought a lot in a miners' neighborhood, paying $100 for it. Then her husband and his father built a house, mostly of second-hand lumber, leaving the plastering until Snyder should be able to save something from his wages. There was now just money enough left to furnish the house meagerly, and they moved into it, with what joy one way imagine. At last they had a place, a home, in the world. Mrs. Snyder bought a hive of bees, her husband fitted up a chicken-house and made a little garden, hoping thus to add to their income and make the life of their children more comfortable. Every penny they possessed was expended on the home. But Snyder was an industrious fellow, did not "touch, taste, nor handle," as his wife told me, and they knew that he could easily earn enough to support them comfortably.

In the meantime, however, the great strike was on, and every sort of job not connected with the mines was seized upon by union men who were willing to work for almost nothing while the strike lasted, so that Snyder, in order that his family might not be reduced to starvation, was forced, as he told me, to go to work in the mines. He had been thus employed barely four days when one of his neighbors—an Irish striker—came to him. Snyder thus reported to me the conversation which ensued:

"'You're working, are you?'

"'No,' I said.

"'We've got spies on you, and we find that you're firing at the Dorrance.'

"'I am a citizen,' I said, 'and I have a right to work where I please.'

"'Well, I tell you,' he said, 'you can't scab and live here. You ought to be killed, and you'll find your house blown up some morning if you don't quit.'

"Then a big crowd gathered, mostly Irish, and began to yell 'Scab! Kill him! Kill him!' and throw stones at me. I jumped on my bicycle and escaped."

Snyder now remained within the stockade at the Dorrance colliery day and night, fearing death if the strikers caught him, leaving his wife and two babies in the new home on the hill, not dreaming that any harm would come to defenceless women. But crowds, both grown men and boys, gathered daily under the trees near the house, and every time Mrs. Snyder appeared they hooted at her, often insultingly, sometimes threateningly. After a few days of this treatment she became so fearful of personal injury—for she had seen more than one account in the newspapers of what had happened to the wives of non-striking workers—that she took her babies and, having not even money enough to pay car-fare, fled to the city, where she found shelter for the night. For several days she returned to her home to feed the chickens and look after the bees, always subjected coming and going to the jeers and insults of her neighbors. One day she found that her bees had swarmed, and that the swarm was

attached to a near-by tree. Here was the first of the increase. She tried her best to get them down and rehived, but, not strong and a woman, she could not do it. Venturing even insult, she ran out to the men on the hill asking help. Not a man of them would assist her. Instead, they hooted her back to her home, and presently she saw her bees rise and disappear to the hills. She could not tell this part of the story without a quivering lip and a tearful eye.

Their House Broken Into

A few days later she returned to find that her home had been entered, her new lamp smashed, a prized clock stolen, her husband's trunk broken open, rifled, and thrown out of the window. In terror she started back toward the city, but turned back to get her canary bird and two or three pet chickens, which, fortunately, she carried away with her. There was nothing now but to desert the new home. The terrified woman sought her husband, but he dared not leave the colliery, though he finally succeeded in getting an advance of $5 on his wages. With this money in hand, Mrs. Snyder hurriedly employed a drayman to move her furniture. When the team reached the house, however, the drivers were stopped by the crowd. She told me they shouted at her: "We'll kill you and your husband if it takes twenty years. Your house will go up in smoke."

HUGH JOHNSON, TYPE OF THE INTELLIGENT ENGLISH MINER.

And they turned back the teams, not permitting the removal of any of the furniture. In desperation, now, at the prospect of seeing her little home destroyed, Mrs. Snyder went to Mr. Mitchell's headquarters in the Hart Hotel. She told me she had read somewhere that Mr. Mitchell wanted to have no violence committed—that he had promised to prevent violence to non-union men and the blowing up of houses. She met John Fallon, one of Mr. Mitchell's assistants and chairman of the district board of the union, and to him she told her story.

"Why, yes," he said, "I'll see to that; I'll go right out now"—looking at his watch.

The Tragedy of a Home

Mrs. Snyder went away relieved. The next morning when she climbed Stanton Hill and looked up to see her home its place was vacant. She found only a cellar full of ashes. The chicken-house was also gone, and of all the chickens not one was left. Even the bees had been burned up, and the little garden was trampled and ruined. An old family dog that had recently brought a family of pups to the house was the only creature left, wandering about whining, looking for her pups. In the telling of this part of their story neither Mr. nor Mrs. Snyder could keep back the tears.

They searched in the ashes, hoping to find something left, but there was not even any remains of their cook stove, or sewing machine, or bed springs, and they learned subsequently—so they told me—that their house had been looted before burning, and that the furniture had been distributed among their neighbors on the hill. Everything was gone. Mrs. Snyder did not even have left a change of clothing for her children. While she and her mother were looking into the ruins the crowd gathered and hooted "Scab, scab! Dynamite them!" so the two helpless women turned back toward the city.

Fresh from her loss, Mrs. Snyder went to see John Fallon, who said:

"I didn't see about it in the newspapers."

Snyder continued to work until the strike was over and the union men came back to the colliery. At once every means was exerted by the strikers to displace non-union workers, Snyder among them, and such influence was brought to bear that the foreman finally dis-

JOHN SNYDER AND HIS FAMILY, WHOSE HOME, WHICH HE HAD JUST BUILT, WAS BURNED

charged Snyder, and when I saw him two weeks after the strike closed he was still out of work, though the company had offered him another position. And Mrs. Snyder has been haunting the second-hand stores of Wilkesbarre, hoping against hope that some of her household goods may be pawned by the thieves, and that she may thus recover them.

I asked Snyder why he did not try to have the criminals arrested.

"In the first place," he said, "if they were arrested they'd never be punished, because everybody is in favor of the strikers, and they could get all their friends to swear they were not present when the house was burned. Besides, I am afraid they'd take it out of me if I did anything."

So nothing has been done, and it seems likely, from what I can learn, that nothing ever will be done to bring the perpetrators of these outrages to justice.

The case of the Snyders is by no means exceptional. There were many instances which I investigated of similar persecution.

The Murder of James Winstone

"All we want is investigation," a strike leader said to me. "Now, these murders they talk about. Look into them and you will find that they were the result of the presence of the armed coal and iron police, who were mostly city thugs with orders to shoot and kill. It's a trick of the operators to try to lay all the blame for disturbances on us; they want to work up public sentiment against us." So I went from Scranton to look into the case of James Winstone, of Olyphant.

Olyphant is a more than usually prosperous mining town of some 6,100 inhabitants, nearly all mine workers, over seventy per cent. of whom own their own homes. The population is very diverse, being made up of some dozen different nationalities, but with an unusually large proportion of the English, Welsh, and Irish, the better elements among the miners.* James Winstone lived in a neighborhood known as Grassy Island, of which he was the foremost citizen, having by far the best home and the most means.

His home was really a pretty place, a two-story house with trees in front, which Winstone himself set out, an arbor where there was shade in summer, a fine garden in which Winstone grew vegetables, and was experimenting with grapes. I came in by the back door to a shining kitchen, spotlessly clean. Indeed, the home was more than comfortably furnished, with an organ, books, pictures, and other evidences of enlightenment and comfort. Mrs. Winstone came in and told us quietly and sadly some of her story. Then we went out again through the spotless kitchen, and crossed to the next house, also the property of James Winstone, and the home of his son-in-law, S. J. Lewis, a worker in the mines. Here, too, was every evidence of comfort and spotless cleanness. The daughter, James Winstone's oldest, had been married only a year. Little by little the story came out, mostly through Mr. D. E. Lewis, a highly intelligent Welshman, the foreman of the mine where Winstone and his son-in-law were employed.

The Rise of an English Miner

Winstone had been in America only fourteen years, having come from Yorkshire, England. Reaching Pennsylvania without money, he was able, working as a common miner and supporting a family, to save

* As an indication of the diversity of nationality, Grassy Slope mine, in which James Winstone worked, had 401 adult employes. Of this number 24 were Americans, 48 English, 60 Welsh, 59 Irish, 5 Scotch, 2 Swede, 152 Polish, 5 German, 41 Hungarian, 5 Italian.

enough in fourteen years to make him the possessor of two fine homes and everything paid for. Mr. D. E. Lewis told me that Winstone averaged a net earning of $3.50 a day, for which he found it necessary to work only five or six hours. His son-in-law, young Lewis, earned $2.26 a day. Winstone was in the prime of life, forty-eight years old, with a wife and three children. His wife told me with sad pride how he had been respected in his community. He was treasurer, she said, for eight years of the Lackawanna Accident Fund, a member of the Sons of St. George and of the Red Men, and even, at one time, an officer in the United Mine Workers. She said he had not an enemy in the world, that all he wanted was to live peaceably and see his sons properly educated. He meant to keep them in school until they could work into good positions. They had done well in the mines, but they hoped the boys would do something better.

S. J. LEWIS AND HIS WIFE. LEWIS AND HIS FATHER-IN-LAW, JAMES WINSTONE, WERE ATTACKED ON THEIR WAY TO WORK. WINSTONE WAS KILLED, BUT LEWIS ESCAPED AFTER A SEVERE BEATING

Winstone, a natural leader, opposed the strike from the beginning, as did others of the conservative element. He asserted publicly that he saw no cause for striking, that any man who was willing to work and was temperate could get ahead, that there was too much agitation. But he and the conservatives were overwhelmed and the strike declared. Winstone went out with the others, found employment for several weeks outside the mines at a fraction of his former wages, and then came back home. He now saw that he must mortgage his property to live. He went to the union, and was told that he would be given no assistance. He had property and he could raise money on that. This, however, he refused to do.

So Winstone went back to the mine to work. His son-in-law, S. J. Lewis, had already gone back, in company with some of the other mine workers of the community. Immediately the strikers began their tactics of intimidation and threats. Every morning and evening they gathered in the road and hooted Winstone, Lewis, Doyle, and others on their way to work. Sometimes they gathered in front of his home, threateningly, but Winstone would not be cowed. One night a larger crowd than usual appeared, and Patrick Fitzsimmons, secretary of the local and auditor of the general assembly, stood up and shouted a violent tirade against scabs. One of the things he said, reported to me by Mr. Lewis, was: "If there were half a dozen of loyal union men like me there wouldn't be one of the scabs that would dare to go to work."

These crowds were composed of Irish and English, with a large rallying force of Poles and others. Most of them were Winstone's neighbors and fellow-workmen, and many of them had been his good friends.

A week before the final tragedy, a committee waited on Winstone and requested him to stop work, threatening him if he did not. Winstone told them that he would not desert his place.

The persecutions now became so severe that Winstone and Lewis, instead of going to the mine by the road, were accustomed to go back through the garden, climb a fence, cross the rear of a lot occupied by a Polish miner named Harry Shubah, a neighbor well known to Winstone, and join William Doyle, another non-union man, the three men going together. They carried no arms.

Day of the Tragedy

The morning of September 25th was rainy. Winstone and Lewis had gone down through the garden. When they had climbed the fence into Shubah's yard, Lewis took his father-in-law's arm, and was holding an umbrella over his head. Suddenly, hearing a noise, he

JAMES WINSTONE AND HIS FAMILY. WINSTONE WAS KILLED IN THE YARD OF A NEIGHBOR ON HIS WAY TO WORK, SEPTEMBER 25, 1902.

glanced behind and saw Harry Simuralt, another Polish neighbor with whom both were well acquainted. Simuralt had a club lifted. Lewis cried:

"Don't strike us with that."

The words were hardly out of his mouth when he was felled to the earth. Jumping up again, half dazed, he ran toward Doyle's house. Hearing Winstone shout, "Don't kill me," he glanced behind and saw several men pounding him with clubs. Lewis himself was now pursued and struck in the back with a heavy stick, but he succeeded in escaping. The assaulters having pounded Winstone to their satisfaction, left him lying in his blood. He was carried into Doyle's house, where he died a few hours later without regaining consciousness. Lewis was in bed three weeks.

Everything evidently had been plotted beforehand. The murderers were perfectly sober, making an evidently planned escape by train. Fortunately they were arrested at Hoboken, New Jersey, and brought back to Scranton, where they are now in jail. According to Lewis, the three men most concerned were Harry Simuralt, Harry Shubah, and Tom Priston, all Polish miners, union men, and strikers—all near neighbors of Winstone, long known to him. The astonishing thing is that they had been in the country for years and spoke English well; one of them, Simuralt, owned his own home, a very comfortable place. Foreman Lewis told me that they all bore good reputations as industrious and temperate workers.

It is interesting, as showing the difficulty of protecting life, that seven hundred soldiers were camped within less than half a mile of the scene of this murder.

A Murder in the Fog

Through some peculiarity of location, the valley of the Susquehanna is singularly subject to fogs—not unlike those of southern England, appearing before dawn and often continuing until long after sunrise. Such a fog filled the valley on the early morning of September 8, 1902. It was so thick that a man could see only a few paces before him—familiar houses, fences, road-marks, seemed mysterious. It was on this foggy morning that a number of important things were happening in the vicinity of the Maltby Colliery. Though no one could see any evidence of life, nor hear any sound, yet men were gathering from several directions—men who hated one another. There were three parties of them, all armed. On the previous Saturday night there had been a joint meeting of three locals of the United Mine Workers of America—the Luzerne, the Broderick, and the Maltby. It was a special occasion. Reports were made by an officer that the company intended to add a large number of non-union men to its force at the Maltby Colliery on the following Monday morning. This news was received with jeers, and after

THE HOME OF THE WINSTONE FAMILY.

much discussion a motion was made and passed calling upon all the members of the three locals to be present at the entrance to the colliery on Monday morning. Great secrecy was enjoined, but there was a man present whose business it was to listen to just such news; he carried the word immediately to the officials of the Lehigh Valley Coal Company. Sheriff Jacobs being notified, armed deputies were provided to escort the non-union men on Monday morning. This accounted for two of the parties gathered in the fog. The mob appeared in great force, many armed with clubs, some having large iron nuts at the end; some with stones; others with cheap revolvers. Lining themselves up along the roadways, they awaited the coming of the car with the non-union men.

In the meantime another party of two men was out in the fog. Sistieno Castelli and his friend and brother-in-law, Kiblotti, were going hunting. Castelli was a peaceable citizen, whose family was hungry. He had his gun on his shoulder, and was tramping up the Lackawanna Railroad tracks on his way to the hills, hoping to find some rabbits or squirrels. Just as he and his friend reached a point behind the house of John Keeler, outside foreman of the mine, the car with the non-union men had come to a stop.

THE HOMES OF SHUBAH, PRISTON, AND SIMURALT, THE THREE MEN ARRESTED FOR THE KILLING OF JAMES WINSTONE.

The mob, fully expecting to surprise the non-union men and have them instantly at their mercy, came up out of the fog to find themselves facing armed deputies. Under cover of this surprise the non-union men were hurried into Keeler's house, guarded by the deputies. The mob, gathering quickly, foresaw that an attempt would be made to rush the workmen from Keeler's house by the back

way to the mine, so they turned and streamed up the tracks of the Lackawanna Railroad, between the colliery and the foreman's home. And here they came suddenly upon Castelli and Kiblotti there in the fog. Castelli cried out. Some one, said to be a Hungarian, struck him a frightful blow on the head, felling him to the earth. And then they seized his shotgun, placed the muzzle against Castelli's body, and pulled the trigger. In the meantime several others pitched upon his companion, but in the confusion Kiblotti succeeded in escaping. The mob then turned their attention to Castelli, in their fury horribly beating his lifeless body. Having glutted their passion, they turned the body over and went through the pockets, and this is what they found—a union card and a receipt for dues paid, showing that Castelli was a good union man, a member of the Broderick Local No. 452. They had killed him and left another widow and children, visiting upon him the fate they had planned for the non-union men. In the meantime the deputies and their charges were safe in the colliery.

A Wife's Experience

In the list read before the Arbitration Commission of the men murdered during the strike was the name of John Colson, and the memorandum, "Non-union man beaten to death at Shenandoah." I went to Shenandoah to learn more of the story of John Colson.

At first I could find no record of any workman named Colson. Shenandoah had her share of riot and bloodshed, but Colson was not remembered among those injured. But I finally heard of a man of that name who had been working at Shamokin, and I went down to find John Colson, not dead, but living and working tenaciously after an experience that would have daunted most men. He is an English born engineer. Previous to the strike he had lived at Gilberton, working as an engineer, the best position at the colliery. He did not believe in the strike, nor in the order withdrawing the engineers, and he had not been slow in saying so. But he went out with the other strikers and remained a month; then he went to work at the Henry Clay Colliery, at Shamokin. Spies at once found him out, but, living in a car close to the colliery, they could not reach him personally, so they brought to bear the usual pressure on his wife and family at Gilberton. She was boycotted at some of the stores, so that she could not buy the necessaries of life. She was jeered and insulted in the streets, and her home was stoned.

"Every night," she told me, "I was afraid to go to bed for fear they would blow up my home with dynamite. They did dynamite three houses in the same neighborhood."

How Colson was Attacked

So she finally wrote to her husband that she could bear it no longer, and he rented a house in Shamokin, and told her to move the furniture. This she tried to do, but the teamsters refused to assist her, and she feared that if she attempted to get away the strikers would attack her. Accordingly, Colson bought furniture at Shamokin to fit up a new home. On the evening of October 7 he came up from his work with several coal and iron police to look after the arrangement of his purchases, and when he had finished he started back alone along the railroad tracks. The police had warned him of his danger, and he had, indeed, already been stoned, and yet, naturally fearless, he was going back alone. Having a revolver, he thought he could defend himself. A trainload of soft coal was passing; a mob of men appeared, shouting at him threateningly. He reached to draw his revolver, and a man on one of the cars dropped a huge block of coal on his head. Colson fell in his tracks, and after further beating him, the mob robbed him of his revolver and a new pair of boots, and left him for dead. For three days he lay unconscious in the hospital, and there, slowly, with careful nursing, he recovered, and as soon as he could walk went back to work again. His wife now succeeded in getting an undertaker from an adjoining town to move her goods, under guard of a deputy, and they settled at Shamokin. I found them in a comfortable, pleasant home—two boys at work in the mines and a comely daughter.

The Mother of a Non-union Man

In this case of John Colson I had an opportunity of seeing what it means, socially, for a man to work during a strike. At Mahoney City, in the last house in the town, one of the dingy red company houses, almost in the shadow of an enormous pile of culm, I found John Colson's father and mother. The old miner had just come in from his work, his face and clothing black with coal dust. His wife had hot water ready for him, and a tub stood waiting on her kitchen floor, so that he might wash off the marks of the mine. Yet some of the marks he could not wash off—the blue tatooing of powder which covered his face with ugly scars. Five years before

TYPICAL MINERS' HOMES AT FOREST CITY

he had been in a mine explosion. A careless Hungarian, cross-cutting through the coal, had set off his blast without giving warning, and Colson had been taken from the mine for dead, but he finally lived, blue-scarred, wholly blind in one eye and almost blind in the other. He was an old man even then; he had been mining, here and in England, for nearly fifty years, and his seven sons, miners all, told him that he might rest the remainder of his days. So for four years previous to the great strike he had lived quietly a comfortable old age, he and his wife alone in the red house at the end of the village, their sons and daughters around them.

But with the strike came hard times, and the sons, though willing to help their parents, had many mouths of their own to feed, and by the time the miners were ordered back to work in October they were all in straightened circumstances, so that old John Colson was compelled to go back into the mines. He told me he was doing a boy's job now—turning a fan in a deep working, and that he earned only 75 cents a day, but he was glad to be employed again. The mother told me with pride of her boys—Anthony with his family of eight children, her other boys, and the married daughters. And so we came to speak of John, her oldest son, the one reported beaten to death. She flushed at the mention of his name, said at first that she would have nothing to say about him, and then, bitterly:

"He might better be dead, for he's brought disgrace on the name."

All the brothers, the old miner said, had been members of the union, and had come out when the strike was called, but John had gone back to work.

"He deserved all he got," said his mother. "He wasn't raised a scab."

The Hardest Penalty of All

Then she told how, when he lay hovering between life and death in the hospital, she had not gone to him once, and yet she wanted so much to know whether he would live or die that she called up the hospital on the telephone.

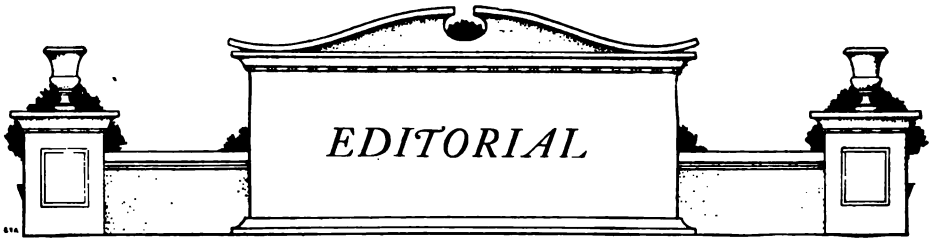
"But I didn't give my name," she said, "so he didn't know about it."

Since he was well again none of the family had visited him or paid the least attention to him. The strike had wholly crushed all family feeling. John was not again to be recognized.

Such a story as this gives a faint idea of the meaning of a strike in the coal fields.

None of these Incidents Exceptional

I could, as I have said, fill a whole number of this magazine with other narratives of like incidents that I have myself investigated. Those that I have set down here are not chosen as especially flagrant cases; they constitute only a few among scores, even hundreds, of similar tragedies of the great coal strike.



Concerning Three Articles in this Number of McClure's, and a Coincidence that May Set Us Thinking

HOW many of those who have read through this number of the magazine noticed that it contains three articles on one subject? We did not plan it so; it is a coincidence that the January McCLURE'S is such an arraignment of American character as should make every one of us stop and think. How many noticed that?

The leading article, "The Shame of Minneapolis," might have been called "The American Contempt of Law." That title could well have served for the current chapter of Miss Tarbell's History of Standard Oil. And it would have fitted perfectly Mr. Baker's "The Right to Work." All together, these articles come pretty near showing how universal is this dangerous trait of ours. Miss Tarbell has our capitalists conspiring among themselves, deliberately, shrewdly, upon legal advice, to break the law so far as it restrained them, and to misuse it to restrain others who were in their way. Mr. Baker shows labor, the ancient enemy of capital, and the chief complainant of the trusts' unlawful acts, itself committing and excusing crimes. And in "The Shame of Minneapolis" we see the administration of a city employing criminals to commit crimes for the profit of the elected officials, while the citizens—Americans of good stock and more than average culture, and honest, healthy Scandinavians—stood by complacent and not alarmed.

Capitalists, workingmen, politicians, citizens—all breaking the law, or letting it be broken. Who is left to uphold it? The lawyers? Some of the best lawyers in this country are hired, not to go into court to defend cases, but to advise corporations and business firms how they can get around the law without too great a risk of punishment. The judges? Too many of them so respect the laws that for some "error" or quibble they restore to office and liberty men convicted on evidence overwhelmingly convincing to common sense. The churches? We know of one, an ancient and wealthy establishment, which had to be compelled by a Tammany hold-over health officer to put its tenements in sanitary condition. The colleges? They do not understand.

There is no one left; none but all of us. Capital is learning (with indignation at labor's unlawful acts) that its rival's contempt of law is a menace to property. Labor has shrieked the belief that the illegal power of capital is a menace to the worker. These two are drawing together. Last November when a strike was threatened by the yard-men on all the railroads centering in Chicago, the men got together and settled by raising wages, and raising freight rates too. They made the public pay. We all are doing our worst and making the public pay. The public is the people. We forget that we all are the people; that while each of us in his group can shove off on the rest the bill of to-day, the debt is only postponed; the rest are passing it on back to us. We have to pay in the end, every one of us. And in the end the sum total of the debt will be our liberty.

BISHOP BERKELEY AND FAMILY, BY JOHN SMYBERT

This group, which includes a portrait of the artist on the extreme left, was his first picture, certainly the first group painted in America. It is now in the possession of the Museum of Fine Arts, Yale University, and is reproduced by permission

which he made for himself by inserting the hair of the domestic cat in goose quills obtained from the family flock, little Benjamin made his first essays in painting. These were portraits of his family and neighbors, and must have borne some resemblance to the subjects, for he was encouraged to continue. A traveling merchant from Philadelphia sent him a box of colors, and soon after the child was taken to Philadelphia, where (about 1746) there was a portrait painter whose name, Williams, would have remained unknown but for the fact that he gave West some instruction, and lent him the works of DuFresnoy and Richardson on painting. The next few years West spent at home working constantly from nature. On the death of his mother in 1756 he went to live with a brother-in-law in Philadelphia, and established himself as a portrait painter, demanding "two-and-a-half guineas for a head and five for a half length." He met with such success that later he visited New York, where he was enabled to double these munificent prices. From his reading the young Quaker had long desired to visit Italy, and, having saved a little money, in the latter part of 1759, at the age of twenty-one, he set sail, and after a prosperous voyage landed at Leghorn and proceeded to Rome.

West was received with great kindness by Raphael Mengs, who was then the principal painter in Rome, and by his advice took an extended tour through Italy, visiting Florence and Venice as well as Bologna, Parma, and some of the smaller towns. On his return to Rome he painted, in the taste of the time, pictures of Cymon and Iphigenia and Angelica and Medora which were highly approved, and gained his admission as a member of the Roman Academy. Two years were spent in Italy, when, passing by Paris, West went to England with the intention of returning home. This, however, was not to be, nor did our first American painter ever return to the land of his birth, though his constant kindness to his compatriots who flocked to him for tuition as the most prominent artist of his time in English-speaking countries, and his habit of considering himself an American, even in the company of George the Third when the King's whilom colonies were in active revolt, mark him for our own.

Refused Knighthood from George III.

The death of Benjamin West on the eleventh of March, 1820, and the labor of the last twenty years of the four-score and two which he lived, bring him chronologically within the

Photograph by Chas. Balliard

HAGAR AND ISHMAEL

Painted by Benjamin West. Now in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York

BENJAMIN WEST

From the full-length painting by James Green. In this thoughtful and dignified presentment of the painter in his old age there is still felt that charm of the young Quaker whose modest, straightforward demeanor won for him such favorable reception in Europe

MR. AND MRS. RALPH IZARD, OF CHARLESTON, S. C.

This first important composition painted by Copley in Europe was executed in Rome in 1775, and is the most remarkable work done by any American artist of the period, who, like Copley, was self-taught

category of painters of the nineteenth century, though his work is artistically of an anterior period. At the time of his arrival in England there were virtually no painters of historical subjects. He early attracted the attention of the then young King, and those two honest men for many years bore to each other relations like those which existed between Velasquez and Philip the Second of Spain. Under the protection of the King, West was instrumental in the foundation of the Royal Academy, and might have been its first president had he so willed. Considering his birth foreign, albeit in an English colony, he advised the election of Reynolds, after whose death in 1792, however, he was elected president. Upon this occasion his royal patron proposed to confer the honor of knighthood upon him, but West was able so respectfully to convey a declination through which sounds a note of pride—"I think I have earned greater eminence with my pencil than knighthood could confer on me"—as to retain the royal favor. This favor continued throughout the reign of the King, West being chiefly employed on a series of thirty-six vast compositions for the chapel at Windsor Castle, depicting the progress of revealed religion. Soon after his arrival in London his father had accompanied to England the affianced bride of his son, Miss Elizabeth Shewell, of Philadelphia. After his marriage West built a large house with spacious studios and a gallery for his pictures, and here he lived until his death. Most of our early painters, including Charles Wilson Peale, Gilbert Stuart, and John Trumbull, were his pupils, and later Washington Allston and S. F. B. Morse (whose later celebrity as inventor of the practical telegraph has overshadowed his genuine attainment as a painter) profited by his counsel. Upon the accession of George the Fourth, West's patronage by the court ceased, but he continued with extraordinary facility to cover great areas of canvas, and by their exhibition and sale he earned considerable sums. His expenditures, however, were equally considerable, though he was in no sense a spendthrift. His official position demanded this, and his life points to the axiomatic truth that no great fortune is ever gained by the work of one's hands, the profits upon others' employment being the source of wealth. Until the last, however, with some

COPLEY AND HIS FAMILY, PAINTED BY COPLEY

Owned by E. L. Amory, Boston. Temporarily loaned and on exhibition at the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston

slight diminution of court favor, he retained a position which has hardly been equaled by any artist since the time of Rubens. Beyond the kindness shown to his American pupils he evinced late in life his affection for the country of his birth by painting for presentation to the Pennsylvania Hospital in Philadelphia a vast composition representing "Christ Healing the Sick." This, with the possible exception of "Death on the Pale Horse," in the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, is his most important work in this country.

West's Merits and Shortcomings

Both of these pictures are composed and painted with the facility of a man who, according to the standards of the art of his time in England, was a master. The ability to present and control all the elements of a composition of many figures is rare, and to judge these works by modern standards is hardly just. To consider them with those of his own time in France, to compare him with David, for instance, whose aim was not dissimilar, is to realize that in form, in accurate and forcible representation of the human figure, he is undoubtedly weak. On the other hand his color, though never rising to the height of the great colorists, is more agreeable than that of his French contemporary. In smaller works he has broken through the somewhat empty formulæ which governed the historical painter of his time. His "Death of Wolfe on the Plains of Abraham" was indeed the first picture which dared depict a modern historical event in the costumes worn by the actors therein. Garrick, we are told, played Richard the Third in a bag wig; but the historical painter or sculptor of the day was forced by the fashion of his time to clothe all his heroes in classical costume, and when West painted the "Death of Wolfe" the painters and amateurs of Great Britain stood aghast at the realistic uniforms of the day. The influence of his life was of no mean import for our art, and the varying character of the works of his pupils affords an insight into the liberality of his teaching, while their concurrent testimony to his virtues is confirmed by the touching affirmation of his wife just before her death in 1817: "He is a good man; he never had a vice."

John Singleton Copley

John Singleton Copley, born in Boston in 1738, the year of West's birth, repeats in some respects the Quaker painter's career, as he left this country in 1774, and after two years in Italy settled in England, where he lived until his death on the ninth of September, 1815. Unlike West, however, Copley was thirty-six years of age before he left America, and had been in active practice of his profession fourteen years. Consequently, many of his works remain to us by which he may be fairly judged, for he early developed a style which his subsequent study in Europe mellowed but did not change. A painstaking search for accuracy gives to his work a certain naïve hardness, most refreshing in contrast to the mannered work of many of his contemporaries. It is pleasant to recognize this plain, honest, thorough quality as typical of the self-taught artist who acquired no mean degree of skill in the simple environment of provincial Boston. Of his life we have little knowledge; his son, born in Boston, who as Lord Lyndhurst became high chancellor of England, writing to S. F. B. Morse, President of the National Academy of Design in 1827, speaks of his life as "so uniform as to afford little material for a biographer." We know, however, that in his youth he saw copies made in Europe by Smybert, and that as early as 1760 he sent to England for exhibition a picture of a boy with a tame squirrel—a portrait of his half-brother, Harry Pelham—which received attention both from its merits and from its being no doubt the first of the since often-repeated efforts of the artist at home to seek recognition in Europe. In 1771 John Trumbull, when a student in Harvard, visited Copley, and finding him arrayed for his marriage, brave "in crimson velvet with gold buttons," was much influenced in his own choice of a profession by the high repute and obvious prosperity of the painter. Before leaving for Italy, Copley spent a year in New York, Dunlap saying: "The painters esel" (*sic*) "was in Broadway on the west side in a house which was burnt in the great conflagration on the night the British army entered the city as enemies." Soon after his arrival in Italy he painted the portrait group of Mr. and Mrs. Izard, of Charleston, S. C., whom he met in Rome. Few of the painters of the day in any country could have painted this group with as much individuality as Copley has shown. It shows to an astonishing degree the self-possession of the painter, who, newly arrived in Italy and visibly influenced by the art of the Old World, yet retained the truths which, in his isolation, he had discovered for himself. Later in England he followed in West's footsteps in attempting large historical compositions, but through all his work he is essentially a portraitist. His "Death of Lord Chatham," in the National Gallery in London, is primarily a collection of portraits, though not lacking a dramatic conception of the same. It is as a painter of portraits that he merits remembrance, and few of those executed in Europe excel the work of his self-taught early manhood. He prospered in England, was elected to the Royal Academy in 1783, and exhibited there until the year of his death.

How Washington Sat for His Portrait

Nothing is more typical of our art in these early years than the great preponderance of portrait painters. The plain living of a plain people in nowise encouraged work that was at all decorative in character, and the engrossment in commercial affairs precluded interest in works of the imagination. Undoubtedly hearts beat as warmly and human affection was as sincere as in lands more propitious to the arts, and the portrait painter found work not only in the larger towns but also in sparsely settled portions of the country. From the desire to perpetuate the image of Washington alone, the semblance of a school of portraitists arose, and one of the few touches of humor in which the dignified father of his country ever indulged occurs in a letter to the Hon. Francis Hopkinson, who had asked him to sit for an English painter, Robert Edge Pine, then newly arrived in the United States.

MOUNT VERNON, 16th May, 1785.

Dear Sir:—"In for a penny in for a pound" is an old adage. I am so hacknied (*sic*) to the touches of the painters' pencils that I am now altogether at their beck, and sit like Patience on a monument whilst they delineate the features of my face. It is a proof, among many others, of what habit and custom may effect. At first I was impatient in the extreme, and as restive under the operation as a colt is of the saddle. The next time I submitted very reluctantly, but with fewer flounces: now, no dray-horse moves more readily to the drill than I to the painter's chair. It may easily be conceived, therefore, that I yielded a ready acquiescence to your request and to the views of Mr. Pine.

The Elder Peale

Many and curious types of our men have either entered the painter's craft from very dissimilar pursuits, or plied a variety of trades in addition to their profession. During Charles Wilson Peale's busy career, which ended when he was eighty-five years of age, in 1827, he

MRS. ABIGAIL BLOOMFIELD ROGERS

Reproduced by permission of Mrs. Anna P. Rogers, Boston, the present owner. If, as is believed, this portrait was painted before Copley had studied abroad, it will be seen that his style was already formed, and that, in comparison with the contemporary painting of any countrymen, his technical equipment was very great

had *tour à tour* been a "saddle and harness maker; clock and watch maker; painter in oil, crayons, and miniature; modeler in clay, wax, and plaster; sawed the ivory; molded the glasses and made the shagreen cases for his miniatures; was a soldier, legislator, and lecturer, a taxidermist and dentist"—and was, his biographer adds, "a mild, benevolent, and good man." This "jack of all trades" was hardly a master in painting, but one of the earliest portraits of Washington, of whom in all he painted fourteen, is by him. While

GENERAL CADWALLADER AND FAMILY

Reproduced by permission of Dr. John Cadwallader, Philadelphia. A good example of the elder Peale's hard and uncompromising style, with its redeeming quality of sincerity; a more than respectable achievement of this essentially self-taught artist

his work is much inferior to Copley's, it nevertheless has something of the sincerity and veracity which came from isolation from the schools and dependence on nature as the only guide. He was born in Maryland in 1768. As a young man he made a visit to Boston and received some slight instruction from Copley. Returning to Annapolis, he practised his art for two years, then went to London, where he became a pupil of West; the kind painter even taking him into his house when Peale's funds were exhausted. He remained in London four years, and two years after he returned home the Revolution broke out, and he joined the army, in which, as captain of volunteers, he was present at the battles of Trenton and Germantown. In camp he found time to practise his art, and we have a picturesque glimpse of Washington sitting for a miniature portrait in a room so small and poorly lighted that Peale, who stood by the window, was forced to ask the distinguished model to sit on the bed.

The war over, Peale's interest in natural history made him a collector, and he established a museum in Philadelphia, where a medley assortment of curiosities, specimens of natural history, and pictures were exhibited, and he also maintained an art school, where his zeal went so far as to induce him to serve as a model for the students. The outcome of this activity was the establishment, in 1809, of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts. His many children bore witness in their names to his artistic enthusiasm, and Rembrandt, Raphael, Rubens, and Titian were thus honored. It was men of his type, the pioneers of our art, who have made it independent of state patronage, existing only as it is useful, their higher efforts a labor of love and self-sacrifice; for even today the diversity of channels into which our art effort is subdivided is peculiarly unique in the history of art, our men, resourceful as though by birthright, seldom waiting in their studios for encouragement, but mingling with their fellows and wresting their success in the various ways where their attainment is of commercial value.

Rembrandt Peale

Of the elder Peale's artistically named sons Rembrandt Peale was the most important. Born in Bucks County, Pennsylvania, on the twenty-second of February, 1788, he was a pupil of his father, and in 1796, at the age of eighteen, began his professional career as a portrait painter in Charleston, South Carolina. About this time he in turn painted a portrait from life of Washington. Gilbert

Stuart was fond of telling that on one occasion, when the much-beset hero was sitting for the last of the fourteen portraits which the elder Peale painted, "I looked in to see how the old gentleman was getting on, and to my astonishment I found the general surrounded by the whole Peale family. As I went away I met Mrs. Washington. 'Madam,' said I, 'the general's in a perilous situation.' 'How, sir?' 'He is beset, Madam—no less than five upon him at once; one aims at his eye, another at his nose, another is busy with his hair, his mouth is attacked by a fourth, and the fifth has him by the button; in short, Madam, there are five painters at him, and knowing how he has suffered at the hands of one, you can judge of the horrors of his situation.'" From this study Rembrandt Peale afterward painted the portrait which was placed in the Senate Chamber in Washington. In 1801 he went to London, where he remained as a pupil of West for three years, going afterward to Paris, where he painted a large number of portraits of the eminent Frenchmen of the time for his father's museum in Philadelphia. Some time after his return to America, in 1809, he executed two large pictures of the "Roman Daughter" and the "Court of Death," which were probably the first subject pictures painted in this country, and which, whatever their merits, were successful in one sense, as we are told that "in a little over a year the exhibition of the latter in the principal cities of the Union brought in $8,886. In New York it was recommended from the pulpits and by the Corporation of the city, who went in a body to see it." Other times, other manners; we can hardly imagine to-day our Municipal body making such a visit! Inheriting his father's varied interests, the son incidentally became interested in the problems of illumination by gas, and in 1817, being at the time a resident of Baltimore, he formed a company by which that city was lighted, the first of our cities to enjoy this privilege. Unlike Robert Fulton, who left his art to solve the problem of navigation by steam, or Morse, whose electro-magnetic experiments had the same result, Rembrandt Peale's interest in and practice of his profession occupied him, chiefly as a painter of portraits, many of which possess merit, until his death in 1860.

Photograph by Chas. Ballard JOHN FINLEY
Painted by Rembrandt Peale. Reproduced by permission of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

John Trumbull

Diversity of occupation also marked the life of John Trumbull, whose career as soldier and diplomat, however, was incidental to his unflagging effort in art, an effort which to-day seems rather of the head than of the heart, as his works reveal an intelligent mind deliberately choosing a profession, esteemed noble, with a view of perpetuating the history of his country, rather than the imperious vocation of the born painter who delights in form and color as the instrument for the transmission of the beauty he finds in nature. Chronologically of the time of the Revolution, born in Lebanon, Connecticut, on the sixth of June, 1756, from his boyhood his artistic activity continued till his death in New York on the tenth of November, 1843. He was the son of Jonathan Trumbull, Governor of Connecticut, and received his edu-

cation at Harvard, graduating in 1773 at the age of seventeen. He copied a few pictures in college, among them the copy of Vandyke, by Smybert, which for Copley, and later for Allston, also served for instruction. Before he entered on his vocation the war of Independence broke out, and as adjutant of the first Connecticut regiment he began his military career. A dispute regarding his promotion as adjutant-general shortened his military life and caused his resignation in 1776, when he went to Boston, where he stayed until May, 1780. In that year he sought instruction from West, but soon after his arrival in London was imprisoned as a rebel, in the excitement following the execution of Major André. After an imprisonment of eight months he was released through the influence of West and returned home. On the conclusion of peace in 1783 Trumbull desired to continue his studies in art; and against the will of his father, who wished him to study law, warning him that "Connecticut was not Athens," he returned to West in London.

CHARLES WILSON PEALE

From the full-length portrait of himself, painted in his old age. Now in the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts.

Three years after, he had completed his picture of the "Battle of Bunker Hill," which was followed by that of the "Death of Montgomery at Quebec." These were pictures with figures about ten inches high, the heads painted with a miniature-like precision, well composed and sufficiently agreeable in color. They, with much of the painter's life work, may be seen in the gallery of the School of Fine Arts, at Yale University, and to the end of his long life Trumbull hardly surpassed them. He now formed the project of returning home to obtain from the still living actors of the great events of the Revolution studies for the portraits to serve for a series of historical pictures of these events. This was henceforth his life work, though for a period he returned to Europe, where he served as a commissioner to adjust claims that had risen from the war between England and her former colonies.

JOHN TRUMBULL

From the bust by Hughes

(A fragment)

His Paintings in the Rotunda

Two years were thus occupied, and Trumbull, after a short visit home, again returned to England. He came back to this country in 1816, and in the following year Congress commissioned him to paint the four historical subjects which are now placed in the Rotunda of the National Capitol in Washington. In the intervening years he had completed others of his series of historical pictures, making them of about the same size as the "Battle of Bunker Hill," and had traveled far and wide through our country to obtain the studies necessary. These small heads are for the most part well painted, but when the four large pictures were finished, it was seen that Trumbull had neither knowledge nor intuitive decorative sense sufficient to paint upon a large scale. The first effort of the United States to encourage art cannot, therefore, be considered fortunate, as even the documenatry value of the works is less than that of the small studies from which they are enlarged. Trumbull, upon his choice of New York as a permanent residence, became a source of discord to the then rising generation of American painters. By long residence abroad, his ideal for the future art of his country had become foreign to our more simple and democratic principles, and his influence was exerted to found an Academy of Fine Arts, directed by men of affairs, where, as its constitution phrased it, artists were "to be *permitted* to show their works," and distinguished amateurs were to be "*invited*" to do so. Such an academy was

SIGNING THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

formed indeed in 1806, and revived upon Trumbull's return in 1816 to languish until 1826, when, by revolt of the practising artists, the National Academy of Design was founded.

Though Trumbull's influence may not have been that of progression, American art owes him much, nevertheless. His consistent belief throughout life in the dignity of art, and his example by education and by the men of mark with whom he mingled on terms of equality, must have exerted in that early day a salutary influence, and is in part responsible for the fact that the profession of the artist has always been one of good repute in our commercial community.

Gilbert Stuart

The work of all the men thus far considered has little significance as painting *per se* in comparison with that of Gilbert Stuart, who, though perhaps less exemplary in the personal conduct of life than some of his predecessors or contemporaries, is of the race of great painters for all time.

A Career of Ups and Downs

Of Scotch descent, Stuart was born in Narraganset, Rhode Island, on the third of December, 1755, and died in Boston the twenty-seventh of July, 1828. He became a pupil of Cosmo Alexander, a Scotch painter temporarily in America, and accompanied his master to Scotland, where Alexander died soon after. Left without resources, young Stuart, but seventeen years of age, made his way home with difficulty, but nothing daunted, again returned to Europe three years later in 1775. Here he led a hand-to-mouth existence for two years, when he was brought to the notice of Benjamin West, who at once took him into his family, employing him as an assistant, and giving him instruction for a long period, for it was not until 1782 that Stuart opened a studio of his own. Reynolds and Gainsborough were in active practice, but the young American painter was successful from the first. Of convivial habits, with little or none of the prudence which past misfortune might have taught him, his success served him so little that in 1788 he was obliged to flee from his creditors to Dublin. Here history was repeated, and for a time the debtors' prison was his studio, where he still retained an active practice. He married in England in 1786, and after the episode in the debtors' prison his wife joined him, and in Ireland "he painted most of the nobility and lived in a great deal of splendor."

Photograph copyright, 1897, by C. A. Lawrence

GILBERT STUART

Painted by John Neagle, whose work will be mentioned later in this series. He was a pupil of Stuart, and his work reflects equal credit on his master and himself. In the possession of the Boston Art Museum

The Story of Stuart's First Portrait of Washington

At heart he had remained a good American, and cherished so keen a desire to paint a portrait of Washington that he relinquished his successful practice in Dublin to return home with this avowed purpose. His return to New York in 1793, where his fame had preceded him, was an event of importance. Dunlap writes that it appeared to him that he had "never seen portraits before, so decidedly was form and mind conveyed to the canvas." To his studio "in Stone street, near William,"

COMMODORE McDONOUGH

Painted by Gilbert Stuart, now in the Century Club, New York. Reproduced by permission of the owner, Mr. Augustus C. McDonough

sitters flocked, and it was not until the following year that he was able to proceed to Philadelphia, whither Congress had removed from New York, where he had his first sitting from Washington, who was then President. Dunlap fixes the date thus, and states that Stuart destroyed his first portrait because he was dissatisfied with the expression. Within recent years, however, a portrait by Stuart of Washington, which since the period that it was painted has remained in the possession of the Gibbs-Channing family, has been exhibited at the Metropolitan Museum in New York. This, it is maintained with apparent justice, is the first result of Stuart's portraiture of Washington. The better-known portrait in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts was the second attempt of Stuart, and with it he was so well satisfied that he refrained from adding a touch to it after the departure of the sitter, and throughout the vicissitudes of an often unprosperous career he steadfastly refused to sell it to any but a public institution. The background and coat are left the color of the canvas, and the whole work retains a freshness which shows the artist's wisdom in refraining from superficial "finish."

This, with the companion picture of Martha Washington, are the best-known works of Stuart, though his prolific brush has left us many portraits equally interesting as painting, though of less importance in subject from our national point of view. From the time of painting Washington in Philadelphia Stuart resided at Germantown, near that city, until 1800, when he followed the removal of Congress to Washington. Here he stayed until 1805, and from that period until his death made Boston his home. In all these cities he was industrious, and the generation then alive profited by his master brush.

Stuart's Place in American Art

Without being an impeccable draftsman, he was quick to seize on the characteristic features of his sitters, and his sense of color was highly developed. His method of painting was direct and simple, qualities to which we owe that so many of his works have come down to us without deterioration from time. He was essentially a portraitist, never to my knowledge attempting to paint a composition, and even the comparatively few full-length portraits which he painted are more conventional and less interesting than his bust portraits. As a man he was, to judge by the many anecdotes still related, of infinite wit. From native intelligence, undoubtedly profiting by the commerce he had enjoyed with the best people of the time, the deficiencies of his early education were not apparent, and he was a brilliant talker, no small merit in one whose profession often induces somnolency on the part of the portrayed. His convivial habits were largely those of his time, but unlike many "three bottle men," his indulgences never seem to have impaired the clearness of his vision nor the cunning of his hand, since one of the best of his portraits, that of John Quincy Adams, was painted in his seventy-fifth year. Of this only the head was finished, when death stayed his hand. Like most of his professional contemporaries he was most generous with his counsel to younger artists. "Bring your pictures in, we don't turn painting out of doors here," was his hearty invitation to a timid aspirant who had brought a work for his criticism. In this country he played the rôle which West had filled in England, most of our painters in the first quarter of the nineteenth century profiting by his knowledge. The list of his work is long; there are few cities on the Atlantic seaboard that do not possess one or more of them, and to no paintings of the time can the student or lover of art turn with more certainty of benefit from study than to those left by Gilbert Stuart.

MARQUISE DE CASA-YRUJO

Née Sally McKean of Philadelphia. By Gilbert Stuart. A charming example of his talent, possibly the best portrait ever painted by him. Reproduced by permission of Mrs. Thomas McKean, Sr.

"'*Mother and child, mother and child!*' *his heart kept saying*"

JIMPS

BY FLORENCE WILKINSON

Illustrated by A. I. Keller

THE ice had "broke," and the April woods were knee-deep in crystal slush. Jimps's tomato cans, like Christmas stockings naïvely waiting what a benevolent future might hold in store, hung expectantly from every sugar maple her toiling little feet could reach in adventurous excursions around the shanty. The evening sunlight, pink as a wild rose, shot through the open spaces of the clearing and into the Men's Room, where the tired river drivers, released from the day's work, lounged about the central stove. The sunlight fell on the rough floor in streaks, and lighted Jimps's head till her hair looked like motes in the sun. It touched with flame the bowl of Jeremy's pipe. The rest of the room was in dusk, concealing from Jeremy, ever-fertile *raconteur*, that his mates had yielded themselves to after-supper dozing. Only his little girl sat, erect and eager, as if drinking honey from his lips. The unintelligibility of his tales to her childish perception only heightened their charm. Like dim incantations, they had the spell of the mystic, and she translated them to suit the mood or the hour.

Jeremy spoke with the unctuous drawl of a person in possession of his audience, secure in this case because a somnolent one.

"To cut a long story short"—he repeated the euphemistic phrase as those do who cut short stories long—"she says, says she, to me, 'Would you have the goodness to remove that ere pipe of yourn from your lips?' or words to that uffect."

It was evident that Jeremy was embarked upon a story as familiar to the camp as to the world outside, of the leading rôle of which he nevertheless claimed to be the original creator. Jimps listened with eyes open to every smallest detail.

"'This be the smoker, madam,' says I, ca'm-like and firm, 'and pipes be allowed. But would you be so obleeging as to remove that ere dorg of yourn to the freight, whar he belongs?'"

"How did the doggie look, Jeremy?" cried Jimps, alive to this feature of the incantation.

Nothing is more annoying to the story-teller than irrelevant queries that swerve the course of the story, mid-stream. But the snag was Jimps, so Jeremy treated it with respect.

"The same war the hombliest critter you ever laid eyes on. Molasses-colored, with ears like two pancakes on him. You'd ha' thought them ears of hisn would have bothered him considable in chawin' when he come to chaw."

Jeremy's wit was richly rewarded by Jimps's cascade of laughter. He rambled on.

"Her, pawin' the smoke away and sniffin'

"'And then what d'ye think? he—hooned reel perlite'"

the foolishest. But I was never one to stan' out agin a woman, only thet long to uphold my manly dignity; so I lays my pipe daown on the sill, accidental-like, the while I mought be ponderin' somethin' purty deep."

Jeremy's voice, sinking mysteriously, aroused Jimps's nimble imagination. Her dark eyebrows were raised to a point above her triangular brown eyes as she leaned forward out of her high chair. She looked like a startled insect. It was only at this twilight hour that she was admitted to the charmed circle around the stove. Here she sat still. At other times she rippled with incessant life, like a sapling in the breeze.

"How deep were it, Jeremy? 'Bout as deep as that woodchuck hole by the big beech tree?"

"What be you talkin' of, daughtie? There warn't no woodchuck holes on thet Adyrondack express. We was half-way between Big Moose and Beaver River, I reckon, when quick ez a wink thet wumman flipped my pipe out of the window!"

Jimps felt that her last commentary, though well meant, had been a failure, and was resolved to retrieve herself by an extra amount of sympathetic vivacity.

"Oh! That were smart of the lady, wern't it?"

Jeremy, instead of gratitude for this solitary instance of attention in a roomful of sleeping dummies, betrayed the slightest bitterness.

"A durned bit too smart fer me. So I jist yanked her dorg up by his big ears and he follered the pipe daown the tracks, I'm blessed if he didn't!"

"The poor little doggie!" burst out Jimps, in a frenzy of unexpected commiseration.

She jumped from her chair and ran to Jeremy vengefully. Her red lips quivered to a sob, and her eyebrows were ruffled.

"You hurt the poor doggie, and I won't love you any more."

"What—what's this?" muttered old Eli, turning in his barrel chair. "Who's hurtin' little Jimps?"

Jeremy had at least gained a listener. Eli, when he heard the next catch-word, recognized the tale, and groaned at his inopportune wakefulness.

"I didn't hurt the critter none, daughtie. Listen and you'll find out. At Clear Water I was stoppin' to see my sister's folks, and purty glad to get shook off from that jawin' wumman; but off she gets, too, tu pursu the argyment, when, what in the name of wonderment did we see a-comin' daown the railroad tracks?"

The thrill of an approaching climax aroused the last sleepers, and Jeremy was tickled by the stir.

"Thet ere lap-eared dorg of hern, trottin' ez cool ez ye please——"

"Oh, was he *reel* cool?" rippled Jimps, appreciative, as always, of minor points.

Jeremy swept magnificently on.

"And thet gol-darned pipe of mine in his ugly mouth! Hey, what d'ye say to that, old man Joe?"

"The dear little doggie!" bubbled Jimps. "And the pipe in his mouf! And were he smokin' it, Jeremy?"

The satire, unconscious though it was, did not escape the quick-witted lumbermen. They burst into roars of laughter at Jeremy's expense. The simple-hearted old fellow accepted the laughter as tribute to the success of his tale.

"It war cur'ous, warn't it?" he concluded, tipping the ashes out of his pipe on the woodpile.

"Naow fer your bear story," said Davy affably to Eli.

"Or yourn of the devil," returned Eli.

Both were well-known allusions that kindled appreciative guffaws.

"I were witness to a most astoundin' occurrence last winter," began Mart waggishly.

"Yes, I reckon we've all sawed mighty wonders," said Davy drily, "ef you give us time to think on 'em up."

Little Jimps, in Jeremy's arms, suffered the agony of unworthy obscurity. Here were all the "boys" with such marvels at the tips of their tongues, while she must sit in extinguishment. There was a silence, during which Jimps meditated a hundred fine beginnings, like one who trembles on the verge of his first impromptu speech. She slid down from Jeremy's knees and began in an awe-struck tone: "I've had a wonder, too! I haven't telled no one what I sawed on the tote-road this mornin'."

Her tone so deliciously echoed Jeremy's own, at his most inspired moment, that the men laughed, but were silenced by Jeremy's gentle plea.

"Let the young 'un tell her story, and you boys listen and hark to it."

"I went out to the tote-road this mornin'," said Jimps, in the throes of literary creation, "to see how much sap had runned into my biggest pail. And I hearn a funny noise and I looked, and what do you think I sawed"—the ecstasy of fabrication was upon her—"up above me in the tree?"

The dramatic pause was busily employed with thoughts as to what she did see.

"A little squirl, and he slided down the trunk just as fast, and wherf he come to the bottom he spread out his tail, so."

Jimps illustrated with hands and skirt.

"And sat down, and he looked like a gray jug settin' on a fuzzy mat, just zactly."

She laughed humorously at her simile, taking meanwhile quick thought ahead. She realized that her wonder was beginning well, but she could not hold her audience indefinitely without some daring stroke.

"Kind of chittery, like this," said she, with plausible imitation. "And I walked away just as sof'," she tip-toed up to Davy, "and—thet's all!"

"Fust rate! You'll do, all right!" said Davy cynically.

Jimps's brows went up in instant comprehension. Now that she had told her lie, she became its passionate defender.

"Cross my heart and die, it's solemn truf!"

"In course it be," murmured Jeremy lovingly.

"'N I'm going there to-morrow to talk

"'*Oh, my baby, my baby,*' *he heard her moan*"

"And then, what d'ye think, he—bowed real perlite——"

Jimps captured her audience by another bit of "business."

"And he says, 'Good mornin', ma'am. I'm the squirl what lives in this tree, and I'll be obleeged ef you'll step keerful, so's not to wake up my children, ez air jest gone to sleep in their little bunks.' That's what the squirl says to me."

Jimps was now in the center of the room, and her brown eyes shone red in the stove light. Her fluffy hair rose up into a little peak of excitement.

"What sort of voice did he have, Jimps?" queried Jeremy respectfully.

wiz him again, but you can't go!" was her final shot to Davy as Jeremy bore her off to bed.

"Ain't she a corker, though, to tell yarns?" said Mart when the door was closed behind father and child. "Takes arter her mother all right in thet."

"'N she'll bamboozle him jest the same when she's growed big," added Davy.

Notwithstanding, every man in camp, with the addition of Garetta, Eli's wife, the camp cook, loved Jimps devotedly.

Jeremy's marriage had been the romance and the tragedy of the little logging community some years before. The girl Melissy had suddenly appeared in camp one stormy winter

night, unknown, unheralded, and pitifully in search of a "husband," who was in reality no husband at all. Paul Lawless, who had deceived the foolish young thing, turned on his heel, and by his silence disowned her. Then Jeremy, elderly, diffident, and lonely, had risen to the supreme height of his life, and claimed her as his own. A quiet marriage had followed, and three happy years, happy for Jeremy, full of discontent and longing for selfish, pretty light-o'-love Melissy. The birth of her child stirred only the feeblest maternal instinct, although to Jeremy it was the coming of heaven on earth. Therefore it was not a surprise to the camp when Melissy ran away with Zenus Adgate, a flashy drummer from Malone. Melissy's babbling babe saved Jeremy's life and reason in the bitter days that followed. When he finally had strength to speak of her, he was only known to say that he pitied her and blamed himself more than he blamed her. After a while he made it possible for her to get the divorce she wanted. The child he always kept, and his whole rugged nature was wrapped to absorption in the fragile scrap of a girl. Sometimes he would take her velvet face between his rough hands with a wonder and awe that she was his, so little, so dainty, and his. She, in her turn, lavished upon him a variety of bewildering caresses and fluttered between his feet like a kitten. Jimps was volatile, restless, fanciful, but had an insight of human nature that was almost genius. Next to her love for Jeremy was her love for admiration. Therefore when she was put to bed on the night of her triumph did she intoxicate her father by her cooing love-words and fantastic embraces. Had she not conquered the "boys" to spell-bound belief in her wonder? It was a lovely lie.

"Jeremy, I'm awful fond of you," she cooed, inventing new and ever new additions to the "squirl story."

"We will stay together all our life, daughtie," he responded, his throat full.

That night Melissy and Zenus came to camp. The woman wished to see her child, the only child she had ever borne, and he had consented to satisfy her whim.

"An' ef she's reel sweet and purty we'll take her back to live with us, won't we, Zene?" said she cajolingly.

She had been thinking lately how nice a live plaything would be.

"What'll Jeremy say?"

"He won't say nothing when I tell him how much I want her."

She had a shallow nature's cheap pride in its power.

Deep souls are most at the mercy of the feeble ones where love enters in. Little souls stand on the edge of a whirlpool and laugh at the havoc their breath creates.

"It's purty tough for a little gell like her to be brought up so lonesome, with only rough men to take keer on her."

"Thet's so, all right," assented Zene, as they drove into the camp road at nightfall.

The air was balmy with melting snows and sprouting buds. Shadows wavered across the moonlight. The moon quivered as a golden cross in a black brook by the wood's edge. Then the log shanties came into view in their clearing, low dark roofs against a luminous sky. The fair full moon sailed above. Jeremy's candle flickered red through the slit of an upper window. He had taught Jimps to say her prayers.

"And God forgib all my sins," she murmured with unsullied conscience, "and bless me and Jeremy. Amen."

Then he went downstairs—to meet the child's mother. She smiled her prettiest, mindful of her ancient sway. But from the start she felt that something of virtue was gone from her. He felt it, too, remaining unmoved where a year ago his heart would have been in his mouth and his temples bursting. The spell was gone. When and how? One day we tremble at a name, we go red and white at a footstep on the sill. Our will forsakes us at a voice, a touch. Strange! The next day, come step, voice, touch, but the thrill that follows has gone. Where? We are suddenly calm, unmoved. Who loosed the spell? And our own souls answer—Who?

The little forsaken girl of the bitter night, the damp rings of hair beneath the frosted hood—that had appealed. The child-mother, nursing her baby, with red winter skies cold through frozen pines—that had appealed. So had a pathetic memory. But this, this smiling person, the store clothes, the plumes cocked up on the jaunty hat—this was repellant. He did not understand the gleam of her patent leather toe as she shook it in the firelight. Zenus also, with his green necktie, affluent chin, and exaggerated mustache, was an aggression.

Jeremy relapsed into stony quiet after Melissy had put forth her plea.

"She is mine, mine, mine. They shall not rob me of her," he fiercely thought. He bit the stem of his pipe as Melissy chattered on.

"I'm her mother, you know," said she plaintively, not thinking how the simple words opened a hole in the wall of Jeremy's opposition.

"'Thet's the kind of little gell I be'"

Mother and child; mother and child! Again his throat ached.

"You know, Melissy, it was becuz of this promise that I let you get—the—the papers. That I should have custodyship of the child."

"I know," said Melissy meekly, unable to argue where promises and law were concerned.

"But conseder how much better off the child would be with us," said Zenus pompously.

"*You* needn't say nothing," roared Jeremy, glaring at the man. "I know what you are, Zenus Adgate."

Melissy tapped her foot warningly, and Adgate made no answer. He withdrew instead to the long mess-table, and ostentatiously picked his teeth.

"Why, Jimps be happy as a bird with me," said Jeremy gently.

"Jimps! Is that what you call the poor little kid!" Melissy spoke as if this were the final and most outrageous grievance. "And I that named her Jessica Belle, with us standing beside her bed, when she weren't able to raise her little head from the piller."

"The boys kinder got inter that way," Jeremy apologized, "becuz she was so quick in her motions. And I don't know as thet was a proper reason, nuther."

"I want to see her sleeping," said Melissy. "May I?"

She had never wanted anything so much as at that moment she wanted little Jessica. Jeremy kept alternately cursing and blessing himself as he took her up the steep stairway to his sleeping room. At any rate, she did not know how near he had been to yielding one fatal minute or she would not so soon have given up hope.

Zenus below strode importantly about the cabin, striking inquisitive toes against various objects, as if to test their solidity. The very way he twisted his lips had a commercial implication.

Jimps lay beneath the gray blanket, one dimpled fist curled lovingly toward the mouth in dreamy reminiscence of the days when thumb-sucking was desirable and luxurious. Her black lashes and furze of corn-colored hair made somehow a pathetic contrast. The red lips smiled half humorously. Jeremy's big hand shook as he held the candle close to her face. He dared not look at the mother.

"Mother and child; mother and child!" his heart kept saying.

"Has she forgot me?" whispered Melissy, coming a bit nearer. She was softened by recollection of the time when he and she first leaned over the rude bed together. For even the shallowest woman has her moments of depth.

"She don't say much abaout you—naow," answered Jeremy reluctantly, and turned his face the other way.

Melissy fell on her knees and buried her face in the warm blanket by the little head. She was not clever enough for acting, but she could not have better calculated.

"Oh, my baby, my baby," he heard her moan.

He felt that even he had become an intruder, and so he crept downstairs. Melissy that minute would have given up Zenus Adgate, shop jewelry, store clothes, and all, to have had that little arm around her neck and a baby voice cooing "Mamma." Jeremy waited for her at the foot of the stairs. He had decided on his course, but he did not want the man Adgate to hear what he should say. Melissy appeared, and even in the dim light he saw that she had been crying. He spoke hoarsely.

"Melissy, when sun-up comes, if you still want her, you shall have her, s'God help me."

What he did not see was the faint smile that lighted her delicate face when she told Zenus that it was time for bed.

"Jimps, Jimps!" groaned Jeremy upstairs, "It'll break my heart, but Jeremy has got to keep his word."

She had never called him father, but always Jeremy, as did the "boys," who were exemplars in her little world.

The lumberman lost himself for a moment while his rough cheek touched hers. Instantly she awoke, wide awake, as is the way with restless little children. Jeremy was on his knees and praying for her. This much she realized.

"It is the solemn truf," said Jimps aloud.

He looked at her, amazed. Triangular bright brown eyes met his gaze where before angel lashes swept the unconscious cheek.

"What is the truth, daughtie?"

"I telled the solemn truf about that talkin' squirl."

Then once more Jimps was in slumberland.

The next morning at breakfast she was introduced to Melissy and Zenus.

"Kiss her pretty," chirruped Garetta, "she's your mother."

But instead of "kissing her pretty," the little girl fled to Jeremy's leg, in the embrace of which fortress she surveyed the enemy warily.

"I never sawed that woman afore," was her first plea in rebuttal.

"Come, Jessica, I'll show you my shiny brooch," teased Melissy.

Jimps turned to Jeremy in quick wrath. "She doesn't know my name," she whispered. "She be'n't my mother. You be."

The child ate her oatmeal sloppily, distracted by the new faces and the astonishing siege for which she was inwardly fortifying herself.

"How bad the child eats," remarked Melissy to her husband.

Jimps did some gymnastics with her freighted spoon, in defiance.

"Wipe off your mouth, little gell," said Zenus patronizingly, sousing his mustache in the coffee cup for a sonorous drink.

"You got driblets on your whiskers your own self," retorted Jimps, when he emerged. "You look like my black tom-cat when he'd been in the milk pan."

In this manner was the *entente cordiale* established between them. Zenus was discomfited by the applause that Jimps evoked. Poor Jeremy struggled hard to correct the opening negotiations. He had drunk three cups of coffee, but tasted no other food. The fresh April sunlight, streaming horizontally through the frosted trees on this radiant Sunday morning, mocked at the tug in his heart. The lumbermen moved about the room, joking casually with each other, but underneath it all keeping a sharp watch upon the little drama. The suppression of outward curiosity is one of the foremost canons of good breeding in the North Woods.

"Be a good little gell, Jimps. She is your mamma and will fetch you home to live with her. Show what a nice, pretty-behaved little child you kin be."

If this obnoxious happening was to be purchased by pretty behavior, Jimps knew also how it was to be averted. She had been taking the measure of Melissy, from the thin lips to the little shallow toe that tapped impatiently. She did not know what "mammas" were, but if this were one of them, they were not to be desired.

"You may come and live with me in a grand house," said Melissy, "if you air a nice little girl." She held out one slim hand to the child, but a single leathery finger of Jeremy's contained more promise of love. Jimps retreated again to the paternal stronghold.

"Where's the kid's duds? There's no more time fer foolin'," said Zenus with incisive brutality.

Jimps's quick wits rose to the situation.

"I be'n't a nice little gell," she shrieked, stamping her foot with savage menace. Old man Joe and Eli glanced up with slow interest, and mild Garetta turned from her dishwashing.

"I be the baddest little gell you ever sawed. I screams when her combs my hair"—she jerked an impudent elbow toward the amazed Garetta. "I screams awful—like this," and she let out a blood-curdling sound that made Mart stop his ears and Melissy look apprehensive.

"I stamps when he puts me to bed, and once I clum out of the winder and played in the snow all night, I did!"

Her intoxicated fancy took wide range.

"One time I hooked the hosses up and druv clar off and made them go gallumphin' all day. The boys was awful mad, but I didn't keer!" The tossed head and the insolent laugh were the very incarnation of desperate wickedness. Eli had his mouth behind his hand and his body shook. Simple Jeremy's dazed look was gradually growing to one of comprehension. Davy pointed out to Mart by pantomimic gesture the contempt on Adgate's face.

"The little wildcat!" Adgate muttered, which spurred Jimps on to more atrocious self-defamation.

"I never mind nobody, and nobody dassn't tech me when I don't want them ter. I shies cups and saucers at 'em. I don't think nothin' of doin'—*thet!*"

A heavy coffee pot struck the green necktie with brilliant emphasis. Its owner dodged angrily, and uttered imprecations against "the brat."

"Thet's the kind of little gell I be," finished Jimps breathlessly, while Melissy drew her skirts away from the pool of muddy coffee on the floor.

"She-devil!" ejaculated Zenus, approaching his wife, enraged both with her and himself for the foolish position in which he felt himself placed. "Is this the high jinks we wants goin' on in our house? Let's tek our things and go, and be well rid of the rubbish."

"She tells the truth, anyhow, don't she?" returned Melissy, sheepishly, ashamed to be the mother of such a violent mite.

"An' I don't tell the truf, nuther! Not hardly ever!" disclaimed Jimps with vehemence, afraid to leave open even this loophole through which the enemy might worm in. "Yestiddy in the dog-room I telled a lie, the dreffullest one"—how much this confession cost the child at bay no one could have guessed. "I telled a lie right clean out of my own head about—about a little squirl that bowed perlite and talked."

She could not keep from her voice the note of creative tenderness. She glanced around

with the pride of self-abasement, for the boys, once her spell-bound audience, now must be witness to her downfall. It was the last drop of the price she must pay to stay with Jeremy "forever'n ever."

"I said he talked to me and called me 'ma'am,' an' 'twas no sech thing at all. I lied, didn't I, boys? A drefful black lie!"

The blazing sprite with hot tears behind the proud pale look appealed to the gray weather-beaten men who were her "boys."

"You did, Jimps," came from them in loyal unison.

Little Mrs. Adgate gathered up her skirts and stepped gingerly across the cluttered floor. At the outer threshold she turned, as if to speak, but Jimps's face did not yield. Zenus hurried her through with an unceremonious hand upon her waist. His harsh laughter was heard as he hitched up.

Then Jimps flung herself on Jeremy's breast in a passion of weeping.

"The boys 'ull never b'lieve me again. They'll gag me to def," she moaned, "but you know why, Jeremy. You know why!"

Jeremy could only pat her cheek with hand that trembled. Eli rubbed the horny back of his hand across his eyes.

"I lied to that woman receitfully, but I telled the solemn truf at the end."

Jimps's tears flowed afresh, for that darling lie had been her fondest treasure, and now it lay discovered. The "solemn truf" had cost her the bitterest pang.

"'The boys 'ull never b'lieve me again'"

THE SURGERY OF LIGHT

Remarkable Discovery of Healing Rays by Dr. Niels Finsen of Copenhagen

A WORD ABOUT THE MAN

BY JACOB A. RIIS

His Fellow Countryman

I WAS lying ill of a fever in the Commune Hospital at Copenhagen in the summer of 1899 when I made the acquaintance of Dr. Niels Finsen. We had met before in the house of his father-in-law, the venerable bishop of my own town over by the North Sea, but it was during those homesick days that I really learned to know the man. When the fever had left me I would sit in his little office down in the corner of the hospital grounds by the lake and watch the patients who had come in pain and gloom, go away, carrying in their faces the sunshine that had given them back their life. And I came to look with a kind of reverential awe upon this patient, silent man whose every thought was for his suffering fellows while he calmly counted the hours to his own release from racking pain. I learned from his own lips the story of his great temptation: how when he found what he sought he lay awake one whole long night, debating with himself whether to turn it to account in private practice,—Finsen is a poor man—or to give it and his life to the world. He chose poverty, and the world is the richer for his sacrifice; how much we can hardly realize under our brighter American skies, where the disease with the ravening name (*lupus*—a wolf) is comparatively rare.

JACOB A. RIIS

The story of Finsen's success is the old one of the man who knows. Cradled in the island of storms and wintry night, he loved the sun. His eye lighted up when he spoke of it: "Let it break through suddenly on a cloudy day," he said, "and see the change! Insects that were drowsy wake up and take wing; lizards and snakes come out to sun themselves; the birds burst into song. We ourselves feel as if a burden were lifted. In our daily life we give to the sunlight the place that belongs to it, without question. The housewife 'suns' her bedclothes. We shun dark rooms, especially bedrooms." But he was not content to accept experience without question. He wanted to *know*. And with the spirit of the true investigator he went back to nature and considered the ant and the lizard, and their ways. The rest is a record of patient work and thinking. The difference between his way and that other one which jumps at conclusions and

postpones the day of knowledge, is amusingly brought out in his earliest pamphlet on "Light as a Stimulus," in which he speaks of General Pleasanton and the blue-light craze of the seventies. "The General," he says, "was absolutely on the right track, but, lacking the scientific basis, he fell into the error of believing his 'discovery' to be a cure-all for the ills of the animal and vegetable kingdoms." So his blue light was laughed at as quackery. And now another generation hears from the Danish doctor why he was right in principle, though we heeded him not.

The Danish Government has given to the Finsen Light Institute a home; the people of Copenhagen give it support and unstinted affection. Dr. Finsen has given, is giving, it his life. No more can any man give.

DR. FINSEN AND THE STORY OF HIS ACHIEVEMENT

BY CLEVELAND MOFFETT

IT is fitting that a great discovery touching the treatment and care of certain diseases *by light alone* should be given the world by a man who lived in Iceland until he was twenty-one, and knew through all his boyhood the depressing influence of too much night. One of the first things Finsen said when I went to see him last summer in Copenhagen was this, and he said it with touching humility: "All that I have accomplished in my experiments with light and all that I have learned about its therapeutic value has come because I *needed* the light so much myself. I longed for it so."

The story of Finsen's achievement is another instance of success growing out of apparent failure, and strength out of weakness. For, after studying medicine for eight years at the Copenhagen University, he took his doctor's degree in 1890 (at the age of thirty) only to find himself so stricken in body, with heart, liver, and digestive organs all affected, that it was out of the question for him ever to practise his profession. So he turned to the work that offered, and for three years filled the modest post of preceptor in anatomy at the university, his health continuing as bad as possible. Thus in 1893 the Finsen whose fame to-day is celebrated through all the scientific world was a poor and obscure instructor in a little Danish city.

During these three years, however, Finsen did more than teach anatomy; his spare time, his thoughts, and any strength he had after the day's work, were occupied with observations and experiments destined soon to rob smallpox of its ugliest terror, the scarring of the face. Not that he started with any such aim or had smallpox particularly in mind at first; he started with light and a study of its physiological action: Can light do any *good* to the body, can light do any *harm* to the body?—a subject of investigation at that time almost entirely neglected. But he came presently to such important conclusions as to the influence of light in certain eruptive diseases, notably smallpox, that before the end of 1893 great doctors in various parts of Europe were listening with respect and wonder to this startling message from Copenhagen.

It was a simple enough line of reasoning that led Finsen to his first discovery. He found that if a number of earthworms are placed in an oblong box covered half with red glass and half with blue glass they will always crawl away from the blue light and seek shelter in the red light. In blue light they are restless and ill at ease, in red light they lie still, perfectly content.

Finsen took note also of a curious experiment with the chameleon, which consists in placing this little animal so that half of its body is under blue glass and the other half under red glass, the result being that one half of the chameleon turns almost black under the blue light, while the other half remains almost white under the red light. Which means, explained Finsen, that the chameleon uses its movable pigment cells to protect itself against the disagreeable effects of blue light.

And the summing up of these and hundreds of similar observations was that, of the various colors composing ordinary sunshine, the blue or actinic rays—sometimes also called the "chemical" rays—including violet and ultra-violet, are the only ones that have any noteworthy physiological effect upon animal life. The red rays have none at all, the others scarcely any. All that the red or heat rays can do is to burn when intense enough, as fire burns. But the "actinic" rays, which do not burn, have other properties that may ren-

der them highly beneficial or harmful to animal life. Thus it is the "actinic" rays that produce ordinary sunburn—really not burn at all, but an irritation of the skin which may, as explorers know, be quite as painful on a glacier with the thermometer below zero as in the tropics.

NIELS R. FINSEN IN HIS WORKING CLOTHES

Finsen was at this point in his researches when, one day at the medical library in Copenhagen, he came upon a pamphlet published in 1832 by Dr. Pictou of New Orleans. In the pamphlet there was incidental mention of the fact that, during a certain smallpox epidemic, some soldiers confined in dark dungeons had suffered the disease and recovered without suppuration or scarring. No attempt was made at explanation. But the mere fact was sufficient for Finsen, who, in a flash of insight, seized upon a truth that had lain here for years, understood by no one. The soldiers had recovered without scarring simply because, being in the dark cells, they were protected against the irritating actinic rays, the same blue rays that disturb the earthworms so. No one knew better than Finsen how much harm these rays can do, even to a normal and healthy skin, by sunburning. How much greater harm, he reasoned, must these rays work if allowed to fall upon an inflamed sensitive cuticle like that of a smallpox patient. It was, therefore, clear to him that such patients should be kept either in darkness, like Dr. Pictou's prisoners, or better still for purposes of convenience and comfort, in red light, which is physiologically the same as darkness. Would not patients thus protected from the chemical rays enjoy immunity from pock marking? he asked himself.

Within a month after the question had suggested itself Finsen offered to the world his red-light treatment, declaring confidently that smallpox patients would suffer no scarring of face or body if cared for in rooms from which all light but red had been excluded. And the curious part of it is that at this time Finsen *had never seen a case of smallpox*, and based his conclusions entirely on theoretical grounds. He was like the astronomer who first calculated with pencil and paper that there *must* be a new planet at a certain point in the heavens, and then set about finding it with his telescope.

THE CHATIN-BROCA ELECTRIC LAMP FOR THE CURE OF LUPUS BY FINSEN'S METHOD AS USED BY DR. BISSERIÉ IN THE BROCA HOSPITAL, PARIS

It happened that there was much smallpox that summer in Bergen, Norway, and Dr. Findholm, chief of the military service there, suggested to Dr. Svendsen, his assistant, that he make a trial of the red-light treatment. In August, 1893, the first test was made on eight smallpox patients, four of them children who had never been vaccinated and were bad cases. The result was a triumph for Finsen, and was summed up thus by Dr. Svendsen:

"The period of suppuration, the most dangerous and most painful stage of smallpox, did not appear; there was no elevation of temperature and no edema. The patients entered the stage of convalescence immediately after the stage of vaccination, which seemed a little prolonged. The hideous scars were avoided."

Within a few months the red light was also tried in Gothenburg, Sweden, by Dr. Benckert, whose verdict was: "In grave cases of smallpox it gave the most surprising results. I can say, as the result of my experience, that suppuration is usually abolished by this treatment. Scars are extremely rare, and, if they do occur, they are insignificant. The duration of the disease is shorter."

And presently control tests were made, showing that if smallpox patients were exposed to daylight after beginning the red-light treatment, they invariably suffered suppuration and scarring. *A very little daylight* was found sufficient to do the harm, the inflamed skin being almost as sensitive to the actinic rays as a photographic plate. It was, therefore, judged necessary, and is to-day, to keep every ray of daylight out of a smallpox patient's room, and to cover every window and opening with red curtains or red glass, with the same care that a photographer exercises in guarding his dark room. In ordinary cases a *clear* red light is sufficient to prevent scarring and the patient can see to read. In very bad cases, however, there is need of a deep red light.

Now that all this is understood and the value of red-light treatment recognized everywhere, it is interesting to look back to the methods of ten years ago (they are still pursued by many doctors) and see how the best of these succeeded in a measure simply because they *accidentally* offered some protection against the chemical rays. Thus the various compresses employed, the smearing of the face with fatty substances, the painting it with tincture of iodine or nitrate of silver—all these, and others, did good in so far as they

guarded the patient's face from daylight. And it is worthy of note that back in the time of Queen Elizabeth the value of red curtains, red coverlets, and red globes about the bed in smallpox cases was loudly proclaimed by certain doctors who, sad to relate, were regarded as charlatans by orthodox practitioners of that day. But it remained for Finsen to formulate these odds and ends of the true method into a system resting on a scientific basis.

Here, then, was one thing accomplished by the ailing anatomy teacher. All the world might now have smallpox without fear of disfigurement, which was something, although certainly not a cure.

With so much done Finsen went back to his general experiments, and after 1893 we find him, thanks to his newly won prestige, freed from the drudgery of teaching and able to concentrate all his efforts, health permitting (which it usually did not), upon his chosen field of phototherapy, or the use of light in medical practice. Having pointed out a certain injury that the body may suffer from the chemical rays, he now hoped to discover in them some unsuspected virtues.

It was well known at this time that ordinary sunlight will destroy bacteria if these are long enough exposed to its action. Finsen now proceeded to show that this bactericidal action of light is almost entirely limited to the blue, the violet, and the ultra-violet rays (the green, yellow, and red being practically useless), and that this action is greatly intensified by focusing the light through lenses. Thus Finsen found that while unfocused light from a July sun in Copenhagen would kill plate cultures of the *bacillus prodigiosus* in an hour and a half, the same light concentrated through lenses, with the useless rays filtered out, would kill similar cultures in two or three seconds, and the same was true of other bacteria—they were almost instantly destroyed if exposed to concentrated actinic rays.

Now, evidently, you can cure any bacterial disease if you can destroy the bacteria that cause it, so the essential thing to know next was how far into the body these chemical rays could be made to penetrate for this business of bacteria-killing. If they could be sent through and through the body (as some credulous newspapers have imagined) then all diseases of bacterial origin, tuberculosis and the rest, must certainly be cured, but it was soon found that any such considerable penetration is impossible with the present resources of science. The depth of the radial action into the tissues is very shallow—a few millimeters at the most. It is true that the actinic rays will penetrate farther when concentrated by lenses, but not far enough to make them available against any but superficial diseases.

Finsen's experiments furthermore demonstrated that a powerful electric light is more efficient as a bactericidal agent than ordinary sunlight, however concentrated, since the latter loses part of its ultra-violet rays in passing through the earth's atmosphere, while the former has these in abundance. And in the matter of penetration he discovered that the actinic rays will go much deeper into tissues from which the blood has been pressed so that they are left white. The red color of the blood acts like red glass in opposing the passage of any light but red. Finsen showed this ingeniously by placing a piece of sensitized paper back of his wife's ear and then allowing the concentrated rays from one of his lamps to fall upon the front of the ear. The experiment was tried first when the ear was full of blood, and in this case it was found, after five minutes' exposure to the light, that the paper was not blackened. Then the light was turned upon the ear squeezed free of blood, and within twenty seconds the paper *was* blackened.

Gradually a girdle of limitations was established about the new field of investigation. For instance, there is a variety of baldness due to bacteria which, it was reasonable to think, might be cured by the chemical rays. And there is a form of superficial cancer due to bacteria which also fitted the conditions. And there are various diseases (some due to bacteria and some not) which seemed to call the experimenter with his healing electric lamp. What would the chemical rays do for measles or acne or lupus? These were questions that could only be answered after months of tests.

Finsen began with lupus, a dreadful disfiguring disease, usually of the face, that comes when the bacteria of tuberculosis attack the surfaces of the body instead of the lungs or deeper parts. There was no cure for lupus, and thousands of sufferers over the world (there were some 1,500 in Denmark alone) were condemned without hope to endure its slow ravages. Surgeons might cut away the affected parts, but some of the bacteria were almost sure to remain, so that the knife gave only temporary relief.

Finsen's first patient was an engineer of Copenhagen, Niels Morgensen, who for eight years since the lupus declared itself had

vainly tried whatever science could suggest for his relief. No less than twenty-five times, he told me, his face had been operated on, the right side being cut, scraped, burned with acids, seared with hot irons, and all to no avail. In the fall of 1895 the phototherapeutic treatment on Morgensen was begun. At first everything was very crude; a hand lens was used to concentrate the rays from an ordinary arc lamp, the red and ultra red being filtered out through blue water. For an hour or two hours, every day, this concentrated blue light was directed against the afflicted right cheek, Finsen himself holding the lens, aided by a medical student.

THE EARLY METHOD OF TREATMENT, WITH CONCENTRATED SUNLIGHT

The result came up to the fullest expectations. After the first treatment there was no more spread of the disease, but a steady closing in of the lupus patches and a lessening of the angry redness as healthy tissue formed. Within six months Niels Morgensen was free from his disease, and Finsen had done what doctors and surgeons would have laughed at as a mad impossibility—he had cured a case of lupus with some blue water and a piece of glass!

And so the thing was settled, and again Finsen's reasoning was demonstrated sound. These strange chemical rays that must be shunned in smallpox were seen now to hold a cure for this other dread malady, lupus. The light which caused harmful irritation in the one case destroyed harmful bacteria in the other; and, better still, destroyed them painlessly. All that Finsen asked of a patient was not to have smallpox and lupus at the same time!

It is good to know that Finsen's new discovery met with prompt recognition. Within a month of Morgensen's cure the Finsen Light Institution had been established in Copenhagen, starting modestly in the gardens of the Commune Hospital, and moving soon to important buildings of its own in the suburbs. In the first six months only ten or twelve cases were received, and a single nurse gave the treatment; but the benefit to those treated was so great that soon the news

spread over all Denmark and passed beyond, that at last a cure for lupus had been found, a simple cure by light. Straightway from many points came the afflicted ones—Danes and Swedes and Norwegians and Germans—to see what this young doctor of Copenhagen could do for them, this sick man Finsen, with his vital organs all gone wrong and his great belief in light. What Finsen did was to cure them!

And see now how swift the spread of a beneficent discovery. Every year in April the present Queen of England and her sister, the former Empress of Russia, were accustomed to visit Copenhagen for the birthday of old King Christian, their father. And of course they were told of this fine thing that Finsen had done, and they went to the Light Institute and observed the treatment for themselves, with the result that in 1898 the Empress of Russia sent the Prince of Oldenburg to Copenhagen with three of the most eminent professors in St. Petersburg to study Finsen's methods with a view of introducing them into Russia. So favorable was their report that presently St. Petersburg had its Finsen Institute also. Meantime Queen Alexandra had presented one of Finsen's lamps to the London Hospital, where in due course a light department was established and exists to-day for the treatment of lupus.

Needless to say Finsen has made many advances in the use of the light. He soon discovered, for instance, that the ultra-violet or invisible rays at the blue end of the spectrum are much more efficacious in killing bacteria, say ten times more so, than are the visible violet rays, and this fact led him to abolish the blue-water filter which prevents the ultra-violet rays from passing, and to use instead clear water which sufficiently absorbs the red and ultra-red rays that would otherwise burn the skin. He also substituted a lens of rock crystal for the one of ordinary glass used at first, since he found that rock crystal allows the ultra-violet rays to pass freely, while ordinary glass almost stops them. And he gradually increased the power of his electric lamp from twenty-five amperes up to fifty, to seventy, to eighty amperes, as in the lamps used now. Of course the more powerful the arc light is the more abundant is the supply of actinic rays and the greater their penetration. And the only reason why Finsen has stopped at lamps of eighty amperes (that is about three times the intensity of ordinary street arc lamps) is because above that point it is impossible, as yet, to cool down the light so that a patient can bear it.

Suppose we look in now at Finsen's Light Institute and observe something of its practical working. One is struck first of all by the beauty of the place, set in the midst of lovely gardens, shaded by fine trees, and walled about with vines and flowers. No cheerless hospital this, but a handsome villa in the choicest part of Copenhagen. Here are the laboratories and Finsen's home, and, just adjoining, a long white two-story building where patients are treated: all this a gift of the Danish Government. As you glance through the hedges, you see a glow of red light like a foundry and figures moving behind wide-open doors. These are the lupus patients, and the glare is that of the red-shaded Finsen lamps, for each lamp has the intensity of thirty-five thousand candles, and there are seven in one large room.

The seven lamps with their glowing red curtains are seven centers of cheerfulness, and under each one you are surprised to see laughing, chattering groups, eight people to a lamp, four patients and four nurses. The patients lie comfortably on high cots and receive the light from four down-slanting tubes like telescopes, in which are the costly rock-crystal lenses and the water for eliminating the heat rays. These tubes the nurses move into position so as to focus an intense concentrated beam, yet sufficiently cool, upon the surface under treatment, usually some part of the face, and they also press the surface with a water-filled glass which serves the double purpose of freeing the tissues from blood and still further cooling the rays. That is about all there is to the treatment, which goes on thus in séances of an hour and a quarter a day for each patient, and, being quite painless, leads naturally to pleasant sociability in the various groups.

In moving about the room one sees patients of all ages from four to seventy, and more women than men. They come from different countries and speak various languages. Several are from England, attracted by the small cost of treatment, only sixty kroner a month (about eighteen dollars) for the very poor, or 100 kroner for those in better circumstances. Fancy being cured of lupus, actually cured, for a dollar a day! Here is a German girl busy with her sewing while she waits her turn at the lamp. She was meant to be pretty. Here is a man with his collar off, taking the treatment fast asleep, as often happens. And watch the nurses, very neat in their gray and white frocks, as they bend over their charges. Red spectacles guard their eyes against the dazzle, their

THE FIRST LAMP INSTALLED IN THE LONDON HOSPITAL. PRESENTED, IN 1900, BY QUEEN ALEXANDRA (THEN PRINCESS OF WALES)

arms are bared to the elbows, their hands are busy with the light, and on their faces is a glow which is partly an up-reflection of the rays and partly an outward reflection of kind thoughts, for there is a peculiar dignity and sweetness in these Danish women.

So the séance drowses along with a low buzz of talk and the regular clicking of the lamps as the clockwork feeds down the carbons. Sundays and week days alike throughout the year, the light cure is in operation, and has been now since 1896, in which time the actinic rays have shown abundantly what they can do in destroying the bacteria of lupus. Not in a few weeks, it is true, but surely, after such time as is required—sometimes months, occasionally years when the disease is very bad. And it should be borne in mind that most of the cases received up to the present have been bad ones, lupus of twenty, thirty, or even forty years' standing. Yet the actinic rays have invariably done their work, and one may say that in some 600 cases on the records at Copenhagen there have been no failures due to any fault in the light treatment, only a few when the patients began it too far gone for anything to help them. In the future, of course, such bad cases will become more and more rare, since sufferers will take the disease in time and the cure of lupus in its early stages is merely a matter of weeks or days. Finsen says in one of his papers: "I have observed cases of lupus, in which the lesion was the size of a pea, completely disappear after having been subjected for only fifteen or twenty minutes to the action of the ultra-violet rays."

Already the Finsen lamps have been used with success for cancer in its small surface form (*Epithelioma cutaneum*), the records of twenty-two such cases showing ten cures, four still under treatment, and eight where the treatment was discontinued. Also, obstinate cases of acne have been cured, as well as the kind of bacterial baldness (*Alopecia areata*) mentioned above. Excellent results have been obtained in erysipelas and minor eruptions, and there is opening a wide and promising field of investigation as to the benefits of electric-light baths and sun-baths in various nervous diseases and in insanity. At the Finsen Institute there is a large room where naked patients walk about for a prescribed length of time under a powerful electric light. And the roof is built flat, with rows of little dressing-houses for sun-bath patients. Of precise results here, however, it is still too soon to speak—Finsen's atti-

tude towards possibilities of the future being always to say nothing until he is sure. But the work of phototherapy is marching on in many laboratories. Soon there will be light institutes like Finsen's in all large cities, and any day there may be given to the world some other discovery, perhaps a far greater one, in this wonderful new field of the uses of light in medicine.

Some time after my visit to Copenhagen I had an opportunity to observe the Finsen light treatment as it has been adopted in Paris and London. I went to several of the great hospitals in these cities, and again saw the Finsen lamps working their benign wonders. All were agreed that lupus could now be cured, absolutely cured; agreed also as to the efficacy of red light against smallpox disfigurement.

In Paris the doctors, while giving Finsen the full credit as the pioneer discoverer, have a lamp of their own which they claim is in several points superior to his. This lamp, the invention of Professor Broca and Dr. Chatin, is unquestionably smaller and simpler and easier to operate than Finsen's, and possesses this peculiarity that one of its carbons has a core of cast iron, the result being that the arc light thus produced throws out ultra-violet rays in far greater abundance (they claim three times greater) than the light from ordinary carbons. And in my visit to the Broca Hospital in Paris, Dr. Bisserié, *chef de laboratoire* in the department of electrotherapy, assured me that with this improved lamp they do as much for a lupus patient in twenty minutes (the length of their séances) as Finsen does in an hour and a quarter. Furthermore, they do away entirely with the use of water in cooling the rays (they use only thirty amperes instead of eighty), and also with the constant attendance of a nurse to press the tissues free from blood. Furthermore they find that one application of the light in several days is sufficient for best results, instead of one application every day. All of which seems in the nature of real progress and promises fine things for the future, but it should be said that this French lamp is scarcely a year old, so that its permanent value cannot yet be regarded as established.

Meantime, Finsen himself, in spite of his longing for light and trust in its virtues, is a stricken man. All that he has done for the health of others has profited little for his own health. When I saw him he looked weak and ill, though buoyed up by the power of his enthusiasm, a sort of light from within. He is able to work only an hour or two in a day. He suffers constantly. He can eat scarcely anything, and, during his bad months, sits at table with a pair of scales beside his plate and weighs every morsel. He has scorned to make money from his discoveries, giving them all freely to the world, and has patented no part of his apparatus. He lives content on a salary of $1,200 a year, paid by the Danish Government, and is worried only because the Light Institute, which gives its treatment to the poor for almost nothing, has a debt of $40,000 hanging over it.

THE FINSEN SYSTEM IN ENGLAND

BY ALFRED HARMSWORTH

Editor of the London Daily Mail, and Donor of the First $50,000 Lamp to the London Hospital

IN July, 1899, Her Majesty (then Princess of Wales) paid a private visit to the London Hospital at Whitechapel, and made close inquiry into the treatment adopted at that institution for lupus. She then said that she knew a cure for it, which had been discovered by her compatriot, Dr. Finsen of Copenhagen. The physicians were naturally enough somewhat sceptical, but the Queen insisted that she had personally and thoroughly investigated the cure at the inventor's clinic, and was convinced of its complete efficacy. She added that she would at once order a Finsen lamp for the use of the hospital. This generous offer was, of course, accepted, and as soon as the necessary installation could be arranged, the treatment was started on May 29, 1900.

While the lamp so generously given by the Queen was being installed, Dr. Stephen Mackenzie, the senior physician of the London Hospital, proceeded to Denmark, accompanied by Dr. Sequeira and two nurses, who were to be trained in the use of the lamp, the Queen herself doing everything to make them comfortable during their stay in her

native country. What they saw at Dr. Finsen's institution fully convinced them of the importance and efficacy of the cure.

No sooner had the first lamp with its four lights been put into operation at the London Hospital, than an overwhelming rush of applicants for the cure followed; and the most piteous letters came from all parts of the country, written by sufferers, who begged that they might be received as patients. On April 20, 1901, a crowd of afflicted persons from the country took advantage of a cheap excursion to London for a great football match, to come up to town and urge their needs in person. Sad to say they had to return disappointed, for the number of patients already on the books was so great that they could not be reached for two years, during which time the loathsome disease would have continued its terrible ravages.

A second lamp, capable of treating four patients, was installed soon after the first; but even this only touched the fringe of the need, for, as the wonderful results of the treatment became more generally known, the crowd of urgent applicants increased every day. The cost of working one of these four-light lamps amounted to about £600 a year, and the expenses of the department added a very serious burden to the already overtaxed resources of the London Hospital.

About this time the marvelous cures effected by the treatment came under my own notice, and, after carefully investigating and convincing myself that a permanent remedy had been discovered for one of life's most awful curses, Mrs. Harmsworth and I resolved to endow one of the lamps in perpetuity. Shortly afterwards Mr. Percy Tarbutt very kindly raised the necessary sum to endow the second lamp, contributing generously towards the necessary amount, £10,000 ($50,000), himself.

Several other lamps have been recently added to the department at the London Hospital, and an improved and smaller lamp has now been devised which does as much work in fifteen minutes as the earlier type of lamp took an hour to do, though it is not yet quite certain whether the new lamps are equally effective in the long run.

Since the installation, in the spring of 1900, 398 patients have been treated at the London Hospital, of whom 149 have returned to their homes completely cured, and 232 are at the present time under treatment. Of these, however, seventy-two are practically cured and do not attend regularly, but are still kept under medical observation. Fifteen nurses are wholly occupied in applying the treatment, and a large department is now being built for it at the hospital. How urgent the need continues to be, will be apparent from the fact that no less than 227 patients are at the present moment waiting to be treated. In the case of many of these, the disease will have made terrible progress before their turn arrives.

The Queen's gracious act in establishing the cure has had widespread effect, and has aroused keen interest, not only in the medical profession, but among the general public. Lamps for the treatment have been installed at the Charing Cross and Westminster Hospitals, and at many provincial ones, such as those at Liverpool and Manchester, and at the Royal Hospital in Dublin; and there is every reason to hope that lupus will be completely stamped out of our country in the course of a few years, if the public will come to the help of the hospitals by supplying the necessary funds for establishing the treatment.

It is not too much to say that the Finsen light treatment for lupus ranks among the most striking and beneficent discoveries which modern medical science has made for the benefit of afflicted humanity.

I cannot think it possible that men of means can know that so terrible a scourge can be absolutely and certainly cured, and yet allow the hospitals of your generous and enlightened land, from lack of funds, to continue without the necessary appliances for the Finsen treatment.

I append a letter, one of many hundreds received, giving thanks for a splendid cure:

Twelve months since you were so kind as to take a child (Dorothy Fardon, Coventry) for treatment for lupus.

I have now seen her in her house, and found her perfectly free from any appearance of the disease. The place has healed without any mark more than a slight thickening of the skin about the eighth of an inch long, which is the same pink color as the cheek. No one would notice it without any previous knowledge of the spot. The child is in perfect health; she has grown much and developed according to her age, six years.

I cannot thank you sufficiently for having received her at the time you did, as I understand arrangements had been made by the doctor to *remove the whole cheek, when* TWO DAYS BEFORE *I was able to say you would receive and treat the case.* I am sorry to add that I hear there is no lamp yet in the Coventry Hospital.

I hope you will receive the sincere thanks of Dorothy's parents, who are truly grateful, and mine also for saving one child from so terrible a future such a disfigurement would create.

THE FINSEN SYSTEM IN AMERICA

Its Use in Combination with the X-Ray

BY DR. GEORGE G. HOPKINS

AMERICA has been slow to take up the new science of phototherapy, of which Dr. Finsen's discovery is the most important phase. Three reasons may be cited in explanation of this: first, the established conservatism and distrust of new methods characteristic of the medical profession in this country, which has kept the Finsen system out of our hospitals; second, the considerable expense of instalment and maintenance (apparatus, electrical power, etc.), which puts the matter beyond the reach of many practitioners; and third, the rarity of lupus, the terrible disease over which the new light has won so marvelous a victory.

It was in 1899 that the first Finsen tube to be used in this country was built for me from descriptions in an article published in a medical journal and from photographs furnished by Finsen's assistant, Dr. Bie, who was the author of the article. Owing to imperfections in mounting, this tube was soon broken, but not before the successful treatment of a number of cases of lupus had convinced me that Finsen's widely doubted and even derided claims were well founded. I made a hasty trip to Copenhagen, studied the light treatment under Finsen himself, and returned with another tube. Since then lupus cases have come to be treated from all parts of this country and Canada, and, except where the disease was far advanced, it has been uniformly eradicated by the wonderful rays, more surely than by the use of the knife. A few physicians in some of the larger cities have since taken up the treatment, and, I am glad to say, the number is constantly increasing.

The treatment in use in America is the same as that employed at Copenhagen. By means of mechanical alterations, however, the Finsen tube is employed here in cases which could not be reached with the devices now in use in Finsen's hospital. Cases of internal abdominal tumor have been successfully treated by this apparatus. And it is to this improved mechanism, largely, that we may ascribe a notable advance in the use of the Finsen ray, which, I believe, is distinctively American: the treatment of cases of malignant cancer, more particularly those situated in the abdomen.

So far as I know, real cancer (*carcinoma*) has hitherto not been thought to be amenable to the beaming power of the actinic rays, whether internal or external. Lupus, it must be remembered, though presenting an appearance more terrible than that of true cancer, is a radically different and less malignant disease than that by whose name it is often called. Cancer proper has been generally regarded as hopeless. Having used the Finsen ray with good results in a case of cancer of the skin, I decided in 1900 to prove its results upon the deeper-seated cancer of the breast. Here, however, entered a difficulty. The Finsen ray has slight penetrative power. The use of the Roentgen, or X-ray, in connection with the Finsen ray suggested itself to me. The Roentgen ray, has extraordinary germicidal qualities, but no curative properties. Light heals; the X-ray is not light, but something beyond light, the nature of which is an unfathomed secret. Therefore, to destroy the germs, I used the X-ray, which broke down the cancerous tissue and killed the bacteria. Then I used the Finsen tube to heal the open sore which resulted. The Finsen ray alone would have done the whole work had it been able to penetrate to the core of the ailment. Under the double radial attack the area of ulceration quickly shrank, and after several months of treatment disappeared. That was two years ago; there has been no return of the growth since. Subsequently, cases of abdominal cancer were treated with the same result. The Finsen light has also been found useful in the treatment of birth-marks. It gives rise to no pain, and leaves only a white scar which will undoubtedly fade out and in time assume almost a normal aspect.

It is yet too early to assert that the Finsen ray, used in combination with the X-ray, will definitely cure malignant cancer. Until the cases of apparent cure have been under observation for several years there can be no certainty that the disease is eradicated. This much, however, we may say: that the dreaded scourge can be arrested even in its last stages, and the sufferings of the patient almost nullified by the simple action of the actinic rays. Should the apparent cures of

cancer prove permanent, we must regard Finsen's discovery as the greatest mitigant of human suffering since the first use of anæsthetics. And, in any case, the future of the new science is glorious with hope. It is in its infancy yet; when coming years shall have established it beyond the suspicion of quackery, when it shall count its devoted students and eager experimenters in every institution of healing the world over, what limit can imagination set to its achievements?

Illustrated by W. D. Stevens

CHAPTER I

A Lady in Distress

AMONG the handful of passengers on a Western Pennsylvania "local," one young man was neither bucolic nor commercial in appearance. He had laid his hat on the seat beside him; the shapeliness of his head fitted well with the trimness of his figure. Alert, humorous eyes, an incisive profile, and a narrow, determined chin set him forth as a man of good capabilities. Compressed lines about his mouth indicated intensity of nerves. Just now, lounging in the seat, he was obviously tired.

In a few moments he opened the window and sat forward, striving to identify the features of the landscape with which he had once been so familiar. Except that the iron mills extended farther down the broad river that the train followed, he fancied there had been little change; even the grimy faces of the half-naked men who leaned here and there at windows out of the fire-flashing black interiors seemed to him those same imprisoned faces for which, as a boy speeding by, he had often caught a moment's compassion.

The country began; the smoke from the locomotive wrote its shadow upon smooth sunny fields, the river slipped away behind orchards and farms, and then flashed alongside cheerfully. The train shot by a group of boys naked on the beach; one who had swum out and clambered up on a row boat pitched himself forward for a dive.

"I can do those things still," thought the young man gazing out of the open window. "I'm as strong as ever, my wind's as good, out doors all the time and plenty of exercise—" His mind trailed off into a vapid murmur of medical opinions for which he himself had been sufficiently good authority, even if they had not been corroborated by the older men at the hospital.

The cinders from the engine came through the window, sprinkling the empty seats with tiny crystals. The car was the last one on the train, and the dust swirled up from behind and floated in at the open door. Motes of it hung in the beam of sunlight traversing the young man's breast and remained his imperturbable companions.

He glanced about the car; a stout, suffering country-woman opposite him was fanning herself with a folded newspaper, while a small child climbed over her, drawing forth fretful complaints—"I *wish't* you wouldn't be so restless." Behind her two young farmers lay stretched out dozing, one with his head drooping over the aisle, the other with his head fallen against the window, both with feet symmetrically crossed upon the next seat. A large fly climbed their window patiently and fell back buzzing in exasperation; the tin cup chained to the water-cooler was shaken from its stand and went banging and jangling against the woodwork; the brakeman eyed it sullenly for a moment before putting it into place.

In the forward end of the car, a pink, ro-

"Suddenly he saw her . . . put her handkerchief to her eyes and begin to sob"

bust looking girl and a dark, sunburned man with a flannel shirt and a gray slouch hat occupied a seat together. The man's arm lay along the back of the seat, and his hand dangled familiarly by the girl's shoulder. In the rack overhead were a handbag and a white parasol, from which hung a cascade of soiled lace. The girl wore a yellow hat; to the idle gaze of the young man behind her it resembled a mound of orange sherbet, which ought to be in process of melting.

Suddenly he saw her turn her face to the window, put her handkerchief to her eyes, and begin to sob. Her companion showed an indifference which, so far as could be judged from his back, might have been either brutal or polite. The observer was not long in doubt how to interpret it, for as the girl, wiping her eyes, rose to leave the seat, the man roughly dragged her back into it; whereupon she again broke into tears.

The young man who had seen all this strolled up to the front of the car, turned and walked slowly back, with his eyes on the pair. Then he stopped.

"Why, it's Sally Packer, isn't it?" he said to the girl.

She nodded, gulped down a sob, and put out her hand, saying, "Yes; you're Dr. Neal Robeson, ain't you?" He took her hand and held it under her companion's face.

"Has this fellow been annoying you, Sally?"

"Oh, go and sit down," growled the man.

He was handsome, yet with no agreeable features—with high, arrogant cheek bones, an insolent mouth, cold, steel-colored eyes, a mustache curled to a careful picturesqueness.

"Would you like to change your seat?"

She hesitated; then she rose timorously. The man made no attempt to molest her, and she passed out into the aisle. Robeson walked behind her; suddenly she turned and said:

"Can I sit with you? I must tell you about it."

But when she had taken her seat she did not speak for a moment; then she broke out:

"Oh, I don't know how to tell you; I'm so ashamed."

"Then don't try," Robeson advised. "How are your uncle Sol and your aunt Emeline? You're still living with them?"

"Yes, oh yes," she said, hastily. "I—I wonder if you'd tell?" Her immature, rather weak face darted at him an inquiring ray of acuteness. "I don't believe you'd tell," she decided. "I—I started to run away; that is, I meant to elope." She simpered a little, self-consciously romantic. "With Ike Braddish there; Sam Sipe's nephew, and boards with the Sipes when he ain't working. He's been a driller in the Skibo oil fields; he makes more money than any of the home boys. But he's always said there was just one thing that kept him from getting a steady job."

"Yes?" said Robeson.

"Oh, yes," and she simpered again. "Well, I s'pose you've got to know, though I do say it. Why, he meant—*me*. Having to be running down to the Sipes all the time to see

me, don't you know. I s'pose I oughtn't to have done it, but I guess I'm a kind of a flirt —I know it's terrible—and I kept him the longest time from getting to the point. Which was—that he wanted to marry me.

"We-ell," she smoothed out her dress in a satisfied way, "so far, so good. For I couldn't know Ike without getting to sort of love him, don't you know. He *is* so handsome. But Uncle Sol and Aunt Emeline they couldn't abide to have him round, so I saw right off there would be a great to-do. And he knew this, too, and said we'd have to elope. Seemed," she interjected dreamily, "seemed like that would make it more of a love match anyhow."

"So you decided to elope," Robeson prompted her.

"Yes, we arranged to go up to Avalon this noon and get married. I packed just a few things in my satchel and gave out I was going up to do some shopping and might spend the night with Sadie Fuller—she's Jess Torson's cousin; I don't know as you ever knew Jess—and then I took the 11.15 train. Ike had gone up an hour before, so's nobody would suspect."

"Braddish met you at the station?"

"Oh, yes; Ike was there. We went straight up to City Hall, for Ike hadn't got the marriage license, and of course we had to have that first. I set downstairs in the hall, while Ike went to hunt the clerk, and by and by he came back, looking pretty glum, I can tell you. 'Twas after twelve, he said, and the office where they give out licenses was closed and wouldn't be open till to-morrow."

"H'm," said Robeson.

"You can guess what a disappointment *that* was to us both," Sally proceeded. "We went and had dinner at a hotel, and then we walked round discussing, and set on a bench in the park and talked. And Ike said, 'Let's stay and have supper, and then to-morrow get the marriage license.' But I said smack out, 'No, sir,' and I got up to go, and told him I'd elope all over again to-morrow if he wanted, but I'd take the first train back to Rehoboth now. Well, he kept on coaxing and saying I didn't really love him or I wouldn't act so. When I got on the train, he got mad. And just before you came up, I'd asked him if he wanted to elope to-morrow; and he said, no, he did not, and that a woman that couldn't trust him didn't really love him, and he was glad to find it out in time."

In the recital of Ike's grievance, Sally's voice had risen to a distressed inflection, and now she blinked her eyelids. "And—and," she added, "he talked to me real mean."

Robeson looked at her thoughtfully. It baffled him that she could delude herself into believing that Ike thought she had failed at a crucial test of her love. Robeson felt that her maturity of figure, with her immaturity of years and character, was something reprehensible; and being suddenly placed in the attitude of adviser, he resented her knack of dress and her pretty face. She was what the Rehoboth people would term "well grown." The phrase was an impartial one for handsome girls and praiseworthy turnips.

"I'm sorry," said Robeson, "but Braddish deceived you. The marriage-license office is open all day. He could have got a license perfectly well."

"But why didn't he, then?" Sally exclaimed. "Why, what object could he have not to get it?"

Robeson decided to leave her to study that out.

"If you'll excuse me a moment I'll go and speak to Braddish," he said.

Braddish raised his eyes and fixed them on Robeson maliciously, but unshrinkingly, as the doctor, taking his seat in front, turned and faced him.

"You are about the most contemptible specimen I've struck," said Robeson. "I want you to clear out of Rehoboth within the next twenty-four hours—and I give you warning."

"Oh, you do," sneered Braddish. "And who *are* you, anyway?"

"Only one of a number. And if you *should* be found in Rehoboth more than twenty-four hours from now, and a party should set out to tar and feather you, I'd be helping."

"And you'd get into difficulties," asserted Braddish angrily. "And you give me any more of your lip, and not all the train hands on board 'll keep me from pitchin' you off this car."

"I know the whole story," said Robeson, "and if it's told, there's not a man in Rehoboth that won't itch to lay his hands on you. And if you don't clear out by the time I say, it *will* be told. Just think it over."

"Oh, go to h—l," replied Braddish.

Each man had kept his voice and his expression so under control that neither the dozing young farmers nor the exhausted brakeman nor the fat country woman gave them any thought. Robeson rose, saying very distinctly:

"I shall be at the station to-morrow afternoon to see you off on the 5.15 train—if you don't go before. The tar will be put on to boil at 5.30."

He picked Sally's satchel and parasol out of

the rack overhead, and carried them back to her. Then he began gathering up his things.

"There's the creek where I used to fish for minnows," he said. "Do the boys still go there for them?"

She nodded lugubriously. A moment later the train began to slacken speed.

"It's exciting to be coming back after so long," he said.

"I ain't excited," Sally murmured dolorously. "But it makes a body feel as though they'd been away a terrible while when they elope."

The locomotive bell began clanging. In spite of his dismal forecast of dullness and idleness, Robeson's heart thrilled a little as he stooped and saw through the window the green station, the old white flour mill beyond it, and across the square, if the sudden slouchy amplification of yellow country road could be so called, the dingy, colorless store.

CHAPTER II

Neal Robeson Meets a Personage

As Robeson descended upon the platform, Blanchard, the store-keeper, stout and broad-faced, coatless, collarless, with his vest unbuttoned, was the first to welcome him.

"My gosh, Neal, old man, but I'm glad to see you. There's the Doc., steadying that skittish new mare of his. Say, she's going to kill the old man yet if he keeps on drivin' her near trains. Here, gimme a hold of one of them valises; that's right."

Neal Robeson waved a genial salute to three or four familiar figures propping themselves against the wall of the store, too shy at this moment to press forward and claim a nearer greeting. Then, coming beside the buggy, he reached up and grasped his father's hand. For an instant they surveyed each other with professional anxiety, the old doctor estimating the condition of his son's health, Neal looking for traces of his father's periodic suffering from the old Antietam wound.

"Well, how's the old dad?" he asked affectionately.

"Pretty good. How's the boy?" The deep voice rumbled forth from beneath the leonine beard, and the doctor looked down at his son with searching eyes.

"Fine; feeling better every moment."

"I'm afraid you'll find it all pretty primitive, Neal," said the old doctor, as they drove along the country road.

"It's what I was brought up to," the young man replied, "and I love it. Of course, when I get really rested, I shall have to go back—I shall want to go back to New York."

"Yes," said his father absently. "The time for change in Rehoboth has about come. We wrote you of the house the Nevilles from Avalon were building. They've moved down here now, and go sailing round in victorias and city barouches. There will be some more rich summer residents coming, I suppose; then you won't know the tone of the place."

Neal looked about him. Hedgerows of elder bushes on one side, apple orchards and meadows on the other, were green, and the afternoon shadows lay like a stole upon the kneeling earth. The only sound was the tinkle of cow-bells from a pasture beyond trees; the only scent was that most fragrant one of new-mown hay. On a bend of the river that came suddenly into view the slanting sunlight that was soft in the orchards became suffused and concentrated in brightness, making one joyous, happily smiling spot in the midst of peace. The young man filled his lungs, feeling that he breathed in, besides the sweet country air, a healing benediction.

"I don't want anything different in the tone," he said.

His father's heart was exultant, and he sent recurring glances at the boy. "Take your hat off, Neal, and feel the air," he suggested cunningly. He wanted to see the whole profile and the curling brown hair. Neal obeyed, rested his hat on his knees, and breathed unconscious of the scrutiny. His straight lips had settled into a smile; his brown eyes were eager to see, and kind. "You're a handsome young one," thought the old man; and then he almost chuckled to himself, "Thank the Lord, he's got a jaw. Might have been chiseled from stone." He was a little apprehensive for a moment, looking at the boy's brow. "Too much poetry there," he thought. He had dreamed much himself.

It was a happy drive for the old doctor. He had skipped so many years in his boy's life; he had never really known him since Neal had grown into a man and had started upon a career in the thick of life—yet the sort of career that a dreamy country doctor could understand and appreciate. Now he was going to become acquainted with his boy and see for himself at first hand what a fine character he had—not merely guess it from results. The prospect, the possibilities of comradeship with this son, of asking his advice and deferring to his judgment, gave the old man a thrill of anticipation such as, perhaps, he had not felt since his long-distant wedding day.

"Hi, there's the house!" cried Neal.

They passed the long juniper hedge and turned in at the white gateway at the farther end. A pair of heavy leaved horse-chestnut trees stood in front of the house—a plain, two-story brick building, painted white, with a cap-shaped protuberance denoting the doctor's office. Honeysuckle and ivy screened the piazza, and against it glowed stately hollyhocks. The rose bushes bordering the driveway were in bloom, the sweet peas in the garden gave out their late afternoon fragrance, the ripening apples showed yellow in the neighboring orchard trees. To Neal all seemed just as it had been when he was a boy —when for him there had been neither time nor change.

As Neal mounted the steps of the piazza, his mother burst upon him from the doorway. She was a buxom little woman, whose movements had none of the leisure that is a common attribute of stout middle-age. With one hand she was working at the top button of her dress, but before she could fasten it she had flung out her arms to her son.

"Neal, Neal!" she cried, and fell upon him. And while she was still in his arms, young John came running and engaged Neal from behind, and then sister Bessie appeared. She, being a demure eighteen, and intent upon the value of first impressions, had delayed to pat into place a refractory curl, which in the impatience of the moment she had addressed as "ornery," thoughshereally knew better.

"Oh, dear, but I'masight," exclaimed Mrs. Robeson, finally retreating and gasping her words. Her husband, who had been looking on from the buggy with an indulgentsmile,drove off to the stable. "I meant to dress up for your coming,Neal,but you've caught me just as I am. And you look well—doesn't he, Bessie? I was so afraid. Nervous exhaustion might mean anything—everything. But how do you think your father is looking, Neal?"

The anxious question brought a recurrence of the pang that the young man had felt on first seeing his father's face that day. He answered lightly. The answer did not turn his mother's thoughts, for she said, "I think he's grown so old."

The others were silent, and silently they entered the house. Neal inspected the hall, the parlor, the sitting-room; the furniture had not been changed, it seemed hardly to have been moved. It was not old-fashioned furniture, with the merits that the term implies; it was simply and hopelessly out of style. It was shabby, too, yet Neal looked at the worn lounge and the scarred book-shelves and chairs that little careless feet had battered, and was glad of the shabbiness. It befitted and it dignified his father's generous, unselfish life. On the walls of the sitting-room, facing each other, hung the portraits of Grandfather and Grandmother Robeson. They had been executed by an uncompromising artist, who had made cheeks pink and eyes blue, and had not regarded expression. The wooden faces and crude high lights were not ludicrous to Neal,

"'I didn't know it was to-day you were coming'"

though he looked on them with a little humor in his tenderness.

Neal had to be shown the poultry in their quarters near the barn, and the two aged horses that had been retired in favor of the skittish mare; he was introduced to Jake, the hired man, who at once called him Neal, just as frankly as he called Miss Robeson Bessie.

"I do believe," declared Bessie, as they walked back along the orchard fence, "that there comes Eleanor Craig with the young Mr. Neville. Now, how do you suppose she's got acquainted with him?"

Her voice betrayed a tinge of jealous curiosity.

"They're next door neighbors," Mrs. Robeson reminded her.

"Next door—with a quarter of a mile between!" Bessie tossed her head.

Neal gazed at the pair who were approaching, a small girl in white, with swift, alert steps, a large and stout young man with an energetic stride. Their voices were raised cheerfully, in a way that corresponded to the animation of their walk. The girl saw the Robesons, and waved her hand; when Neal vaulted over the fence, her face lighted up, and she ran forward to meet him.

"Why, Neal," she said, as they shook hands, "I didn't know it was to-day you were coming; I thought it was to-morrow. It's to-morrow I'm coming to your house to supper, anyway."

She introduced Neal to the man who had been quietly standing by. They exchanged only a commonplace word of greeting, but Neal felt himself in a presence, and vaguely resented it. There was something massive and imperturbable about the man; no sluggishness, but a perfect self-control. He was not more than four or five years older than Neal, but his portliness of figure and a certain serenity of eye and brow and a broad solidity of jaw seemed to invest him with an importance beyond his years. Yet he was not unapproachable in manner; he had a very likable smile and a humorous beam in his serene eyes, and Neal was won towards him by the way he shook hands. His grip was firm, and he seemed to offer not merely a hand, but a strong arm also.

"Mr. Neville came down to the school to volunteer help for the exhibition I'm getting up," the girl said. "To-morrow I'm coming to ask you for your help, Neal."

"You might have given *me* a chance to volunteer it," he answered. "But as long as you didn't, ask me now."

"No," she said, "I've got something quite definite in mind for you, and we must have a talk about it. Now I must hurry home. Good-by, Neal; it's good to see you again."

As he went to rejoin his family, who had walked on up through the orchard, he turned to see again the rapid little figure in white. Neville was striding along close by her side, and their faces were turned towards each other eagerly.

The sight of the girl and of this man, who might conceivably desire her quickened into life what Neal had long been consciously reserving as a possibility. In New York he had often thought of Eleanor, not convinced that he should ever find himself in love with her, yet wondering if he might not at some time so find himself. When he had been ordered home to rest, the thought of her had sprung foremost to his mind. He was in a receptive state; and now his first glimpse of her had shown her as memory and imagination had foretold that she would be. The trim, alert little figure, and the fair hair and the frank and resolute face—they were hers, as he had sometimes visualized them. The uneasy sense of inevitable opposition, roused by Neville's presence, made his ardor the more instant and complete.

"She's a sprightly young person, isn't she?" he said.

"Sprightly? Smart, I call her," Mrs. Robeson replied. "Poor Mr. Craig didn't leave her more than a barrel of sermons and the place she lives on. But she's managed pretty well; she's worked the little farm for all it's worth."

"Now she's going to drill for oil," said the doctor. "She's leased to Sipe. I wish it had been to anybody else. I think he and his nephew, Braddish, are a bad lot."

"Yes," said Mrs. Robeson. "She's made such a mistake. Mr. Neville would have bought her land at a good price, of course, rather than have her build derricks in front of his house. But she said she didn't want to extort money from a defenseless millionaire, so she's signed the lease without letting him know a thing about it. The well is to be finished by the 1st of November; I don't know how soon they're to begin on it."

"I wonder how on earth she came to know Mr. Neville, and to go walking with him." Bessie solicited some sort of response.

"I can tell you, Bess," said Neal, "because she told me. He went down to the schoolhouse, where she was working over some exhibition that's to come off, and he offered her some kind of help. Then, I suppose, as they live

near each other, he started to walk home with her. Now are you satisfied?"

Bessie said that she was, and Neal wished that he was.

"Neville's the man that's making a great stir up in Avalon," observed the doctor. "I should judge, from all that's in the newspapers, he's got the city ring pretty well scared. He's after the chief of police and the mayor hard. He's shown up a lot of things that make it look ugly for them. Quite a strong man, I guess. Fine looking fellow; didn't you think so, Neal?"

"Yes; first rate."

"He's too blond," dissented Bessie. "I don't like men with such blond hair—and bald."

CHAPTER III

"*I Am Going To Do You Up*"

PASSING Blanchard's store the next afternoon, Neal heard his name shouted from within. The next moment the proprietor appeared in the doorway.

"Come set with us a while," he urged hospitably. "Some friends of yours inside."

Neal followed the host to the dim and musty rear of the establishment, where two men were watching two others playing checkers on a barrel head. He shook hands all round, with Torson and Stilwell and Slawson and Packer—the last a hearty, strong old man, smooth-shaven, except for a goatee and sprightly tufts of white hair sprouting out of his nostrils.

"You see," Blanchard said to Neal apologetically, "we have to be lettin' in the striplin's now," and he indicated a lanky youth who sat tipped back against the counter, and who now brought his chair to the floor with an abashed bang. "You recollect Will Bains, don't you, Neal?"

"Sure I do," said Neal. "You've been growing, Will."

"Here and there, as it were," said Packer. "Kind of in sections."

"That's all right," said Will, with a touch of defiance. "I ain't through growin' yet. When I get my growth, I bet——"

"Oh, you'll be quite the finished product, Will," Packer interrupted soothingly. "But now, proud as we all are of you, we have got to admit you are kind of incomplete."

The youth seemed to vibrate from boastfulness to bashfulness, and he subsided suddenly under Packer's gentle satire.

Indeed it was a gathering of this kind that Will Bains delighted in and dreaded. Unfailingly there was wit at his expense; but he liked to feel himself a man among men. Now, when Neal "set up" cigars, Will tipped his chair against the counter and puffed smoke with solemn deliberation.

Blanchard alone was abstemious.

"What's the matter, Blanchard?" Neal asked. "You're not smoking."

"I've got so I prefer prunes," acknowledged the store-keeper, selecting one from a box.

"That's not like old times," said Neal.

"Well, there's bound to be changes," Blanchard replied philosophically. "A good many of 'em in the old place since you was last here, Neal. Seen them Nevilles yet? I had a call for some goods this mornin' from Miss Neville as she was drivin' by."

"Was she—er—pretty?" asked Will Bains.

"Why, Will, what would Arabella Clack say?" Packer reproved him.

"Well, she was a-wondering that, too," Will defended himself.

"Don't you let her know you've been a-wondering it," cautioned Packer.

"Oh, Miss Neville 'll be able to get round a young feller that she takes a shine to," Blanchard said in response to Will's question. "She's got that way with her; kind of lifts up her skirts and comes skitterin' at you with an ogglin' smile. And then, when she gets her face within about six inches of yours, she just wags and oggles—just what a young feller likes. She's got great, poppin', luscious blue eyes, kind of big and fruity; they give her a sort of a tech-an'-try-me, meller look. She's just the kind that wants to play with a nice young feller, and if you feel free to do it, Will, give her the chance. Of course, you're kind of spoiled by havin' them two front teeth knocked out—makes quite a gap—and then you're loose-built and, as you say, not got your growth; but they's so little doin' in Rehoboth she may be willin' to take up with most anything."

"I don't know," dissented Packer soberly. "When you get a feller with a hand like a ham, a neck like a rail, and most of his weight in his feet, with a great wish-bone for a chest, and his shoulders buggin' up in hunks about his ears—well, it's a good bit to ask of a girl. There, don't flush up, Will; there's plenty of other lummuxes this part the country."

"I'm thinkin' Neal would be more her style," Torson observed frankly.

"The point is, ain't Neal taken up elsewhere—in New York, mebbe?" queried Packer.

Neal disclaimed this with a laugh.

"And the point is, ain't I mebbe?" Will questioned with sudden assertiveness.

"Yes, Will, but I don't know as it's so

much to the point," Packer replied. "For without meanin' to be in any way derogatin', so to speak, I should say that for a girl like this Miss Neville here you would be in the nature of a forlorn hope."

Slawson puffed his cigar, and studied the lithograph which Blanchard had that day hung conspicuously upon his wall. It was delicately allusive—a picture of two elegant young women, to whom an elegant young man was bowing; below was the interpretation: "That, Gladys, is my friend Percy Fitzroy; a perfect gentleman; he always chews Black Jack."

"It's a Percy Fitzroy Miss Neville will be wanting," Slawson remarked sagaciously. "And they're city bred."

"Do you chew Black Jack, Neal?" asked Packer. "Better begin."

"Mebbe Blanchard could persuade you to take up the prune habit," Slawson suggested. "Though I doubt if 'twould have enough the flavor of wickedness to be a fetchin' vice. Did you find, when you was a-courtin', Blanchard, that prune-chewin' helped or hendered?"

"It never seemed to bother me none," Blanchard contributed to science. "Prunes is an easy-digestin' food."

"Well, the young folks will have their courtin', spite of all you can do," said Stilwell sententiously. "They can make you a heap of trouble or some pleasure, as you're a mind to view it. I guess you find it that way some with your niece, Sol."

"I'd like well enough to see her take up with some good feller like Jim Casey," Packer replied.

"He *is* a good fellow," said Neal. "And that's what he wants, is it? I should like to see Jim."

"You'll run acrost him before long," Packer assured him. "He's farmin' for the Nevilles."

"Say, I've got to get out," declared Slawson, rising, grinding the lighted end of his cigar against the counter, and stuffing the butt into his pocket. "Here we've been matchmakin' like we was our grandmothers. I am kind of ashamed."

The others rose also, and Blanchard followed them to the door.

"Good-by, boys," he said forlornly. "Drop in again."

Neal looked at his watch; it was two minutes past five.

"Which way you goin'?" asked Will Bains, who was lingering at his side.

"Just to the station," answered Neal. "I have to wait for the 5.15 train to come in."

"Oh," said Will, and his bashfulness seemed to return upon him. He lingered another moment, and then, with a sheepish glance of admiration at Neal, started up the road.

Neal seated himself on the railing of the station platform. He had not an idea that Braddish would appear to take the train, and his mind was pretty well made up as to his course of action. He was glad to have the hint with regard to Jim Casey; Jim would be the first man he would enlist.

A strange insect settled on the railing beside him, and he became absorbed in the study of it. It had a green visor-shaped head, with two brown streaks across, which gave it the aspect of wearing a barred helmet; and it found employment in hauling itself from time to time along the board. After each achievement, its antennæ would prowl about in an ecstasy of excitement; the creature was obviously being constantly thrilled by its own boldness. At last Neal, in his interest, put his hand too alarmingly near, and the insect flew away.

Then he looked up and saw Braddish with another man at the farther end of the platform. Both were looking at him, and Braddish's companion, after a moment, nodded. Neal nodded in reply, recognizing the man now as Sam Sipe. He watched the pair curiously, and in a moment Sipe left Braddish and came towards him.

"I don't know as you remember me, Neal," he said.

"Oh, yes, I do, Mr. Sipe," Neal replied.

"Goin' to settle down and practice in Rehoboth?" Sipe inquired.

"It's hard to say," Neal answered politely.

Sipe smiled; it was an unattractive smile, showing long, yellow teeth, and it added to the slyness of his low-browed, hang-dog face. With two dirty fingers he tapped his little button chin.

"Well, I must be going," he said. "I'll be seeing you off and on. Good-by, Ike," and waving his hand to his nephew, he shuffled away.

Braddish remained standing at the end of the platform, and Neal resumed his seat. The roar of the approaching train became distinct; then Braddish strode down the platform and, standing in front of Neal, folded his arms.

"Look here," he said. "Don't think I'm leavin' because I'm scared of *you*. Don't think it. I'm goin' because I've got a job waitin' on me. I was goin' to-day, whatever happened. But, Mr. Robeson, I'm comin' back. And when I come back, you want to look out. *For am going to do you up.*"

"Thank you for telling me," said Neal. "I don't think you will do me up."

He sat on the fence and watched Braddish board the train. Then he walked home, not altogether satisfied with results. It chagrined him somewhat to realize that he had, after all, been rather impotent. That Braddish would return was reasonably certain; his threat of vengeance was not very disturbing; but then there was that infatuated girl. Neal wondered if he ought not now to tell her uncle.

"'You see . . we have to be lettin' in the striplin's now'"

But he decided against this; his pride charged him personally with Braddish's overthrow.

CHAPTER IV

Eleanor and Neal

NEAL found his mother sitting on the piazza. "Your father's had a hard day," she said; "he's lying down now."

The young man took the chair beside her.

"I wish, now that I'm home, he would turn over to me some of his work," he said. "Do you think he would?"

"No. He will keep going, doing everything himself, until the end. Besides, Neal, you know you've had to give up work yourself for a while."

"Oh, but that's a different kind."

They sat silent, listening to the shrilling of a tree toad in one of the thick horse-chestnut trees.

"Now, you'd better go in and get ready for supper," his mother said cheerfully. "Eleanor Craig is coming, you know."

At supper Neal felt two strains of emotion, alternating and conflicting. One came to him whenever he glanced up and saw the worn look on his father's face. The old doctor, sitting deep in his chair, seemed to sink and shrink into his black coat until his collar was lost beneath its folds. And though he had always been a silent man, there was to Neal something poignant now in the abstraction of his silence—something which his occasional glad glances at his son could not alleviate.

And on the other hand, when Neal looked across at Eleanor, he was warmed with kindly, happy little thrills—gay thrills they might have been, were it not for the shadowed consciousness that subdued them. Under the loose pile of her golden-yellow hair her face grew prettier as he watched it, and all the noble traits that he had presupposed shone out. Clear-featured, with a good-humored voice and smile, she showed her resoluteness, in which there was no hardness, for out of the blue composure of her eyes flickered now and again a genial, whimsical light.

"Now," said Eleanor suddenly, "about that school entertainment, Neal. It's coming off in two weeks. There are to be prizes for elocution and such things; that's what Mr. Neville offered to see to. But I want something different from the ordinary exhibition, with just its declamations and so on. And I thought an athletic exhibition would be a good novelty."

"That's great," declared John.

"And I wondered if you couldn't teach some of the boys how to do things. Swinging on the bar, and all that. Indian clubs and dumbbells are too tame."

"I might if I haven't forgotten how myself."

"Oh, you haven't forgotten how," she assured him. "Why, you were the prize winner at college in all that sort of thing, weren't you? And if the boys can learn to do just a little, it will be enough; it will amuse the people and the boys."

"I'll try," said Neal.

"How would the barn loft do?" asked his father. "There might be room enough to swing a trapeze."

"First rate," Neal answered.

"It will be great," declared John again, with growing excitement. "Teach me, will you, Neal? I'll bet I could learn. And have the trapeze rigged away up by the roof, will you, so we can dive into the life-net—like in circuses."

"Mercy!" exclaimed his mother; and "You talk too much for a kid," his sister scornfully remarked.

"Well, you ain't my mother," John retorted, whereupon the person who had that honor cried out, scandalized, "John!" and there was peace.

After supper they sat on the piazza in the twilight. The tree toad, snug in the bosom of the horse chestnut, sent up intermittent cries for rain, above the diligent chorus of the crickets. But the stars were pale and clear beyond the western hills, and the full moon shone mildly on the river.

As Neal walked with Eleanor along the country road, white in the moonlight, with the tall hickories and oaks rising in two long sentinel lines before them and a silvery curl of the river glimmering through the trees, she said:

"I haven't lived here as long as your father has, and grown to feel that there can't be anything better than this. There are things I'd like to do, for myself and Wilbur—and that I can't afford to do. I'm only half educated, and I'm afraid that's all he will ever be."

"There are a lot of uneducated men graduated at the universities every year," answered Neal. "And there are always a few persons that can get an education out of stocks and stones. I have an idea that you're one of that kind."

"I would rather get an education out of stocks and bonds," she told him.

They turned off from the main road, and after a time came to the top of the slope that led down to her house.

"Now if you would like to see the Neville place——" she said.

She paused to let him have the view. Far out across the lower ground, in the bottom of which ran a little stream, beyond sloping fields of grain and pasture, and on a hill, stood a great house with many lighted windows. It blazed in solitary grandeur.

"And somewhere down there," said Eleanor, pointing to the brook, "will be my oil derrick, I suppose. Sipe said it would have to be near the water. I suppose it is a nasty thing for me to do—right in sight of their front door. When they've been in the house only a week, too!"

She led the way down the hill to her cottage.

"Wilbur's at home," she said, seeing the light in the window. "You're not going right back, Neal? I always try to be with him for a few minutes at his bed-time—but it will be only a few minutes."

So Neal sat on the doorstep and waited while she went in to say good-night to her brother. The boy's bedroom was just above Neal's head, and as the window was open, the young man heard the talk that passed between the two.

"Now that Doctor Neal's home," the girl said, "he's going to start a gymnasium that you'll want to join; he used to be a great athlete in college, and he can teach you lots of things. John Robeson has a great idea about learning to perform on the trapeze and dive into the life-net—the way they do in the circus."

Wilbur chuckled; he was evidently a small person with a sense of humor.

"That's what ladies do," he said. "After they've been caught by the toes. *You* ought to learn that, Eleanor."

"I don't believe he'll have any life-net," she answered. "Besides, I think a plain ordinary hammock suits my style of athletics better, don't you?"

"Oh, you're pretty good for a girl," the boy said. "You could jump through hoops and things if you'd only wear tights instead of skirts."

Neal heard a smothered laugh, mingled with the boy's treble.

"On the piazza, Neal found two ladies and a ruddy, rotund little man"

"There, we mustn't talk any more to-night. Now, say your prayers with me."

The murmured words came down to the young doctor as he leaned his head against the climbing jasmine by the door and looked up at the stars. In his busy, crowded life at the hospital, the idea of worship had been remote, only occasionally entertained. Now it returned upon him with a primitive force which had never moved him in churches; he listened with his eyes upon the stars, and it seemed to him like the prayer that goes up in the heart of the woods or the prayer that ascends from the bosom of the prairies. Two simple souls were uttering themselves to the universe.

"Good-night, partner," the girl said, and then Neal heard the kiss.

He told Eleanor when she came down that he had been listening.

"I like your way of bringing up your little brother," he said.

She seemed pleased.

"I try not to tie him too much to my apron-strings," she answered. "It would be especially bad for him, because he's always been sensitive and a little timid. But I do want to be some sort of a companion for him—well, it's for my own sake, of course, as much as for his."

"You must be very lonely out here," he said, looking around on the silent fields. "I shouldn't think it would be quite safe for you."

"That's what everybody used to tell me after father's death. But I've never had any trouble. Besides, Wilbur and I could give a pretty good account of ourselves; the house is quite an armory. We go out and have target practice every month or so."

"Keep it up when the oil drillers come," Neal advised her. "Some of them are pretty tough. Do a little target practice where they'll see it."

Later that evening, as Neal was making his way home, he stopped on the summit of the little hill to look out across the fields. The stalks of young corn stood straight, and, to his fancy, with close-shut, upraised hands that waited but the moment when they should be ordered open for deliverance. In the obscurity, the orchard trees on the other side of the road brooded productive, like birds in their nests. All things bore in the placid vagueness the undoubting confidence of fulfilment and the promise of life; and the young man, filling his lungs and stretching his arms, felt his own potency and rejoiced in it, sanguine that it would bring the fruition of all untried, germinating hopes.

CHAPTER V

The Nevilles

LATE on a Saturday afternoon, three days after Neal had begun work with his class in athletics, Jim Casey drove up to the doctor's

house. He was a stocky, sunburned young man, with a stubby growth of black beard; as he looked up at Mrs. Robeson, who was sitting on the piazza, there was a twinkle in his brown eyes.

"Doctor at home?" he asked.

"No; he had to go to Lennington this afternoon," Mrs. Robeson answered.

"It's the young doctor I was specially sent to fetch," Jim said.

"Oh, Neal. Is one of the Nevilles sick?" asked Mrs. Robeson eagerly. "And have they sent for Neal?" She ran into the house, spilling over the porch an apronful of peas that she had begun to shell; and her voice came out from the interior, calling, "Neal! Neal!"

"He was particular to have you," said Jim as they drove along, "because he said he had met you one day on the road, and wants to see more of you, so he sets to work to raise up something the matter with him." Jim chuckled shrewdly. "Guess a feller that has sick headache once in so often can tend to it himself if he's a mind to."

They entered the Neville grounds. The rawness of the place was still conspicuous. An attempt had been made in clearing to preserve by careful selection a winding avenue of trees, but it was a very ragged avenue, and the driveway, sweeping in exuberant curves, was banked up in places over uncouth little ravines, and was mushy with freshly dumped gravel. The grass was still adapted to purposes of hay rather than of lawn; and in front of the house there was an arid-looking pit, which represented, Neal conjectured, the inception of a garden. The house itself was a vast brick building, in the Tudor style of architecture, with windows canopied like those of a hotel.

Within the house Neal had a similar passing glimpse of incomplete, half-furnished elegance. Through the doorway of the library he saw paneled walls, and long rows of dark oak shelves on either side of the fireplace. The house was occupied, apparently, by people who were willing to move slowly, if only they might make no false steps.

Neal found his patient lying in a darkened room, alone and suffering miserably.

"I get knocked out this way about once in six months," Neville observed, "and then I don't allow any one near me but a doctor, and him only for a few moments. So you want to be quick, Doctor Robeson."

Abrupt as the speech was, there was in it more friendliness and good nature than abruptness. Neal shot questions, Neville recited symptoms; both went at it, matching each other in directness. The doctor filled out a prescription, and the patient said:

"Now will you guarantee that to-morrow I can play tennis, for instance?"

"I'm reasonably sure you can," Neal answered.

"Then will you come up and play with me?"

"Yes, I'll be delighted. But I play very badly."

"Oh, you're a famous athlete. You give courses of instruction on the bar. To-morrow afternoon, then—at four?"

"Yes, thank you."

"Thank *you*."

Coming out on the piazza, Neal found two ladies and a ruddy, rotund little man supervising the efforts of the gardener in the excavation below. The tall and elder lady turned and came forward somewhat magisterially, holding out her hand.

"Doctor Robeson, I presume," she said. "I am so glad you were within call. I hope you found Lindsay better. He suffers dreadfully from these attacks—my daughter, Miss Neville, Doctor Robeson. Oscar, my dear, step up and meet Doctor Robeson." And thus she presented her husband, much as if he were a little boy.

"Now then, Doctor," said Mr. Neville, "I want to know—ain't that a view?"

He waved his hand out towards Eleanor Craig's farm and the purple hills beyond. With his attention thus called to the beauties of the landscape, Neal saw vividly a derrick—a vista of derricks.

"I look on that as something worth coming from the city for," Mr. Neville continued, swinging himself up and down on his toes. "I got in early this morning, and I tell you it pleased me. I don't suppose the doctor has been about the place, my dear?" he suggested, tiptoeing and cocking one eye up at his wife, like a fat, solicitous robin.

"Do take him round—that is, if you have time, Doctor," said Mrs. Neville. She returned to her magisterial manner. "We shall be most happy to see you again, Doctor—not professionally."

Neville's delight in exhibiting to a visitor the features of his estate and establishment was unrepressed. He pointed out to Neal the new silver-mounted harness and the new carriages in the stable, dilated on the admirable finish of the new bowling alley, and called attention to the attractions of the new swimming pool. "Not a mere bath-tub, sir, as you will see, but a place big and deep enough to swim and dive in—the bottom covered with fine sand; I have had ten wagon-

loads brought in. Notice the rustic bath-houses—one for the men—for you, Doctor, when you choose to come—one for the ladies; made out of the rough logs, chalet style, according to my wife. All is done by her directions and my daughter's, to harmonize with the surroundings. These fine points are rather beyond me, to think out; but I appreciate the effect, I appreciate the effect. And I tell you, there are two things I like—one is that broad open view from my front porch, and the other is to come down here and lose myself in my own woods. I'm a natural-born countryman, anyway."

He exploited his son's career with even more interest. "I suppose you know about him—he's been in the newspapers lately a lot," he ventured.

Neal explained that since being in New York he had lost track of Avalon affairs.

"I suppose you wouldn't have heard, then. But Lindsay's been making quite a stir lately. He's a lawyer—got a brilliant mind—inherits from his mother there. Now he's been going in to smash the city machine; it's rotten—rotten to the core. He's got a body of men behind him—the best there are—and I tell you he's making the ring squirm, sir; yes, sir, making 'em squirm. When Lindsay began, the ring newspapers joked him a lot about 'Papa's barrel'"—the little man laughed merrily—"well, as I told Lindsay, the barrel will outlive the joke. Just between ourselves," and Neville lowered his voice and spoke close to Neal's ear, though they were in the midst of forest, "there's a movement on foot to run Lindsay for mayor this fall. It's within the possibilities. Now look at that tree; did you ever see a finer oak in your life? I've got a grove of sugar maples on the place, too, that I want to show you. I think they're a beautiful tree."

So he prattled on, making free-handed exhibition of whatever he was proudest of, whether in experience or possession.

"The whole plant will cost me in the neighborhood of three hundred thousand, when I get it done," he said, "to say nothing of running expenses. But I mean to have it one of the best equipped plants of its kind in the State."

"I should think you might be a little afraid of the surroundings becoming unfavorable," Neal remarked. "You know, there's excitement about oil just over the hills."

"Oh, I'm pretty well protected here," Neville answered. "Besides, if it should turn out this was an oil field—well, there's no use fighting against nature. It's man's business to take hold and help the earth to get out what she most wants to give. Of course, my wife and daughter have made this place what it is, and they've got feelings about it—feelings that no man, I don't care who, can understand. And they ought to be considered; they're always considering the feelings of other folks," he said loyally. "You won't find a finer-grained pair of women. They've traveled in this country and abroad, seen the best there is, and like it, too—but not a particle of the snob about either of 'em; no, sir, not a particle."

With this assurance, intended, as Neal saw with some amusement, to put him at ease in case of future meetings with the family, Neville bade him farewell.

Neal played tennis with Neville, and then went swimming with him in the new pool. Neville discussed tennis and swimming and diving and other athletic sports with an enthusiasm that might have deluded one into thinking he had no other interests. He was childishly eager to have Neal show him how to make a somersault dive. He got out of Neal a good deal concerning his pursuits at college and in the medical school, and about his experiences in the hospital. With regard to himself, he was as skilfully uncommunicative as his father had been loquacious. On the way home Neal realized that he had given away much and Neville nothing. It was the more annoying because he could not accuse Neville of any lack of geniality; it was the more annoying because Neville had done things really worth talking about, and he himself had not, was only hoping that he might.

"Great Scott," muttered Neal to himself with youthful self-contempt, "I thought I knew how to hold my tongue."

It was not that he had revealed anything either intimate or discreditable. But he was aware in a disturbed way that he had touched a stronger, better controlled personality than his own. It annoyed him especially to feel that while he had already begun to entertain antagonism, Neville would be always unconscious of this. The idea of opposition would be on one side; to Neville it would simply be too trifling to occur.

Neal tried to persuade himself that his apprehensions of a future rivalry were groundless. But he could not put out of his mind the vivid picture he had had of Eleanor and Neville walking briskly together down the road, their faces turned towards each other and alight with an eager understanding.

(To be continued)

AS A TALE THAT IS TOLD

BY MARY CLARKE HUNTINGTON

Illustrated by Denman Fink

IT was the first of November, but the grass still showed a pleasant greenness, for hoar frosts were holding off. The bareness of the woods was relieved by patches of russet, touched with dull reds and yellows, and through the still air leaves now and then sailed earthward like slowly descending birds. Because of the Indian summer mellowness, which rested in dim blue haze upon the hills, and made the pale sunshine feel soft against the cheek, the front door of Enoch Weaver's house stood open, and here and there a window was half raised. Teams were fastened about the outbuildings, and to the yard fence other horses were tied—their occasional neighs and stampings a break upon the silence. Two grizzled middle-aged men, bent by heavy farm work, shook hands with ostentatious solemnity at the front gate.

"We meet again, Mr. Avery."

"Yes, Mr. Barbour. An' th' last said occasion was th' funeral of old Mrs. Tibbits."

Mr. Barbour, who had the depressed face of one given to seeing the pessimistic side of life, sighed deeply—not that Mrs. Tibbits had been even an acquaintance, but a sigh seemed appropriate to the subject under discussion.

"Wal, Mr. Avery, we've all got to travel th' same road."

Mr. Avery stroked his smooth fat chin contemplatively, as if the thought had never before occurred to him and he meant to give it due attention.

"Yes, yes—that's so," he answered. "That's so, Mr. Barbour. It is, indeed."

The depression of Mr. Barbour's face lifted slightly. It is pleasant to feel that one has spoken to effect. He shook his head to deepen the philosophy of his last remark, and said:

"Enoch's pretty much broke up over his loss I s'pose."

"That's what they say," Mr. Avery replied, hurriedly. "Wal, I guess I'll be goin' into the house!"

He passed on and disappeared through the open door. Mr. Barbour saw a phaëton not far from the gate and the flutter of alighting skirts. He guessed that his companion had made haste to avoid a courtesy, and with disgust at such boorishness, went to offer his own services. The younger of the two women glanced around at him.

"Mr. Barbour 'll hitch Dolly an' blanket her, mother. I'm so glad that I shan't have to get hair all over this navy blue skirt. She's shedding dreadfully, and white hair does show so."

"S'h!" murmured the other. Then with a nod of smiling relief: "Why, Mr. Barbour! Yes, thanks, we'll be glad to have you 'tend to th' horse. A horse is a bother to women. Isn't it dretful sad about Mrs. Weaver goin' so sudden? I do pity her husband. Hy! What a lot of teams there are here. I guess it'll be a real big funeral. I think a small funeral always seems forlorn—as if a body hadn't any friends. Simon couldn't get away to-day. He's behind with huskin' an' everything this fall, an' he's sprained his ankle a little, too. He was complainin' this mornin' about luck, but I told him he wasn't half so bad off as old Enoch Weaver, who hasn't even a girl like Angel, here, left to him!"

Mr. Barbour was not so pessimistic but that he glanced at the comely and still fresh face of "Simon's" wife.

"I sh'd think not," he said.

Angel went slowly on ahead, leaving her mother and Mr. Barbour to follow—the subdued sound of their voices meaningless in her ears. The leaves rustled under her feet, and she looked down at them with the half consciousness with which she let her eyes lift to the beauty of the haze-wrapped hills—stretching away, and away, and away into the blue ether. She was thinking rebelliously how she hated funerals, and how she wished her mother would have let her stay at home. And what was there sad about the death of such an old person as Mrs. Enoch Weaver? Why—she was eighty! How could one wish to live to be eighty? She tried to imagine what life would seem like at eighty—and her thoughts trailed into blankness, for great, indeed, is the space between eighty and nineteen! She had never spoken to Mrs. Enoch Weaver, but she remembered seeing her occasionally—a rather bent little woman, with white hair and kindly eyes and cheeks red as a withered winter apple. Her face had pleased the young girl . . . and yet to be eighty! A Concord buggy, with a frisky sorrel

horse, drove rapidly up to the gate, and Angel, with a quick glance at the driver, started for the open door. Her mother called to her in a sharp undertone:

"Angelina!"

She paused obediently, keeping her back to the gate. Her mother, leaving Mr. Barbour to greet the new arrivals as if he was master of ceremonies, reached her side.

"Why, what in th' world ails you, Angelina Briggs? Anybody'd think you never'd been to a funeral before, an' I took you three times while you was a baby in arms. 'Tain't a party to go rushin' in like that."

"I didn't know I *was* rushing," Angel said, with hushed indignation and a blush which passed as swiftly as it came.

"Then you'd better know. An' I won't hev you answerin' so putcheky. You've been putcheky ever sence th' surprise party at th' Church last week. I guess surprise parties don't agree with you. Wait—I want to speak to Mrs. Woodmansee! How d'ye do, Mrs. Woodmansee? Nice day for a funeral, ain't it? No reason why 'most everybody can't come—seem's though. I see Tom fetched you."

"Yes-s-s," Mrs. Woodmansee said softly. She was a large woman with a purring voice. "His father couldn't get away as he's one o' th' jurors on that case in court to town now. Tom don't like funerals. But I made him fetch me. How d'ye do, Angel?"

"Angel didn't want to come either, but I insisted, as Simon couldn't spare th' time," Mrs. Briggs said, wondering why the child should blush again under Mrs. Woodmansee's greeting. She hoped Angel wasn't developing bashfulness at nineteen.

"Dretful sad 'bout Mrs. Weaver, ain't it?"

Mrs. Woodmansee nodded solemnly that it was very sad indeed; and with an all-over glance which took in the other's dress from headgear to shoes, the two women went into the house—Angel following. The sitting room and parlor, square front rooms opening out of the long, narrow hall, were filled with people sitting in decorous silence; and the hall was lined with standing men. The undertaker, waiting upon the lowest stair opposite the open front door, came forward with the suave manner of his kind, and carried some extra chairs into the dining-room beyond—which was already well crowded. Angel went on after her mother with a sensation of relief,

"'*Isn't it dretful sad about Mrs. Weaver goin' so sudden?*'"

for her glance into the parlor had shown her a coffin, beside which sat a bent old man. A few whispered greetings met them as they took seats.

"Awful queer 'bout her havin' on her weddin' bunnit, ain't it?" whispered a woman next to Mrs. Briggs. "What? Hadn't you heard? Yes . . . Enoch insisted upon her bein' laid out in her weddin' bunnit; took on so th' undertaker said they'd better let him hev his way. His uncle was jest as odd as he could be, you know—always wore two coats, th' shortest outside, an' when his wife died he hung himself in th' smokehouse an' wasn't found for three days, though they hunted high an' low. Sairey Ann Westcott come in to help here after Mrs. Weaver died, an' she said if 't wasn't fur that bunnit th' poor soul would 'a' made a beautiful corpse. Thet looks like she come out o' the ark, of course."

"Do—tell!" Mrs. Briggs gasped back in astonishment, while Angel listened nervously, half fascinated—yet with a feeling of repugnance to this gossip, which trickled on as if the tongue of the whisperer moved without consciousness from her brain.

"Enoch he said he'd married her in thet bunnit, an' he'd bury her in thet bunnit. He said she was jest as much his bride now as she ever was."

"Do—tell!" Mrs. Briggs gasped again.

"Yes. He's teched, of course—a little teched. Th' idea of bein' laid out in a bunnit! Who ever heard of such a thing? An' don't you think Enoch declares his wife ain't dead—only sleepin'? Says if th' minister calls her dead he won't never go inside a church again. I *pity* the minister!"

Just then from the hall sounded the minister's voice, vibrating with feeling. He was new to the place, having occupied the pulpit but six months, and this was the first funeral since his pastorate began. He was a young man, with ideas which seemed hardly orthodox to even-tenored country folk; and there were few present who did not wonder how he could avoid what might seem like consciousness that the woman beside whom the old man watched, as we watch the sleep of one we love, had been dressed for the grave in a way which exceeded all precedent. Necks craned, ears strained; curiosity was agog to catch the words of this stripling, fresh from divinity school:

"Probably there is not one of you here today who did not know the wife of Enoch Weaver better than it has been my privilege to know her—you knew her quiet, unobtrusive life, her kindness as a neighbor, her faithfulness as a helpmeet; you knew how dear she was to him who, alone in old age, sits, the mourner of mourners, beside the one whom sixty years ago he brought here a bride—and whose face, as she lies with her silvery white hair against the time yellowed white of her wedding bonnet, is still to him the face of the bride so many yesterdays removed. To those of us to whom God has given the blessing of a good woman's love, to those of us to whom such blessing is yet to come, it brings a feeling of reverence for our own—that she who rests in yonder room is still a bride to the bridegroom of sixty years ago—will always be a bride. Shall we think of her as dead? No . . . for she sleeps!"

"The undertaker . . . carried some extra chairs into the dining-room beyond"

The people sat stirless, expectant, strangely moved—yet many of them hardly comprehending. And as they sat thus the minister's girl-wife, on the hall stairs, began to sing with rare tenderness the words of Mrs. Browning's "Sleep":

"The people sat stirless, expectant, strangely moved"

"Nearly all present went soberly down the grassy roadside bank"

"Of all the thoughts of God that are
Born inward unto souls afar,
Along the Psalmist's music deep,
Now tell me if there any is
For gift or grace surpassing this:
'He giveth His beloved sleep.'

"'Sleep soft, beloved,' we sometimes say,
Yet have no tune to charm away
Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep;
Yet never doleful dream again
Shall break the happy slumber when
'He giveth his beloved sleep.'

"His dew drops mutely on the hill,
His cloud above it saileth still,
Though on its slopes men toil and reap.
More softly than the dew is shed,
Or cloud is floated overhead,
'He giveth His beloved sleep.'

"And friends!—dear friends!—when it shall be
That this low breath is gone from me,
And round my bier ye come to weep,
Let one, most loving of you all,
Say: 'Not a tear must o'er her fall'—
'He giveth His beloved sleep!'"

The tender soprano left behind it a hush thrilling with sacredness; the minister's voice broke as he said: "Let us pray."

One by one those assembled passed in single file through the rooms to look good-by at Enoch Weaver's bride. Angel held back until the last; not now because of her usual nervous shrinking from looking at Death, but because an emotion, against which she fought down a choke in the throat, made it seem like profanation that any curious gaze should fall upon the dead this day. When she went up to the coffin, against which Enoch Weaver rested the withered, tremulous hand of age, as he had done throughout the service, she saw, framed among the white lilac blossoms of a time-yellowed white silk bonnet, a serene old face which smiled the bride smile of sixty years ago. She looked from that smile to the mourner, and he, lifting his eyes as he had not done while the others filed by, met those of the girl—brimming with passionate sympathy. "Oh!" she said softly . . . and then she was slipping away in confusion at her own impulsiveness, for she had bent and kissed the old man's wrinkled cheek.

The cemetery was at the foot of the hill, a quarter mile below Enoch Weaver's house, and nearly all present went soberly down the grassy roadside bank to where in the small burying place a heap of fresh earth marked a newly dug grave; the hearse, followed by two or three carriages, turned in through the iron gates after the people, and the bride of sixty years ago was lowered to her last resting place. Standing on the edge of the crowd which hemmed in the minister,—the bearers, the few remote cousins who had joined the little procession, and the chief mourner, who leaned tremulously on the undertaker's arm—Angel heard the minister repeating: "Dust to dust, ashes to ashes"; and then, after a pause which seemed part of the autumnal hush: "We spend our years as a tale that is told . . ."

The chief mourner was led away, his dim eyes turning backward to the grave, and among those about him—younger, alert, and strong—he looked like an autumn leaf that, shaken from the bough, was waiting in sear uselessness the pitying shroudal of winter snows. The crowd drifted away by easy degrees, for the brief afternoon was already

waning, and further delay meant "chores" by lantern light. Angel found herself beside the open grave with only her mother, Mrs. Woodmansee, and the woman who had whispered about the wedding bonnet.

"I've enjoyed th' funeral so much. Ain't you, Mrs. Briggs? It passed off reel well. Mr. Bennet, the undertaker, does know how to manage things. But I b'lieve people would 'a' cried more if they'd known what was comin'. We was all so took up with wonderin' what th' minister would say that there wasn't hardly a tear shed. It didn't seem right. An' th' minister's wife ought to 'a' chose a more lamentin' hymn. Why—death wasn't nothin' at all th' way she sung."

Angel flashed a quivering face upon the speaker.

"What th' minister's wife sung was beautiful! beautiful!"

The critic stared—startled at such vehemence.

"Mebbe 't was," she acquiesced hurriedly. "But it does seem as if th' minister ought to 'a' preached a reel sermon, tellin' about her many virtues. That's th' way things was done when I was young. An' if th' person was deservin', like Mrs. Enoch Weaver, they was always spoke of as lookin' down on us from Heaven. I sh'd think sech a discourse would 'a' been more edifyin' an' soothin' to poor old Enoch than all that hifalutin' talk. But th' minister was reel smart to get in as he did about th' bunnit, an' she, poor creetur! looked a pretty corpse in spite of havin' it on. However, it's a pity nobody dared take it off before folks see her."

"It isn't either!" Angel flashed again.

"Angelina." But the maternal warning was given with an unusual degree of gentleness.

Mrs. Woodmansee spoke in her purring voice.

"S'posin' we women go an' see th' new monyment Deacon Babbit has put up to th' lower end of th' cem'try. Angel, if Tom sh'd fetch th' team before I get around, tell him I shan't be long."

She moved ponderously away—her purring voice wafted softly back to the girl, who stood, flushed and silent, looking after the three figures until they were lost to sight behind the white stones on the slope of the cemetery hill. The waters of the little pond beyond the cemetery slope gleamed blue; a light wind rustled some crisp leaves at her feet; the branches of a near hackmatack tree sighed lispingly—like waves upon a beach. Absorbed in thought as she was, the blending of sound covered a step behind her—but a shadow elongating in the westering sun suddenly fell past her into the open grave. With a start she turned from the blue pond waters to meet the young fellow behind her. "Oh, Tom!"

His frank face was working with emotion.

"I saw you when—you kissed him! Nobody else would have thought to do it. I'm sorry I got mad at nothing th' evening of th' surprise party, Angel."

"Oh, Tom!"

Between the two utterances of his name was such gamut of feeling as scales from surprise to joy. Through the Indian summer mellowness a bluebird, belated in its winter migration, fluted once, twice, thrice from the hackmatack tree, and flew away toward the foliage-denuded, haze-covered hills, warbling melodiously of spring! spring! spring!—the spring which beat in the hearts of two who kissed beside an open grave, with Autumn, and Age, and Death forgotten.

It was Angel who, remembering, said with a choke in her throat:

"I'm glad she was buried in her wedding bonnet, Tom."

Angel had learned now how one might wish to live to be eighty; . . . yet eighty was far away! Tom did not answer, for, looking radiantly into her eyes, he saw mirrored, as it were, her own face, sweet and blushing and alive—framed in a wedding bonnet!

"AN UNHOLY ALLIANCE"

BY IDA M. TARBELL

Author of "The Life of Lincoln"

CHAPTER IV OF THE HISTORY OF THE STANDARD OIL COMPANY

The following story of Mr. Rockefeller's second attempt to bring about a combination to control the oil business has never before been told, even in the numerous Federal and State investigations of the company. It is a chapter of unwritten history drawn from contemporaneous records.—THE EDITOR.

THE first appearance of Mr. John D. Rockefeller in the Oil Regions may be said to have been made in the South Improvement Company. That company was now scattered. Mr. Rockefeller's relation with it had not been vain, as we have seen. In fact, the Standard Oil Company was the only concern which had profited by the short-lived venture. Its business had been more than trebled in the few months between the conception and the death of the conspiracy. The Oil Regions knew this, and the bitterness engendered by the oil war was not lessened by the knowledge of the greatly increased facilities of the man who, they believed, had originated the attempt to rob them of their business.

Mr. Rockefeller Returns to His Attack

This feeling of outrage and resentment was still keen when Mr. Rockefeller and several of his colleagues in the South Improvement scheme suddenly, in May, 1873, appeared on the streets of Titusville. The men who had fought him so desperately now stared in amazement at the smiling, unruffled countenance with which he greeted them. Did not the man know when he was beaten? Did he not realize the opinion the Oil Regions held of him? His placid demeanor in the very teeth of their violence was disconcerting.

Not less of a shock was given the country by the knowledge that Mr. Rockefeller, Mr. Flagler, Mr. Waring, and the other gentlemen in their party were pressing a new alliance, and that they claimed that their new scheme had none of the obnoxious features of the defunct South Improvement Company, though it was equally well adapted to work out the "good of the oil business."

For several days the visiting gentlemen slipped around, bland and quiet, from street corner to street corner, from office to office, explaining, expostulating, mollifying. "You misunderstand our intention," they told the refiners. "It is to save the business, not destroy it, that we are come. You see the disorders competition has wrought in the oil industry. Let us see what combination will do. Let us make an experiment—that is all. If it does not work, then we can go back to the old method."

An Anecdote of His Taciturnity

Although Mr. Rockefeller was everywhere, and heard everything in these days, he rarely talked. "I remember well how little he said," one of the most aggressively independent of the Titusville refiners told the writer. "One day several of us met at the office of one of the refiners, who, I felt pretty sure, was being persuaded to go into the scheme which they were talking up. Everybody talked except Mr. Rockefeller. He sat in a rocking-chair, softly swinging back and forth, his hands over his face. I got pretty excited when I saw how those South Improvement men were pulling the wool over our men's eyes, and making them believe we were all going to the dogs if there wasn't an immediate combination to put up the price of refined and prevent new people coming into the business, and I made a speech which, I guess, was pretty warlike. Well, right in the middle of it John Rockefeller stopped rocking and took down his hands and looked at me. You never saw such eyes. He took me all in, saw just how much fight he could expect from me, and I knew it, and then up went his hands and back and forth went his chair."

For fully a week this quiet circulation among the oil men went on, and then, on May 15th and 16th, public meetings were held in Titusville, at which the new scheme which they had been advocating was presented publicly. This new plan, called the "Pittsburg Plan" from the place of its birth, had been worked out by the visiting gentlemen before they came to the Oil Regions. It was a most intelligent and comprehensive proposition.

Plan Number Two: The Pittsburg Plan

As in the case of the South Improvement scheme, a company was to be formed to run the refining business of the whole country, but this company was to be an open instead of a secret organization, and all refiners were to be allowed to become stockholders in it. The owners of the refineries which went into the combination were then to run them in certain particulars according to the direction of the board of the parent company; that is, they were to refine only such an amount of oil as the board allowed, and they were to keep up the price for their output as the board indicated. The buying of crude oil and the arrangements for transportation were also to remain with the directors. Each stockholder was to receive dividends whether his plant operated or not.

The "Pittsburg Plan" was presented tentatively. If anything better could be suggested they would gladly accept it, its advocates said. "All we want is a practical combination. We are wed to no particular form."

The first revelation of the public meetings at which the "Pittsburg Plan" was presented was that in the days Mr. Rockefeller and his friends had been so diligently shaking hands with the oil men from Titusville to Oil City they had made converts—that they had not entered these open meetings until they had secured the assurance of coöperation in any plan of consolidation which might be effected from some of the ablest refiners and business men of the Creek, notably from J. J. Vandergift of Oil City, and from certain firms of Titusville with which John D. Archbold was connected. All of these persons had fought the South Improvement Company, and they all now declared that if the proposed organization copied that piratical scheme they would have had nothing to do with it, that their allegiance to the plan was based on their conviction that it was fair to all —who went in!—and that it was made necessary by over-refining, under-selling, and by the certainty that the railroads could not be trusted to keep their contracts. It was evident that the possible profits and power to be gained by a successful combination had wiped out their resentment against the leaders of the South Improvement Company, and that if they had the assurance, as they must have had, that rebates were a part of the game, they justified themselves by the reflection that somebody was sure to get them, and that it might as well be they as anybody.

M. N. ALLEN

An independent refiner of Titusville, Pennsylvania, editor of the Titusville "Courier," a newspaper which did excellent service in breaking up the South Improvement Company, and which opposed all later efforts at combination under the direction of the Standard Oil Company.

Mistrust of the New Scheme

The knowledge that a considerable body of the Creek refiners had gone over to Mr. Rockefeller awakened a general bitterness among those who remained independent. "Deserters," "ringsters," "monopolists," were the terms applied to them, and the temper of the public meetings, as is evident from the full reports the newspapers of the Oil Region published, became at once uncertain. There were long pauses in the proceedings, everybody fearing to speak. Mr. Rockefeller is not reported as having spoken at all, the brunt of defense and explanation having fallen on Mr. Flagler, Mr. Frew, and Mr. Waring. Two or three times the convention wrangled to the point of explosion, and one important refiner, M. N. Allen, who was also the editor of the Titusville "Courier," one of the best papers in the region, took his hat and left. Before the end of the convention the supporters of combination ought to have felt, if they did not, that they had been a little too eager in pressing an alliance on the Oil Regions so soon after outraging its moral sentiment.

The press and people were making it plain enough, indeed, that they did not trust the persuasive advocates of reform. On every street corner and on every railroad train men reckoned the percentage of interest the stockholders of the South Improvement Company would have in the new combination. It was too great. But what stirred the Oil Region most deeply was its conviction that the rebate system was regarded as the keystone of the new plan.

"What are you going to do with the men who prefer to run their own business?" asked a representative of the Oil City "Derrick" of one of the advocates of the plan. "Go through them," was reported to be his laconic reply. "But how?" "By the coöperation of transportation"—that is, by rebates. Now the Oil Regions had been too recently convicted of the sin of the rebate, and had taken too firm a determination to uproot the iniquitous practice to be willing to ally itself with any combination which it suspected of accepting privileges which its neighbors could not get or would not take.

A Brief Day of Triumph

The upshot of the negotiations was that again the advocates of combination had to retire from the Oil Regions defeated. "*Sic semper tyrannis, sic transit gloria* South Improvement Company," sneered the Oil City "Derrick," which was given to sprinkling Latin phrases into its forceful and picturesque English. But the "Derrick" underrated both the man and the principle at which it sneered. A great idea was at work in the commercial world. It had come to them saddled with crime. They now saw nothing in it but the crime. The man who had brought it to them was not only endowed with far vision, he was endowed with an indomitable purpose. He meant to control the oil business. By one manœuver, and that a discredited one, he had obtained control of one-fifth of the entire refining output of the United States. He meant to secure the other four-fifths. He might retire now, but the Oil Regions would hear of him again. It did. Three months later, in August, 1872, it was learned that the scheme of consolidation which had been presented in vain at Titusville in May had been quietly carried out, that four-fifths of the refining interest of the United States, including many of the Creek refiners, had gone into a National Refiners' Association, of which Mr. Rockefeller was president, and one of their own men, J. J. Vandergift, was vice-president. The news aroused much resentment in the Oil Region. The region was no longer solid in its free-trade sentiment, no longer undividedly true to its vow that the rebate system as applied to the oil trade must end. There was an enemy at home. The hard words which for months men had heaped on the distant heads of Cleveland and Pittsburg refiners, they began to pour out, more discreetly to be sure, on the heads of their neighbors. It boded ill for the interior peace of the Oil Regions.

The Producers Prepare for Action

The news that the refiners had actually consolidated aroused something more than resentment. The producers generally were alarmed. If the aggregation succeeded, they would have one buyer only for their product, and there was not a man of them who believed that this buyer would ever pay them a cent more than necessary for their oil. Their alarm aroused them to energy. The association which had scattered the South Improvement Company was revived, and began at once to consider what it could do to prevent the consolidated refiners getting the upper hand in the business.

The association which now prepared to contest the mastery of the oil business with Mr. Rockefeller and those who had joined him was a curious and a remarkable body. Its membership, drawn from the length and breadth of the Oil Regions, included men whose production was thousands of barrels a day and men who were pumping scarcely ten barrels; it included college-bred men who had come from the East with comfortable sums to invest, and men who signed their names with an effort, had never read a book in their lives, and whose first wells they had themselves "kicked down." There were producers in it who had made and lost a half-dozen fortunes, and who were, apparently, just as buoyant and hopeful as when they began. There were those who had never put down a dry well, and were still unsatisfied. However diverse their fortunes, their breeding, and their luck, there was no difference in the spirit which animated them now.

An Able Leader

The president of the association was Captain William Hasson, a young man, both by his knowledge of the Oil Regions and the oil business well fitted for the position. Captain Hasson was one of the few men in the association who had been in the country before the discovery of oil. His father had bought, in the fifties, part of the grant of land at the mouth of Oil Creek, made in 1796 to the Indian chief Cornplanter, and had moved on it with his family. Four years after the discovery of oil he and his partner sold three hundred acres of the tract they owned for $750,000. Young Hasson had seen Cornplanter, as the site of his father's farm was called, become Oil City; he had seen the mill, blacksmith shop, and country tavern give way to a thriving town of several thousand inhabitants. All of his interests and his pride

were wrapped up in the industry which had grown up about him. Independent in spirit, vigorous in speech, generous and just in character, William Hasson had been thoroughly aroused by the assault of the South Improvement Company, and under his presidency the producers had conducted their successful campaign. The knowledge that the same man who had been active in that scheme had now organized a national association had convinced Captain Hasson of the necessity of a countermove, and he threw himself energetically into a new and much more difficult task. This was to persuade the oil producers to devise an intelligent and practical plan for controlling their end of the business, and then stand by what they decided on.

CAPTAIN WILLIAM HASSON

President of the Petroleum Producers' Association in 1872. Captain Hasson has remained an active friend of the independent interests of the oil business. He is one of the leading bankers and most useful citizens of Oil City.

"Three-dollar Oil"

Captain Hasson and those who were working with him would have had a much more difficult task in arousing the producers to action if it had not been for the general dissatisfaction over the price of oil. The average price of crude in the month of August, 1872, was $3.47½. The year before it had been $4.42½, and that was considered a poverty price. It was pretty certain that prices would fall still lower, that "three-dollar oil" was near at hand. Everybody declared three dollars was not a "living price" for oil, that it cost more than that to produce it. The average yield of the wells in the Oil Region in 1872 was five barrels a day. Now a well cost at that time from $2,500 to $8,000, exclusive of the price of the lease. It cost $8 to $10 a day to pump a well, exclusive of the royalty interest—that is, the proportion of the production turned over to the landowner, usually one-fourth.* If a man had big wells, and many of them, he made big profits on "three-dollar oil," but there were comparatively few "big producers." The majority of those in the business had but few wells, and these yielding only small amounts.

* Estimate given in the Oil City "Derrick" for September 10, 1872.

The Producer's Conception of a "Paying Investment"

If he had been contented to economize and to accept small gains, even the small producer could live on a much lower price than $3; but nobody in the Oil Regions in 1872 looked with favor on economy, and everybody despised small things. The oil men as a class had been brought up to enormous profits, and held an entirely false standard of values. As the "Derrick" told them once in a sensible editorial, "their business was born in a balloon going up, and spent all its early years in the sky." They had seen nothing but the extreme of fortune. One hundred per cent. per annum on an investment was in their judgment only a fair profit. If their oil property had not paid for itself entirely in six months, and begun to yield a good percentage, they were inclined to think it a failure. Now nothing but $5 oil would do this, so great were the risks in business; and so it was for $5 oil, regardless of the laws of supply and demand, that they were struggling. They were notoriously extravagant in the management of their business. Rarely did an oil man write a letter if he could help it. He used the telegraph instead. Whole sets of drilling tools were sometimes sent by express. It was no uncommon thing to see near a derrick broken tools which could easily have been mended, but which the owner had replaced by new ones. It was anything to save bother with him. Frequently wells were abandoned which might have been pumped on a small but sure profit. In those days there were men who looked on a ten-barrel (net) well as hardly worth taking care of. And yet even at 50 cents a barrel such a well would have paid the owner $1,800 a year. The simple fact was that the profits which men in trades all over the country were glad enough to get, the oil producer despised. The one great thing which the Oil Regions did not understand in 1872 was economy.

FRANK W. ANDREWS MARCUS BRONSON CYRUS D. ANGELL

Oil producers who were prominent in the Petroleum Producers' Association, 1872, and active in enforcing the shut-down and the six months' stop of the drill

Now the drop in the price of oil everybody recognized to be due to a natural cause. Where a year before the production had been 12,000 barrels a day, it was now 16,000. The demand for refined had not increased in proportion to this production of crude, and oil stocks had accumulated until the tanks of the region were threatening to overflow. And there was no sign of falling off.

Under these circumstances it needed little argument to convince the oil men that if they were to get a better price they must produce no more than the world would use. There was but one way to effect this—to put down no new wells until the stocks on hand were reduced and the daily production was brought down to a marketable amount.

Heroic Measures

Under the direction of the Producers' Association an agitation at once began in favor of stopping the drill for six months. It was a drastic measure. There was hardly an oil operator in the entire region who had not on hand some piece of territory on which he was planning to drill, or on which he had not wells under way. Stopping the drill meant that all of the aggressive work of his business should cease for six months. It meant that his production, unreplenished, would gradually fall off, until at the end of the period he would have probably not over half of what he had now; that then he must begin over again to build up. It meant, too, that he was at the mercy of neighbors who might refuse to join the movement, and who by continuing to drill would drain his territory. It seemed to him the only way of obtaining a manageable output of crude, however, and accordingly, when late in the month of August a pledge to stop the drill was circulated, the great majority of the producers signed it.

JOHN FERTIG

One of the first young men of Northwestern Pennsylvania to see the chance there was of fortune in the discovery of oil was John Fertig, then a schoolteacher on eighteen dollars a month. He secured a small lease almost immediately after the Drake well was struck, and "kicked down" a well which finally proved the second flowing well in the Oil Regions, starting off at 200 barrels a day. It was the beginning of a goodly fortune. Mr. Fertig was an active member of the Petroleum Producers' Association.

The chief objection to the pledge came from landowners in Clarion County. They were the "original settlers," plodding Dutch farmers whose lives had always been poor and hard and shut-in. The finding of oil had made them rich and greedy. They were so ignorant that it was difficult to transact business of any nature with them. It was not unusual for a Clarion County farmer if offered an eighth royalty to refuse it on the ground that it was too little, and to ask a tenth. When the proposition to stop the drill for six months was brought to these men, who

at the time owned the richest territory in the oil field, no amount of explanation could make them understand it. They regarded it as a scheme to rob them, and would not sign. Outside of this district, however, the drill stopped nearly all over the field on September 1.

A Thirty Days' Shut-down

Stopping the drill afforded no immediate relief to the producers. It was for the future. And as soon as the Petroleum Producers' Association had the movement well under way, it proposed another drastic measure—a thirty days' shut-down—by which it was meant that all wells should cease pumping for a month. Nothing shows better the compact organization and the determination of the oil producers at this time than the immediate response they gave to this suggestion. In ten days scarcely a barrel of oil was being pumped from end to end of the Oil Regions. "That a business producing three million dollars a month, employing ten thousand laboring men and fifty million dollars of capital should be entirely suspended, dried up, stopped still as death by a mutual voluntary agreement, made and perfected by all parties interested, within a space of ten days—this is a statement that staggers belief—a spectacle that takes one's breath away," cried the "Derrick," which was using all its wits to persuade the producers to limit their production. It was certainly a spectacle which saddened the heart, however much one might applaud the grim resolution of the men who were carrying it out. The crowded oil farms where creaking walking-beams sawed the air from morning until night, engines puffed, whistles screamed, great gas jets flared, teams came and went, and men hurried to and fro, became suddenly silent and desolate, and this desolation had an ugliness all its own—something unparalleled in any other industry of this country. The awkward derricks, staring cheap shanties, big tanks with miles and miles of pipe running hither and thither, the oil-soaked ground, blackened and ruined trees, terrible roads—all of the common features of the oil farm to which activity gave meaning and dignity—now became hideous in inactivity. Oil seemed a curse to many a man in those days as he stood by his silent wells and wondered what was to become of his business, of his family, in this clash of interests.

JAMES S. McCRAY WILLIAM H. ABBOTT ELIJAH B. GRANDIN

Oil producers who were active in 1872 in the efforts to decrease the production of oil and to organize an association for regulating the business

The Producers' Agency

While the producers were inaugurating these movements, Captain Hasson and a committee were busy making out the plan of the permanent association which was to control the business of oil-producing and prevent its becoming the slave of the refining interest.

Towards the end of October Captain Hasson presented the scheme which he and the committee had prepared. It proposed that there should be established what was called a Petroleum Producers' Agency. This agency was really an incorporated company with a capital of one million dollars, the stock of which was to be subscribed to only by the producers or their friends. This agency was to purchase

all the oil of the members of the association at at least $5 a barrel. If stocks could be kept down so that the market took all of the oil at once, the full price was to be paid at once in cash; if not, the agency was to store the oil in tanks it was to build, and a portion of the price was to be paid in tank certificates. By thus controlling all the oil, the agency expected to protect the weakest as well as the strongest producer, to equalize the interest of different localities, to prevent refiners and exporters from accumulating stocks, and to prevent gambling in oil. The agency was to take active means to collect reliable information about the oil business—the number of wells drilling, the actual production, the stocks on hand—things which had never been done to anybody's satisfaction. Indeed, one of the standing causes for quarrels between the various newspapers of the region was their conflicting statistics about production and stocks. It was to make a study of the market and see what could be done to increase consumption. It was to oppose monopolies and encourage competition, and, if necessary, it was to provide coöperative refineries which the producers should own and control.

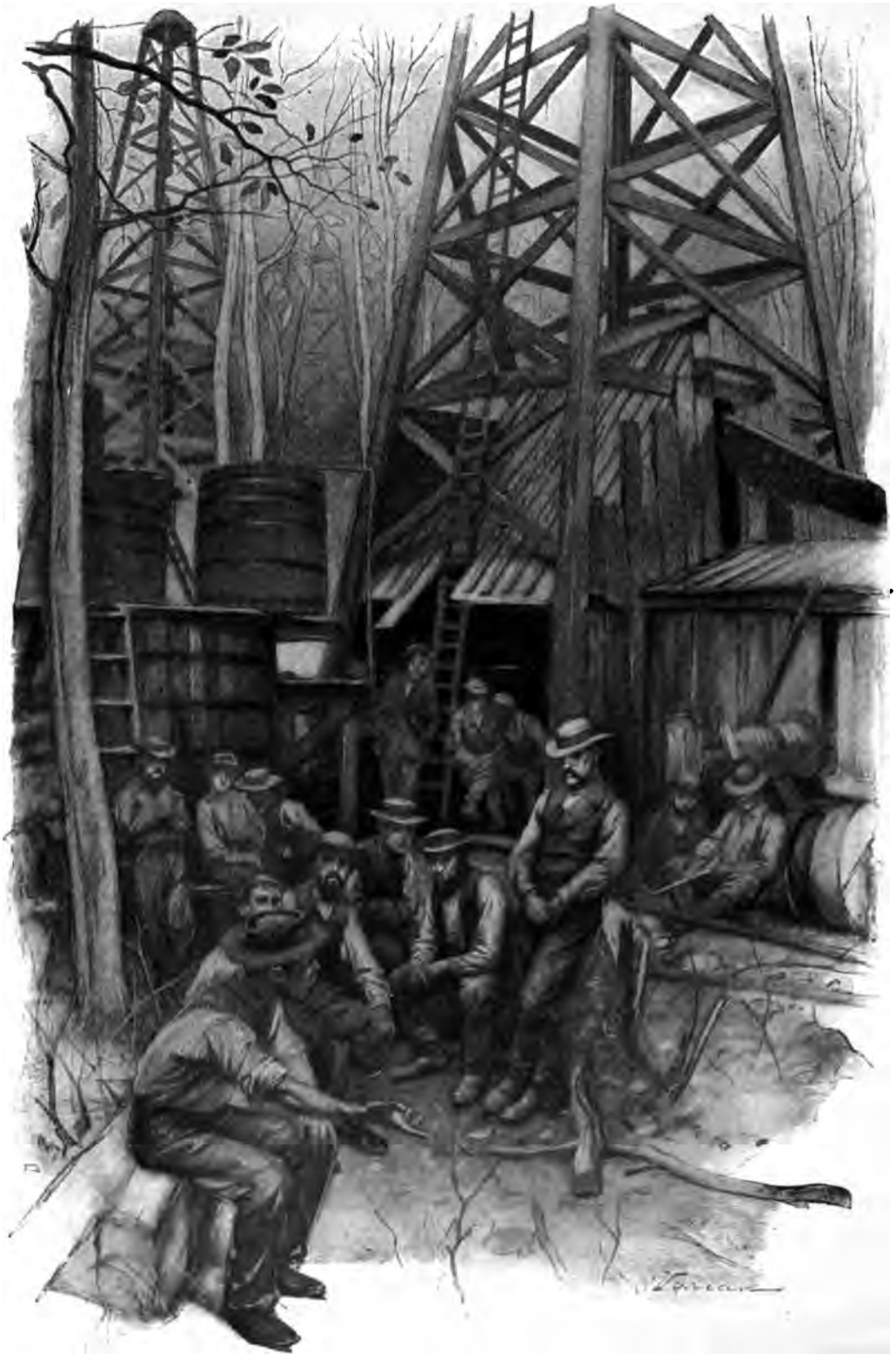
The spirit of the agency, as explained by Captain Hasson, was most liberal, considering the interests of even the drillers and pumpers. "Advise every employee to take at least one share of stock for himself," he said in his address, "and one for his wife and each of his children, and encourage him to pay for it out of his saved earnings or out of his monthly pay. If he is not able to keep up his instalments, assure him that you will help him, and then take care to do it. You will thus do him a double kindness, and benefit his family by encouraging habits of thrift and economy. You owe this much to him who so nobly seconded your efforts to gain control of the market by stopping work. You had all to gain, and he had nothing to hope for but your benefit. Now show your appreciation of his acts by this evidence of your regard for his welfare."

The plan was received with general enthusiasm, and when it came up for adoption it went through with a veritable whoop. Indeed, within a few moments after its acceptance, which took place in Oil City on October 24th, two hundred thousand dollars' worth of stock was taken, and less than two weeks later it was announced that more than the desired million dollars had been subscribed, that the trustees and officers had been elected, and that the agency was ready for work. For the first time in the history of the oil business, the producers were united in an organization, which, if carried out, would regulate the production of oil to something like the demand for it, would prevent stocks from falling into the hands of speculators, and would provide a strong front to any combination with monopolistic tendencies. Only one thing was necessary now to make the producer a fitting opponent to his natural enemy, the refiner. That thing was loyalty to the agency he had established. The future of the producer at that moment was in his own hand. Would he stick? By every sign he would. He thought so himself. He had acted so resolutely and intelligently up to this point that even Mr. Rockefeller seems to have thought so.

The Refiners Propose an Alliance

During the entire three months that the producers had been organizing, the refiners had been making divers overtures to them. In August several of the refiners sought certain of the big producers and privately proposed a two-headed combination which should handle the whole business, from drilling to exportation. The proposition they made was most alluring to men suffering from low prices. "Carry out your plans to limit your production and guarantee to sell only to us," said Mr. Rockefeller's representatives, "and we will give you $4 a barrel for your oil. We will also establish a sliding scale, and for every cent a gallon that refined oil advances we will give you 25 cents more on your barrel of crude. The market price of crude oil, when this offer was made, was hovering around $3. "How," asked the producer, "can you do this?" "We expect, by means of our combination, to get a rebate of 75 cents a barrel," was the answer. "But the railroads have signed an agreement to give no rebates," objected the producers..

"As if the railroads ever kept an agreement," answered the worldly-wise refiners. "Somebody will get the rebates. It is the way the railroads do business. If it is to be anybody, we propose it shall be our combination." Now, it was clear enough to the men approached that the great body of their association would never go into any scheme based on rebates, and they said so. The refiners saw no disadvantage in that fact. "We don't want *all* the producers. We only want the big ones. The small producer under our arrangement must die, as the small refiner must." The proposition never got beyond the conference chamber. It was too cynical and ruthless. Several conferences of the same



A SHUT-DOWN

EARLY DERRICKS AND TANKS ON BENNINGHOFF RUN

nature took place later between representatives of the two interests, but nothing came of them. The two associations were kept apart by the natural antagonism of their ideals and their policy. Captain Hasson and his followers were working on an organization which aimed to protect the weakest as well as the strongest, which welcomed everybody who cared to come into the business, which encouraged competition and discountenanced any sort of special privilege. Mr. Rockefeller and his associates proposed to save the strong and eliminate the weak, to limit the membership to those who came in now, to prevent competition by securing exclusive privileges. Their program was cold-blooded, but it must be confessed that it showed a much firmer grasp on the commercial practices of the day, and a much deeper knowledge of human nature as it operates in business, than that of the producers.

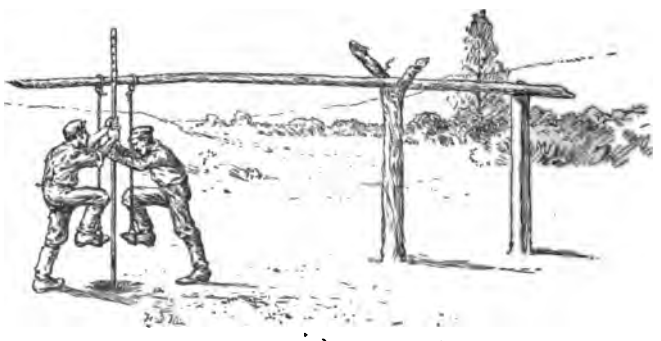
Mr. Rockefeller's Great Move

The formation of the Producers' Agency brought the refiners back to the Oil Regions in greater earnest than ever. The success of that organization gave them an active antagonist, one which, as it held the raw material, could at any time actually shut up their refineries by withholding oil. The vigor, the ability, the determination, the new organization had displayed made it a serious threat to the domination Mr. Rockefeller and his associates had dreamed. It must be placated. On November 8th, immediately after it was announced that the entire million dollars' worth of stock was taken, an agent of the Standard Oil Company in Oil City was ordered to buy oil from the agency—six thousand barrels of oil at $4.75 a barrel—and the order was followed by this telegram from Mr. Rockefeller:

"It has been represented to us that if we would buy of the producers' agent at Oil City and pay $4.75 per barrel they would maintain the price. We are willing to go further and buy only of the producers' agent, hence the order we have given you. See Hasson and others and let there be a fair understanding on this point. We will do all in our power to maintain prices, and continue to buy, provided our position is fully understood. We do this to convince producers of our sincerity, and to assist in establishing the market."

A more adroit move could not have been made at this moment. This purchase was a demonstration that the Refiners' Association could and would pay the price the producers asked; that they asked nothing better, in fact, than to ally themselves with the agency. The events of the next three weeks, on the contrary, showed the agency that it would be some time before anybody else would pay them any such price as that Mr. Rockefeller promised. The reason was evident enough. In spite of the stopping of the drill, in spite of the thirty days' shut-down, production was increasing. Indeed, the runs* for November

*The amount of production was computed from the oil run through the pipe lines, all of which had their gagers and were supposed to report their runs at regular intervals.



"KICKING DOWN" A WELL

A hole was dug in the rock and cased with a wooden tube eight or ten inches square. In this way the tools, suspended from a horizontal elastic hickory pole, which in turn was fastened to a stake, were worked over an upright piece as a fulcrum. The tools were worked up and down in the hole, as shown in the picture.

were greater than they had ever been in any single month since the beginning of the oil business. A large number of wells under way when the drill was stopped had "come in big." New territory had been opened up by unexpected wildcats. The shut-down had done less than was expected to decrease stocks. It was evident that the Producers' Association had a long and severe task before it to bring the crude output down to anything like the demand. Could the great body of producers be depended upon to take still further measures to lessen their production, and at the same time would they hold their oil until the agency had the mastery of the situation? Their tanks were overflowing. Many of them were in debt and depending on their sales to meet their obligations—even to meet their daily personal expenses. It was little wonder that they grew restive as they began to realize that the agency in which they had seen immediate salvation from all their ills could only be made effective by months more of self-sacrifice, of agitation, of persistent effort from every man of them. With every day they became more impatient of the bonds the agency had set for them, and the leaders soon realized that some immediate tangible results must be given the mass of oil men, or there was danger of a stampede.

A strong feature of the genius of John D. Rockefeller has always been his recognition of the critical moment for action in complicated situations. He saw it now, and his representatives again came to the Creek seeking an alliance. Their arguments, as they found their way from the private meetings into the press and the street, ran something like this: "Our combination is the only big buyer. We are in the thing to stay, and shall remain the only big buyer. You might erect refineries and oppose us, but it would take months, and while you are waiting how are you going to hold the producers? You cannot do it. We can easily get all the oil we want to-day at our own price from the men who sell from necessity, and yet your agency is in the first flush of enthusiasm. Sell only to us and we will buy 15,000 barrels a day from you. Refuse an alliance with us and you will fail."

The "Treaty of Titusville"

Overwhelmed by the length and severity of the struggle before them if they insisted on independence, fearful lest the scattered and restless producers could not be held much longer, convinced by their confident arguments that the refiners could keep their promise, the council finally agreed to a plan

PUMPING OIL AWAY FROM A BIG FLOWING WELL: BUTLER OIL FIELDS

of union which the "Derrick" dubbed the "Treaty of Titusville."

The alliance was only accepted after a debate so acrimonious that even the "Derrick" suppressed it. Captain Hasson led the opposition. In his judgment there was but one course for the producers—to keep themselves free from all entanglement and give themselves time to build up solidly the structure they had planned. If they had followed his advice, the whole history of the Oil Regions would have been different. But they did not follow it. The treaty was ratified by a vote of twenty-seven to seven.

A committee of the agency went immediately to New York to arrange a contract. The main points of the agreement decided upon were that the Refiners' Association should admit all *existing* refiners to its society, and the Producers' Association *all* producers present and to come—that the former company should buy only of the latter, the latter sell only to the former, and that the agency should bind all producers enjoying its privileges to handle their oil through it. The refiners were to buy such daily quantities as the markets of the world would take and at a price governed by the price of refined, $5.00 per barrel being paid when refined was selling at 26 cents a gallon. Either association could discontinue the agreement on ten days' notice.

It was late in December when this contract, signed by Mr. Rockefeller himself, was

brought back to the Oil Region. The committee brought with them an order for two hundred thousand barrels of oil at $3.25. This large order created a general feeling that, after all, an alliance might not be so bad a thing. The moral sense of the country was quieted, too, by the assurance that the producers, before signing the contract, had insisted that the refiners' combination sign an agreement to take no rebates as long as the alliance lasted.*

The Refiners Spring Their Trap

And now, at last, after five months of incessant work, the agency was ready to begin disposing of oil. They set to work at once to apportion the two hundred thousand barrels the refiners had bought among the different districts. It was a slow and irritating task, for a method of apportionment and of gathering had to be devised, and, as was to be expected, it aroused more or less dissatisfaction and many charges of favoritism. The agency had the work well under way, however, and had shipped about fifty thousand barrels when, on January 14th, it was suddenly announced that the refiners had *refused to take any more of the contract oil!*

There was a hurried call of the Producers' Council and a demand for an explanation. A plausible one was ready from Mr. Rockefeller. "You have not kept your part of the contract—you have not limited the supply of oil†—there is more being pumped to-day than ever before in the history of the region. We can buy all we want at $2.50, and oil has sold within the week as low as $2. If you will not, or cannot, stop over-production, can you expect us to pay your price? We keep down the output of refined, and so keep up the price. If you will not do the same, you must not expect high prices."

What could the producers reply? In spite of their heroic measures, they had not been able to curtail their output. It seemed as if Nature, outraged that her generosity should be so manipulated as to benefit only the few, had opened her veins to flood the earth with oil, so that all men might know that here was a light cheap enough for the poorest of them. Her lavish outpouring now swept away all of the artificial restraints the producers and refiners had been trying to build. The Producers' Association seemed suddenly to com-

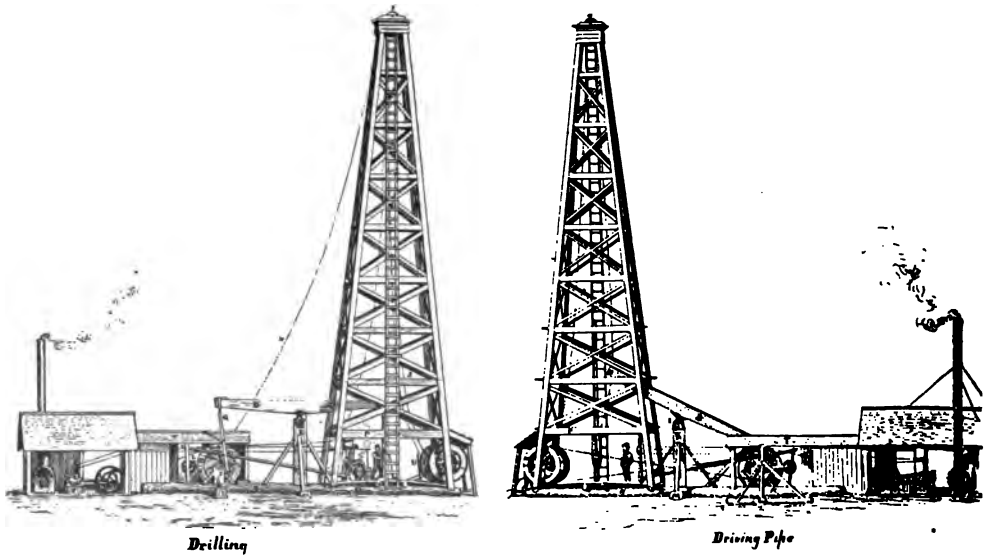
* This agreement in regard to rebates read as follows:

"*Whereas*, it is deemed desirable to execute a contract of even date herewith between the Petroleum Producers' Association and the Petroleum Refiners' Association, for the purpose of securing a coöperation for mutual protection, it is agreed by the Refiners' Association that sections one and three of a contract made the 25th of March, 1872, between certain trunk lines of railroads and a committee of producers and refiners shall be and remain in full force.

"PETROLEUM REFINERS' ASSOCIATION,
JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, *President.*"

The sections of the contract of the 25th of March referred to agreed that no rebates or contracts or other arrangements should be made which would give any party the slightest difference in rates and that the rates should not be changed either for increase or decrease without first giving W. Hasson, the president of the Producers' Union, at least ninety days notice in writing.

† The agency was pledged by its constitution to limit the supply of crude, but this stipulation did not appear in the contract signed by the two associations. It was a verbal understanding.



MODERN METHOD OF PUTTING DOWN A WELL

The power *F* works the walking-beam *D*. The tools are attached to the derrick (*P*) end of the walking-beam, and it is the alternate rising and falling in the hole that drills the well

prehend their folly in supposing that, when five thousand barrels more of oil was produced each day than the market demanded, any combination could long keep the contract the refiners had made with them; and their put in, was snuffed out almost in a day. It was to be five years before the oil men recovered sufficiently from the shock of this collapse to make another united effort. If Mr. Rockefeller felt in the fall of 1872 that the

A TYPICAL OIL FARM OF THE EARLY DAYS

unhappy session, made more unhappy by the reading of bitter and accusing letters from all over the discontented region, ended in a complete stampede from the refiners, the vote for dissolving the alliance having but one dissenting voice.

There were few tears shed in the Oil Regions over the rupture of the contract. The greater part of the oil men had called it from the beginning an "unholy alliance," and rejoiced that it was a fiasco. If the alliance had been all that came to an end, the case would not have been so serious, but it was not. The breaking of the alliance proved the death of the agency and the association. The leaders who had disapproved of the treaty withdrew from active work; the supporters of the alliance, demoralized by its failure, were glad to keep quiet. A few spasmodic efforts to stop the drill, to inaugurate another shutdown, were made, but failed. Most of the producers felt that, as oil was so low, their only safety was in getting as large a production as they could, and a perfect fever of development followed. The Producers' Association, after ten months of as exciting and strenuous effort as an organization has ever "good of the oil business" required the dissolution of the Producers' Agency, he could not have acted with more acumen than he did in leading them into an alliance, and at the psychological moment throwing up his contract.

The Refiners Dissolve

Humiliated as the producers were by their failure, they soon found consolation in the knowledge that the Refiners' Association was in trouble. A serious thing, in fact, had happened. When the official report of the year's exports and imports came out, it was shown that the exports of refined oil had fallen off for the first time in the industry of the business. In 1871, 132,178,843 gallons had been exported. In 1872, only 118,259,832 were exported. Just as alarming was the proof that the shale and coal oil refineries of Europe had taken a fresh start—that they were selling their products more cheaply than kerosene could be imported and sold. There was a general outcry from all over the country that Mr. Rockefeller and his associates were ruining the oil business by keeping up the price of refined oil beyond what

TYPE OF DERRICK AND ENGINE HOUSE IN USE IN 1872

the price of crude justified. The producers, eager for a scapegoat, argued that the low price of crude was due to decreased consumption as well as over-production, and their ill will against Mr. Rockefeller flared up anew.

In the meantime the Refiners' Association was having troubles of its own. The members were not limiting their output as they had agreed—that is, it was discovered every now and then that a refinery was making more oil than Mr. Rockefeller had directed. Again, what was more fatal to the success of the association, members sometimes sold at a lower price than that set by Mr. Rockefeller. These restrictions were fundamental to the success of the combination, and the members were called together at Saratoga in June, 1873, and after a long session the association was dissolved.

A Few Figures concerning Standard Oil in 1873

There was loud exultation in the unthinking part of the Oil Regions over the dissolution of the refiners. The "Junior Anaconda" was dead. The wiser part of the region did not exult. They knew that though the combination might dissolve, the Standard Oil Company of Cleveland still controlled its one-fifth of the capacity of the country; that not only had Mr. Rockefeller been able to hold the twenty refineries he had bolted so summarily at the opening of 1872, but he had assimilated them so thoroughly that he was making enormous profits. Mr. Rockefeller's contracts with the Central Railroad alone in 1873 and '74 obliged him for seven months of the year to ship at least 100,000 barrels of refined oil a month to the seaboard. As a matter of fact he never shipped less than 108,000 barrels, and in one month of the period it rose to 180,000.* Now in 1873 he made, at the very lowest figure, three cents a gallon on his oil. Estimating his shipments simply at 700,000 barrels a year—and they were much more—his profits for that year were $1,050,000, and this accounts for no profits on about 35 per cent. of the Standard output, which was sold locally or shipped westward. Little wonder that the Cleveland refiners who had been snuffed out the year before, and who saw their plants run at such advantage, grew bitter, or that gossip said the daily mail of the president of the Standard Oil Company was enlivened by so many threats of revenge that he took ex-

* Testimony of H. M. Flagler before the Ohio State Commission for investigating railroad freight discrimination, March, 1879.

traordinary precautions about appearing unguarded in public.

How Mr. Rockefeller Employed His Profits

It is worth noticing that these great profits were not being used for private purposes. They were going almost solidly into the extension and solidification of the business. Mr. Rockefeller was building great barrel factories, thus cutting down to the minimum one of a refiner's heaviest expenses. He was buying tank cars, that he might be independent of the vagaries of the railroads in allotting cars. He was gaining control of terminal facilities in New York. He was putting his plants into the most perfect condition, introducing every improved process which would cheapen his manufacturing by the smallest fraction of a cent. He was diligently hunting methods to get a larger percentage of profit from crude oil. There was, perhaps, ten per cent. of waste at that period in crude oil. It hurt him to see it unused, and no man had a heartier welcome from the president of the Standard Oil Company than he who would show him how to utilize any proportion of his residuum.

How the Railroads Kept Their Pledges

In short, Mr. Rockefeller was strengthening his line at every point, and to no part of it was he giving closer attention than to transportation. With the enormous freight at his disposal, he demanded as a right the lowest rate. During this period—1873-1874—he had from the Central a rebate of from ten cents to forty-five cents a barrel—usually it was twenty-five cents† on the open rate for refined oil to the seaboard. He was not the only oil shipper by any means that had a rebate, nor was the Central the only one of the railroads which had broken the contract of March 25, 1872. The Pennsylvania was giving rebates within two weeks after it had signed that document, and early in 1873 the Erie made contracts for rebates with some of the very men who had acted for the independent oil producers and refiners when they compelled the railroads to revise the South Improvement charter. It can safely be said, however, that Mr. Rockefeller's rebate was always as great, if not a little greater, than that of his neighbors; as it should be, so he would contend. Was he not the biggest shipper in the land?

Mr. Rockefeller Meditates Plan Number Three

It was not to be expected that Mr. Rockefeller, having reaped such rewards from his connection with the short-lived South Improvement Company, would give up the idea of combination because the National Refiners' Association had failed. As a matter of fact, he was about to enter on a bolder scheme of conquest than either of the others in which he had been a guiding spirit in the last eighteen months.

† Testimony of H. M. Flagler before Ohio State Commission for investigating discrimination in railroad freights, March, 1879.

STREET IN FAGUNDUS: A TYPICAL OIL TOWN

SNOW-WHITE AND ROSE-RED

BY EDITH WYATT

Author of "Every One His Own Way"

Illustrated by Martin Justice

IN a dark jungle of prejudice there once lived a harsh, facetious young man, named Ralph Rankin.

In mind, he was not naturally dull or illiberal, but an association of thirty years with gentlewomen who loved being cowed, had imposed upon him such a respect for the arbitrary and the crabbed, as one might, according to tradition, gain from residence among pirates.

In body he was tall, with a long face, pointed jaw, and some distinction of bearing.

In estate, he possessed a slight fortune, inherited from his father, and a stone-front house, in a rented row, on the north side.

His fortune he intended to increase by law-practice, and for such a purpose he read books of jurisprudence all day in the office of an elder attorney. His house he inhabited. It was a place of harmonious rooms, in dark unvarnished woods, and excellent shades of Whatman, hung with a few well-selected pictures, and bordered by low book-cases.

Ralph professed a passion for the modern, patronized realistic fiction and symbolic drama, and attended clubs and societies where radical ideas were voiced with freedom and good sense.

While outwardly he followed these pursuits, so enlightened, broadening, and humane, inwardly, he had developed a violent and gay temperament, large, it is true, but rough and overbearing.

By this he unconsciously kept in a state of tutelage unknown to the savage woman, his aunt and his young orphan sister, Ellen.

Ellen was a pretty and quiet, but mean-minded girl, who found an unhealthy comfort in being devoted though ill-treated. She encouraged grumbling about small domestic misfortunes like burnt biscuits by an air of meek guilt. However much she disagreed when Ralph said such things as that a man who would wear tan shoes in the evening would make good gun food, that after he heard a person split his infinitive he never spoke to him again, and that good Romanticists were dead Romanticists, she would only smile and shake her head fondly.

This was partly from her love of being oppressed, and partly because she derived that delight from hearing her brother damning right and left without regard to reason or the truth, that other mild natures derive from melodrama and the dime novel.

As to her own bearing, it was one of the utmost caution and tentativeness. To her the world was made up of people of superior sophistication going about seeking whom they might devour. She often sat silent for whole evenings from a general vague fear of committing some unforgettable outrage before these persons. She spent almost all her time in thinking about such things as whether it would be better form to wear her small hat or to wear her large one to the Thomas concerts.

This sensitiveness was not from any misfortune in the girl's personal appearance. She was a graceful little creature, beautifully made, with large, fawn-like eyes, pale-brown hair, a passionless expression, and a very clear white coloring.

The two orphans had a slight acquaintance with a girl named Regina Von Heller, in whose presence Ellie appeared as the snowdrop beside the cardinal flower.

Regina was a girl of impulsive, hasty manners, and Austrian parentage.

She had a mobile face, a flashing color, and a curved, rather scornful mouth. She carried her head high above her beautiful shoulders and bust, and in her most slingy and care-free moments, preserved a certain erectness.

Madame Von Heller, her mother, a thin little noblewoman with a waterfall, and a black silk apron, taught German, French, and penmanship in schools and in private classes attended by Ellie.

The poor lady had eloped in her sentimental middle-age from Vienna with her music master, a tall Pole, with dirty fingers, excited eyes, and a dyed purple mustache.

He supported her very ill by tuition at girl's schools on the continent, and in New York, where he died.

In these various academies and convents of her parents' classes, Regina had been somewhat scrappily educated till her mother came to Chicago.

Here there had been offered to Madame Heller a position where she taught the branches above mentioned in a quiet, plausible, ladylike manner, unillumined by a ray of intelli-

gence. She played accompaniments also, and gave a few music lessons in the same harmless and dignified way.

By this means she managed to support herself and her daughter, in rooms of their own, on a small, crooked German street, to send Regina to one of the best masters in the city for singing, and to keep her at the school, where she herself offered instruction.

On a cold winter evening Regina stopped for a few minutes at the Rankin's house to deliver an exercise to Ellie.

On this occasion Ralph came across her in the hall.

"Who is your friend, the grenadier?" he said to Ellie, afterwards. Regina had worn a small fur cap.

"Her mother teaches that French class Miss Vanderbank got up," said Ellie.

"Heavens, heavens," said Ralph. "A girl who will wear a sealskin cap is worse than impossible."

Ellie could not help knowing there was more to Regina than the fact of her wearing a sealskin cap. But she would not have dreamed of uttering a word in opposition.

In this manner Ralph roamed deeper and deeper into the jungle and might, perhaps, have been there forever lost if he had not been startled from the thicket by an uncommon incident.

On a rainy spring evening Regina Von Heller was sitting by an open window on the second story, close over the street, looking out at the darkness by the blowing light of a gas-lamp.

The water splashed heavily, darkening the wooden sidewalks, streaking the shadowy red-brick and brown frame fronts, and the lapped shingles of the enclosed place.

"THE 'GRENADIER.'"

After a close day the rain dropped through the air a fine chill the girl waited long to enjoy.

While she was sitting half asleep, with the fresh wind blowing in her face, a voice shoutel, "Help! Help!"

There was a sound of something clattering and falling. Shots cracked, and a man with his hat knocked over his eyes ran past down the street, while a neighbor, a Mr. Ostermann, dressed in trousers and a night-shirt open at the throat, rushed ponderously out of his house, and stood shouting, "Robbers! Murder! Police!" in almost sobbing tones.

Regina threw a little old Roman striped shawl over her shoulders, slipped down stairs without wakening Madame Von Heller, and ran out into the rain.

At the same moment two men came plunging down the street, a young reporter and Ralph Rankin.

They were returning late from the theatre. The Clark Street line was blocked, and from the platform of a Wells Street car they had heard the shots and Mr. Ostermann's cries. The reporter always dashed to any scene of excitement, and Ralph could hardly do less than accompany him.

"Where did they go? Which way? Are you hurt?" they exclaimed to Mr. Ostermann, still moaning loudly, "Help! Help!" and apparently unable to make any intelligible or coherent reply.

"There, that way, down," Regina called, pointing the unknown rescuers dramatically towards the end of the street.

Realizing the hopelessness of intercourse with Mr. Ostermann, they had crossed to her.

"Is anyone shot? Was anyone really hurt?" asked the reporter, as Ralph and Regina hastily recognized one another.

"Oh, no. No. Go at once," said Regina. She had no knowlege at all whether what she was saying was true, only an unreasoning sense that the man with his hat knocked over his eyes expected to be chased. She pointed again towards the blur of rain at the end of the street, and the young men started fleetly off over the echoing pavement.

At Mr. Ostermann's steps some neighbors with umbrellas and shawls had now gathered. Mrs. Ostermann, at her open door, with her children about her, was giving all possible detail to the neighbors, while her husband, his throat bared to wind and rain, ran his fingers through his bushy rumpled hair, glared crossly at the crowd, and occasionally exploded with, "Himmel! Scoundrel ones!"

The Ostermanns were jewellers. On that night Mr. Ostermann had brought some repai ing work home. Of this it was supposed th thieves had known. However that might b both the Ostermanns had been awakened b a noise on a lower floor.

Mr. Ostermann had put on his trousers an entered the parlor door just as a man jumpe in at the parlor window.

The man shot twice, and then as Mr. Oste mann began to scream, jumped down fro the window again.

He was gone when the householder reache the street. Nothing, it appeared, had bee taken.

The neighbors began to say that Mr. Oste mann would catch his death of cold.

Mrs. Ostermann knew it. But what could sh do? No one could do anything with him whe he was like that, she adduced in a tone o pride.

There were interested murmurs that he wa a very violent, excitable man.

His friends besought him to go in, went u to him, put their hands soothingly on his arm and endeavored to calm him, but his natur was too grand for that.

He flung them off, opening his eyes widely a them, and growling threateningly, "Leave m be! Leave me be, a-ready!"

To the young men, as they came back drip ping with the policemen, he exclaimed haughtily, "Vhell, vhere is he? Did you ge him? I guess not. No."

The brave young men and officers wen breathlessly up the steps offering a stage fo the recital of their chase. The neighbor crowded around below.

During the account of his rescuers Mr. Os termann's mood changed. He was now pleased and patronizing with them, as good-hearte young fellows who had after all done what they could, and patting their shoulders he said graciously, "Thank you, my friends, thanks to all. Come in, come in and have a good rest out of the rain, and a glass of beer to talk it over."

He extended his invitation to all about, and to Mrs. Ostermann's proud consternation it met with universal acceptance. All came trooping in out of the gale, the neighbors, the policemen, the young men, and Regina, in her Roman striped shawl.

Beer was brought. All was thoroughly talked over. Mr. Ostermann, in his night-shirt, now radiant and heroic.

"After all," he said, "it was hardly so much the loss of the jewels that enraged me as the disturbance of peace."

Everyone was uncommonly pleased and ex-

pansive. The neighbors became congratulatory, the police complacent, Mr. Ostermann full of civic sentiments and hospitality, his children tumbling on the floor in their night-clothes, uproarious, and the young men delighted to rest and refresh themselves after their noble efforts.

The rain slackened. It was plainly time to go. Mr. Ostermann shook hands with his guests as he passed them, observing when he came to the young men and the policemen, "As for you, my friends, should you ever want for anything, come by me."

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On the next morning when Madame Von Heller and Regina were taking their chocolate, the girl spoke of the excitement of the night before.

"Was it eleven o'clock, did I hear you say," asked Madame Von Heller, in melancholy tones.

"Yes."

"And why were you up at that so late hour, my daughter?"

"The rain was cool. I was putting my head out in it."

"And was not that disagreeable?"

"No," said Regina. "It was wonderful outdoors. I had been reading 'Vor Sonnenaufgang.' I was excited, and the air tranquilized me. I braided my hair down and put on my nice gray sack and leaned out in the rain. All was beautiful. All was black and still, just like 'Ueber allen gipfel ist ruh.' Then suddenly I heard the pistol shots and ran out."

"But first putting up your hair?" said Madame Von Heller, anxiously.

"No," said Regina, "I could not wait."

"But not in your old gray sack, I trust?"

"Yes," said Regina, rising and placing her chocolate cup on the table.

Madame Von Heller shook her head. Though she had eloped and had spent much of her time during her husband's life with revolutionary and carelessly dressed figures, she had always appeared neatly costumed in a high collar and one of her jewel sets, with the brooch matching the cuff buttons.

"I have never liked such things," she said gravely. "And were unknown men there also?"

"Yes. Two tall, fine young men came dashing down the street. Though unarmed they pursued the robbers. They were brave as lions. One proved to be the brother of that Miss Rankin. Mr. Ostermann could not thank them enough."

"They must have been much surprised to see a young lady with hair down running through the streets without chaperon or escort," said Madame Von Heller, mournfully.

Suddenly she began to cry.

Regina rushed up to her, seized her warmly in her arms, and snatching her hands, kissed first one and then the other in distress.

"Heaven knows you are all I have in the world," said Madame Von Heller. "When you turn on me where shall I go? Reckless as you are, you will bring misfortune by such ways."

"Here Ralph would sit for hours in perfect content"

The tears streamed down her face.

Regina, instantly worked upon by any neighboring emotion, began to weep, too.

"What would the private pupils and the ladies teaching at Miss Tyson's say, could they know that in the midst of the night my daughter rushes madly about with streaming hair, chattering to unknowns in the muddy streets." Madame Von Heller's chin quivered. "But all this has come because we are poor and alone. Were I wealthy and powerful you would do

"They simply kissed him good night"

nothing but with respect to me. And Miss Rankin, what must she think, refined one that she is, a true lady, when her brother speaks of all. To her we must seem the most miserable outcasts of the earth. In squalid dressing gowns, thrusting our heads out to be beat on by the storm——"

"Oh, no. Mother, mother," said Regina.

Her whole body was shaken by sobs. Even her feet under the table, very small and pretty, with high arches, but in flapping pink slippers, shook with her emotion.

"Look at me, my daughter," said Madame Von Heller. "I have grieved you, and anything is better than this—that we tear and bite each other. Speak no more of the horrors of the past night. All is over and must be borne. Should you see Mr. Rankin we will implore him to reveal nothing. You say he has a noble heart." She embraced Regina.

Within a few minutes she was sitting quietly at the table, correcting German lessons in perfect calm, with a small gold pen presented by a pupil.

She was entirely appeased, when on the following day Ralph, meeting her as she dispersed her French class, in his parlor, seemed to address her with the utmost respect, and to show no disposition to refer to the low episode of the Ostermanns and their thieves.

The truth is that having once dashed from the wilderness at this outer cry, Ralph was refreshed by his adventure.

He had been charmed with the street, charmed with the rainy spring evening. He liked to have the neighbors and the policemen trooping about as though they were in a comic opera, and Regina sitting talking beside him, her hair sparkling with the rain and her face eager and excited.

When he saw her again, in her seal-skin cap and fur-lined circular, at a musicale in the rooms of her master, an excellent artist, her appearance seemed to him one of high romantic distinction.

Mr. Lowski, a man of the world as well as an excellent artist, was a good friend of Ralph's,

and after this the young man sometimes visited him when Miss Von Heller took her lessons.

He mentioned this casually to his aunt and Ellie, saying, "I saw your friend, Miss Von Heller, to-day." But to impart that he found a keen interest in a person capable of craning from a window to see a neighborhood scrimmage would so have shaken the foundation of these ladies' understanding of him that he could hardly attempt it.

He sometimes put Regina on the car, once carried her a piece of music left behind, and by degrees fell into the habit of visiting her often on Wolfram street.

Here she talked eagerly to him of her many idols, De Rezske, Garibaldi, Perovskaya, Hauptmann, and a hundred others.

"Well," said Ralph, "that 'Versunkene Glocke,' where the bell keeps ringing, is too much for me. I can't hear what's going on. It's the same way with that other play, 'The Bells,' where the Jew is murdered. Anything that has a bell in it I can't down. 'Hear the loud alarum bells, brazen bell,' and all."

Regina was not gifted with a sense of humor, and she now regarded him with blazing eyes. "And can all that so beautiful and Titan dream be nothing to you for such a small queer reason as that?" she remarked coldly. "To me these bells are vast echoing tones of memory and tradition toiling through the soul of a struggling one. But you, rather than trying to know a great work of art, prefer to seem a little funny, and like a coarse jesting column of some conservative press."

Ralph could hardly refrain from laughing at this fierceness, but he said meekly and hastily, "Oh, yes, I know the play's a splendid thing. I must read it again."

Ellie and the aunt would never have recognized him, either in the fairness of his tone, or in the calm content of his manner, as he sat in a room filled with such objects as he had always considered particularly incriminating.

A coarse paper, brilliantly flowered, hung the irregular walls. Photographs were everywhere, of actors, actresses, professional people in theatric postures, armor, togas, and fur overcoats. Coarse starched white lace curtains broke the yellow light of the afternoon, that gleamed in the reflecting surfaces of the ugly ornamental furniture. A Steinway Grand, Herr Von Heller one's luxury, glittered in the middle of the floor with polished woods, quivering strings, and mellow sounding-board. It was open, as Ralph always said pianos never should be in private houses, to give the fullest sound. Scattered over the music-rack were Pauer's "Tourbillon," "The Night Has a Thousand Eyes," and "Wenn ich in deinen augen seh."

In this incorrect apartment Ralph would sit for hours, tranquil, amused, and admiring, eating ginger cookies and cottage cheese, and drinking tea, strong and badly prepared by Madame Von Heller in the intervals of giving lessons, and served in iron-stone china cups without handles, very hot and hard to hold.

He sometimes told Regina about a hundred insignificant things, so remote from her experience as to seem wonderful to her. Sometimes he read her poetry she considered beautiful, beyond the dreams of angels, and sometimes teased her by making such remarks as that there were nothing but dagoes in "Paolo and Francesca," and he had always supposed "The Intruder" was a bill-collector. But more often he appeared in the character she instinctively accredited him with, that of a man fearless of marauders and public opinion alike, and extremely open-minded. Such a man he really was in her presence.

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It has been said that Mr. Rankin, if harsh and heady, was large; and his size may perhaps be best indicated by his appreciation of Regina. This, at first the sheerest caprice and exception of his fancy, came, after a winter in the presence of her enthusiasm, pride, and beauty, to be one of the most profound impressions of his nature, a passion and a conviction.

The very unworldliness that once had seemed to him a mere ludicrous blight, now appeared endearing, a diversion, and sometimes touching beyond expression.

There was something disinterested, unconscious, and noble in the girl—her bearing, her sympathies, her ideas—that swept him like a cool wind.

More and more this came to be the very necessary breath of life to him.

His betrothal to Regina, none the less, aroused general contempt and indignation.

Madame von Heller wept and shook her head for hours over the serious turn the affair had taken. She was especially depressed after she learned that Ralph's father had made his fortune in the flour business. She repeated again and again that it was because they were poor and alone in the world that Regina accepted the hand of a tradesman. However she soon came around. In fact, she was not a little consoled by the prospect of leading a single life. She had been always, by nature, if not by condition, a spinster; and she now eagerly

refused Ralph's eager entreaties that she remain with her daughter.

The thought of having a small room and parlour of her own alone with her black silk apron and gold pen, at Miss Tyson's, without the perturbing presence of Regina, had high attractions for her.

The aunt and Ellie made a far more terrific scene than Madame Von Heller. They said nothing at all. Nor did they shed a tear in Ralph's presence. They merely kissed him good-night, as though he had blasted their dearest hopes; and, when they visited Regina, addressed her in a tone of quiet endurance more pinching to Ralph than curses.

The poor fellow himself behaved in the most generous and unresentful manner among the trials to which all these ladies subjected him, and endured with humorous equanimity both Madame Von Heller's scorn of the flour business and the sweet, silent tolerance at home.

It is a great pleasure to be able to say that he was amply rewarded by the exalted tenderness of his Regina.

So that not only in the land of fairy fable, but also that of natural history, a radical transformation brought a delightful revolution of fortune to all about.

The aunt and Ellie, it is true, were for a short time in low spirits, doing exactly as they pleased, and with no one by to direct them or to impose upon them.

But within a year Ellie married a conservative young college professor, who gave her and the aunt all their opinions, sulked if the beef were underdone, and bullied them to their heart's content.

"A conservative young college professor, who gave her and the aunt all their opinions"

THE LAST YEARS OF ARCTIC WORK

BY ROBERT E. PEARY, U.S.N.

PEARY'S GREATEST ACHIEVEMENT

This is the last chapter in the longest, cleanest, bravest story ever lived within the Arctic Circle. The quest of the North Pole has engaged many men, none so persistently as Robert E. Peary; many have died in the search, none but he has given to it the best years of life; all have contributed by the way to our knowledge of the unknown, none so much and so splendidly as this American naval officer. We are not going now to sum up Captain Peary's achievements; Mr. Baker did that in the February number of last year. Great as they are, and useful, they are neither so great nor so useful as the truly heroic human qualities of the man that has done them:—the practical, executive ability which enabled him to organize, equip, and conduct without mishap, not one, but seven voyages and four expeditions to the North; the sober sense which restrained him to study out his subject, make reconnaissances in the field, and lead test and preparatory expeditions, before planning and undertaking great explorations; the force of will which kept him day by day for seventeen years at a task which takes the spirit out of most men in one or two; the sanity which balanced his mind through seven or eight Arctic nights, one of which has driven some men crazy; and the courage—not reckless, but cautious, deliberate, and triumphant! Mr. Peary did not reach the Pole, but he has left all across the ice blink of Greenland, around its terrible north coast, which he discovered, and up and down the Arctic Ocean, the tracks of a big, bold, noble man to inspire men forever.—THE EDITOR

THE kernel of an Arctic expedition of the present day is the sledge journey, whether the object of that expedition be the Pole, or the highest north, or the exploration of unknown Arctic lands. Such Arctic lands as are accessible to a ship have been charted long ago, and neither the Pole nor the highest north is likely to be reached directly by a ship. I recognize, of course, the possibilities of the drift method, as originated by Nansen, and fully appreciate the wonderful success of the "Fram's" voyage. On the other hand, however, contrast the dreary, helpless time that must be given to this method (time so wearing that even Nansen's enthusiasm succumbed to it, and drove him out prematurely to his work), and the probability that even the "Fram" would not survive a second attempt—contrast this with the quick, effective spurt of the Duke of Abruzzi, which, in a single year, placed him ahead of Nansen. The man who can so utilize his *personnel* and matériel as to accomplish a march of 500 miles each way over the polar sea will win the Pole, for we know now that the attainment of a base within that distance of the Pole is a matter only of time, patience, and money.

FORT CONGER, WHENCE TWO MAIN ROUTES LEAD NORTH

The Longest Sledge Journey in the Arctic Circle

It was in the spring of 1900, in pursuance of a definite and coherent plan of Arctic exploration, under the auspices of the Peary Arctic Club of New York, that the sledge journey which is the subject of the following pages was made. Though the start was made some 350 miles south of the starting points of previous expeditions in this region, a point 150 miles be-

yond their farthest was attained, the northern extremity of the Greenland Archipelago; the last of the remaining Arctic land groups reached and rounded, and the most northerly known land in the world (probably *the* most northerly land) achieved.

This journey, in respect to latitude covered and distance in a direct line from start to finish, is the longest of all sledge journeys within the Arctic Circle. The air-line distance from start to finish was such that, had my starting point been in the same latitude as that of Abruzzi, it would have taken me to the Pole; or had my starting point been in the same latitude as Nansen's, or on the northern shore of Grinnell Land, it would have carried me *beyond* the Pole.

CAPE LAWRENCE IN MAY, LOOKING NORTH, BY THE LIGHT OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN

LOCKWOOD AND BRAINARD CAIRN ON LOCKWOOD ISLAND. CAPES KANE AND WASHINGTON IN THE DISTANCE

Northward in Three Divisions

My general programme for the spring work of 1900 was to send three divisions of sledges north as far as Conger.

From Conger I would send back a number of the Eskimos, retain some at Conger, and with others proceed north from there, either *via* Cape Hecla, or the north point of Greenland, as circumstances might determine.

I wanted to start the first division on the 15th of February, the second a week later, and leave with the third March 1st; but a severe storm, breaking up the ice between Etah and Littleton Island, delayed the departure of the first division of seven sledges until the 19th.

Along the Northern Edge of the North Water

The second division of six sledges followed on the 26th, and on March 4th I left with the rear division of nine sledges. Three marches carried us to Cape Sabine, along the curving northern edge of the "north water." Here a northerly gale with heavy drift detained me for two days. Three more marches in a temperature of −40° F. brought me to the box house at Cape D'Urville. Records here informed me that the first division had been detained here a week by stormy weather, getting away only on the 4th, the day I left Etah; while the second division had left but two days before my arrival. I had scarcely arrived, when two of the first division Eskimos came in from Richardson Bay, where one of them had severely injured his leg by falling under a sledge. One day was spent at the D'Urville house drying our clothing, and on

A ROAD ALONG THE ICE-FOOT

the 13th I got away with seven sledges on the trail of the other divisions, the injured man returning to Sabine with the supporting party.

I hoped to reach Cape Louis Napoleon on this march, but the going was too heavy, and I was obliged to camp in Dobbin Bay, about five miles short of the Cape.

The next day I hoped, on starting, to reach Cape Fraser, but was again disappointed, a severe wind storm compelling me to halt a little south of Hayes Point, and hurriedly build snow igloos in the midst of a blinding drift.

All that night and the next day and the next night, the storm continued. An early start was made on the 16th, and in calm but very thick weather we pushed on to Cape Fraser. Here we encountered the wind and drift full in our faces, and violent, making our progress from here to Cape Norton Shaw, along the ragged ice-foot, very trying.

The going across Scoresby and Richardson Bays was not worse than the year before; and from Cape Wilkes to Cape Lawrence the same as we had always found it. These two marches were made in clear but bitterly windy weather.

Imprisoned by Storms

Another severe northerly gale held us prisoners at Cape Lawrence for a day. The 20th was an equally cruel day, with wind still savage in its strength, but the question of food for my dogs gave me no choice but to attempt an advance. At the end of four hours we were forced to burrow into a snow bank for shelter, where we remained till the next morning.

In three more marches we reached Cape von Buch. Two more days of good weather brought us to a point a few miles north of Cape Defosse. Here we were stopped by another furious gale, with drifting snow, which imprisoned us for two nights and a day. The wind was still bitter in our faces when we again got under way, the morning of the 27th, and the ice-foot became worse and worse, finally forcing us out on the broken pack. Cape Lieber was reached on this march. At this camp the wind blew savagely all night, and in the morning I waited for it to moderate before attempting to cross Lady Franklin Bay.

A Kill of Musk Oxen

While we were waiting, the returning Eskimos of the first and second divisions came in. They

"Fragments of old floes, ridges of heavy ice thrown up to heights of twenty-five to fifty feet, crevasses and holes masked by snow"

CAPE MORRIS K. JESUP FROM THE ICE PACK. THIS IS THE MOST NORTHERLY KNOWN LAND IN THE WORLD

brought the very welcome news of the killing of twenty-one musk oxen close to Conger. They also reported the wind out in the bay as less severe than at the Cape.

I immediately got under way, and reached Conger just before midnight of the 28th, twenty-four days from Etah, during six of which I was held up by storms.

The first division had arrived four days, the second two days earlier. During this journey there had been the usual annoying delays of broken sledges, and I had lost numbers of dogs.

The process of breaking in the tendons and muscles of my feet to their new relations, and the callousing of the amputation scars, in this, the first serious demand upon them, had been disagreeable, but was, I believed, final and complete. I felt that I had no reason to complain.

The herd of musk oxen so opportunely secured near the station, with the meat cached here the previous spring, furnished the means to rest and feed up my dogs. A period of thick weather followed my arrival at Conger, and not until April 2d could I send back the Eskimos of my division.

The Choice of a Way

On leaving Etah I had not decided whether I should go north from Conger *via* Cape Hecla,

THE CAIRN AT CAPE MORRIS K. JESUP, WHICH CONTAINS RECORD, SELF-REGISTERING THERMOMETER, AND PARTS OF A SILK AMERICAN FLAG MADE BY MRS. PEARY

CAMP ON THE POLAR PACK AT 83° 39′ N. DUE NORTH OF CAPE MORRIS K. JESUP

or take the route along the northwest coast of Greenland. Now I decided upon the latter. The lateness of the season and the condition of my dogs might militate against a very long journey; and if I chose the Hecla route, and failed of my utmost aims, the result would be complete failure. If, on the other hand, I chose the Greenland route, and found it impossible to proceed northward over the pack, I still had an unknown coast to explore, and the opportunity of doing valuable work.

Later developments showed my decision to be a fortunate one.

I planned to start from Conger the 9th of April, but stormy weather delayed my departure until the 11th, when I got away with seven sledges.

A CAMP, IN TRANSIT

At the first camp beyond Conger, my best Eskimo was taken sick, and the following day I brought him back to Conger, leaving the rest of the party to cross the channel to the Greenland side, where I would overtake them. This I did two or three days later, and we began our journey up the northwest Greenland coast. As far as Cape Sumner we had almost continuous road-making through very rough ice. Before reaching Cape Sumner we could see a dark water sky lying beyond Cape Brevoort, and knew that we should find open water there.

From Cape Sumner to the Polaris Boat Camp in Newman Bay we cut a continuous road. Here we were stalled until the 21st by continued and severe winds. Getting started again in the tail end of the storm, we advanced as far as the open water, a few miles east of Cape Brevoort, and camped. This open water, about three miles wide at our end, extended clear across the mouth of Robeson Channel to the Grinnell Land coast, where it reached from Lincoln Bay to Cape Rawson. Beyond it, to the north and northwest, as far as could be seen, were numerous lanes and pools.

The next day was devoted to hewing a trail along the ice-foot to Repulse Harbor, and on the 23d, in a violent gale, accompanied by drift, I pushed on to the Drift Point of Beaumont (and later Lockwood), a short distance west of the Black Horn Cliffs.

The ice-foot as far as Repulse Harbor, in spite of the road-making of the previous day, was very trying to sledges, dogs, and men. The slippery side slopes, steep ascents, and precipitous descents, wrenched and strained the men and animals, and capsized, broke, and ripped shoes from the sledges.

Open Water and a Moving Pack

I was not surprised to see from the Drift Point igloos that the Black Horn Cliffs were fronted by open water. The pack was in motion here, and had only recently been crushing against the ice-foot, where we built our igloo.

I thought I had broken my feet in pretty thoroughly on my journey from Etah to Conger, but this day's work of handling a sledge along the ice-foot made me think they had never encountered any serious work before. A blinding snowstorm on the 24th kept us inactive in a camp which could well be called "Camp Woeful." When we awoke in the morning it was snowing heavily, and some three inches had already fallen. We could scarcely see across the ice-foot.

Eskimos Became Hysterical

While we were drinking our tea one of the younger Eskimos fell in a fit, and the others became hysterical. I felt a peculiar dizzy sensation myself. Recognizing the effect of our alcohol cooker in the close atmosphere of the igloo, with every aperture sealed by the newly fallen snow, I hurriedly kicked out the door and a portion of the front wall. This relieved matters, and I sent three of the Eskimo outside to get the benefit of the fresh air, while I took the two worst ones in hand personally, and finally succeeded in quieting them down. After this they were "ankooting" all day. The open water ahead of us, the groaning pack close beside us, the bad weather, and the, to them, mysterious attack of the morning, had combined to put them all in a very timid and unsteady frame of mind.

Testing Young Ice at 25° Below Zero

The next day I made a reconnaissance to the cliffs, and the day after set the entire party to work hewing a road along the ice-foot. That night the temperature fell to −25° F., forming a film of young ice upon the water. The next day I moved up close to the cliffs, and then, with three Eskimos, reconnoitered this young ice. I found that by proceeding with extreme care a man could move across it in most places. With experienced Ahsayoo ahead, constantly testing the ice with his seal spear, myself next, and two Eskimos following, all with feet wide apart, and sliding instead of walking, we crept past the cliffs. Returning, we used our feet like brooms, brushing the thin film of newly fallen snow off the ice for a width of some four feet, to give the cold free access to it.

Around a Great Barrier

I quote from my diary for the 27th:

At last we are past the barrier which has been looming before me for the last ten days,* the open water at the Black Horn Cliffs. This morning sent two of my men, whose nerves were disturbed by the prospect ahead, back to Conger. This leaves me with Henson and three Eskimos. My supplies can now be carried on the remaining sledges. Still farther stiffened by the contin-

* The Black Horn Cliffs are one of the crucial points in the traverse of the Greenland northwest coast. They extend for several miles along the shore, and, rising vertically from the water, no ice-foot can form at their base. Flanking them by a detour inland is an arduous undertaking for an experienced mountaineer with a light pack, and a physical impossibility with loaded sledges.

The great depth of water and the strong current in front of them keep the ice broken at all times, and for the greater portion of the year cause a large area of open water here.

Familiar with the trying experience of Lockwood and Brainard at these cliffs seventeen years before, and knowing the present season was an open one, I had, from the time we reached Cape Sumner, been certain we should find open water here, and had been praying that it might not be extensive enough to turn us back.

MAP SHOWING LIEUTENANT PEARY'S DIFFERENT EXPEDITIONS TOWARD THE POLE.

uous low temperature of last night, the main sheet of new ice in front of the cliffs was not hazardous as long as the sledges kept a few hundred feet apart, did not stop, and their drivers walked a few yards away to one side. Beyond the limit of yesterday's reconnaissance there were areas of more recent ice, which caused me considerable apprehension, as it buckled to a very disquieting extent beneath dogs and sledges, and from the motion of the outside pack was crushing up in places, while narrow cracks opened in others. Finally, to my relief, we reached the ice-foot this side the cliffs, and camped.

The Ice Opens Behind Us

The next day there was a continuous lane of water, one hundred feet wide, along the ice-foot by our camp, and the space in front of the cliffs was again open water. We had crossed just in time.

Up to Cape Stanton we had to hew a continuous road along the ice-foot. After this the going was much better to Cape Bryant. Off this section of the coast the pack was in constant motion, and an almost continuous lane of water extended along the ice-foot. A little west of Cape Bryant I killed two musk oxen, which my dogs highly appreciated.

Finding a Predecessor's Marks

A long search at Cape Bryant finally discovered the remains of Lockwood's cache and cairn, which had been scattered by bears. At 3.30 P.M. on the 1st of May I left Cape Bryant to cross the wide indentation lying between Cape Bryant and Cape Britannia. Three marches, mostly in thick weather, and over alternating hummocky blue ice and areas of deep snow, brought us at 1 A.M. of the 4th to Cape North (the northern point of Cape Britannia Island). From this camp, after a sleep, I sent back two more Eskimos and the twelve poorest dogs, leaving Henson, one Eskimo, and myself, with three sledges and sixteen dogs, for the permanent advance party.

An Advance Party of Three

From Cape North a ribbon of very young ice on the so-called tidal track, which extends along this coast, gave us a good lift nearly across Nordenskjold Inlet; then it became unsafe, and we climbed a heavy rubble barrier to the old floe-ice inside, which we followed to Cape Bennett and camped. Here we were treated to another snowstorm.

Another strip of young ice gave us a passage nearly across Mascart Inlet until, under Cape Payer, I found it so broken up, that two of the sleges and nearly all of the dogs got into the water before we could escape from it. Then a pocket of snow, thigh and waist deep, over rubble ice, under the lee of the cape, stalled us completely. I pitched the tent, fastened the dogs, and we devoted the rest of the day to stamping a road through the snow, with our snowshoes. Even when we started the next day, I was obliged to put two teams to one sledge, in order to move it.

Cape Payer was a hard proposition. The first half of the distance round it we were obliged to cut a road, and on the last half, with twelve dogs and three men to each sledge, pushed and pulled them, snowplow fashion, through the deep snow.

Distant Cape was almost equally inhospitable, and it was only after long and careful reconnaissance that we were able to get our sledges round it, along a narrow crest of the huge ridge of ice, forced up against the rocks. After this we had comparatively fair going, on past Cape Ramsay, Dome Cape, across Meigs Fjord, as far as Mary Murray Island. Then came some heavy going, and at 11.40 P.M. of May 8th we reached Lockwood's cairn, on the north end of the island. From this cairn I took the record and thermometer deposited there by Lockwood eighteen years before. The record was in a perfect state of preservation.

Undiscovered Land Sighted Ahead

One march from here carried us to Cape Washington. Reaching the low point, which is visible from Lockwood Island, just at midnight, great was my relief to see, on rounding it, another splendid headland, with two magnificent glaciers debouching near it, rising across an intervening inlet. I knew now that Cape Washington was not the northern point of Greenland, as I had feared. It would have been a great disappointment to me, after coming so far, to find that another's eyes had forestalled mine in looking first upon the coveted northern point. Nearly all of my hours for sleep at this camp were taken up by observations and a round of angles. The polar pack north from Cape Washington was in a frightful condition, utterly impracticable. Leaving Cape Washington, we crossed the mouth of the fjord, packed with blue-top floebergs, to the western edge of one of the big glaciers, and then over the extremity of the glacier itself, camping near the edge of the second.

The Place Where Floebergs are Born

Here I found myself in the birthplace of the "floebergs," which could be seen in all the various stages of formation. They are merely degraded icebergs—that is, bergs of low altitude, detached from the extremity of a glacier, which has for some distance been forcing its way along a comparatively level and shallow sea bottom.

A Polar Bear Hunt

From this camp we crossed the second glacier, and a short distance beyond our eyes were gladdened by the sight of a polar bear.

We were crossing the mouth of one of the fjords, and I was behind with my sledge, making a sketch of the fjord, when I heard the cry of *Nannooksoah* ("bear") from Henson, and looking up, I saw the animal coming toward us from seaward. For a moment all was excitement. I had scarcely time to seize the upstanders when my dogs were off. As we neared the bear, all the dogs were loosened, and were at him like a cloud. He continued to approach until they were close to him, when he turned and ran for the ice-foot, where he was brought to bay, followed up, and a couple of bullets from my carbine quickly transformed him into dog meat for my faithful teams.

Northern Cape of the World Discovered

It was now evident to me that we were very near the northern extremity of the land, and when we came within view of the next cape ahead, I knew that my eyes at last rested upon the Arctic Ultima Thule. The land ahead also impressed me at once as showing the characteristics of a musk-ox country.

The cape was reached in the next march, and I stopped to take variation and latitude sights. Here my Eskimo shot a hare, and we saw a wolf track, and traces of musk-oxen. A careful reconnaissance of the pack to the northward, with the glasses, from an elevation of a few hundred feet, showed the ice to be of a less impracticable character than it was north of Cape Washington. What were

evidently water clouds showed very distinctly on the horizon. This water sky had been apparent ever since we left Cape Washington, and at one time assumed such a shape that I was almost deceived into taking it for land. Continued careful observation destroyed the illusion. My observations completed, we started northward over the pack, and camped a few miles from land.

The two following marches were made in a thick fog, through which we groped our way northward over broken ice and across gigantic, wavelike drifts of hard snow. One more march in clear weather, over frightful going, consisting of fragments of old floes, ridges of heavy ice thrown up to heights of twenty-five to fifty feet, crevasses and holes masked by snow, the whole intersected by narrow leads of open water, brought us at 5 A.M. on the 16th to the northern edge of a fragment of an old floe, bounded by water. A reconnaissance from the summit of a pinnacle of the floe, some fifty feet high, showed that we were on the edge of the disintegrated pack, with a dense water sky not far distant.

Mapping the Arctic Ultima Thule

My hours for sleep at this camp were occupied in observations, and making a transit profile of the northern coast from Cape Washington eastward.

The next day I started back for the land, and, having a trail to follow, wasted no time in reconnaissance, and reached it in one march, and camped.

Leaving this camp on the 18th, as we were traveling eastward on the ice-foot an hour later, I saw a herd of six musk oxen in one of the coast valleys, and in a short time had secured them. Skinning and cutting up these animals, and feeding the dogs to repletion, consumed some hours; we then resumed our march, getting an unsuccessful shot at a passing wolf as we went.

Within a mile of our next camp a herd of fifteen musk-oxen lay fast asleep. I left them undisturbed. From here on, for three marches, we reeled off splendid distances, over good going, in blinding sunshine, and in the face of a wind from the east, which burned our faces like a sirocco.

On Around North Greenland

The first march took us to a magnificent cape, at which the northern face of the land trends away to the southeast. This cape is in the same latitude as Cape Washington. The next two carried us down the east coast to the eighty-third parallel. In the first of these we crossed the mouth of a large fjord penetrating for a long distance in a southwesterly (true) direction. On the next, in a fleeting glimpse through the fog, I saw a magnificent mountain of peculiar contour, which I recognized as the peak seen by me in 1895 from the summit of the interior ice-cap south of Independence Bay, rising proudly above the land to the north. This mountain was then named by me Mt. Wistar. Finally the density of the fog compelled a halt on the extremity of a low point composed entirely of fine glacial drift, which I judged to be a small island in the mouth of a large fjord.

The Last Look Northward

From my camp of the previous night I had observed this island (?), and beyond and over it a massive block of a mountain, forming the opposite cape of a large intervening fjord, and beyond that again another distant cape. Open water was clearly visible a few miles off the coast, while not far out, dark water clouds reached away to the southeast.

Out of Provisions; Turning Back

At this camp I remained two nights and a day, waiting for the fog to lift. Then, as there seemed to be no indications of its doing so, and my provisions were exhausted, I started on my return journey at 3.30 A.M. on the 23d of May, after erecting a cairn in which I deposited the following record:

Copy of Record in Cairn at Clarence Wyckoff Island.

Arrived here at 10.30 P.M. May 20th, from Etah, *via* Fort Conger, and north end of Greenland. Left Etah March 4th. Left Conger April 15th. Arrived north end Greenland May 13th. Reached point on sea-ice, Lat. 83° 50′ N., May 16th.

On arrival here had rations for one more march southward. Two days' dense fog have held me here. Am now starting back.

With me are my man, Mathew Henson; Ahngmalokto, an Eskimo; sixteen dogs, and three sledges.

This journey has been made under the auspices of, and with funds furnished by, the Peary Arctic Club of New York City.

The membership of this club comprises Morris K. Jesup, Henry W. Cannon, Herbert L. Bridgman, John H. Flagler, E. C. Benedict, James J. Hill, H. H. Benedict, Frederick E. Hyde, E. W. Bliss, H. H. Sands, J. M. Constable, Charles P. Daly, Henry Parish, A. A. Raven, E. B. Thomas, and others.

(Signed) R. E. PEARY.
Civil Engineer, U.S.N.

The fog kept company with us on our return almost continuously, until we had passed Lockwood Island, but, as we had a trail to follow, did not delay us as much as the several inches of heavy snow that fell in a furious arctic blizzard, which came rushing in from the polar basin, and prisoned us for two days at Cape Bridgman.

At Cape Jesup, the northern extremity, I erected a prominent cairn, in which I deposited the following record:

Copy of Record in Cairn on Cape Jesup.

May 13, 1900, 5 A.M.

Have just reached here from Etah *via* Ft. Conger. Left Etah March 4th. Left Conger April 15th. Have with me my man, Henson; an Eskimo, Ahngmalokto; sixteen dogs, and three sledges; all in fair condition. Proceed to-day due north (true) over sea-ice. Fine weather. I am doing this work under the auspices of, and with funds furnished by, the Peary Arctic Club of New York City.

(Signed) R. E. PEARY,
Civil Engineer, U.S.N.

May 17. Have returned to this point. Reached 83° 50′ N. Lat. due north of here. Stopped by extremely rough ice intersected by water cracks. Water sky to north. Am now going east along the coast. Fine weather.

May 26. Have again returned to this place. Reached point on east coast about N. Lat. 83°. Open water all along the coast a few miles off. No land seen to north or east. Last seven days continuous fogs, wind, and snow. Is now snowing, with strong westerly wind. Temperature 20° F. Ten musk-oxen killed east of here. Expect to start for Conger to-morrow.

Lockwood's Record Carried North

At Cape Washington, also, I placed in a cairn a copy of Lockwood's record, from the cairn at Lockwood Island, with the following endorsement:

This copy of the record left by Lieutenant J. B. Lockwood, and Sergeant (now Colonel) D. L. Brainard, U.S.A., in the cairn on Lockwood Island, southwest of here, May 16, 1882, is to-day placed by me in this cairn, on the farthest land seen by them, as a tribute to two brave men, one of whom gave his life for his Arctic work.

May 29, 1900.

A Glimpse of the North Coast Mountains

For a few minutes in one of the marches the fog lifted, giving me a magnificent panorama of the North Coast Mountains. Very somber and savage they looked, towering white as marble with the new fallen snow, under their low, threatening canopy of lead-colored clouds. Two herds of musk-oxen were passed, one of fifteen and one of eighteen, and two or three stragglers. Four of these were shot for dog food, and the skin of one, killed within less than a mile of the extreme northern point, has been brought back as a trophy for the club.

Ice Piled Mountain High by a Storm

Once free of the fog off Mary Murray Island, we made rapid progress, reaching Cape North in four marches from Cape Washington. Clear weather showed us the existence of open water a few miles off shore, extending from Dome Cape to Cape Washington. At Black Cape there was a large open water, reaching from the shore northward. Everywhere along this coast I was impressed by the startling evidences of the violence of the blizzard of a few days before. The polar pack had been driven resistlessly in against the iron coast, and at every projecting point had risen to the crest of the ridge of old ice along the outer edge of the ice-foot, and pouring over this, had descended upon the ice-foot in a terrific cataract of huge blocks. In places these mountains of shattered ice were one hundred feet or more in height. The old ice in the bays and fjords had had its outer edge loaded with a great ridge of ice fragments, and was itself cracked and crumpled into huge swells by the resistless pressure. All the young ice which had helped us on our outward passage had been crushed into countless fragments, and swallowed up in the general chaos. Though hampered by fog, the passage from Cape North to Cape Bryant was made in twenty-five and one-half marching hours. At 7 A.M. on the 6th of June we camped on the end of the ice-foot, at the eastern end of the Black Horn Cliffs. A point a few hundred feet up the bluffs, commanding the region in front of the cliffs, showed it to be filled by small pieces of old ice, held in place against the shore by the pressure of the outside pack. It promised, at best, the heaviest kind of work, with a certainty that it would run abroad at the first release of pressure.

A Dash Across Floating Broken Ice

The next day, when about one-third the way across, the ice did begin to open out, and it was only after a rapid and hazardous dash from cake to cake that we reached an old floe, which, after several hours of heavy work, allowed us to climb upon the ice-foot at the western end of the cliffs. From here on rapid progress was made again, three more marches taking us to Conger, where we arrived at 1.30 A.M. June 10th, though the open water between Repulse Harbor and Cape Brevoort, which had now expanded down Robeson Channel to a point below Cape Sumner, hampered us seriously. In passing I took copies of the Beaumont English Records from the cairn at Repulse Harbor, and brought them back for the archives of the club. They form one of the finest chapters of the most splendid courage, fortitude, and endurance under dire stress of circumstances that is to be found in the history of Arctic explorations.

Pain, Labor, and Joy

We had been in the field from the 4th of March until the 10th of June. From Etah to

Cape North we had slept in snow igloos. From Cape North on, and during the return march, a light tent formed our shelter. From Etah to Conger, along the terrible ice-foot which borders the Grinnell Land coast, the work had been of the most arduous and trying nature, and the weather through these eternally wind-swept channels, extremely bitter. From Conger to Cape North there was a slight but imperceptible amelioration of conditions. From Cape Washington on, the glare of the summer sunlight became almost unendurable, and from Cape Jesup the east wind, blowing full in our faces, burned them till they cracked. Only the continued use of the darkest glasses kept us from snow blindness.

From Cape Bryant to Conger, on the return, our clothing was constantly saturated—at first, only to a little above the knees, from traversing the pools on the ice-foot; later, from head to foot, in traversing the treacherous sea-ice in front of the Black Horn Cliffs, and at Cape Bryant, and under the cliffs of Cape Sumner. Yet, in spite of all the hard work, the discomforts, the annoyances, the uncertainties, the physical wear and tear, I never felt before, I never expect to feel again, the same exhilaration of spirits, the same mental exaltation, that I felt from the time we reached and passed eastward of Cape Washington till we returned to it. It was a feeling which lifted me above such petty things as weariness and hunger, aches and pains and bruises, smarting eyes and face, and all the other irritations of serious Arctic work.

By Right of Discovery

This whole grand coast, fronting the central Polar Basin, never before seen by human eye, was *mine*. Each jutting cape, each ragged glacier, each snow-capped mountain, each spreading fjord, had been dragged by me from obscurity, and was mine by the great right of discovery. A mild form of lunacy, perhaps, yet the feeling has been in the heart of every man who has trodden for the first time on new lands, and will be in the hearts of a few more men yet, before the earth yields up its last unknown mile.

Peary's Greatest Achievement

In this journey I had determined conclusively the northern limit of the Greenland Archipelago or land group, and had practically connected the coast southeastward to Independence Bay, leaving only that comparatively short portion of the periphery of Greenland lying between Independence Bay and Cape Bismarck indeterminate. The non-existence of land for a very considerable distance to the northward and northeastward was also settled, with every indication pointing to the belief that the coast along which we traveled formed the shore of an uninterrupted central Polar sea, extending to the Pole, and beyond to the Spitzbergen and Franz Josef Land groups of the opposite hemisphere.

The origin of the floebergs and paleocrystic ice was definitely determined. Further than this, the result of the journey was to eliminate this route as a desirable or practical one by which to reach the Pole. The broken character of the ice, the large amount of open water, and the comparatively rapid motion of the ice, as it swung round the northern coast into the southerly setting east Greenland current, were very unfavorable features.

Not the Way to the Pole

The complete change of character of the coast from Cape Jesup eastward is an interesting fact to be borne in mind. Another interesting item is the comparative abundance of game observed and secured along a coast which the experience of two previous expeditions had indicated as being practically barren of animal life. Two musk-oxen were killed by me in the Cape Bryant region in the upward march, and five by my supporting party on their return. One bear, as already noted, was killed east of Cape Washington, and east of Cape Jesup forty-two musk-oxen were seen, of which ten were secured. One hare was killed in this region, a wolf seen, and traces of lemming, ermine, and ptarmigan observed. Numbers of hare were killed in the neighborhood of Repulse Harbor.

1902—Another Way to the Pole Tried

With the Greenland route eliminated, there yet remained the Cape Hecla route, and this I attempted in the spring of 1902. It is not necessary here to go into the details of this attempt farther than to note that, as a result of added experience, perfected equipment, better acquaintance with the region traversed, and in spite of the supposed handicap of its being my fourth consecutive year of Arctic work and life, the arduous journey from Cape Sabine to Conger was accomplished in twelve marches; the equally arduous, but shorter, journey from Conger to Hecla in eight more. I now found myself, after nearly 400 miles of travel in the severest part of the Arctic year, just at the beginning of my real work, the conquest of the Polar pack.

After fighting my way northward for fifteen

days over a pack of extremely rugged character, the latter portion of the journey being over ice in motion (not motion sufficient, as has been erroneously understood, to carry me far out of my course; but sufficient, by the wheeling of the floes, to open up continually new leads, and form new pressure ridges across my route), I was driven to the conclusion that further advance for my party was impracticable. *Personnel*, equipment, and methods were satisfactory and effective, as evidenced by our speedy and safe return, not only to Hecla, but also to Cape Sabine.

When I say that I regarded further advance as impracticable, I mean that a rate of advance capable of producing the objects I had in view—namely, the Pole itself, or, if not that, a pronounced highest north—was not practicable under existing conditions, with a party of the size I had with me.

How to Go to the Pole

So far am I from considering the general proposition of advance over the Polar pack impracticable that I have no hesitation in saying I believe that the man who, with the proper party, the proper equipment, and proper experience, can secure a base on the northern shore of Grinnell Land, and can begin his work with the earliest returning light in February, will hold the Pole in his grasp.

As bearing upon the soundness of my conclusion, it is, I think, fair to note that I have already made four sledge journeys in these regions, of such length that the average air-line distance between the starting point and the terminus of the four is equal to the distance from the northern shore of Grinnell Land to the Pole. If it be contended that the character of the traveling is so different as to make the comparison hardly a fair one, it may be said that increased experience, improved methods, and a large party will, I believe, fully counterbalance this.

The Pole Can and Will be Reached

The proper method for an effective attack upon the Pole may be summed up in a paragraph, viz.:

A strongly built ship of maximum power; a minimum party, utilizing the Eskimos exclusively for the rank and file; the establishment of a permanent station or sub-base at Sabine; the formation of a chain of caches from Sabine to Hecla; the establishment of a main base somewhere on the North Grinnell Land coast; forcing the ship to winter quarters there; the redistribution of the entire tribe of Whale Sound Eskimos, taking the picked men of the tribe on the ship, and distributing the others in a series of settlements along the Grinnell Land coast, with the rear on the perennial walrus grounds at Sonntag Bay and the head of certain summer navigation at Sabine, and the van at Hecla; and, finally, an advance, in the earliest returning light of February, from Hecla northward over the polar pack, with a small, light, pioneer party, followed by a large, heavy, main party, from which at intervals two or three sledges would drop out and return, until on the last stage there would be but two or three sledges left.

PRIDE

BY WINIFRED WEBB

I WEEP not for the grief of man,
His grandeur there I see;
But oh! the pathos of his pride
Could break the heart in me!

THE FLYING DEATH

A Story in Three Writings and a Telegram

BY SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

PART II. THE END OF THE TRAIL

DOCUMENT No. 3 (A). *Extract from letter written by Stanford Colton to his father, John Colton, Esq., of New York City. Date, September 21st, 4* P.M.

. . . . So there, my dear dad, is the case against the Pteranodon. To your hard business sense it will seem a thing for laughter. You wouldn't put a cent in Pteranodon stock on the word of an idealistic, scientific theorist like old Ravenden, backed by a few queer marks on a beach. Very well, neither would I. Just the same, I ducked and ran when the owl flapped out from the cliff. And I wonder if you wouldn't have been trailing us to shelter yourself, had you been along.

Now as to poor Haynes. I was the last person to speak to him. He woke me out of a troubled dream walking along the hall at six o'clock this morning.

"Is that you, Haynes?" I called.

"Yes," he said. "I'm off for the beach."

"Wait fifteen minutes, and I'll go with you," I suggested.

"If you don't mind, Colton, I'd rather you wouldn't. I want to go over the ground alone, first. But I wish you'd come down after breakfast, and join me."

"All right," I said. "It's your game to play. Good luck. Oh, hold on a minute. Have you got a gun?"

"No," he answered.

"Better take mine."

"You must have been having bad dreams," he said lightly. "A good night's rest has shooed the Professor's Cretaceous jŭb-jub bird out of my mental premises. Anyhow, I don't think a revolver would be much use against it, do you? But I'm much obliged."

I was now up and at the door. "Well, good luck," I said again, and for some reason I reached out and shook hands with him.

He looked rather surprised—perhaps just a bit startled—but he only said: "See you in a couple of hours."

Sleep was not for me after that. I tried it, but it was no go. The Stratton family almost expired of amazement when I showed up for seven o'clock breakfast. Half an hour later I was on the way to find Haynes. I went directly down the beach. Haynes had gone this way before me, as I saw by his tracks. It was a dead-and-alive sort of morning—gray with a mist that seemed to smother sound as well as sight. I went forward with dampened spirits and little heart in the enterprise. As I came to the turn of the cliffs that opens up the view down the shore I hallooed for Haynes. No answer came. Again I shouted, and this time as my call drew no answer I confess that a clammy feeling of loneliness hastened my steps. I rounded the cliff at a good pace and saw ahead what checked me like a blow.

Almost at the spot where we had found Serdholm, a man lay sprawled grotesquely. Though the face was hidden and the posture distorted, I knew him instantly for Haynes, and as instantly knew he was dead. There's a bad streak in me, dad, and it came out right there, for I had wheeled to run before I realized the shame of it. Then, thank God, I caught myself, and stopped. As I turned again my foot struck a small rock. It wasn't much of a weapon, but it was the best at hand. I picked it up and went forward to the body, sickening at every step.

Haynes had been struck opposite the gully. The weapon that killed him had been driven with fearful impetus between his ribs, from the back. A dozen staggering prints showed where he had plunged forward before he fell. The heart was touched, and he must have been dead almost on the stroke. His flight was involuntary—the blind, mechanical instinct of escape from death. To one who had seen its like before, there was no mistaking that great gash in his back. Haynes had been killed as Serdholm was. But for what cause? What possible motive of murder could embrace those two who had never known or so much as spoken to each other? No; it was reasonless: the act of a thing without mind, inspired by no motive but the blood-thirst, the passion of slaughter. At that, the picture of the Pteranodon, as the Professor had drawn it, took hold of my mind. I ran to the point whence Haynes had staggered. Begin-

ning there, in double line over the clean sand, stretched the grisly track of the talons. Except for them the sand was untouched.

So great an access of horror possessed me that I became, for the moment, irresponsible. Perhaps it was instinct that sent me to the sea. I ran in to my knees, dropped on all fours, and not only plunged my head in, but took great gulps of the salt water. The retching that followed cleared my brain. I was able to command myself as I returned to the body of Haynes. Yet it was still with an overmastering repulsion that I scanned the heavens for wings; and when I came to climb to the cliff's top, for a better view, three several times my knees gave way, and I rolled to the gully. Nothing was in sight. Again I returned to the body, now somewhat master of myself. A hasty examination convinced me that Haynes had been dead for some time, perhaps an hour. There was but one thing to do. I set off for the house at my best speed.

Of the formalities that succeeded there is no need to speak; but following what I thought Haynes's method would have been, I investigated the movements of Schenck, the patrolman, that morning. From six o'clock to eight he was at the station. His alibi is solid. In the killing of poor Haynes he had no part. That being proved, sufficiently establishes his innocence of the Serdholm crime. Both were done by the same murderer.

Professor Ravenden is now fixed in his belief that the Pteranodon, or some little-altered descendant, did the murders. I am struggling not to believe it, yet it lies back of all my surmises as a hideous probability. One thing I know, that nothing would tempt me alone upon that beach to-night. To-morrow morning I shall load up my Colt's and go down there with the Professor, who is a game old theorist, and can be counted on to see this through. He is blocking out, this afternoon, a monograph on the survival of the Pteranodon. It will make a stir in the scientific world. Don't be worried about my part in this. I'll be cautious to-morrow. No other news to tell; nothing but this counts.

Your affectionate son,

STANFORD.

P. S.—Dad, couldn't you do something to help Haynes's people? Not financially—I don't believe they need that. If they're anything like Haynes, they wouldn't accept it anyhow. But go and see them, and tell them how much we thought of him here, and how he died trying to get at the truth. I've written them, but you can do so much more on the ground.

▾▾▾

DOCUMENT No. 3 (B). *Statement by Stanford Colton regarding his part in the events of the morning of September* 22, 1902.

This is written at the request of Professor Ravenden, to be embodied with his report on the Montauk Point tragedies. On the morning of September 22d (the day after the killing of Harris Haynes) I went to the beach opposite Stony Gully. It was seven o'clock when I reached the point where the bodies of Haynes and Serdholm were found. Professor Ravenden was to have accompanied me. He had started out while I was at breakfast, however, through a misunderstanding as to time. His route was a roundabout one, bringing him to the spot after my arrival, as will appear in his report. I went directly down the shore. In my belt was my revolver.

As I came opposite Stony Gully I carefully examined the sand. It had been much trodden by those who had taken the body of Haynes to the house. Toward the soft beach and the gully's mouth, however, there had been no effacement, though there was a slight blurring effected by a mild fall of rain. My first action was to look carefully about the country to discover any possible peril near by. Having satisfied myself that I was not threatened, I set about inspecting the sand. There were no fresh marks. The five-taloned tracks were in several places almost as distinct as on the previous day. Fortunately, owing to the scanty population and the slow transmission of news, there had been very few visitors to the scene, and those few had been careful in their movements, so the evidence was not trodden out.

For a closer examination I got down on my hands and knees above one of the tracks. There was the secret if I could but read it. The footprint was in all respects the counterpart of the sketch made by Haynes, and of the impress on the Cretaceous rock of Professor Ravenden. I might have been in that posture two or three minutes, my mind immersed in conjecture. Then I rose, and as I stood and looked down, there suddenly flashed into my brain the solution. I started forward to the next mark, and as I advanced, something sang in the air behind me. I knew it was some swiftly flying thing; knew in the same agonizing moment that I was doomed; tried to face my death; and then there was a dreadful, grinding shock, a flame with jagged teeth tore through my brain, and I fell forward into darkness.

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DOCUMENT No. 4. *The explanation by Professor Willis Ravenden, F.R.S., etc., of the events of September 20, 21, 22, 1902, surrounding the death of Paul Serdholm and Harris Haynes, and the striking down of Stanford Colton.*

Of the events of the three days, September 20, 21, and 22, 1902, at Montauk Point, culminating in my own experience of the final date, I write with some degree of pain due to the personal element in my own attitude toward the case, and, as such, unworthy of a balanced intelligence. It is the more difficult for me to recount equably these matters, in that I was shaken, at successive moments of the *dénoûment*, by many and violent passions: grief, fear, horror, and, finally, an inhuman rage which shamefully rankles in my memory. Yet what I here set down is told with such fidelity as I can achieve, bearing due reference to the comparative value of the elements, and without, I trust, unnecessary circumlocution or undue obtrusion of my own sentiments and theories.

Upon the death of my esteemed young friend, Mr. Haynes, I made minute examination of the vestigia near the body. These were obviously the footprints of the same creature that killed Serdholm, the coast-guard. Not only the measurements and depth of indentation, but the intervals corresponded exactly with those observed in the first investigation. The non-existence of five-toed birds drove me to the consideration of other winged creatures, and certainly none may say that, with the evidence on hand, my hypothesis of the survival and reappearance of the Pteranodon was not justified.

Having concluded my examination into the circumstances of Mr. Haynes's death, I returned to Third House and set about embodying the remarkable events in a monograph. In this work I employed the entire afternoon and evening of the 21st, with the exception of an inconsiderable space devoted to a letter which it seemed proper to write to the afflicted family of Mr. Haynes, and in which I suggested for their comfort the fact that he met his death in the noble cause of scientific investigation. In pursuance of an understanding with Mr. Colton, he and I were to have visited, early on the following morning, the scene of the tragedies. By a misconception of the plan, I started out before he left, thinking that he had already gone. My purpose was to proceed to the spot along the cliffs, instead of by the beach, this route affording a more favorable view, though an intermittent one, as it presents a succession of smoothly rolling hillocks. Hardly had I left the house when the disturbance of the grasses incidental to my passage put to flight a fine specimen of the Lycæna pseudargiolus, whose variations I have been investigating. I had, of course, taken my net with me, partly, indeed, as a weapon of defense, as the butt is readily detachable, and heavily loaded.

In the light of subsequent events I must confess my culpability in allowing even so absorbing an interest as this that suddenly beset my path to turn me from my engagement to meet Mr. Colton. Instinctively, however, I pursued the insect. Although this species, as is well known, exhibits a power of sustained flight possessed by none other of the lepidopteræ of corresponding wing-area, I hoped that, owing to the chill morning air, this specimen would be readily captured. Provocatively, as it would seem, it alighted at short intervals, but on each occasion rose again as I was almost within reach. Thus lured on I described a half-circle, and was, approximately, a third of a mile inland, when finally I netted my prey from the leaves of a Quercus ilicifolia. Having deposited it in the cyanide of potassium jar which I carried on a shoulder-strap, I made haste, not without some quickenings of self-reproach, toward the cliff. Incentive to greater haste was furnished by a fog-bank that was approaching from the south. Heading directly for the nearest point of the cliff I reached it before the fog arrived. The first object that caught my eye, as it ranged for the readiest access to the beach, was the outstretched body of Colton lying upon the hard sand where Serdholm and Haynes had met their deaths. He was barely within my scope of vision, the nearer beach being cut off from sight by the cliff line.

I may say, without intemperance of expression, that for the moment I was stunned into inaction. Then came the sense of my own guilt and responsibility. Along the cliff I ran, at full speed, dipped down into a hollow, where, for the time, the beach was shut off from view, and surmounted the hill beyond, which brought me almost above the body a little to the east of the gully. The fog, too, had been advancing swiftly, and now as I reached the cliff's edge it spread a gray mantle over the body lying there alone.

Already I had reached the edge of the gully, when there moved very slowly out upon the hard sand a thing so out of all conception, an apparition so monstrous to the sight, that my

net fell from my hand, and a loud cry burst from me. In the gray folds of mist it wavered, assuming shapes beyond comprehension. Suddenly it doubled on itself, contracted to a compact mass, underwent a strange inversion, and before my clearing vision there arose a man, dreadful of aspect indeed, but still a human being, and, as such, not beyond human powers to cope with. Coincidently with this recognition I noted a knife, inordinately long of blade and bulky of handle, on the sand almost under Colton. Toward this the man had been moving when my cry arrested him, and now he stood facing the height with strained eye and bestially gnashing teeth.

Here was no time for delay. The facile descent of the gully was out of the question. It was over the cliff or nothing, for if Colton was alive his only chance was that I should reach his assailant before the latter could come at the knife. Upon the flash of the thought I was in mid-air, a giddy terror dulling my brain as I plunged down through the fog. Fortunately for me—for the bones of sixty years are brittle—I landed upon a slope of soft sand. Forward I pitched, threw myself completely over, and, carried to my feet by the impetus, ran down the lesser slope upon the man.

That he was obsessed by a mania of murder was written on his face and in his eyes. But now his expression, as he turned toward me, was that of a beast alarmed. To hold his attention, I shouted. The one desideratum was to reach him before he turned again to the knife and Colton.

The maniac crouched as I ran in upon him, and I must confess to a certain savage exultation as I noted that he had little the advantage of me in size or weight. Although not a large man, I may say that I am of wiry frame, which my out-of-door life has kept in condition. So I felt no great misgivings as to the outcome. We closed. As my opponent's muscles tightened on mine I knew, with a udden, daunting shock, that I had met the strength of fury. For a moment we strained, I striving for a hold which would enable me to lift him from his feet. Then with a rabid scream the creature dashed his face into my shoulder, and bit through shirt and flesh until I felt the teeth grate on my shoulder-blade.

Not improbably this saved my life and Colton's. For, upon the outrage of that assault, a fury not less insane than that of my enemy fired me, and I, who have ever practised a certain scientific austerity of emotional life, became, to my dishonor, a raging beast. Power as of steam flashed through every vein; strength as of steel distended every muscle. Clutching at the throat of my assailant I tore that hideous face from my shoulder. My right hand, drawn back for a blow, twitched the cord of my heavy poison bottle. Shouting aloud I swung the formidable weapon up and brought it down upon his head with repeated blows. His grasp relaxed. I sprang back for a fuller swing and beat him to the ground. The jar was shattered, but such was my ecstasy of murderousness that I forgot the specimen of pseudargiolus, which fell with the fragments and was trodden into the sand.

In my hand I still held the base of the jar. My head was whirling. I staggered backward, and with barely sense enough left to know that the deadly fumes of the cyanide were doing their work, flung it far away. A mist fell like a curtain somewhere between my eyes and my brain, befogging the processes of thought. That Colton was now sitting up, I knew to be a hallucination. Colton was dead —Colton was dead, said the spirit of murder deep in my brain, and it remained for me to kill his slayer. The world reeled about me, so I dropped to all fours and crawled to the man. That Colton should seem to have arisen, and to be staggering toward us, further enraged me. It was but fair that he should not interfere until I had finished my work. There was blood on the man's face—my blood and his—as I set my fingers to his throat. Another moment and I should have had the murder of a fellow-man on my soul, but an arm slipped under my chest, and a voice gasped:

"In God's name, Professor, don't kill the poor devil!"

My hold relaxed. I felt myself lifted, and then I was lying on my back, looking into Colton's white face. I must have been saying something, for Colton replied, as if to a question:

"It's all right, Professor. There's no pseudargiolus or Pteranodon, or anything. Just lie quiet for a moment."

But it was borne in upon me that I had lost my prize. "Let me up!" I cried. "I've lost it! It fell when the poison jar broke."

"There, there," he soothed, as one calms a delirious person. "Just wait——"

"I'm speaking of my specimen, the pseudargiolus." The mist was beginning to lift from my brain, and the mind now swung dizzily back to the great speculation. "The Pteranodon?" I cried, looking about me.

"There." Colton laughed shakily as he pointed to the blood-besmeared form lying quiet on the sand.

"But the footprints! the footprints! The fossil marks on the rock?"

"Footprints on the rock. Handprints, here."

"Handprints!" I repeated; "Tell me slowly. I must confess to a degree of bewilderment to which I am not accustomed."

"No wonder, sir. Here it is. I saw it all just before I was hit. This man is Serdholm's cousin, the juggler. He's crazy, probably from Serdholm's blow. He's evidently been waiting for a chance to kill Serdholm. That rock in the gully's mouth is where he waited. You've seen circus-jugglers throw knives. You know with what marvelous skill they do it. Well, that's the way he killed Serdholm. In his crazy cunning he saw that footprints would give him away, so he utilized another of his circus tricks and recovered the knife by walking on his hands. Perhaps the snipe tracks hereabout suggested it."

"But Mr. Haynes? And yourself?"

"I don't know why he wanted to kill us unless he feared we would discover his secret. I escaped because I was going forward as he threw, and that must have disturbed his aim so that the knife turned in the air and the handle struck me, knocking me senseless."

Here the juggler groaned, and we busied ourselves with bringing him to. He is now in an asylum, with a fair chance of recovery.

Mr. Colton is entirely recovered from his experience, as am I, except for an inconvenient stiffness in the muscles of my right shoulder where I was bitten. My physician advises that I train myself to manipulate the capturing-net with my left hand. After a long search I found the remains of the pseudargiolus specimen, with one wing almost intact. It may still be of aid in my work on the structural changes of this species. My monograph on the Pteranodon, it is hardly needful to state, will not be published. At the same time I maintain that the survival of this formidable creature, while now lacking definite proof, is none the less strictly within the limits of scientific possibility.

WILLIS RAVENDEN.

THE PHONOGRAPH AND THE GRAFT

BY O. HENRY

Illustrated by F. Luis Mora

I LOOKED in at the engine-room of the Bloomfield-Cater Mfg. Co. (Ltd.), for the engineer was Kirksy, and there was a golden half-hour between the time he shut down steam and washed up that I coveted. For Kirksy was an improvisatore, and he told stories from the inside outward, finely leaving his spoken words and his theme to adjust themselves as best they might.

I found Kirksy resting, with his pipe lit, smut-faced and blue overalled.

"'Tis a fair afternoon," I said, "but bids to be colder."

"Did I ever tell you," began Kirksy honorably, "about the time Henry Horsecollar and me took a phonograph to South America?" and I felt ashamed of my subterfuge, and dropped into the wooden chair he kicked toward me.

"Henry was a quarter-breed, quarter-back Cherokee, educated East in the idioms of football and West in contraband whiskey, and a gentleman, same as you or me. He was easy and romping in his ways; a man about six foot, with a kind of rubber-tire movement. Yes, he was a little man about five foot five, or five foot eleven. He was what you would call a medium tall man of average smallness. Henry had quit college once, and the Muscogee jail three times—once for introducing, and twice for selling, whiskey in the Territories. Henry Horsecollar never let any cigar stores come up and stand behind him. He didn't belong to that tribe of Indians.

"Henry and me met at Texarkana, and figured out this phonograph scheme. He had $360 which came to him out of a land allotment in the reservation. I had run down from Little Rock on account of a distressful scene I had witnessed on the street there. A man stood on a box and passed around some gold watches, screw case, stem-winders, Elgin movement, very elegant. Twenty bucks they cost you over the counter. At three dollars the crowd fought for the tickers. The man happened to find a valise full of them handy, and he passed them out like putting hot biscuits on a plate. The backs were hard to unscrew, but the crowd put its ear to the case, and they ticked mollifying

and agreeable. Three of those watches were genuine tickers; but the rest, they were only kickers. Hey? Why, empty cases with one of them horny black bugs that fly around electric lights in 'em. Them bugs kick off minutes and seconds industrious and beautiful. The man I was speaking of cleaned up $288, and went away, because he knew that when it came time to wind watches in Little Rock an entomologist would be needed, and he wasn't one.

"So, as I say, Henry had $360 and I had $288. The phonograph idea was Henry's, but I took to it freely, being fond of machinery of all kinds.

"The Latin races," says Henry, explaining easy in his idioms he learned at college, "are peculiarly adapted to be victims of the phonograph. They possess the artistic temperament. They yearn for music and color and gaiety. They give up wampum to the hand organ man or the four-legged chicken when they're months behind with the grocery and the breadfruit-tree."

"Then," says I, "we'll export canned music to the Latins; but I'm mindful of Mr. Julius Cæsar's account of 'em where he says, '*Omnia Gallia in tres partes divisa est*,' which is the same as to say, 'We will need all of our gall in devising means to tree them parties.' I hated to make a show of education, but I was disinclined to be overdone in syntax by a mere Indian, to whom we owe nothing except the land on which the United States is situated.

"We bought a fine phonograph in Texarkana—one of the best make—and half a trunkful of records. We packed up, and took the T. and P. for New Orleans. From that celebrated center of molasses and disfranchised coon songs we took a steamer for—yes, I think it was South America or Mexico—I am full of inability to divulge the location of it—'tis on the rural delivery route, 'tis colored yellow on the map, and branded with the literature of cigar boxes.

"'*Injun*,' *says Henry*; '*tame Injun*'"

"We landed on a smiling coast at a town they denounced by the name, as near as I can recollect, of Sore-toe-kangaroo. 'Twas a palatable enough place to look at. The houses were clean and white, sticking about among the scenery like hard-boiled eggs served with lettuce. There was a block of skyscraper mountains in the suburbs, and they kept pretty quiet, like they were laying one finger on their lips and watching the town. And the sea was remarking 'Sh-sh-sh!' on the beach; and now and then a ripe cocoanut would fall kerblip in the sand, and that was all there was doing. Yes, I judge that town was considerably on the quiet. I judge that after Gabriel quits blowing his horn, and the car starts, with Philadelphia swinging to the last strap, and Pine Gulley, Arkansas, hanging on to the

hind rail, Sore-toe-kangaroo will wake up and ask if anybody spoke.

"The captain went ashore with us, and offered to conduct what he seemed to like to call the obsequies. He introduced Henry and me to the United States Consul, and a roan man, the head of the Department of Mercenary and Licentious Dispositions, the way it read upon his sign.

"'I touch here again a week from to-day,' says the captain.

"'By that time,' we told him, 'we'll be amassing wealth in the interior towns with our galvanized prima donna and correct imitations of Sousa's band excavating a march from a tin mine.'

"'Ye'll not,' says the captain. 'Ye'll be hypnotized. Any gentleman in the audience who kindly steps upon the stage and looks this country in the eye will be converted to the hypothesis that he's but a fly in the Elgin creamery. Ye'll be standing knee deep in the surf waiting for me, and your machine for making Hamburger steak out of the hitherto respected art of music will be playing 'There's no place like home.'

"Henry skinned a twenty off his roll, and received from the Bureau of Mercenary Dispositions a paper bearing a red seal and a dialect story, and no change.

"Then we got the consul full of red wine, and struck him for a horoscope. He was a thin, youngish kind of man, I should say past fifty, sort of French-Irish in his affections, and puffed up with disconsolation. Yes, he was a flattened kind of a man, in whom drink lay stagnant, inclined to corpulence and misery. Yes, I think he was a kind of Dutchman, being very sad and genial in his ways.

"'The marvelous invention,' he says, 'entitled the phonograph, has never before invaded these shores. The people have never heard it. They would not believe it if they should. Simple-hearted children of nature, progress has never condemned them to accept the work of a can-opener as an overture, and rag-time might incite them to a bloody revolution. But you can try the experiment. The best chance you have is that the populace may not wake up when you play. There's two ways,' says the consul, 'they may take it. They may become inebriated with attention, like an Atlanta colonel listening to "Marching through Georgia," or they will get excited and transpose the key of the music with an axe and yourselves into a dungeon. In the latter case,' says the consul, 'I'll do my duty by cabling to the State Department, and I'll wrap the Stars and Stripes around you when you come to be shot, and threaten them with the vengeance of the greatest gold export and financial reserve nation on earth. The flag is full of bullet holes now,' says the consul, 'made in that way. Twice before,' says the consul, 'I have cabled our government for a couple of gunboats to protect American citizens. The first time the Department sent me a pair of gum boots. The other time was when a man named Pease was going to be executed here. They referred that appeal to the Secretary of Agriculture. Let us now disturb the señor behind the bar for a subsequence of the red wine.'

"Thus soliloquized the consul of Sore-toe-kangaroo to me and Henry Horsecollar.

"But, notwithstanding, we hired a room that afternoon in the Calle de los Angeles, the main street that runs along the shore, and put our trunks there. 'Twas a good-sized room, dark and cheerful, but small. 'Twas on a various street, diversified by houses and conservatory plants. The peasantry of the city passed to and fro on the fine pasturage between the sidewalks. 'Twas, for the world, like an opera chorus when the Royal Kafoozlum is about to enter.

"We were rubbing the dust off the machine and getting fixed to start business the next day when a big, fine-looking white man in white clothes stopped at the door and looked in. We extended the invitations, and he walked inside and sized us up. He was chewing a long cigar, and wrinkling his eyes, meditative, like a girl trying to decide which dress to wear to the party.

"'New York?' he says to me finally.

"'Originally, and from time to time,' I says. 'Hasn't it rubbed off yet?'

"'It's simple,' says he, 'when you know how. It's the fit of the vest. They don't cut vests right anywhere else. Coats, maybe, but not vests.'

"The white man looks at Henry Horsecollar and hesitates.

"'Injun,' says Henry; 'tame Injun.'

"'Mellinger,' says the man—'Homer P. Mellinger. Boys, you're confiscated. You're babes in the wood without a chaperon or referee, and it's my duty to start you going. I'll knock out the props and launch you proper in the pellucid waters of Sore-toe-kangaroo. You'll have to be christened, and if you'll come with me I'll break a bottle of wine across your bows, according to Hoyle.'

"Well, for two days Homer P. Mellinger did the honors. That man cut ice in Sore-toe-kangaroo. He was It. He was the Royal Kafoozlum. If me and Henry was babes in the wood,

"All me and Mellinger had to do was to follow"

he was a Robin Redbreast from the topmost bough. Him and me and Henry Horsecollar locked arms and toted that phonograph around and had wassail and diversions. Everywhere we found doors open we went in and set the machine going, and Mellinger called upon the people to observe the artful music and his life-long friends, the two Señors Americanos. The opera chorus was agitated with esteem, and followed us from house to house. There was vino tinto and vino blanco to drink with every tune. The aborigines had acquirements of a pleasant thing in the way of drinks that gums itself to the recollection. They chop off the end of a green cocoanut, and pour in on the liquor of it French brandy and gin. We had them and other things.

"Mine and Henry's money was counterfeit. Everything was on Homer P. Mellinger. That man could find rolls of bills in his clothes where Hermann the Wizard couldn't have conjured out an omelette. He could have founded universities and had enough left to buy the colored vote of his country. Henry and me wondered what his graft was. One evening he told us.

"'Boys,' says he, 'I've deceived you. Instead of a painted butterfly, I'm the hardest worked man in this country. Ten years ago I landed on its shores, and two years ago on the point of its jaw. Yes, I reckon I can get the decision over this ginger-cake commonwealth at the end of any round I choose. I'll confide in you because you are my countrymen and guests, even if you have committed an assault upon my adopted shores with the worst system of noises ever set to music.

"'My job is private secretary to the President of this Republic, and my duties are running it. I'm not headlined in the bills, but I'm the mustard in the salad dressing. There isn't a law goes before Congress, there isn't a concession granted, there isn't an import duty levied, but what H. P. Mellinger he cooks and seasons it. In the front office I fill the President's inkstand and search visiting statesmen for dynamite; in the back room I dictate the policy of the government. You'd never guess how I got the pull. It's the only graft of its kind in the world. I'll put you wise. You remember the topliner in the old copy-books—"Honesty is the best policy." That's it. I'm the only honest man in this republic. The government knows it; the people know it; the boodlers know it; the foreign investors know it. I make the government keep its faith. If a man is promised a job he gets it. If outside capital buys a concession they get the goods. I

run a monopoly of square dealing here. There's no competition. If Colonel Diogenes were to flash his lantern in this precinct he'd have my address inside of two minutes. There isn't big money in it, but it's a sure thing, and lets a man sleep of nights.'

"Thus Homer P. Mellinger made oration to me and Henry Horsecollar in Sore-toe-kangaroo. And, later, he divested himself of this remark:

"'Boys, I'm to hold a *soirée* this evening with a gang of leading citizens, and I want your assistance. You bring the musical corn sheller and give the affair the outside appearance of a function. There's important business on hand, but it mustn't show. I can talk to you people. I've been pained for years on account of not having anybody to blow off and brag to. I get homesick sometimes, and I'd swap the entire perquisites of office for just one hour to have a stein and a caviare sandwich somewhere on Thirty-fourth Street, and stand and watch the street cars go by, and smell the peanut roaster at old Giuseppe's fruit stand.'

"'Yes,' said I, 'there's fine caviare at Billy Renfrow's café, corner of Thirty-fourth and ——"

"'God knows it,' interrupts Mellinger, 'and if you'd told me you knew Billy Renfrow I'd have invented tons of ways of making you happy. Billy was my side kicker in New York. That is a man who never knew what crooked was. Here I am working Honesty for a graft, but that man loses money on it. *Carrambos!* I get sick at times of this country. Everything's rotten. From the Executive down to the coffee pickers, they're plotting to down each other and skin their friends. If a mule driver takes off his hat to an official, that man figures it out that he's a popular idol, and sets his pegs to stir up a revolution and upset the administration. It's one of my little chores as private secretary to smell out these revolutions and affix the kibosh before they break out and scratch the paint off the government property. That's why I'm down here now in this mildewed coast town. The Governor of the district and his crew are plotting to uprise. I've got every one of their names, and they're invited to listen to the phonograph to-night, compliments of H. P. M. That's the way I'll get them in a bunch, and things are on the programme to happen to them.'

"We three were sitting at table in the cantina of the Purified Saints. Mellinger poured out wine, and was looking some worried; I was thinking.

"'They're a sharp crowd,' he says, kind of fretful. 'They're capitalized by a foreign syndicate after rubber, and they're loaded to the muzzle for bribing. I'm sick,' goes on Mellinger, 'of comic opera. I want to smell East River and wear suspenders again. At times I feel like throwing up my job, but I'm d—n fool enough to be sort of proud of it. 'There's Mellinger,' they say here, *'Por Dios!* you can't touch him with a million.' I'd like to take that record back and show it to Billy Renfrow some day; and that tightens my grip whenever I see a fat thing that I could corral just by winking one eye—and losing my graft. By ——, they can't monkey with me. They know it. What money I get I make honest and spend it. Some day I'll make a pile and go back and eat caviare with Billy. To-night I'll show you how to handle a bunch of corruptionists. I'll show them what Mellinger, private secretary, means when you spell it with the cotton and tissue paper off.'

"Mellinger appears shaky, and breaks his glass against the neck of the bottle.

"I says to myself, 'White man, if I'm not mistaken there's been a bait laid out where the tail of your eye could see it.'

"That night, according to arrangements, me and Henry took the phonograph to a room in a 'dobe house in a dirty side street, where the grass was knee high. 'Twas a long room, lit with smoky oil lamps. There was plenty of chairs and a table at the back end. We set the phonograph on the table. Mellinger was there, walking up and down, disturbed in his predicaments. He chewed cigars and spat 'em out, and he bit the thumb nail of his left hand.

"By and by the invitations to the musicale came sliding in by pairs and threes and spade flushes. Their color was of a diversity, running from a three-days' smoked meerschaum to a patent-leather polish. They were as polite as wax, being devastated with enjoyments to give Señor Mellinger the good evenings. I understood their Spanish talk—I ran a pumping engine two years in a Mexican silver mine, and had it pat—but I never let on.

"Maybe fifty of 'em had come, and was seated, when in slid the king bee, the Governor of the district. Mellinger met him at the door, and escorted him to the grand stand. When I saw that Latin man I knew that Mellinger, private secretary, had all the dances on his card taken. That was a big, squashy man, the color of a rubber overshoe, and he had an eye like a head waiter's.

"Mellinger explained, fluent, in the Castilian idioms, that his soul was disconcerted with

joy at introducing to his respected friends America's greatest invention, the wonder of the age. Henry got the cue and run on an elegant brass-band record and the festivities became initiated. The Governor man had a bit of English under his hat, and when the music was choked off he says:

"'Ver-r-ree fine. Gr-r-r-r-racias, the American gentleemen, the so esplendeed moosic as to playee.'

"The table was a long one, and Henry and me sat at the end of it next the wall. The Governor sat at the other end. Homer P. Mellinger stood at the side of it. I was just wondering how Mellinger was going to handle his crowd, when the home talent suddenly opened the services.

"That Governor man was suitable for uprisings and policies. I judge he was a ready kind of man, who took his own time. Yes, he was full of attentions and immediateness. He leaned his hands on the table and imposed his face toward the secretary man.

"'Do the American Señors understand Spanish?' he asks in his native accents.

"'They do not,' says Mellinger.

"'Then, listen,' goes on the Latin man, prompt. 'The musics are of sufficient prettiness, but not of necessity. Let us speak of business. I well know why we are here, since I observe my compatriots. You had a whisper yesterday, Señor Mellinger, of our proposals. To-night we will speak out. We know that you stand in the President's favor, and we know your influence. The government will be changed. We know the worth of your services. We esteem your friendship and aid so much that'—Mellinger raises his hand, but the Governor man bottles him up. 'Do not speak until I have done.'

"The Governor man then draws a package wrapped in paper from his pocket, and lays it on the table by Mellinger's hand.

"'In that you will find one hundred thousand dollars in money of your country. You can do nothing against us, but you can be worth that for us. Go back to the capital and obey our instructions. Take that money now. We trust you. You will find with it a paper giving in detail the work you will be expected to do for us. Do not have the unwiseness to refuse.'

"The Governor man paused, with his eyes fixed on Mellinger, full of expressions and observances. I looked at Mellinger, and was glad Billy Renfrow couldn't see him then. The sweat was popping out on his forehead, and he stood dumb, tapping the little package with the ends of his fingers. The Colorado maduro gang was after his graft. He had only to change his politics, and stuff six figures in his inside pocket.

"Henry whispers to me and wants the pause in the programme interpreted. I whisper back: 'H. P. is up against a bribe, senator's size, and the coons have got him going.' I saw Mellinger's hand moving closer to the package. 'He's weakening,' I whispered to Henry. 'We'll remind him,' says Henry, 'of the peanut roaster on Thirty-fourth Street, New York.'

"Henry stooped and got a record from the basketful we'd brought, slid it in the phonograph, and started her off. It was a cornet solo, very neat and beautiful, and the name of it was 'Home, Sweet Home.' Not one of them fifty odd men in the room moved while it was playing, and the Governor man kept his eyes steady on Mellinger. I saw Mellinger's head go up little by little, and his hand came creeping away from the package. Not until the last note sounded did anybody stir. And then Homer P. Mellinger takes up the bundle of boodle and slams it in the Governor man's face.

"'That's my answer,' says Mellinger, private secretary, 'and there'll be another in the morning. I have proofs of conspiracy against every man of you. The show is over, gentlemen.'

"'There's one more act,' puts in the Governor man. 'You are a servant, I believe, employed by the President to copy letters and answer raps at the door. I am Governor here. Señors, I call upon you in the name of the cause to seize this man.'

"That brindled gang of conspirators shoved back their chairs and advanced in force. I could see where Mellinger had made a mistake in massing his enemy so as to make a grand-stand play. I think he made another one, too; but we can pass that, Mellinger's idea of a graft and mine being different, according to estimations and points of view.

"There was only one window and door in that room, and they were in the front end. Here was fifty odd Latin men coming in a bunch to obstruct the legislation of Mellinger. You may say there was three of us, for me and Henry, simultaneous, declared New York City and the Cherokee Nation in sympathy with the weaker party.

"Then it was that Henry Horsecollar rose to a point of disorder and intervened, showing, admirable, the advantages of education as applied to the American Indian's natural intellect and native refinement. He stood up and smoothed back his hair on each side with

his hands as you have seen little girls do when they play.

"'Get behind me, both of you,' says Henry.

"'What is it to be?' I asked.

"'I'm going to buck center,' says Henry, in his football idioms. 'There isn't a tackle in the lot of them. Keep close behind me and rush the game.'

"That cultured Red Man exhaled an arrangement of sounds with his mouth that caused the Latin aggregation to pause, with thoughtfulness and hesitations. The matter of his proclamation seemed to be a coöperation of the Cherokee college yell with the Carlisle war-whoop. He went at the chocolate team like the flip of a little boy's nigger shooter. His right elbow laid out the Governor man on the gridiron, and he made a lane the length of the crowd that a woman could have carried a step-ladder through without striking anything. All me and Mellinger had to do was to follow.

"In five minutes we were out of that street and at the military headquarters, where Mellinger had things his own way.

"The next day Mellinger takes me and Henry to one side and begins to shed tens and twenties.

"'I want to buy that phonograph,' he says. 'I liked that last tune it played. Now, you boys better go back home, for they'll give you trouble here before I can get the screws put on 'em. If you happen to ever see Billy Renfrow again, tell him I'm coming back to New York as soon as I can make a stake—honest.'

"'This is more money,' says I, 'than the machine is worth.'

"'''Tis government expense money,' says Mellinger, 'and the government's getting the tune grinder cheap.'

"Henry and I knew that pretty well, but we never let Homer P. Mellinger know that we had seen how near he came to losing his graft.

"We laid low until the day the steamer came back. When we saw the captain's boat on the beach me and Henry went down and stood in the edge of the water. The captain grinned when he saw us.

"'I told you you'd be waiting,' he says. 'Where's the Hamburger machine?'

"'It stays behind,' I says, 'to play "Home, Sweet Home."'

"'I told you so,' says the captain again. 'Climb in the boat.'

"And that," said Kirksy, "is the way me and Henry Horsecollar introduced the phonograph in that Latin country along about the vicinity of South America."

"'Where's the Hamburger machine?'"

CHILDREN OF THE COAL SHADOW

BY FRANCIS H. NICHOLS

Illustrated by Frank E. Schoonover

In his article, "The Right to Work," which appeared in the December McCLURE'S, *Mr. Ray Stannard Baker told the story of the non-striking miner. In this article Mr. Nichols tells about child labor in the coal regions. Mr. Baker and Mr. Nichols both went to the coal regions for* McCLURE'S MAGAZINE, *each made a thorough investigation of the conditions he was asked to write about, and each has let the facts which he found speak for themselves. The editors of* McCLURE'S *know that, in this great controversy, what their readers want first of all is simply the facts.*—THE EDITOR.

THE nine "hard coal counties" of Pennsylvania are Susquehanna Lackawanna, Luzerne, Carbon, Schuylkill, Columbia, Sullivan, Northumberland, and Dauphin. A community of interests and the ties of labor unions have so bound the counties together that they constitute a sort of separate and distinct state, called by its inhabitants "Anthracite." Practically the whole population of the nine counties is discontented. Nearly every man has a grievance, and lives in a state of protest, and in this protesting wives and mothers join; with their husbands and sons they share a deep sense of wrong and injustice. It is not my purpose to attempt an explanation of this chronic unhappiness; I only wish to call attention to the atmosphere and life into which a child of the coal shadow is born. Almost the first words which his baby mind can grasp are his mother's complaints of the exorbitant prices charged for the necessities of life at the "company's store," or his father's curses at the injustice of some "docking boss," or his sister's sobs when a ten-per-cent. wage reduction has been declared at the knitting mill.

What the Children of Miners are Born To

So far as the conditions of his life are concerned, it makes no difference to the child of the Coal Shadow whether his parents are Americans or foreigners. If they are Americans, they were born in Anthracite of Irish or Welsh parentage, and they have known no world but the coal fields all their lives. If foreigners, they were recruited by some agent of the operators twenty years ago from among the poorest peasantry of Continental Europe, and emigrated thence directly to their present homes. In either event the child's parents are uneducated, their mental

AN IMPRESSION OF THE "COAL SHADOW"

horizon is in everything bounded by the coal heaps, and their hope is the union.

Every child of the coal fields who to-day is ten years old has lived through at least two great strikes. During these periods the indefinite and sullen discontent takes a concrete and militant form. There is talk by idle men of "the rights of labor" and the "wickedness of riches." Deputies armed with rifles are guarding the company's property. A detachment of militia is encamped at the end of the street. The child's mother, whose face grows daily paler and more careworn, goes once a week to the District Local to receive a dollar or two of relief funds, with which she buys enough food to keep together the bodies and souls of her family. The child's father at night attends secret meetings of the union, and feels highly honored when the district organizer calls to whisper to him the password. The child learns that the worst crime a man can commit is to be a "scab," and that his noblest privilege is to join the union.

A MUSICIAN OF THE BREAKER

The Prohibition of "Coal Picking"

The effects of the strike are directly felt by the children of the miner almost as much as by the miner himself. A case in point during the strike of 1902 was the prohibition of "coal picking."

While the mines were working, the miner was permitted to buy coal at the colliery at a moderate price. Upon the declaration of the strike, this privilege was denied him. The miner's wife naturally turned for her supply to the mountain of culm beside which she lived. The children of the villages began to fill their coal-scuttles from the heaps, that were the accumulations of years, and which had been always regarded as valueless refuse. But the company put up "No trespass" signs, and stationed deputies to see that not a pound of culm was removed. Impelled by their need for fuel, parties of children were sent out to steal coal on more distant culm heaps.

A Child's Opinion of the Company's Motive

Walking from one mining village to another, I frequently came upon these little ones crouching on their hands and knees, searching the refuse for pieces of coal. At our approach

CULM BANKS

the children fled like startled deer. One day, in a hollow of a culm pile near Audenried, we surprised a mother with her baby and a seven-year-old daughter. The baby was rolling on a shawl, while the others worked. The girl rose quickly as she saw us, and started away, but she was so frightened that she fell back again beside her coal-scuttle. She pointed to it, half-filled, as she said, "That's all we've taken. I'll throw it back if you'll let us go."

"We haven't got no money for to pay fines with. We'll have to go to jail," pleaded the mother. It was some time before we could convince them that it was not our intention to place them under arrest.

"Why does the company guard all this coal so carefully?" I asked of the girl.

"All the people round here is striking," she replied. "So, of course, the company wants them to starve, and if they can't get coal to cook their food with, they will starve faster."

This was a seven-year-old child's idea of justice—and of the company. And the children know the company. The boys are seldom more than eight years old when they enter its employ.

The School of the "Breaker"

The company's nurseries for boys of the coal shadow are the grim black buildings called breakers, where the lump coal from the blast is crushed into marketable sizes.

In speaking of the events of his childhood, the average man is far more apt to refer to the time "when I was working in the breaker" than to any occurrence of his school-days. After being ground in heavy machinery in the cupola of the breaker, the broken coal flows down a series of chutes to the ground floor, where it is loaded on freight cars waiting to receive it. The chutes zigzag through the building, about three feet apart. Between them, in tiers, are nailed a series of planks; these serve as seats for the "slate-pickers." Mixed with the coal are pieces of slate rock which it is the duty of the slate-picker to detect as they pass him, and to throw into another chute which passes to the refuse heap below. A few of the slate-pickers are white-haired old men, superannuated or crippled miners who are no longer able to blast coal below ground, and who for the sake of a dollar a day pass their last years in the breaker; but an overwhelming majority in all the breakers

NOTICE PROHIBITING COAL PICKING

IN THE BREAKER

are boys. All day long their little fingers dip into the unending grimy stream that rolls past them.

Dangers and Hardships of the Work

The coal so closely resembles slate that it can be detected only by the closest scrutiny, and the childish faces are compelled to bend so low over the chutes that prematurely round shoulders and narrow chests are the inevitable result. In front of the chutes is an open space reserved for the "breaker boss," who watches the boys as intently as they watch the coal.

The boss is armed with a stick, with which he occasionally raps on the head and shoulders a boy who betrays lack of zeal. The breakers are supposed to be heated in winter, and a steam pipe winds up the wall; but in cold weather every pound of steam is needed in the mines, so that the amount of heat that radiates from the steam pipe is not sufficient to be taken seriously by any of the breakers' toilers. From November until May a breaker boy always wears a cap and tippet, and overcoat if he possesses one, but because he has to rely largely upon the sense of touch, he cannot cover his finger-tips with mittens or gloves; from the chafing of the coal his fingers sometimes bleed, and his nails are worn down to the quick. The hours of toil for slate-pickers are supposed to be from seven in the morning until noon, and from one to six in the afternoon; but when the colliery is running on "full capacity orders," the noon recess is reduced to half an hour, and the good-night whistle does not blow until half-past six. For his eleven hours' work the breaker boy gets no more pay than for ten.

The wages of breaker boys are about the same all over the coal regions. When he begins to work at slate picking a boy receives forty cents a day, and as he becomes more expert the amount is increased until at the end of, say, his fourth year in the breaker, his daily wage may have reached ninety cents. This is the maximum for an especially industrious and skillful boy. The average is about seventy cents a day. From the ranks of the older breaker boys are chosen door-boys and runners, who work in the mines below ground.

The number of boys who work in hard coal mines is imperfectly realized in the rest of the United States. According to the report of the Bureau of Mines of Pennsylvania for 1901, 147,651 persons were employed "inside and outside the mines of the anthracite region." Of these, 19,564 were classified as slate-pickers, 3,148 as door-boys and helpers, and 10,894 as drivers and runners.

The report makes no classification of miners by their ages, but I am convinced that 90 per cent. of the slate-pickers, 30 per cent. of the drivers and runners, and all of the door-boys and helpers are boys. In other words, a total of 24,023, or nearly one-sixth of all the employees of the anthracite coal mines, are children.

Age Certificates and What They Amount To

According to the mining laws of Pennsylvania, "no boy under the age of fourteen shall be employed in a mine, nor shall a boy under the age of twelve be employed in or about the outside structures or workings of a colliery" (*i.e.*, in a breaker). Yet no one who stands by the side of a breaker boss and looks up at the tiers of benches that rise from the floor to the coal-begrimed roof can believe for a minute that the law has been complied with in the case of one in ten of the tiny figures in blue jumpers and overalls bending over the chutes. The mine inspector and the breaker boss will explain that "these boys look younger than their ages is," and that a sworn certificate setting forth the age of every boy is on file in the office.

Children's age certificates are a criminal institution. When a father wishes to place his son in a breaker, he obtains an "age blank" from a mine inspector, and in its spaces he has inserted some age at which it is legal for a boy to work. He carries the certificate to a notary public or justice of the peace, who, in consideration of a fee of twenty-five cents, administers oath to the parent and affixes a notarial seal to the certificate.

Justifiable and Unjustifiable Perjury

According to the ethics of the coal fields, it is not wrong for a miner or his family to lie or to practise any form of deceit in dealing with coal-mine operators or owners. A parent is justified in perjuring himself as to his son's age on a certificate that will be filed with the mine superintendent, but any statement made to a representative of the union must be absolutely truthful. For this reason my inquiries of mine boys as to their work and ages were always conducted under the sacred auspices of the union.

Testimony "On the Level"

The interrogative colloquy was invariably something like this:

THE FORELADY

"Leads an isolated life of conscious rectitude for about $5.00 a week"

"How old are you?"

Boy: "Thirteen; going on fourteen."

Secretary of the Local: "On the level now, this is union business. You can speak free, understand."

Boy: "Oh, dat's a diffurnt t'ing altogether. I'm nine years old. I've been working since me fadder got hurted in th' explosion in No. 17 a year ago last October."

A system of compulsory registration of births, such as exists in most of the other States of the Union, might settle the question of the ages of children, but, strangely enough, such does not exist in the State of Pennsylvania. Without some such source of evidence, notaries and inspectors, knowing to a moral certainty the perjury, can prove nothing.

Where the Daughters Work

While the miner's son is working in the breaker or mine it is probable that his daughter is employed in a mill or factory. Sometimes in a mining town, sometimes in a remote part of the coal fields, one comes upon a large, substantial building of wood or brick. When the six o'clock whistle blows, its front door is opened, and out streams a procession of girls. Some of them are apparently seventeen or eighteen years old, the majority are from thirteen to sixteen, but quite a number would seem to be considerably less than thirteen. Such a building is one of the knitting mills or silk factories that during the last ten years have come into Anthracite. Underwear and men's socks are now manufactured in large quantities near many of the mining towns. The silk factories are usually offshoots of older establishments in other parts of the country. Anthracite is away from the main lines of railroad; it is at an unnecessarily long distance from the markets where the product of the mill is sold; the raw material used on the spindles and looms must be transported from afar.

Why the Mills Have Come to the Coal Regions

The factory inspector will tell you, "The mills locate in Anthracite because they all employ girls, and girl labor is cheaper here than anywhere else." A glance at a "textile" map of Pennsylvania will show that wherever there are miners, there cluster mills that employ "cheap girl labor." Besides silk and hosiery a local feminine industry is the manufacture of the fuses or "squibs" which are used in coal blasting. The statistics of the nine counties of Anthracite count up 11,216 "females" employed in them, 2,403 between twelve and sixteen years of age.

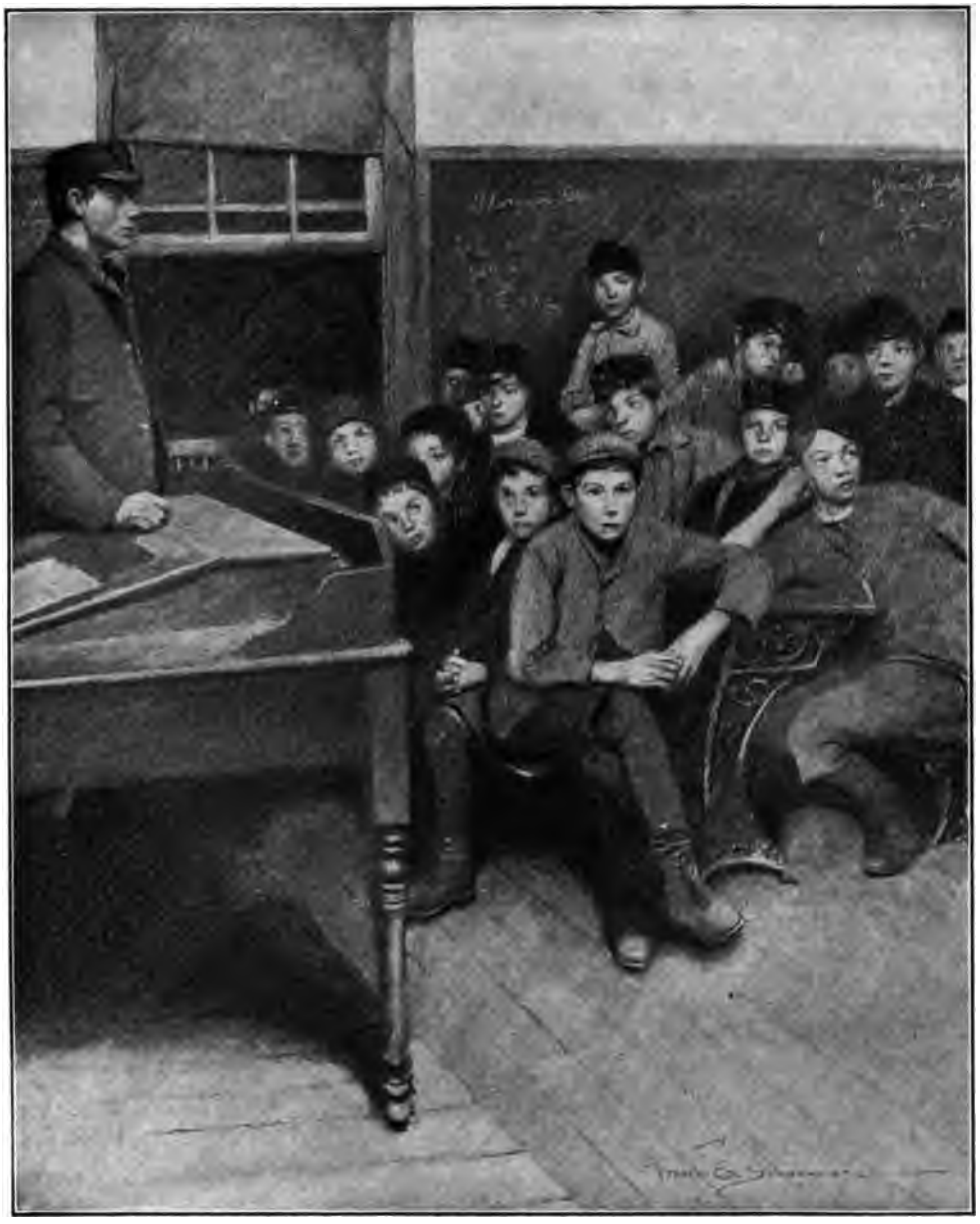
The perjury certificate prevails for the girls, as well as the boys, and I estimate that 90 per cent. of the 11,216 females are girls who have not yet reached womanhood. They work ten hours a day, and the majority stand all of that time, having a chance to sit only in the noon hour. This brings on a characteristic lameness in the girls during their first year at the mill. The report of the Secretary of Internal Affairs of the State places the "average daily wage of children between the ages of thirteen and sixteen" employed in the manufacturing of underwear at forty-seven cents, in hosiery mills at forty-six cents.

More Testimony "on the Level"

Through a district organizer I was enabled to interview under union auspices a number of little girls who were employed in a knitting mill. One girl of fifteen said that she was the oldest of seven children. She had worked in the mill since she was nine years old. Her father was a miner. As pay for "raveling" she received an amount between $2.50 and $3 every two weeks. Another thirteen-year-old raveler had worked since the death of her father, two years before, from miner's asthma; her brother had been killed in the mine. The $3 she received every two weeks in her pay envelope supported her mother and her ten-year-old sister. A girl of fourteen had "looked over" stockings for two years. She was able to make about $4 every two weeks. A "looper" of fifteen received $6 every fortnight. She had worked for four years. Her father was a confirmed invalid. Yet all these children seemed to take great pride in assuring me that their "papers was all right and sworn to when we started to work."

The breaker boss finds at the mill or factory a counterpart in the "forelady." This personage holds a prominent place in the civilization of Anthracite. It is taken for granted that the forelady must be habitually hateful, and in all controversies side with the proprietor against the rest of the girls. It is her duty to crush incipient strikes, and to do all in her power to "break" the union. She enjoys being hated by every one, and leads an isolated life of conscious rectitude for about $5 a week.

"How many pairs of socks can a girl make in a day?" I asked a forelady. "They can easy do forty dozen pair if they is good workers, but none of them is good. They all is kickers. That's what's the matter with them," was her reply.



A BREAKER BOYS' UNION MEETING

Boys' and Girls' Unions

And they do "kick," both boys and girls. They are organized to "kick." The children have their unions as well as the grown folk. Almost as soon as the breaker boy's certificate is accepted and placed on file in the colliery office he makes application to become a member of the "Junior Local," the members of which are all boys under sixteen. Their weekly meetings take place at night, and are conducted with the utmost secrecy, the members being admitted only by password. The monthly dues range from ten to twenty-five cents, in accordance with the wages received by the members.

Every Junior Local has its full quota of officers, from president to corresponding secretary, elected semi-annually by the boys. To the weekly meetings of the Junior Local the regular Miners' Union of the district sends a representative, but he is not an officer of the Juniors; he acts only as referee and instructor.

A Boys' Union Meeting

At Harwood, a village about four miles from Hazelton, I attended a meeting of a Junior Local. Promptly at eight o'clock the boys, about fifty in number, gathered in the schoolhouse. Their oily caps and grimy overalls gave evidence of their having only recently left their day's toil in the mines and breakers. After the blinds had been drawn, and the door locked, the president mounted the teacher's platform and called the meeting to order by pounding on the desk with his fist. On the front row of benches sat the vice-president, treasurer, and secretary. Comparatively few of the members who filled the benches in the room would have been pronounced by any observer of ordinary perspicacity outside the perjured world of Anthracite as being more than ten years of age.

A BREAKER BOSS

"How old are you?" I asked the assembled meeting, and the answer came back in a grand chorus, "Thirteen." An accord of ideas, as well as ages, worthy of a union.

Mill and factory girls are as zealous as their brothers in forming and maintaining unions. The employees of knitting mills are members of the Textile Workers' Union of America. Silk workers have a union, and girls who make squibs belong to the United Powder and High Explosive Workers of America. The weekly meeting of the union is the great event in the life of every child in the coal fields. When attending meetings members of girls' unions are required to wear "the same clothes that they would in church." The debates relate to grievances, and they are always of a serious and sometimes of a strenuous character.

First Lessons in Striking

Before a local can be taken seriously it must have wrung some concession from the boss. Its members must have gone through at least one strike before the district organizer will point to them with pride and will say, "They are all right. They know how to assert their manhood." This is one of the technical phrases of labor leaders, and is always used in the generic sense. Pale-faced little girls "assert their manhood" quite as often and as vigorously as do stalwart coal-begrimed miners.

"When we had a strike at the mill two years ago," the former president of a knitting girls' union said to me, "the vice-president and myself walked all the way from Pittston to Nanticoke, making appeals to the locals in every town we passed. The $150 we raised kept us going for the two months that we were out, and we won that strike."

After the members of a union have determined upon a strike, the first step is to send for the district organizer and to tell him their grievances. In a town of the Coal Shadow I witnessed the formal narration of the sorrows of unionized children to their district organizer. The operatives of a silk mill were contemplating a strike. During the noon hour about twenty little girls, who constituted the grievance committee, crowded around the district organizer in an alley. The girls were led by their president, one of the few boys employed in the mill. He was tall, round-shouldered, and had red hair. He explained that "We are getting ready to fight the oppressions."

The oppressions were the firm that owned the mill, and they afterwards told me at length of the base ingratitude of their employees. "The more you do for them the more they want. They don't appreciate the chance we give them to work and to earn money. They're ignorant, and led by labor agitators."

What These Child Unions Have Done

Puerile, and almost amusing, as are children's unions, they have in some instances met with success in advancing wages and in shortening hours of labor. The secretary of a knitting union told me that during the three years of its existence the organization had by a series of demands and strikes obtained an advance of fifteen per cent. for every one of the 300 employees. The girls who work in a squib factory were receiving seventy cents per day. They asked their employer for an increase of five cents in their daily wage. His refusal was prompt and indignant.

"Then," said the president of the union, a girl aged sixteen, "we served notice upon him that unless he gave us the raise within twenty-four hours we would strike. We knew that he had lots of orders to fill, and he couldn't afford to shut down. The next day he posted up a notice that hereafter we would be paid seventy-five cents a day, and

we're getting it yet. That's what the union done."

It is, however, a peculiarity of children's unions that they not infrequently declare a strike because of a grievance that has nothing directly to do with hours or wages. The child of the Coal Shadow submits uncomplainingly to a habitual treatment which in a country like China would be considered cruel and intolerable. But when extra pressure is so brought to bear upon the little human machine that it is strained to the breaking point: when the child's very life is threatened; then, as a last resort, he turns for protection to the union, composed of children like himself, who share his sorrows and who can appreciate his sufferings. The seventeen-year-old girl president of a union told me this story of the latest victory of her District Local:

In the performance of certain work in the factory a little girl was employed to operate a treadle.

"She had to work all day long, and as she was growing pretty fast, she began to get kind of crippled-like. She was lame in one leg, and she was lop-sided, one shoulder being higher than the other. By and by she got so bad that she had to lay off for a week and go to bed. While she was away the boss hired a big boy to work the treadle, and paid him, of course, considerable more than she was getting. But when she came back to work, he fired the boy and put her on the treadle again. Our Grievance Committee waited on the boss and asked him polite, as a favor, to give her an easier job, because she was getting deformed. But he said that he wouldn't have no interference with his business. He was an American citizen, and no one could dictate to him. Then I called a meeting of our Local.

A Seventeen-year-old Girl's Speech

"'Girls,' I says, addressing them from the chair, 'shall we stand for it—we, that believes in the rights of man? Shall we stand for seeing her growing up a cripple and the union not doing nothing nor reaching out no hand for to help? I know that it's tough to strike now, because some of us is supporting our families, whose fathers is striking. Shall we stand for it?' They voted unanimous to strike if she wasn't took off the treadle. We had the resolution wrote out nice on a typewriter. The Grievance Committee handed it to the boss. He thought it over for two days, and then he give in. The boy is working the treadle yet, and the girl is at the bench."

Education in the Coal Regions

In the vicinity of every mining town is a district school, whose usual need of paint and general appearance of dilapidation gives evidence of its slight importance in the life of the community. According to the State law the schools of each township are under the exclusive control of a local board elected by the voters of the district. In a community where almost the entire population are miners the school board is necessarily composed of miners; the schools must be managed from the union miners' standpoint. The miner on the school board is no better educated than the rest of his kind, and while he may be opposed theoretically to child labor, he regards its continuance as a necessity, and it is therefore his business to see that the school in no way interferes with a parent's prerogative of sending his child to the breaker or mill. The teacher must be in full sympathy and accord with the union. If, as the result of going to school, a child should learn to question in the slightest degree the utterances of the union, then the teacher is at fault, because the union cannot be mistaken about anything.

The State law provides for the appointment of "attendance officers, whose duty it shall be to arrest and apprehend truants and others who fail to attend school." In most mining towns such an officer is unknown. School boards may, under the law, "grant the use of school-houses for lyceums and other literary purposes." This is construed to mean meetings of the union, and in consequence everywhere in the coal region the schoolhouse is the recognized headquarters of the Local. It is as often referred to in this connection as an educational institution. An inquiry for a miner is very apt to be met with the response, "He's up to the school-house." The prevailing idea of the school in Anthracite is an institution where children may go when they have nothing else to do. Except during strikes, for the most part the pupils are less than seven years old.

"Scab" Scholars and "Scab" Steam

During the last strike a number of breaker boys took advantage of the enforced idleness to obtain "two months of learning" by going to school; but the ruling passion of their lives, their devotion to the union, found expression even here. It was the breaker boys who organized the school strikes which occurred in many mining towns. The "cause" was characteristic. The children discovered

that some of the pupils were the children of bosses or non-union men, or suspected that the teacher's father or brother or sweetheart "was friendly with the scabs." A breaker boy who belonged to the Junior Local would call the school together at recess and address them. However young he might be he was well versed in the arguments of the union. He told the other pupils that "we must all hang together now if we wish to assert our manhood." Such an orator always found ready listeners, and during the afternoon, when the teacher's back was turned and the door was open, the school would rise *en masse* and would walk out. At Plymouth a school strike was declared for another cause. By an arrangement with a neighboring colliery, the steam with which a school was heated was brought from the boilers of the power-house. During the strike the coal company employed in their engine-room some non-union firemen. When, on the first cold day of the term, steam was turned on in the schoolhouse, the pupils struck because they "wouldn't sit in no room what was heated by scab steam." School strikes were usually of short duration, because the leaders were promptly expelled, and their followers were too young "to get organized," as a school strike leader in McAdoo explained to me.

This leader was perhaps the most remarkable character that I met anywhere in the nine coal counties. He said that he was ten years old, and that he had worked in the breaker a year under a certificate which described his age as fourteen. He could neither read nor write. With tobacco juice evident about the corners of his mouth as he talked, he explained to me that "this school will never amount to nothing until it is organized." Although school strikes are usually deprecated by miners, several of them have told me that "they couldn't stand for having their children learning in the same room with a non-union child."

Painfully ludicrous and pitiful as it all is, it is perfectly understandable. The children of the Coal Shadow have no child life. The little tots are sullen, the older children fight; they rarely play, and almost their only amusement is, as we have seen, the union and the strike that is the logical result of the conditions of their existence. They have no friends. Their parents, driven by what they think is necessity, forswear them into bondage. Their employers, compelled by what they regard as economic forces, grind them to hatred. The State, ruled by influences, either refrains from amalgamating laws or corrective enforcement. The rest of the world doesn't care. So the shadow of the coal heap lies dark upon these "unionized" little ones as they grow up to be men and women. Within a few years the breaker boy will be a miner. It is the only trade with which he is familiar, and his lack of education will make a commercial or professional career for him almost impossible. He will have to live in Anthracite, because it is the only country where a hard-coal miner can follow his trade. The mill girl will marry early in life; her husband will be a miner. They will both be American citizens. They will remain in the Coal Shadow.

THE LADY AND THE BOY

BY NORVELL HARRISON

"I FOUND her," he said, when he could catch his breath. "She's in the locust grove. They wasn't doing anything. Now tell me about Little Lena and the Lomish Leopard."

The warm wind flung the curls back from his face, and played with the tie beneath his sailor collar. He dropped on the grass beside me, laying his dusty little hand upon my knee.

"You'd gotten to where he peeped and saw her putting cake and jelly on the tombstone," he reminded me, "when you thought about the lady. Go on."

"Wait," I said. "Whom do you mean by 'they'? Who else is there besides—the lady?"

"Some other ladies in chairs. She's in a hammock. She wasn't talking to anybody. I guess she's asleep."

"Go back," I commanded, "and tell her—don't say that I said so—but tell her that I'm down by the mineral spring. Say you think I look very lonely. Tell her I'm not reading or anything. And don't let the other ladies hear you."

He was off like a shot. A catbird started from the sycamore tree above me and flew after him, but her noisy song did not make him turn. Presently a very old lady came to fill her pitcher from the mineral spring, and lingered a moment to pick some wild honeysuckle. When she met him in the path on her homeward way, she put a piece into his hand, and he brought it to me, crushed and colorless.

"The other ladies went away," he explained, "so I didn't have to whisper. I told her what you told me to, and she said my face was very dirty. I went pretty quick, didn't I?"

"You did," I answered. "Didn't she send me any message—say she was sorry I was lonely? Or that she would come and talk to me?" He shook his head regretfully.

"Maybe she knew I was coming right back," he suggested, "or maybe she thought, if you were very lonely you would come and talk to her."

"Perhaps she did," I answered.

I lay back, staring up through the branches of the sycamore, at the patches of blue beyond.

"They are very strange," I mused; "they say things, and they look as if they meant them, and they don't at all. Often they mean just the opposite. And when we do the wrong thing they go off and stay hours and hours with men who wear gold teeth in front and do a great many tricks with cards. It's very hard."

"She kissed me," he said, with a manifest desire to prove that his wrongs were greater than mine. "I didn't want her to, but she did. Did she ever kiss you?"

A black cloud appeared in the blue above us, moving sideways to the mountains. When it had gone only a small part of its way it broke, scattering into numberless gray fragments. One of them sank low into the west.

"The moon was there last night," I said. "It was golden and silvern and white and moon-colored, all at once. You mustn't ask questions like that. People will call you a little pitcher and a nuisance."

"Why?" he asked. "Because you're as big as she is? She often kisses me. Every time I have on my long white pants with gold cord up at the sides, she does. Pants is a funny reason to kiss a person for, isn't it?"

"Very," I answered; "so are dresses that are black like your hair, with sleeves that begin and don't finish. So are little trembly things high up in your hair, that are black and shining like your eyes. They are absurd reasons, but if people feel like that, other people who are, at heart, offish and unkind, ought not to wear them." He eyed me distrustfully.

"They're the only long pair I've got," he murmured, "and sometimes all the others are at the wash lady's."

"Then," I said, "if you insist upon wearing them, and she kisses you just once, very gently and lightly, and quite on the cheek, it's wrong and foolish for you to fly into a passion, and say you never dreamed of her doing such a thing, and that you can never forgive her; and then say she must keep entirely away from you, and if you want to be friends again, you will come and tell her so. It's so selfish. A person does not want to spend his whole life by the mineral spring. There are times when his soul may yearn for the locust grove."

"I didn't," he said, looking puzzled. "I never did anything but stand still and quiet, like we do when we sing 'Little children, come and gather,' at my auntie's kindergarten."

"That," I said, "is the proper position. Unless, perhaps——"

There was such a long pause that he broke it presently by saying, suggestively:

"I bet Lena was surprised to see a leopard in the churchyard, don't you? I guess she thought it was somebody's spirit walking around."

"No," I said. "Little Lena knew the real thing when she saw it. Besides, she didn't believe in spirits."

I turned towards him, putting my hand into my pocket as I did so.

"How would you like to go to the office and get a nice, big, pink box of chocolate almonds?" I asked. "We could dispose of them, you know, while we talked about Lena and the leopard."

"All right," he answered promptly.

"And suppose you come back by the locust grove," I suggested, "and see if anybody is still there. If they're not, I suppose there'd be no objection to our going and sitting there. One likes the shade oneself, occasionally, when one's friends have finished using it."

"All right," he said again.

The catbird did not follow him into the world a second time, but, having learned that 'tis home where the heart is, she perched herself on the leafy bough beside her mate and poured forth her knowledge to all who would listen. The thrush from the hawthorn bush across the stream joined in, swelling the song with his amorous notes. "There is a land," he warbled, "where lovers come face to face, hand to hand, mouth to mouth mouth to mouth--mouth to mouth " So often he sung it, and with such passionate, ecstatic emphasis, that the leaves on the hawthorn bush trembled with the full sweetness of his secret.

I had listened a long time, and speculated much, when his voice sounded behind me.

"They didn't have any chocolate almonds," he said; "but I thought you'd be mad if I didn't get something, so I got these. I think they are just as good; don't you?"

"Every whit," I said.

"And they last a lot longer," he went on, "because only a very few pieces make you feel as if you didn't want any more till after dinner."

He lifted the top from his pink box with careful fingers. "Did you—was there anybody in our grove?" I asked.

"The lady was still there," he said, peeping beneath the paper-lace mat, "and that man that makes all the cards fly up, and your own card first of all. I asked them would they have some, but they said no. The hammock was nearly touching the ground, and her dress was all dirty at the end."

"But they were not both in the hammock," I objected.

"Yes, they were. Aren't you going to eat any?"

"Certainly," I answered. "I am going to eat a great deal. I shall also drink and be merry, even if I'm not allowed to share hammocks and things." I took a handful of something very red and sticky, and sat up.

"And now," I said, "we will forget that we are ostracized, and be happy with Lena and the leopard. They are in the churchyard, you remember, eyeing each other darkly."

"No, he was looking at her that way, but she didn't know he was sitting behind her," he corrected.

"Very true. She did not. Anyhow, she had been forbidden by her parents to play about the graves, and the leopard must have known this, for in less than a minute after his lomish eye fell upon her, he made a bee-line for her. Then Lena ran, the leopard ran—Lena ran, the leopard ran—Lena ran—but the leopard ran faster, and before she knew it he had bitten off one of her legs! What did little Lena do? Stop and cry? Not she. She balanced herself on her remaining limb, and began hopping. On came the leopard. Lena hopped, the leopard hopped—Lena hopped—but alas! in one gigantic hop the leopard reached her side, and, falling upon her, bit off her other leg!"

I stopped.

"Why did the leopard hop?" he asked. "Nobody'd bitten his legs."

"Why?" I repeated. "Because he was a polite person and a perfect gentleman. You stand when a lady stands, you know; why shouldn't you hop when a lady hops?"

He looked at me dubiously. "That lady at the table by the window with the little gray whiskers is lame," he remarked. "She hops dreadfully. And her husband don't ever hop. Isn't he a perfect gentleman?"

"Certainly," I answered, "in his way. But his way was not the leopard's way. The leopard would do anything to please a lady. I dare say that if Lena had told him not to follow her, or come where she was, or anything, he would have obeyed her to the letter."

"Oh, I don't believe he would," he declared, "because he must have known she didn't want him to run her down and bite her legs off. Anybody'd know that without her saying so. What does lomish mean?"

"Ah, that is the secret," I said. "Had

Lena known that, her blood would have never stained the village green. Her legs——"

"She's coming right here," he cried, his eyes fixed on the winding path, "that lady that was in the hammock. We can go to the locust grove now! Come on!"

I turned quickly. Yes, it was she. Across the green grass she was coming to me.

"It's too late," I said very kindly. "Much, much too late. It would be lonely there besides, and ants and things would get upon our clothing."

"Then I guess I'll go back to the hotel," he said. "You won't mind; will you? She'll come and talk to you, and I'd like to give the other boys some candy."

I gathered up his pink box of red candy and put it into his hands.

"Give them all some," I said. "If what you have is not enough, get some more. Get them all that they can eat."

"Really?" he asked, incredulously. "They can eat a good deal, you know. That Thompson boy——"

"Is honest and deserving," I finished. "Get a separate box for him. Hurry, or all the best boxes will be gone."

He did not wait to hear more. Running swiftly, he would have passed her, but she put out her hand and stopped him, and although he did not then wear the garb that custom had made the warrant for that act, she kissed him; then, with eyes that were black and shining like the spangled butterfly she had worn in her hair, she gathered up her skirts and came towards me.

*A LOVE LETTER TO EMMY LOU**

BY GEORGE SIEBEL

DEAR LITTLE EMMY LOU:

I have read your book, Emmy Lou, and am writing you this letter to tell you how much I love you. In my world of books, I know a great host of charming ladies, Emmy Lou; some very beautiful, some very noble; proud and courtly dames of chivalry's ages, lovely and heroic maidens of every clime and every time; some with hair burnished like gold, Emmy Lou, some with raven tresses; some gay as the lark, Emmy Lou, some pious as saints; some full of learning like Romola and Hypatia, some with hearts of love like Helen Castlewood and the fair Jehane; a great assemblage of lovely ladies, Emmy Lou, crowned with beauty and garlanded with grace that have inspired the hearts of poets to song and the hearts of warriors to battle, but, Emmy Lou, I love you better than all of them, because you are the dearest little girl I ever met.

I felt very sorry for you when the boy in the Primer World, who could so glibly tell the teacher all about the mat, and the bat, and the black rat, and the fat hen, hurt your chubby fist by snapping an india-rubber band. I do not think he atoned quite enough when he gave you that fine long new slate pencil, grandly encased for half its length in gold paper, nor when he sent you your first valentine. No, he has not atoned quite enough, Emmy Lou, but now that you are Miss McLaurin you will doubtless even the score by snapping the india-rubber band of your disdain at his heart. But only to show him how it stings, and then, of course, you'll make up for the hurt and be his valentine—won't you, Emmy Lou?

You found, in that Primer World, that many things were strange. "To copy digits until one's chubby fingers, tightly gripping the pencil, ached, and then to be expected to take a sponge and wash those digits off," was strange—wasn't it, Emmy Lou?

And to be told crossly to sit down was bewildering, when in answer to c, a, t you said "Pussy." For there was Pussy washing her face on the chart, and Miss Clara's pointer pointing to her.

*This was published as a review in the Pittsburgh "Gazette," November 1, 1902, and is here republished through the courtesy of the Editor.

But you have found many other strange things in this mysterious world—haven't you, Emmy Lou? From your first step in deductive reasoning—which told you that pencils have a way of rolling off your desk when you are gone, and that one pencil makes many stumps—to the day when you gazed so long into Aunt Cordelia's mirror and suddenly met Self, you have found your pathway in life hedged right and left with strange things—haven't you, Emmy Lou? But you looked at them so bravely and smiled so sunnily as you went on through the world—through the First Reader World, and the Fifth Reader World, and the Grammar Grade World, and the High School World—through the world of Miss Clara and the world of the Large Lady in Black Bombazine, and the rosy world of Dear Teacher, and the thorny world of Miss Lizzie, and all the other worlds—there was always courage in your smile and trust in your heart, and that is why I love you, Emmy Lou, dearest little girl of all.

I can see you now, opening your Primer at page 17, which you know by heart and identify by its picture; and I can hear you now, as your small voice drones forth in sing-song fashion:

How old are you, Sue?
I am as old as my cat.
And how old is your cat?
My cat is as old as my dog.
And how old is your dog?
My dog is as old as I am.

What matter if you held your Primer upside down, as many another Emmy Lou has done while reading some equally affecting narrative? What matter, Emmy Lou, if you were small in knowledge: you were large in faith. And a glorious privilege was accorded to Hattie, who had you for her "nintimate friend." If many people took you for their "nintimate friend," Emmy Lou, you would help them very much. I wish you could be the "nintimate friend" of every Miss Lizzie who teaches in our schools—it was Miss Lizzie who threw the Green and Gold Book into the stove. It would be better for the Miss Lizzies and better for the other Emmy Lous.

If all the Miss Lizzies could read your book, Emmy Lou, how they would be changed! They would no longer be like the Cruel Stepmother, the Wicked Fairy Godmother, the grim and terrible Ogress who dwelt in her lonely castle, the school-house, while the forty little girls in the Fourth Reader were the captive Princesses, kept by Miss Lizzie until certain tasks were performed.

The years flit by, Emmy Lou, and I love you still. When you contradicted Hattie about being an Animal and then had to confess on paper that such you were; when you and your index finger pored over the dictionary's pages to discover whether you were also a Heretic; when you made the humiliating discovery, for a Southern girl, that you were a Republican because your papa was one—in all these anxious and solemn moments my heart went out to you, Emmy Lou.

And when, at twelve years, you find yourself dreaming, Emmy Lou, and watching the clouds through the school-room window, still I love you, Emmy Lou—for your conscience, which William told about in his essay. You remember, the two girls who met a cow. "Look her right in the face and pretend like we aren't afraid," said the biggest girl. But the littlest girl—that was you—had a conscience. "Won't it be deceiving the cow?" she wanted to know. Brave, honest Emmy Lou!

In every disillusionment—the world has so many—I feel with you, Emmy Lou. How often the world slaps our ideals in the face, as when Hattie told you Miss Beaton was going to be married, and you, shocked, hurt, told the romance you had woven about her. "She was going to be married," you said, "and—he—he never came—he was dead." "No such thing," said Hattie; "he runs a feed store next my father's office."

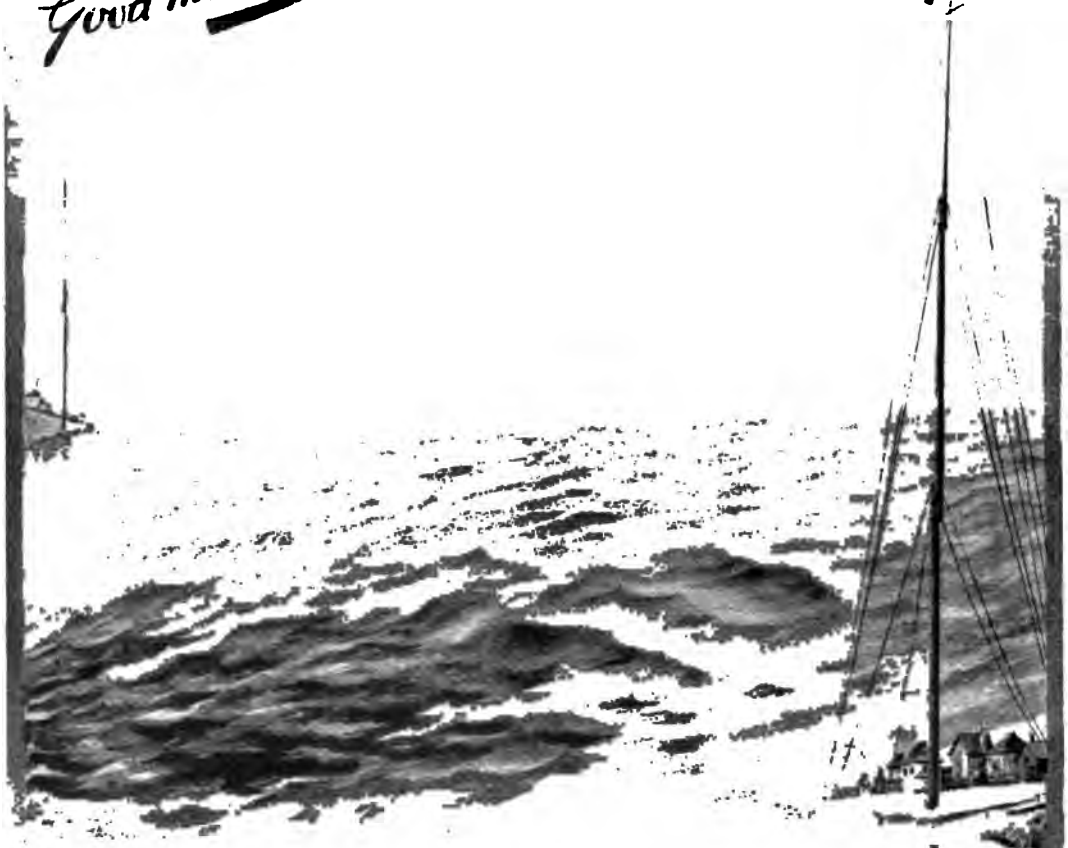
Yes, I love you, Emmy Lou, better than all the proud and beauteous heroines in the big grown-up books, because you are so sunshiny and trustful, so sweet and brave—because you have a heart of gold, Emmy Lou. And I want you to tell George Madden Martin (who, I hear, is really Mrs. Atwood R. Martin) how glad I am that she has told us all about you, the dearest little girl since Alice dropped down into Wonderland—yes, I love you even better than Alice, Emmy Lou.

But here I am still calling you Emmy Lou, and you have budded into Miss MacLaurin, and are receiving attentions from William and Chester; your mirror has told you that you are pretty, and you have had strange heart-flutterings, and your eyes have sought the ground, and your cheeks have blossomed pink. I fear, Emmy Lou, that ere long you will think more of William or of Chester than of any book lover's protestations. So, good-by, Emmy Lou—be assured that you have my heart, and that I will love you ever.

Good-by, Emmy Lou!

A WIRELESS MESSAGE ACROSS *the* ATLANTIC

Good morning! Have you used Pears' soap?



SENT 20 YEARS AGO

MARCONI

THE SENDING OF AN EPOCH-MAKING MESSAGE

January 18, 1903, marks the beginning of a new era in telegraphic communication, the significance of which is as yet scarcely realized or even conceived. On that day there was sent, by Marconi himself, from the wireless station at South Wellfleet, Cape Cod, Mass., to the station at Poldhu, Cornwall, England, a distance of 3,000 miles, the message—destined soon to be historic—from the President of the United States to the King of England. This photograph was taken by A. B. Phelan exclusively for McCLURE'S MAGAZINE ***immediately after the sending of the message. It is the only photograph yet made inside of the Cape Cod station.***

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THE WAR ON THE LOCOMOTIVE

The Marvelous Development of the Trolley Car System

BY SAMUEL E. MOFFETT

TWO items appearing simultaneously in the papers of September 2, 1902, told their own story. One announced that the Pennsylvania Railroad had decided to abandon its accommodation trains from Philadelphia to Lancaster and Wilmington, and send its passengers between those points over electric roads. The other said that the Railroad Commissioners of New York had granted a franchise for a high-speed electric railway ninety-one miles long from Rochester to Syracuse, bridging one of the longest gaps in the through trolley run between the Atlantic Ocean and the Missouri River.

In these incidents may be found the explanation of the otherwise startling fact, that, while the country has been leaping forward in prosperity and conquering ever new fields of industry, the number of passengers carried on American steam railroads has fallen off by over twelve millions in seven years. The same explanation is implied in the curious circumstance that people seem to be traveling longer distances. The average passenger haul in 1892 was 23.59 miles; in 1900 it was 27.9 miles.

Of course people are not really traveling less frequently than they used to, nor are they journeying longer distances. More passengers by hundreds of millions are traveling than ever before, but the steam railroads are not carrying the increase. The growth in the length of the

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velocity from east to west would keep up with the earth's rotation, and beat Joshua's miracle by holding the sun in one place all summer.

The Indianapolis, Lebanon, and Frankfort Railway, now under construction, has arranged a schedule that calls for a maximum speed of sixty miles an hour. The seventy miles from Lafayette to Indianapolis are to be covered in two hours. The motors on the Albany and Hudson line work up to sixty miles an hour, and on the Nantasket Beach to forty. On the Lorain and Cleveland road the highest speed is fifty miles.

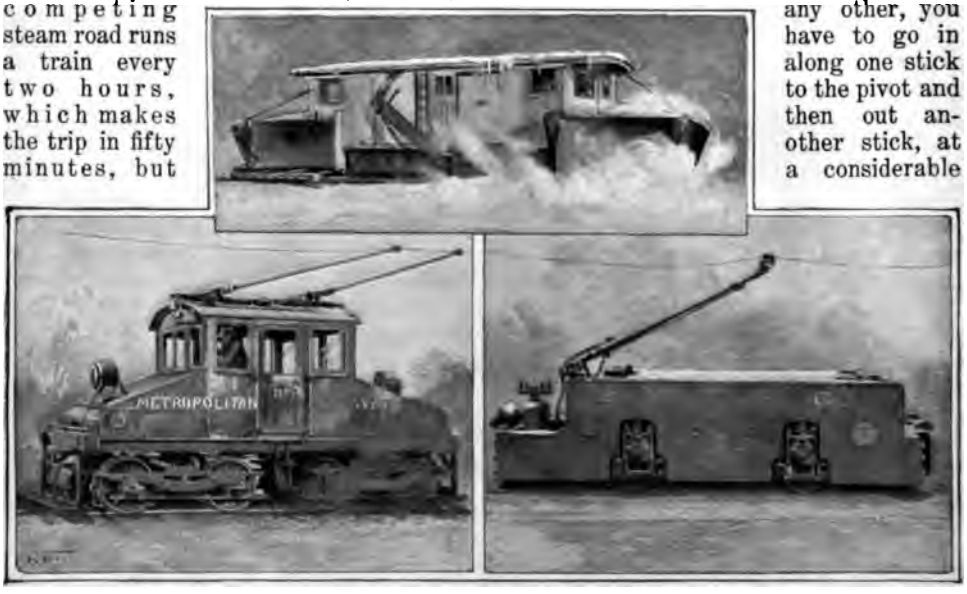
Southwestern Missouri is the home of an ambitious little electric system which shows in a small way how railroads are affected by the new competition. It has thirty-one miles of track, connecting Joplin, Webb City, Centerville, Carthage, and Galena, Kansas. The fare is one cent per mile—about one-third of the usual western railway rates—and books of a hundred five-cent tickets are sold for $4.50, which brings the rate down to nine-tenths of a cent a mile. Under pressure of the merciless competition the parallel steam road has come down to the same figures. The "Empire County Express" runs from Joplin to Carthage, nineteen miles, in an hour, with ten stops. It goes at intervals of an hour and a half, and half-hourly local cars are distributed between. The competing steam road runs a train every two hours, which makes the trip in fifty minutes, but does not reach the business centers of the towns. To overcome this disadvantage it offers free omnibus rides in Carthage and Webb City.

The trolley line that covers the forty miles between Seattle and Tacoma has to compete not only with the steam road, but with flying steamers on Puget Sound. Reversing the usual order, it was built purely for through traffic across a country providing practically no local business, instead of growing from a local into a through line. There are roads that draw their current from steam-driven dynamos, and others from waterfalls; but this has the distinction of being the first one planned to operate by glacier power. Mark Twain found traveling by glacier in Switzerland insufferably slow, but when Western enterprise harnesses the ice streams of the mountain, called at one end of the line Rainier and at the other Tacoma, it will not be satisfied with anything less than forty miles an hour.

But there are many cases in which the plain, ordinary trolley car of commerce, without any of the twentieth century lightning express improvements, can beat the locomotive.

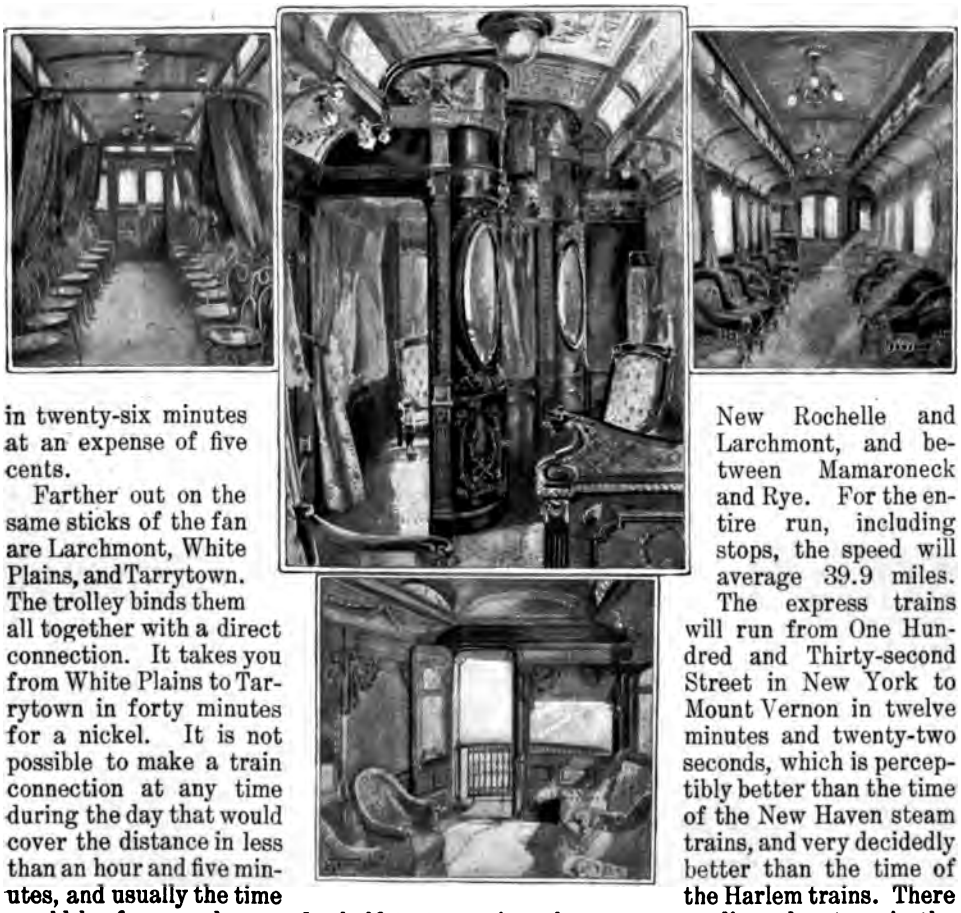
New Rochelle, Mount Vernon, and Yonkers, for instance, are situated on three lines of railroad, radiating like three sticks of a fan, from a pivot at New York. If you wish to travel by train from any one of these points to any other, you have to go in along one stick to the pivot and then out another stick, at a considerable

SNOW-PLOW, FREIGHT, AND MINING LOCOMOTIVES



cost of time and money. To go from the Harlem station in Mount Vernon to the Hudson River station in Yonkers takes nearly an hour, even if you make close connections, and costs fifty-three cents. You can compass the same points by trolley in twenty-six minutes at an expense of five cents.

INTERIORS OF FUNERAL, PRIVATE, SMOKING, AND OBSERVATION TROLLEY CARS



Farther out on the same sticks of the fan are Larchmont, White Plains, and Tarrytown. The trolley binds them all together with a direct connection. It takes you from White Plains to Tarrytown in forty minutes for a nickel. It is not possible to make a train connection at any time during the day that would cover the distance in less than an hour and five minutes, and usually the time would be from an hour and a half to two hours. The railroad fare is ninety-five cents.

The highest development of American electric railroading is seen in the plans of the New York and Portchester Railroad, which has secured its right of way and franchises over the bitterest opposition of the steam lines, and has its preparations complete to the last detail. The road is to have four tracks, two for local and two for express trains, built on its own right of way. It will have regular passenger stations all along the line. The run sheet shows a schedule speed of over sixty miles an hour for express trains at two points between One Hundred and Forty-ninth Street and Bronx Park, and of about sixty-seven miles an hour at one point between Bronx Park and Mount Vernon. Similar speeds are to be attained between New Rochelle and Larchmont, and between Mamaroneck and Rye. For the entire run, including stops, the speed will average 39.9 miles. The express trains will run from One Hundred and Thirty-second Street in New York to Mount Vernon in twelve minutes and twenty-two seconds, which is perceptibly better than the time of the New Haven steam trains, and very decidedly better than the time of the Harlem trains. There is to be a corresponding advantage in the run to New Rochelle and Portchester.

A comparison of the schedules of the New Haven and Portchester lines will help us to realize something of the change in local transportation made possible by electric traction. The New Haven line runs eight trains from New York to Portchester between five and seven o'clock in the evening. The electric road will run twenty-four local and twelve express trains in the same time—a local train every five minutes and an express train every ten. There are eight stopping places on the New Haven schedule between New

THE LANGEN MONO-RAIL, SUSPENDED RAILWAY AT ELBERFELD-BARMEN, PRUSSIA

York and Portchester, but not a single train stops at all of them. Every one of the twelve electric express trains is to stop at each of ten points, and for all that the distance is to be covered in less time than by the steam trains. The electric local trains will make twenty stops, and they will do the trip in exactly the time required by a local steam train that makes seven.

On December 23, 1901, the Everett-Moore syndicate ran the first through electric car from Cleveland to Detroit, a distance of nearly two hundred miles. The run from Cleveland to Toledo was made in five hours and a half, under the disadvantage of continual delays by construction gangs. The ordinary express train time between those points on the Lake Shore Railroad is three hours. Experiments now in progress on the electric line justify the belief that the trolley cars will soon be doing it in four.

There are several great ganglia from which the growth of the national electric nervous system is proceeding. One is Boston—a mighty solar plexus of interlacing filaments extending from Portland to Long Island Sound, and pushing steadily toward a connection with the great electric trunk lines of the West. Another is Buffalo, where Niagara power invites capital into every sort of electric enterprise. Another is Pittsburgh, whose trolley lines radiate in every direction for fifty miles or more, covering Western Pennsylvania, pushing into Ohio, bridging almost the entire distance between Pittsburgh and Cleveland, and reaching toward West Virginia and Maryland. Another is Dayton, Ohio, the center of a system that projects in one direction to Cincinnati and in the other to Urbana, covering nearly half the length of the State from south to north. Another is Cleveland, the headquarters of the Everett-Moore syndicate —the Dean Richmonds and Commodore Vanderbilts of the infant electric railway system of the United States. Another is Indianapolis, from which trolley expresses on three hundred miles of interurban roads shoot at sixty miles an hour to the principal towns of Indiana. But the greatest of all is Detroit. There electric traction is full grown—no longer a timid intermediary between house and office, it leaps boldly three hundred miles at a spring. Its flying shuttles weave their web across Ohio in one direction and across Michigan in the other. Lines actually built extend from Detroit to Port Huron, Bay City, and Kalamazoo, and their extensions now under way span the entire State of Michigan, and lead straight through to Chicago.

In January, 1901, the Detroit, Rochester, Romeo, and Lake Orion Railroad con-

cluded a traffic agreement with the Saginaw Suburban Railway Company, by which through electric cars were to be run hourly from Detroit to Bay City, 127 miles, covering the distance in about five hours, at a rate of a cent and a half a mile. In connection with the Everett-Moore lines that skirt the shores of Lake Erie, that gives an unbroken trolley run of over 350 miles, from Painesville, less than fifty miles west of the Pennsylvania border, to Bay City, with a service as quick as the steam accommodation train, several times as frequent, and half as expensive.

Electric communication is now complete from Portland, Maine, to Boston, and thence to a point a little west of Westfield, Mass. From that place to Painesville, Ohio, is a patchwork of short trolley lines, alternating with stretches still marked on the promoter's atlas "unexplored." From Painesville there is direct, unbroken communication, through Cleveland, Toledo, and Detroit, with the principal cities of Michigan. From Detroit we can push westward to Kalamazoo, whence lines are under way that will make connections with Chicago. Actual construction in Illinois has not proceeded very far west of Chicago as yet, but work is in progress on a line stretching nearly across the State, to Freeport. Trolley construction is proceeding with energy in Iowa, and the lines under way will soon bridge the entire State, from the Mississippi to Omaha. As other lines are built and building west of Omaha, it will soon be possible to travel by electricity, without a break, half way across the continent, from the coast of Maine to the middle of Nebraska. Beyond that the extension of electric traction will probably have to wait for the substitution of electricity for steam on the existing railroads—a development that may not be far distant.

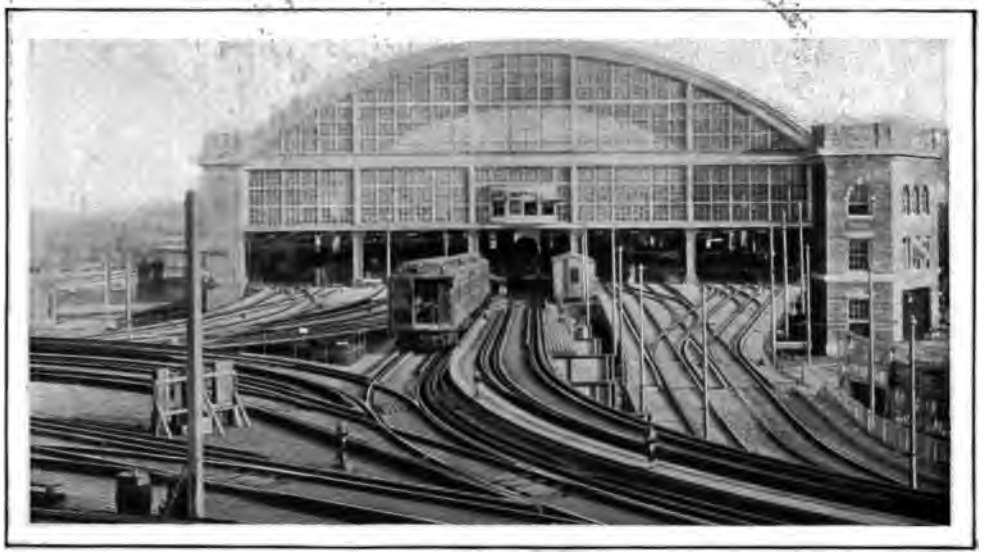
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AT NIGHT ON THE ROAD OF THE SOUTHERN OHIO TRACTION CO., SHOWING THE BRILLIANCY OF THE HEADLIGHTS USED

Then will follow the straightening of routes, by which the rail-fence effect, inseparable from a combination of short local lines, will give way to air-line tracks shooting from one great city to another.

The pressure of electrical competition was first felt in carrying local passengers, but it was not long before it was seen that here were new possibilities in the way of handling freight. Many of the trolley franchises forbade that form of enterprise, but a business that promises to be at once a public benefit and a source of profit is not easily suppressed. A farmer who has once learned to appreciate the convenience of a service that enables him to set half a dozen cans of milk in the road in front of his gate and have them whirled to town on a trolley freight car in less time than it would take him to haul them to the nearest railroad station needs no long space to make up his mind on the question whether electric roads should be allowed to act as common carriers.

The electric freight service is as flexible as an elephant's trunk, and as adept in picking up little things. It grows rich off the crumbs of business that a steam road would despise. It is always ready to go out of its way to accommodate the special needs of its patrons. The lemon-growers along the Los Angeles-Pacific Railroad, which runs its trolley freight, passenger, and mail cars between Los Angeles and Santa Monica, found that their fruit was suffering from the roughness of the trip. They stated their grievance, and the result is the "Lemon Growers' Express," which carries the delicate spheroids to market as gently as in a baby's cradle.

The freight business has been developed in a very thorough and interesting way by the Chicago, Harvard, and Geneva Lake Railway, both in conjunction with steam roads and in competition with them. The line is supported by a rural population of four thousand, who give it business averaging five dollars a year for every man, woman, and child. It connects with the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad, and steam freight cars are sent from one road to the other without breaking bulk. Small lots of freight are hauled from any point on the electric line to any other for five cents a hundred pounds. At one place the trolley road comes into direct competition with the Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul Railway for live-stock shipments. The steam road carries consignments straight through for the same rate charged by the electric line and its Northwestern steam connection, yet the electric line gets eighty-five per cent. of the business. It gets it because it looks after



SULLIVAN SQUARE TERMINAL, CHARLESTOWN, MASSACHUSETTS

The largest street railway station in the world. Tracks to the right and left of center tracks are for surface cars and descend gradually to the street level

the convenience of its patrons. Its stockyards are equipped with hot and cold water and electric light from its power-houses, so that the shipper can always make up a warm mash for his cattle before loading them on the cars. Stock cars are always ready to catch a sudden turn in the market, and the convenience of patrons is studied in every way.

The International Railway, operating the electric lines in the vicinity of Buffalo and Niagara Falls, has developed its commercial business to such an extent that it runs full-grown freight trains, drawn by electric engines with a hauling capacity of twenty-five cars each.

LOOKING NORTH OVER THE WHITE RIVER VALLEY FROM THE CUT-OFF OF THE PUGET SOUND ELECTRIC RAILWAY, WHERE TRANSMISSION LINE GOES OVER THE HILL

There is no troublesome red tape about the trolley freight system. The Cleveland and Eastern Railway, for instance, handles milk on its forty-mile line at a uniform rate of two cents per gallon for any distance. The farmer buys packages of tickets at that rate. When his milk is shipped it pays its fare like a passenger. A twenty-cent ticket is handed to the conductor for each ten-gallon can. The conductor punches the tickets, and passes them on to the office. The company returns the empty cans free.

In the spring of 1901 the Indiana Legislature for the first time passed laws permitting street railways to extend their lines to connect different towns, and giving interurban roads a definite legal status, with the power of eminent domain, the authority to receive donations, and most of the general privileges of steam railroads. Already Indiana is seamed with interurban trolley lines.

A recent decision of the Court of Appeals of New York is of still more importance. In the case of the Stillwater and Mechanicsville Street Railway Company against the Boston and Maine Railroad the court's opinion, handed down by Judge Haight, holds that steam railroads are obliged by law to make connections and interchange freight business with electric roads, and that the electric lines have the right to carry freight over street surface tracks. Already this business in the West is growing to such dimensions as to require a six-story union trolley depot in Cincinnati largely devoted to freight, and similar buildings in Cleveland, Toledo, and numerous other cities.

The third, fourth, fifth and sixth floors of the Cincinnati depot are occupied almost entirely by the express and freight departments of the Interurban Railway and Terminal Company. In the operation of the lines, express cars are used for handling light freight and mail during the day, and heavy goods are transported at night after the general passenger movement is out of the way. This station provides every convenience for passengers that is given to the patrons of the steam railroads, and it has the advantage of being from four to ten blocks nearer to the business center of the city than the depots of the old roads with which the electric lines compete.

While runs from New York to Philadelphia, from Boston to New York, and even from Portland to Omaha, are theoretical possibilities of the next few years, many people with experiences on Huckleberry and Coney Island cars in mind scout the

idea that anybody will care to make such journeys except for curiosity. They think of the hard benches and the standers perched on the sitters' toes, and they are confident that an hour is the limit of endurance under such conditions. They might gather some new ideas if they could see a modern interurban electric parlor car, with its finish of African figured mahogany, its marquetry decorations, its luxurious individual spring seats, its lavatories, book-case, and china closet, and its smoking compartment, with chairs upholstered in blue plush to match the carpets and draperies. Travel on a line so equipped is pleasanter than on a steam road, for the breezes can be allowed to blow through without fear of smoke or cinders, and the surrrounding scenery is infinitely more attractive. A trolley road can penetrate the most exquisite retreats without spoiling their charm—a steam road has the faculty of making everything it touches hopelessly vulgar and hideous.

AN ELECTRIC STREET SPRINKLING CAR

And that suggests a line of business that has been absolutely created by the electric car, and that could not be secured by a steam railroad if it were left without competition for a thousand years. If you take a trolley ride in the suburbs on a summer evening you will see the open seats filled with cool, comfortable people, sociably chattering, with their hats in their laps, while the breeze blows through their hair or whiskers, as the case may be. The car whirls on, and nobody gets off. It reaches the end of the line, and still nobody leaves it. The passengers merely turn over the seats and ride back. They were not going anywhere—they were simply enjoying a spin in the people's automobile. That is a new luxury of modern life. Neither horse-car nor locomotive ever provided it. The need in human nature to which it responds went unsupplied until the trolley car came into existence to fill it.

Trolley sleeping and dining-cars have been promised, but as yet the nearest approach to them is to be found in the private cars built for the chief officials of some of the Western electric roads. One of these has a motorman's room in front and an observation room, equipped with rattan seats, with green plush cushions and green trimmings, ceiling and carpet. Next is a private stateroom, with a mahogany bed and complete toilet facilities, including washstand and shower-bath, with a compact porcelain tub and a water-tight rubber shower cylinder. In the rear are rattan seats covered with leather, and a combination sideboard containing an ice-chest and glass-cabinet. The car is finished throughout in selected Mexican mahogany. A rear observation window and platform complete the outfit. The car is lighted at night by electroliers encased in frosted globes of artistic design.

The idea of trolley funeral cars is not new; it was applied about ten years ago by more than one road, running funeral cars to suburban cemeteries. These places were too far away to be conveniently reached by carriages; the hustle of the steam railroad marred the solemnity of the interments, and the trolley cars exactly met an urgent need. The use of funeral cars is gradually spreading. There is one in Cleveland which is in such constant demand that the company expects to build a larger one, to be chartered at a higher price. On the line of the Chicago Electric Traction Company there are four cemeteries, and the funeral car of this company has been used as often as four times in one day.

AN EARLY MORNING SCENE NEAR CLEVELAND: THE MILK CAR

Thus far the locomotive has not been seriously affected by electric competition except in short distance traffic, but the managers of the steam roads must face the fact that before many years this competition will extend to every branch of their business. By "competition," of course, must be understood merely the rivalry between two methods of traction, not necessarily between hostile financial interests. Hitherto the steam railroad companies have generally fought the trolley, and so have left it to be developed by business rivals. The "Street Railway Journal" remarks that the sums spent by steam roads to block electric progress would have been more than ample to provide sinking funds against their depredations. But there is no reason why the development of electrical traction should not fall into the same hands that have already developed steam. Some of the old railroad corporations are beginning to realize this. The New York, New Haven, and Hartford Railroad has taken the daring step of paralleling its own lines, for a considerable distance, with new trolley roads. Thus it is its own competitor, and catches the passenger whichever way he goes.

The Boston and Maine has gone even further. It has incorporated a trolley line as an integral part of its regular system. Its Concord and Manchester electric branch was constructed and is operated on steam railroad methods throughout. One bridge is used in common by locomotives and trolley cars, under the joint protection of interlocking signals and derailing switches. There are a regular passenger agent and a despatcher controlling the movements of cars by telephone, a fixed time schedule, inspection of watches and administration of discipline.

One effect of electric enterprise that cannot be escaped is a radical reduction in the standard of fares. The usual railroad rates east of the Mississippi are from two to three cents a mile. The usual rates on the long interurban trolley lines are from a cent to a cent and a half, and for distances under fifteen miles the trolley lines often carry passengers at the rate of two or three miles for a cent. In the face of such competition railroad fares cannot be kept at the old figures.

The trolley roads can make money at such prices, for all their expenses are small. It is estimated that a light country electric road can be built for $7,540 per mile, or $10,540 including power station and car-house. A double-track electric line substantially built for fast traffic can be constructed for $31,500 per mile. These are about half the corresponding figures for steam roads.

Although this country has more than twice as many miles of electric track and

more than three times as many electric cars as all the rest of the world combined, the new system is still in its infancy, even here. There are twenty thousand miles of electric road to two hundred thousand miles of steam road. The trolley lines might be multiplied by ten with great advantage to the steam roads, which would find them incomparable feeders, bringing freight and passengers from regions in which the locomotive's whistle was never heard. But electricity will not be content with that humble position. It is creating a system of its own, self-centered and independent, and that system contains such a vigorous principle of growth that it will not be surprising to see it swallow up its older rivals. Certainly the locomotive is doomed on local lines; its finish is plainly visible on mountain railroads, where water power is cheaper than coal; and the question whether it can hold its own anywhere is the most hotly debated problem now agitating the transportation world.

THE SCALER

A Blazed Trail Story

BY STEWART EDWARD WHITE

Illustrated by Thomas Fogarty

ONCE Morrison and Daly, of Saginaw, but then lumbering at Beeson Lake, lent some money to a man named Crothers, taking in return a mortgage on what was known as the Crothers Tract of white pine. In due time, as Crothers did not liquidate, the firm became possessed of this tract. They hardly knew what to do with it.

The timber was situated some fifty miles from the railroad in a country that threw all sorts of difficulties across the logger's path, and had to be hauled from nine to fifteen miles to the river. Both Morrison and Daly groaned in spirit. Supplies would have to be toted in to last the entire winter, for when the snow came, communication over fifty miles of forest road would be as good as cut off. Whom could they trust among the lesser foremen of their woods force? Whom could they spare among the greater?

At this juncture they called to them Tim Shearer, their walking boss and the greatest riverman in the state.

"You'll have to 'job' her," said Tim promptly.

"Who would be hired at any price to go up in that country on a ten-mile haul?" demanded Daly sceptically.

"Jest one man," replied Tim, "an' I know where to find him."

He returned with an individual at the sight of whom the partners glanced towards each other in doubt and dismay. But there seemed no help for it. A contract was drawn up in which the firm agreed to pay six dollars a thousand, merchantable scale, for all saw-logs banked at a rollway to be situated a given number of miles from the forks of Cass Branch; while on his side James Bourke, better known as the Rough Red, agreed to put in at least three and one-half million feet. After the latter had scrawled his signature he lurched from the office, softly rubbing his hairy freckled hand where the pen had touched it.

"That means a crew of wild Irishmen," said Morrison.

"And *that* means they'll just slaughter the pine," added Daly. "They'll saw high and crooked, they'll chuck the tops—who are we going to send to scale for 'em?"

Morrison sighed. "I hate to do it; there's only Fitz can make it go."

So then they called to them another of their best men, named Fitz Patrick, and sent him away alone to protect the firm's interests in the depths of the wilderness.

The Rough Red was a big broadfaced man, with eyes far apart and a bushy red

beard. He wore a dingy mackinaw coat, a dingy black and white checked flannel shirt, dingy blue trousers, tucked into high socks and lumberman's rubbers. The only spot of color in his costume was the flaming red sash of the *voyageur* which he passed twice around his waist. When at work his little wide eyes flickered with a baleful wicked light, his huge voice bellowed through the woods in a torrent of imprecations and commands, his splendid muscles swelled visibly even under his loose blanket coat, as he wrenched suddenly and savagely at some man's stubborn cant-hook stock. A hint of reluctance or opposition brought his fist to the mark with irresistible impact. Then he would pluck his victim from the snow, and kick him to work with a savage jest that raised a laugh from everybody—excepting the object of it.

At night he stormed back through the forest at the head of his band, shrieking wild blasphemy at the silent night, irreverent, domineering, bold, with a certain tang of Irish good nature that made him the beloved of Irishmen. And at the trail's end the unkempt ribald crew swarmed their dark and dirty camp as a band of pirates a galleon.

In the work was little system, but much efficacy. The men gambled, drank, fought, without a word of protest from their leader. With an ordinary crew such

"'Not a log do I scale for ye . . till ye give me a place fit to tally in'"

performances would have meant slight accomplishment, but these wild Irishmen, with their bloodshot eyes, their ready jests, their equally ready fists, plunged into the business of banking logs with all the abandon of a carouse—and the work was done.

Law in that wilderness was not, saving that which the Rough Red chose to administer. Except in one instance, penalty more severe than a beating there was none, for the men could not equal their leader in breaking the greater and lesser laws of morality. The one instance was that of young Barney Mallan who, while drunk, mishandled a horse so severely as to lame it. Him the Rough Red called to formal account.

"Don't ye know that horses can't be had?" he demanded, singularly enough, without an oath. "Come here."

The man approached. With a single powerful blow of a starting bar the Rough Red broke his tibia.

"Try th' lameness yerself," said the Rough Red grimly. He glared about through the dimness at his silent men, then stalked through the door into the cook camp. Had he killed Barney Mallan outright, it would have been the same. No one in the towns would have been a word the wiser.

On Thanksgiving day the entire place went on a prolonged drunk. The Rough Red distinguished himself by rolling the round stove through the door into the snow. He was badly burned in accomplishing this delicate jest, but minded the smart no more than he did the admiring cheers of his maudlin but emulative mates. Fitz Patrick extinguished a dozen little fires that the coals had started, shifted the intoxicated Mallan's leg out of the danger of some one's falling on it, and departed from that roaring hell-hole to the fringe of the solemn forest. And this brings us to Fitz Patrick.

Fitz Patrick was a tall, slow man, with a face built square. The lines of his brows, his mouth, and his jaw ran straight across; those of his temples, cheeks, and nose straight up and down. His eye was very quiet and his speech rare. When he did talk, it was with deliberation. For days, sometimes, he would ejaculate nothing but monosyllables, looking steadily on the things about him.

He had walked in ahead of the tote-team late one evening in the autumn, after the Rough Red and his devils had been at work a fortnight. The camp consisted quite simply of three buildings, which might have been identified as a cook camp, a sleeping camp, and a stable. Fitz Patrick entered the sleeping camp, stood his slender scaling rule in the corner, and peered about him through the dusk of a single lamp.

He saw a round stove in the center, a littered and dirty floor, bunks filled with horrible straw and worse blankets jumbled here and there, old and dirty clothes drying fetidly. He saw an unkempt row of hard-faced men along the deacon seat, reckless in bearing, with the light of the dare-devil in their eyes.

"Where is the boss?" asked Fitz Patrick steadily.

The Rough Red lurched his huge form toward the intruder.

"I am your scaler," explained the latter. "Where is the office?"

"You kin have the bunk beyand," indicated the Rough Red surlily.

"You have no office, then?"

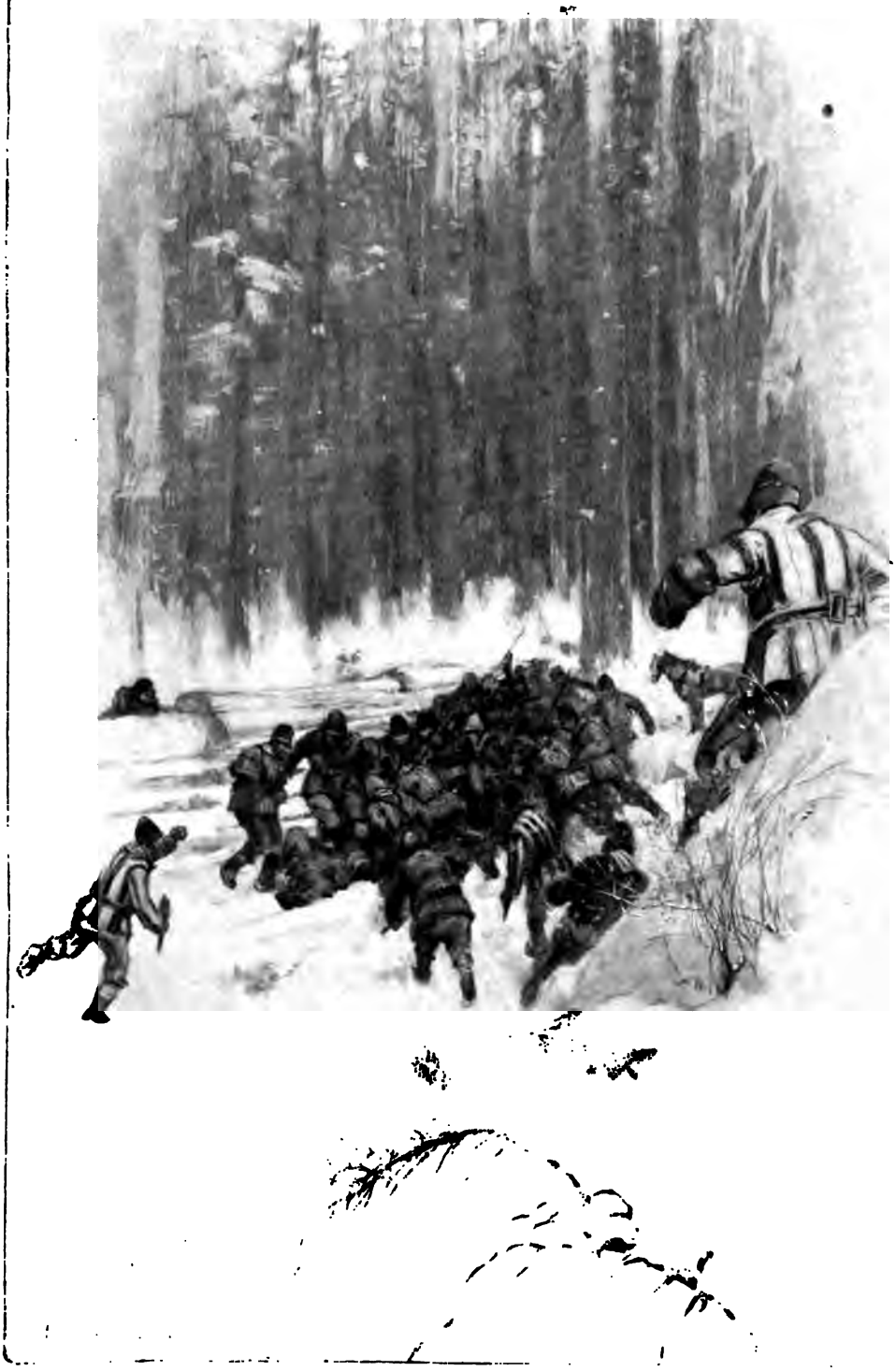
"What's good enough fer th' men is good enough fer a boss; and what's good enough fer th' boss is good fer any blank blanked scaler."

"It is not good enough for this one," replied Fitz Patrick calmly. "I have no notion of sleepin' and workin' in no such noise an' dirt. I need an office to keep me books and th' van. Not a log do I scale for ye, Jimmy Bourke, till yeze give me a fit place to tally in."

And so it came about, though the struggle lasted three days. The Rough Red stormed restlessly between the woods and the camp, delivering tremendous broadsides of oaths and threats. Fitz Patrick sat absolutely imperturbable on the deacon seat looking straight in front of him, his legs stretched comfortably aslant, one hand supporting the elbow of the other, which in turn held his short brier pipe.

"Good mornin' to ye, Jimmy Bourke," said he each morning, and after that uttered no word until the evening, when it was, "Good night to ye, Jimmy Bourke," with a final *rap, rap, rap* of his pipe.

The cook, a thin faced, sly man, with a penchant for the "Police Gazette," secretly admired him.



"Instantly the pack was on him"

"Luke out for th' Rough Red; he'll do ye!" he would whisper hoarsely when he passed the silent scaler.

But in the three days the Rough Red put his men to work on a little cabin. Fitz Patrick at once took his scaling rule from the corner and set out into the forest.

His business was, by measuring the diameter of each log, to ascertain and tabulate the number of board feet put in by the contractor. On the basis of his single report James Bourke would be paid for the season's work. Inevitably he at once became James Bourke's natural enemy, and so of every man in the crew with the possible exception of the cook.

Suppose you log a knoll which your eye tells you must grow at least half a million; suppose you work conscientiously for twelve days; suppose your average has always been between forty and fifty thousand a day. And then suppose the scaler's sheets credit you with only a little over the four hundred thousand! What would you think of it? Would you not be inclined to suspect that the scaler had cheated you in favor of his master? that you had been compelled by false figures to work a day or so for nothing?

Fitz Patrick scaled honestly, for he was a just man, but exactitude and optimism of estimate never have approximated, and they did not in this case. The Rough Red grumbled, accused, swore, threatened. Fitz Patrick smoked "Peerless" and said nothing. Still it was not pleasant for him, alone there in the dark wilderness fifty miles from the nearest settlement, without a human being with whom to exchange a friendly word.

The two men early came to a clash over the methods of cutting. The Rough Red and his crew cut anywhere, everywhere, anyhow. The easiest way was theirs. Small timber they skipped, large timber they sawed high, tops they left rather than trim them into logs. Fitz Patrick would not have the pine "slaughtered."

"Ye'll bend your backs a little, Jimmy Bourke," said he, "and cut th' stumps lower to th' ground. There's a bunch of shingles at least in every stump ye've left. And you must saw straighter. And th' contract calls for eight inches and over, mind ye that. Don't go to skippin' th' little ones because they won't scale ye high. 'Tis in the contract so. And I won't have th' tops left. There's many a good log in them, an' ye trim them fair and clean."

"Go to hell, you —" shouted the Rough Red. "Where the blazes did ye learn so much of loggin'? I log th' way me father logged, an' I'm not to be taught by a high-banker from th' Muskegon!"

Never would he acknowledge the wrong nor promise the improvement, but both were there, and both he and Fitz Patrick knew it. The Rough Red chafed frightfully, but in a way his hands were tied. He could do nothing without the report; and it was too far out to send for another scaler, even if Daly would have given him one.

Finally, in looking over a skidway, he noticed that one log had not been blue-penciled across the end. That meant that it had not been scaled, and that in turn meant that he, the Rough Red, would not be paid for his labor in cutting and banking it. At once he began to bellow through the woods.

"Hey! Fitz Patrick! Come here, you blank-blanked-blank of a blank! Come here!"

The scaler swung leisurely down the travoy trail and fronted the other with level eyes.

"Well?" said he.

"Why ain't that log marked?"

"I culled it."

"Ain't it sound and good? Is there a mark on it? A streak of punk or rot? Ain't it good timber? What th' blank's th' matter with it? You tried to do me out of that, you blank skunk."

A log is culled, or thrown out, when for any reason it will not make good timber.

"I'll tell you, Jimmy Bourke," replied Fitz Patrick calmly. "Th' stick is sound and good, or was before your murderin' crew got hold of it, but if ye'll take a squint at the butt of it, ye'll see that your gang has sawed her on a six-inch slant. They've wasted a good foot of th' log. I spoke of that afore; an' now I give ye warnin' that I cull every log, big or little, punk or sound, that ain't sawed square and true across th' butt."

"Th' log is sound an' good, an ye'll scale it, or I'll know th' reason why!"

"I will not," replied Fitz Patrick.

The following day he culled a log in another and distant skidway whose butt showed a slant of a good six inches. The

day following he culled another of the same sort on still another skidway. He examined it closely, then sought the Rough Red.

"It is useless, Jimmy Bourke," said he, "to be hauling of that same poor log from skidway to skidway. You can shift her to every travoy trail in th' Crother's tract, but it will do ye little good. I'll cull it wherever I find it, and never will ye get th' scale of that log."

The Rough Red raised his hand, then dropped it again, whirled away with a curse, whirled back with another, and spat out,

"By —, Fitz Patrick, ye go too far! Ye've hounded me and harried me through th' woods all th' year! By — 'tis a good stick, an' ye shall scale it!"

"Yo' an' yore Old Fellows is robbers alike!" cried one of the men.

Fitz Patrick turned on his heel and resumed his work. The men ceased theirs and began to talk.

That night was Christmas eve. After supper the Rough Red went directly from the cook camp to the men's camp. Fitz Patrick, sitting lonely in the little office, heard the sounds of debauch rising steadily like mysterious storm winds in distant pines. He shrugged his shoulders, and tallied his day's scaling, and turned into his bunk wearily, for of holidays there are none in the woods save Sunday. About midnight some one came in. Fitz Patrick, roused from his sleep by aimless blunderings, struck a light, and saw the cook looking uncertainly towards him through blood-clotted lashes. The man was partly drunk, partly hurt, but more frightened.

"After a long time he knew it was the cook"

"They's too big fer me, too big fer me!" he repeated thickly.

Fitz Patrick kicked aside the blankets and set foot on the floor.

"Le' me stay," pleaded the cook, "I won't bother you; I won't even make a noise. I'm skeered."

"Course you can stay," replied the scaler. "Come here."

He washed the man's forehead, and bound up the cut with surgeon's plaster from the van. The man fell silent, looking at him in wonderment for such kindness.

Fours hours later, dimly through the mist of his broken sleep, Fitz Patrick

heard the crew depart for the woods in the early dawn. On the crest of some higher waves of consciousness were borne to him drunken shouts, maudlin blasphemies. After a time he arose and demanded breakfast.

The cook, pale and nervous, served him. The man was excited, irresolute, eager to speak. Finally he dropped down on the bench opposite Fitz Patrick, and began:

"Fitz," said he, "don't go in th' woods to-day. The men is fair wild wid th' drink, and th' Rough Red is beside hi'self. Las' night I heerd them. They are goin' to skid th' butt log again, and they swear that if you cull it again, they will kill you. They mean it. That's all why they wint to th' woods this day."

Fitz Patrick swallowed his coffee in silence. In silence he arose and slipped on his mackinaw blanket coat. In silence he thrust his beechwood tablets into his pocket, and picked his pliable scaler's rule from the corner.

"Where are ye goin'?" asked the cook anxiously.

"I'm goin' to do th' work they pay me to do," answered Fitz Patrick.

He took his way down the trail, his face set straight before him, the smoke of his breath streaming behind. The first skidway he scaled with care, laying his rule flat across the face of each log, entering the figures on his many leaved tablets of beech, marking the timbers swiftly with his blue crayon.

The woods were empty. No ring of the ax, no shout of the driver, no fall of the tree broke the silence. Fitz Patrick comprehended. He knew that at the next skidway the men were gathered, waiting to see what he would do, gathered early at last in that final hostility which had been maturing all winter. He knew, besides that most of them were partly drunk and wholly reckless, and that he was alone. Nevertheless after [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

closed with a snap of finality, the Rough Red stepped forward.

"Ye have finished with this skidway?" asked the foreman in soft cat-tones.

"I have," answered Fitz Patrick briefly.

"Yo' have forgot to scale one stick."

"No."

"There is a stick still not marked."

"I culled it."

"Why?"

"It was not sawed straight."

Fitz Patrick threw his head back proudly, answering his man at ease, as an accomplished swordsman. The Rough Red shifted his feet, almost awed in spite of himself. One after another the men dropped their eyes and stood ill at ease. The scaler turned away; his heel caught a root; he stumbled; instantly the pack was on him, for the power of his eye was broken.

Mad with rage they kicked and beat and tore at Fitz Patrick's huddled form long after consciousness had left it. Then an owl hooted from the shadow of the wood, or a puff of wind swept by, or a fox barked, or some other little thing happened, so that in blind unreasoning panic they fled. The place was deserted, save for the dark figure against the red and white snow.

Fitz Patrick regained his wits in pain, and so knew he was still on earth. Every movement cost him a moan, and some agency outside himself inflicted added torture. After a long time he knew it was the cook, who was firmly but kindly kneading his limbs and knuckling his back. The man proved to be in a state of wonderment over his patient's tenacity of life.

"I watched ye," he murmured soothingly, "I did not like interfere. But I kem to yo's soon as I could. See here's a fire that I built for ye, and some tea. Take a little. And no bones broke! That for ye, ye's a hearty man, and strong with th' leg muscles in ye to fight th' Rough Red man to man. But [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

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Hours later, as it seemed, they moved slowly in the direction of camp. The cold had stiffened Fitz Patrick's cuts and bruises. Every step shot a red wave of torture through his arteries to his brain. They came in sight of camp. It was silent. Both knew that the men had drunk themselves into a stupor.

"I'd like t' kill th' whole lay-out as she sleeps," snarled the cook, shaking his fist.

"So would I," replied Fitz Patrick.

Then as they looked, a thin wreath of smoke curled from under the open doorway and spread lazily in the frosty air. Another followed, another, still another. The cabin was afire.

"They've kicked over th' stove again," said Fitz Patrick, seating himself on a stump. His eyes blazed with wrath and bitterness.

"What yo' goin' to do?" asked the cook.

"Sit here," replied Fitz Patrick grimly.

The cook started forward.

"'*But they'd be burnt alive*'"

"Stop!" shouted the scaler fiercely. "If you move a step, I'll break your back!"

The cook stared at him through saucer eyes.

"But they'd be burnt alive!" he objected wildly.

"They ought to be," snarled the scaler. "It ain't their fault I'm here to help them. 'Tis their own deed that I'm now lying' beyant there in th' forest, unable to help myself. Do you understand? I'm yet out there in th' woods!"

"Ah, wirra, wirra!" wailed the cook, wringing his hands, "Th' poor lads!" He began to weep.

Fitz Patrick stared straight in front of him for a moment. Then he struck his forehead, and with wonderful agility, considering the injuries he had but just received, tore down the hill in the direction of the smoldering cabin. The cook followed him joyfully. Together they put out the fire. The men snored like beasts, undisturbed by all the tumult.

"'Tis th' soft heart ye have, after all, Fitz," said the cook delightedly, as the two washed their hands in preparation for a lunch. "Ye could not bear t' see th' lads burn."

Fitz Patrick glowered at him for an instant from beneath his square brows.

"They can go to hell for all of me," he answered finally, "but my people want these logs put in this winter, an' there's nobody else to put them in."

The White Glory

by Keene Abbott

Illustrated by Charlotte Harding

THE hoofs of the doctor's team beat the firm and winding prairie road with a resounding clatter. His high-seated buggy, always gray with hardened mud, was worn with many years of service, and the box drooped down on the right side with the great weight of the old practitioner. As the horses turned into a willow lane the polished tires caught the flame of the early sun, and went twinkling onward up the gentle slope where a flock of scratching chickens fled away, their wings beating the air. At the end of the wheel-track stood the brown little home with its vine-mantled porch. That bower of leaves glistened with dew, and the window above it was all agleam like a sheet of tin.

For some time after the doctor had entered the house he sat motionless in the small front room, which had a shut-in smell, and was ever kept painfully in order. The only evidence that it had not lately had the care of the exacting housewife was when he removed his new shoes. As they fell thumping to the floor, each of them raised from the rag carpet a faint puff of dust.

These shoes, by the way, had been a source of copious profanity during the drive. "They pinch; they hurt. Well, then, why did he want to sell 'em to me!" He had worked himself up to such a degree of violent invective that he even removed his quid of fine-cut and put in his teeth.

But now, when the bell-like tinkle of ice in a pitcher was heard in the kitchen, the teeth were taken out again and squeezed back into a trouser pocket. Before Mrs. Dale had time to enter the room he was calmly reading a newspaper.

"Well, girl," he asked, as the "State Journal" sank with a crinkling sound to his knees, "what you got there?"

For answer she gave him a mist-coated glass, and a few drops went spattering down upon the carpet.

"Because I was a little bit uneasy," she afterward explained, "for I knew real well he couldn't see a thing with that squint of his, and there he was, paper at arm's-length, and readin' away without his spectacles on."

Nevertheless he sipped the lemonade

"Gave him a mist-coated glass"

unconcernedly enough, and at last, in the most matter-of-fact way, but with that gentleness of voice which was always his in the home of the sick, he said:

"This is just right; no sugar—not one iota—just exactly right. And you're one of those women, Fern Dale, who never have too much care and trouble to think of this sort of thing."

He was silent a few moments, and at the end of the pause he remarked:

"Of course there are plenty of families that are glad to see me; families, too, that pay their bills. But—well, it's not the money that really pays a pill-peddler, an old pill-peddler anyhow. And you know that; now don't you, Fern?"

The young woman nodded.

"Well, then," he added, still more deliberately, "you mus'n't ever put off sending for me, my girl, when you think I'm needed here."

"But he wouldn't let me send when I wanted to," the wife answered, and he saw that there were tears in her eyes. "So I didn't dare send till he was took down in bed. Said he wasn't sick at all —just wasn't feelin' right good. But I knew he was thinkin' all the while how much was owin' you a'ready, and I was, too, but I would 'a' sent anyhow if I could."

"By thunder! that husband of yours is a brick! That's what he is; he's a brick!" And the doctor winked at her his little sly wink and chuckled his little low chuckle, as if he had been telling a funny story. Then he went on to inform her how long ago his trifling account with that husband had been settled in full, and how that husband of hers had played her a trick, and how she was never to trust that husband of hers any more. To hear him talk you would never guess that one whole page of his ledger was devoted exclusively to J. T. Dale, and that many visits had been forgotten and were never put down at all.

After the doctor's reassurance there was an interval of pensive thought, which concluded with the remark:

"I suppose you know, my girl, that Joe's a pretty sick man?"

Oh, yes, she did know that. Nevertheless, when she went off to make the children's little beds, and her faded blue skirt was heard swishing softly up the stairs, her step seemed much lighter and much sprightlier than it had been, and much more so than it would have been could she have seen the doctor now. He sat there by the window, still holding the glass, but not again to dampen his steel-colored mustache with the lemonade. He was looking, looking, and looking away off yonder through the shimmer of heat where the dark hills with their narrowing green

"went off to make the children's little beds"

rows of young corn joined the cool restfulness of the sky.

By and by the little woman came softly to the door to announce in a low tone so quiet and subdued:

"Doctor, he's awake now."

She gave him a pair of worn-out house

shoes, which the gray-haired man leisurely put on. Then, slowly rising, he set down the glass upon the table and took up his medicine box by its shiny strap handle. Serene with the tranquillity of one who knows his very presence is a benediction, he followed Mrs. Dale into a room which had almost as much the smell of a drug shop as the clothes of this veteran practitioner.

You could easily see what the visit meant to the sick man, for his lusterless eye was turned eagerly to the door, and he made an effort to reach out his great white hand to his old friend.

"Well, doctor?" he asked, like one not having the courage to use a more direct question to inquire about the state of his health.

But the doctor paid no heed. With his slipper heels flip-flopping at every step, he hummed in a preoccupied way a dozy tea-kettle hum, and went scuffing across the room to where three pin-holes in the curtain were pierced by three long splinters of yellow light. He pushed up the chocolate-colored shade, which, lined with a spider-web of cracks and checkered by the shadow of the sash, was of a deep wine tint against the sun.

At that moment a breath of fragrance stole hovering in. It was a sleepy little breeze, with sounds of the honey-makers in it, and it came all dewy and cool, and went breathing round a faint and indolent odor of the garden. It was such a very idle whiff of air that the doctor's thin gray locks scarce stirred, but the white morning-glory that nestled close to the warped brown casing nodded drowsily upon its green thread of a vine and disturbed a little white butterfly. The wings quivered like the petals of a cherry blossom; then, very deliberately, this fragile shape of life went balancing away into the pulseless air, where it rose, and sank again, and rose, and went up, up, up, and was gone.

"'He's awake now'"

There had passed but a little while after that before the invalid was announcing, with dreary triumph in his voice, as his wife leaned over him to make the bed more tidy:

"I told you so, Fern; all your worryin' for nothin'. If they was any danger would he be a-hummin' that-a-way, so peaceful and quiet like? Say, now, would he?"

But it seemed to be hard for her to smile and to assure him that his point was well taken; for perhaps the butterfly had been peculiarly suggestive to her.

At any rate, while the flower there in the window was yet drowsily a-swing, her eyes met the doctor's, and directly she grew pale. It was now plain that she must have felt the need of occupying herself. She moved quietly away, to go softly about, dusting one object and another—anything, in fact, which could be dusted, and that anything several times, and every little thing she dusted a long time.

Meantime the doctor had drawn a chair to the bedside.

"So you're not up and around yet, Joe. You're looking better to-day, though. Your hand here—see that? Better color, that is. Yes, and your eye looks better, too. Don't you say so, Mrs. Dale?"

And with almost a hearty tone, Fern answered:

"Yes, sir; Joseph Dale, you *are* lookin' better."

But when she said this her face was turned to the window.

After chatting quietly for some time with the sick one, the doctor suddenly broke off.

"Fern, my dear girl"—his voice was husky, and it quavered a little—"your flowers there are all faded."

But the little woman vouchsafed no look in the direction of the muslin-draped shelf, upon which stood a cracked goblet containing pink and white roses. She had been stealing slowly here and there, now picking up a raveling from the floor, and now the snowflake of a feather near the bed, now straightening the advertisement picture upon the wall, and now re-arranging the glasses and bot-

tles upon the stand by her husband's pillow. And at last she had taken up the medicine case.

Such an ugly box it was! And yet she fondled it; she pretended to clean off the splashes and little chunks of mud that

After this the thread of conversation was again taken up, and as before the talk journeyed wide of all things concerning illness and trouble. Nor was it allowed to run upon matters connected with active life and health, that there might

"The doctor had drawn a chair to the bedside"

long ago had hardened upon it, and she hugged it close to her breast, just as you and I might have done if we could have known how many, many times it had brought hope to her when her home had been full of darkness.

The doctor understood, and he wanted her to set it down; for he knew that its usefulness was not for such a time as this.

"I think, Fern," he said to her, "that if you were to pick your flowers before the sun gets too hot they would last longer. Now, while everything is cool and fresh, would be just the time for that sort o' thing." And before her blue skirt had quite vanished, he added: "Get a great big bunch. Can't have too many flowers for the sick room, you know."

be no comparing sick-room imprisonment with the great sunny out-of-doors, where at this very moment could be heard the squeaking springs of a corn cultivator, and occasionally, too, from perhaps three fields away, a farmer's voice calling out to his horses. It was not long before the sick man's face put on a smile, and once Joe even laughed.

But the doctor knew the end could not be far away. Before long the low monotone of his voice suddenly stopped. There was a quick dry cough—one that shook the bed-springs—just one, and at the same time a convulsive clasping of the thin white hands upon the shrunken chest.

Then there was stillness.

But the click of the snipping scissors among the flowers did not pause. It was loud; every sound seemed loud, even to the drowsy tinkle of a sheep-bell which came faint from down in the meadow.

◆◆◆

"'What kind of roses did you say these were?'"

It was some time before the doctor left the house. But finally he went out bareheaded into the garden, and he was humming again, only this time the sound was not so calm as it had been when he entered the sick room. And when a pair of eager blue eyes sought his face the tune fluttered a little. He cleared his voice twice before he spoke.

"Fern," he asked, "what do you call these flowers?"

"I don't know. I mean they're roses. What is it, Doctor? Did you want me?"

"Of course they're roses; I knew that. But what kind of roses are they?"

"Didn't you want me for something, Doctor?"

"No, Fern—no; I didn't want you for anything. Joe's gone to sleep. What kind of roses did you say these were?"

"Why, they're old-fashioned moss roses."

Then the cutting of the flowers was continued. And by and by the doctor said to her:

"You've had a good deal of trouble these eight years of married life, haven't you, my girl?"

The little woman looked at him, and there was the same trust in her eyes, the same hope and gentleness as had been there when she had taken up the medicine box.

"I would have had trouble," she answered, "if it hadn't been for you." And he knew she was referring to the time when death had threatened the little ones. "And now," she added, "if it wasn't for you——"

"No; no, Fern, not this time, I'm afraid. As I have told you before, it may be in a month, and it may be——"

The tears began to come now, and her big friend laid his hand gently upon her shoulder.

They were standing at the great rose-bush near the cottage, and the doctor slowly reached up to the window and plucked the white morning-glory. As

he offered it to her she looked up once more into his face. Then all her apronfull of flowers went showering to the ground.

But she did not cry. She took that rough dark hand of his in both her own.

"Yes, I know what you mean. He's asleep in there. He's gone from me, and I can't ever see him any more. But you were with him, and you made him forget, and he wasn't troubled about me or about the children or about anything at all. You've been a good friend to us—a good friend to him and to me."

Then she laid her head upon his shoulder, and sobbed there like a child.

"Sobbed there like a child"

FORTY YEARS BETWEEN

BY LLOYD OSBOURNE

Illustrated by William Hatherell

AH, if it had been any one but him!" exclaimed Captain Hadow.

"It's horrible to call him a deserter," said Francis.

"Don't let's do it!" said the captain.

"We have to say something, sir," returned the first lieutenant helplessly.

"One can always lie, I suppose," said Hadow.

"There's nothing I wouldn't do myself for Jack Garrard," said Mr. Francis.

"Why not say he was kidnapped here by the hill tribes?" said Hadow. "We aren't certain sure he wasn't, and no one can deny but what he might have been."

"But the admiral would be bound to inquire into it," said Mr. Francis. "Sooner or later he'd send a ship."

"Trust Jack to do his own lying when she gets here," said Hadow. "Besides, he'll be sick of the whole thing by that time and only too glad to step aboard."

"But won't we be asked why *we* didn't rescue him?" asked Francis.

"No, no, I have it!" cried the captain.

"It's certainly a case for stretching a point, sir," said Mr. Francis.

"Enter in the log," said the captain, speaking very slowly and thoughtfully, "that passed Midshipman John de Vigne Garrard, failing to report himself at the expiration of his leave, was afterwards discovered to have been kidnapped by the hill tribes of Borabora Island. On my threatening to land a party to recover him I was dissuaded by King George, who

"Jack leaped to his feet, white and speechless"

cleared himself of any personal responsibility in the matter, and who promised, if only I would give him time, to recover the man without bloodshed or any cost to Her Majesty's Government. The king urged that the use of force would imperil the officer's life, which otherwise he had every confidence would be spared."

"Very good, sir," said Mr. Francis.

"You'll give old George a flaming character," added Hadow.

"Very good, sir," said Mr. Francis.

"Pile it on about his reverence for the Queen and the way he gave beef to the ship," said Hadow.

"And what then, sir?" inquired Mr. Francis.

"Well, you know," said Hadow, "my orders here leave me a pretty wide latitude. You can't tie down a surveying ship in wild waters the way you can a simple patrol. By George, sir, I'll lay the ship back here in nine months and retake Master Johnny Garrard."

"If he has any realization of his position he will then go down on his knees and thank you, sir," said Mr. Francis.

"He's more likely to come aboard whistling!" exclaimed the captain.

"Of course it will involve a little—insincerity," said Mr. Francis.

"You mean we'll have to lie like blazes," said the captain.

"Well, yes," observed Mr. Francis.

"I hope that's understood," said the captain. "But I can't bear to see a fine lad ruined for a bit of squeamishness. Were he thirty he might go hang; but nineteen— Good Lord, one must have a little mercy."

"Where would any of us be now, sir," said Mr. Francis, "if we had each of us received full measure for a boyish error?"

"I know I was a rotten bad egg myself," said Captain Hadow.

"If I may say it without offense, sir," said Mr. Francis, "I think you are taking a very noble course in respect to this unfortunate lad."

"Of course I don't want you to think I justify desertion," said Hadow quickly, not ill-pleased at the compliment. "Gad, sir, it's a shocking thing; bar actual cowardice, I positively know nothing worse. Were Jack my son, I'd rather see him stretched dead at my feet. I tell you, Mr. Francis, that when I first heard the news I was stunned; I felt myself trembling; the dishonor, the infamy of it struck me here!" Captain Hadow laid his hand on his heart.

Mr. Francis nodded a silent assent.

"But we'll save him!" cried the captain. "We won't permit this ugly business to blast his life."

"You may count, Captain Hadow, on our most loyal and hearty support," said Mr. Francis.

"Thank you," said the captain, "and you will pass the word along that the subject is not one to be discussed."

"Quite so, sir," said the first lieutenant.

"Not a word!" exclaimed the captain. "Though you might coach the king a bit about the hill tribes. But, of course, not a whisper that we're ever coming back!"

"No, sir," said Mr. Francis.

"This must go no farther than you and me," said Hadow.

"It shall not, sir," returned the first lieutenant.

"We shall sail to-night at the turn of the tide," said the captain.

"Very good, sir," said Mr. Francis.

* * *

It was not nine months—it was fifteen and some days to spare—before the "Dauntless" again raised the peak of Borabora and backed her main-yard off the settlement. In the course of that eventful year and a quarter she had zigzagged the whole chart of the Eastern Pacific, and from French Frigate Shoals to Pitcairn, from Diamond Head to Little Rapa, she had sounded and plotted reefs innumerable, and had covered, with a searching persistency, vast areas of blue water dotted on the chart with e. d's and p. d's.*

She had twice taken the ground, once so hard and fast that she had shifted her guns and lightered a hundred tons of stores among the gulls and mews of a half-sunken reef; she had had an affair with the unruly natives of the Walker Group, and had blown a village to fragments and not a few of the Walkers themselves into a land as uncharted as their own; she had tried a beach-comber for murder and had dangled him at the main-yard-arm, giving him later on a

* Existence doubtful: position doubtful. Familiar contractions still on any Pacific chart.

Church of England service, a hammock, and the use of a cannon-ball at his feet. She had poked her nose into cannibal bays, where women of wild beauty and wilder license swam off to the ship in hundreds until the marines drove them back with muskets, and fired at their own comrades, who, in their madness, leaped after them into the water; she had lain for weeks in enormous atolls, where the only life was that of birds and the silence was unbroken save for the long roll of the surf and at night the ghostly scurrying of turtles over the sand; she had been everywhere in those labyrinthian seas, those haunts of romance and mystery, with love, danger, and death always close aboard.

It was morning when Hadow raised the island, a fleecy speck of cloud against the sky-line, and he shortened sail at once and lingered out the day, so as to bring him up to it by dark. After supper every light on board was doused, and the great hull, gliding through the glass-smooth water, merged her steep sides and towering yards and canvas into the universal shadow. With whispering keel and a wind so fair and soft that one wondered to see the sails stiffen in the bolt-ropes, the man-of-war stole steadily to leeward, with no sound but the occasional creak of cordage, or the hoarse murmur of voices from the lower deck. Hadow himself, pacing the quarter-deck in his boat-cloak, was lost in reverie, while the ward-room and the steerage, in unredeemed darkness, held nothing but dozing men.

By ten the ship was hove to close ashore, and the lights of the little settlement glimmered through the palms. The warm night, laden with exotic fragrance and strangely exciting in the intensity of its stillness and beauty, hid, beneath its far-reaching pall, the various actors of an extraordinary drama. With pistols buckled to their hips, Brady, Winterslea, Hotham, and Stanbury-Jones, four officers of the ship, together with Hatch, a flinty-faced old seaman who could be trusted, all slipped down the ladder into the captain's gig and pulled with muffled oars for the break in the reef. Picking their way through the pass, with the surf on either hand roaring in their ears, they slowly penetrated the lagoon and headed for the king's house. The shelving beach brought them to a stop, and all jumping out to lighten the boat, they drew her over the shingle and made her painter fast to a pandanus tree. Then, acting in accordance with a preconcerted plan, Winterslea was sent forward to track down their prey, while the rest huddled together to await his return.

Ten minutes, twenty minutes, passed in palpitating suspense. A girl drew by wreathed in flowers; she looked out to sea; then up at the stars, and shrank again into the shadow. From the neighboring houses there came the sound of mellow voices and of laughter. A pig rooted and rustled among a heap of cocoanut shells. Half an hour passed, and from far across the water, as faint and silvery as some elfin signal, the ship sent her message of the time—six bells.

Panting and crouching, Winterslea groped his way among them.

"Come!" he said.

They followed him in silence, unloosing their holsters and grimly ready. A pair of handcuffs clinked in Hatch's jumper. They inhaled the deep breath of tried and resolute men, inured to danger, and accustomed to give and to receive an unflinching loyalty.

Winterslea, with keen perception, led the way like a hound, skirting lighted houses and following devious inland paths. The comparative openness of the village began to give way to the ranker undergrowth of the plantations behind it. The path sank into a choking vegetation that stood on either side and brushed their faces as they followed in single file. A fallen tree gave them the passage of a stream.

"There!" said Winterslea.

The path opened out on a little clearing among the trees, and showed them, set on high, the outlines of a native house. Like all Tahitian houses, it was on the model of a bird cage, and the oval wall of bamboo, set side by side, let through vertical streaks of light from the lamp or fire within. As the whole party drew nearer, they heard, deep below them on the other side, the pleasant sound of falling water, and realized that the cliff they were mounting overlooked a little river at its foot. Here, in exquisite seclusion, Jack Garrard had chosen the spot for his moral suicide.

Creeping up to the house and looking

"'I shall be here waiting for thee'"

through the cracks of the bamboos, his comrades saw him sitting within, dressed like a native in tapa cloth, with bare chest, and flowers in his tawny hair. He was sitting in a hammock, and with her head against his knee a beautiful girl was looking up into his face, one hand locked in his. In that land of pretty women she was the one that outshone them all, Tehea, the sister of the king, for whose sweet favor every man on board had sought in vain. And here she was, with her long hair loosened and her eyes swimming with love, looking up at the lad who had given name and honor to win her heart. The pair were hardly more than children; and Brady, a sentimentalist of forty, with red hair, sighed as he peeped through the eaves and thought of his own dear girl at home.

Garrard laid down the pipe he had been smoking, and in happy unconsciousness of any audience but the woman at his feet, began to sing. His voice had always been his greatest charm, and the means of gain-

ing him the friendship of men much older than himself. It had won Hadow. It had won Francis. There was not a blue-jacket on board the "Dauntless" but whose eyes had moistened under the spell of Jack's clear tenor. No one could render with such delicacy, purity, and sentiment those ballads, now so old-fashioned, that used to solace our seafaring fathers in the fifties. Jack lay back in the hammock, and with wonderful tenderness and feeling sang "Flow Gently, Sweet Afton," repeating the last verse several times over. It was plain that something in it —some phrase or line—had deeply moved him, for he suddenly bent over and laid his face in his hands, shaking with a strange emotion. Tehea arose, and throwing her arms round his neck, and forcing away his hands, pressed her lips to his wet eyes. Even as she did so, Brady gave the signal for the whole party to move round to the door.

"He held back the undergrowth again and peered into the depths"

He entered first, the others close behind him. Jack leaped to his feet, white and speechless, his wide-open eyes those of an animal at bay. Brady, Winterslea, Stanbury-Jones, Hotham, Hatch, the familiar faces daunted him like the sight of ghosts. Friends no longer, they were now avengers with the right to track him down and kill him.

"Jack!" cried Brady in a stifled voice.

The lad took a step back. The girl moaned and tried to run between Hatch and Stanbury-Jones. The old seaman caught and shook her like a dog, tearing away the whistle she put to her lips and dashing it on the floor. Jack put up his hand and snatched a pistol hidden in the thatch of the roof. Brady on the instant leveled his own and thundered out:

"Drop it, or I'll shoot!"

"Shoot and be hanged," returned Jack, and with that he turned his pistol on himself, and, placing the muzzle against his forehead, pulled the trigger.

It missed fire.

Before he could try again, Brady had caught him round the neck, while Hatch, resigning the girl to Stanbury-Jones, ran in and snapped the handcuffs on his wrists.

"Jack!" cried Brady, "we aren't going to hurt you. We're rescuing you from the hill tribes. Man, you're saved!"

"You never was no deserter," said Hatch.

"Mind you back us up, old fellow," said Winterslea.

"Give us your fin, boy," said Hotham.

It was some time before Jack could pull himself together. When at last he did so, and began to appreciate the generosity of his captain and shipmates, and their astounding concern to save him from the

penalty of his crime, he underwent one of those reactions when despair gives way to the maddest gaiety. He swore at Hatch, and made him take off the irons; he got out a bottle of white rum and forced them all to drink his health; he kept them in a roar with the story of his adventures, and laughed and cried in turn as he described his life ashore.

"What does she want?" demanded Brady, as Tehea insistently repeated some words in native.

"She says," said Jack, calmly picking up the whistle from the floor and touching it to his lips, "she says I've only to blow this and you will all be dead in five minutes!"

A hush fell upon the company.

Jack, with an oath, flung the whistle from him.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I am grateful. I am d—d grateful. If I live I shall try and repay each one of you. I shall try and be a better man. I shall try to be worthy of your kindness." He went round and shook hands solemnly with every one of them.

"D—d grateful!" he repeated.

"Let's be off," said Brady.

"Now, lad, your word of honor," said Winterslea.

Jack looked about him helplessly.

"I suppose I've no right to ask such a thing," he said. "I know how good you've been to me already, and all that. But—but, gentlemen—she's my wife. I love her. I shall never see her again. May I not entreat a single minute for myself?"

"No," said Brady.

Jack went over to Tehea and took her hand. He put his arms about her, and unashamed, before them all, pressed her comely head against his breast. He tried to explain the inexorable fate he was so powerless to resist; in incoherent whispers he told her he would break his chains and return to her, free in the years to come to devote his life to the woman he loved. He called her the dearest names and begged her not to forget him. But she, with a perception greater than his own, swept away these despairing protestations with disdain. The daughter of one king, the sister of another, could she not meet force by force? These fierce intruders with their rough voices and drawn pistols, who were they to threaten a princess of the royal blood and carry away her lover before her eyes? If they were strong she was stronger, and what ship cannon, she asked, however murderous or far-ranging, could penetrate those mountain recesses whither she would carry him before the morning. Ah, she said, it was for him to choose between her and them; between Britain and the island; between love or the service of the white queen beyond the seas.

"I have chosen," he said.

Her eyes flashed as she freed herself from his arms.

"I am hateful in my own sight for having loved you," she said.

"Will you not even wish me well, Tehea?" he asked.

"No!" she cried, "I hope you will die."

He turned away.

"*Siati*," she cried after him.

He came back to her, downcast and silent.

"Remember," she said in an agony of sweet relenting, "that wherever thou goest, however many the years that may divide us, however wide the waters or the land, I shall be here waiting for thee, here in this house of our happiness, and if I die before thou comest, here thou wilt find my grave."

"Tehea," he said, "as God sees me, some day I shall return!"

She took his hands and looked up into his face with such poignant longing and tenderness that Jack's comrades, already uncomfortable enough, were quite overborne by the scene. Tough old Hatch snuffled audibly, and Brady could hardly speak.

"Come, come, lad," he cried huskily, "you mustn't keep us longer!"

Jack unclasped the girl's hands and suffered himself to be led away by his comrades. Stumbling and falling against one another in the dark, they made shift to find the uncertain path, Winterslea in the lead coo-eeing like a bushfellow for them to follow. Little by little they gained the sleeping village, and pressed on to the beach beyond, where their boat was already afloat on the incoming tide. They took their places without a word, and pulled out in the direction of the ship. In the pass, rising and falling in the swell,

they burned a blue light, which the "Dauntless" answered with another and ran up a masthead lantern to guide them. A few minutes later they clambered up the ladder, the boat was hoisted in, and the boatswain's whistle was rousing the watch on deck.

"Mainsail haul!"

By morning the island had sunk behind them, and standing on the dizzy main-royal yard, with one arm round the mast, Jack could make out nothing but a little cloud on the horizon.

❦❦❦

At sixty John Garrard was a post-captain, a Knight-Commander of the Bath, and within a year of receiving flag rank and the command of a fleet. His career had been more than distinguished, and he had won his way to the front as much by his fine personal qualities as by his invariable good judgment and high professional attainments. He had earned the character of a man who could be trusted in situations involving tact, temper, and diplomatic skill; and no captain in the navy was more confidently ordered to those scenes of international tension, which, in spite of statesmen, so often arise in some distant place to menace the peace of the world.

He had never married, and when rallied on the subject was wont to say, with a laugh, that the sea was his only mistress. No one had ever ventured to question him much further, though his friends were often piqued—especially the women—as to an implied romance in the captain's earlier life. It was known he supported two old maid sisters, the Misses Hadow, the impoverished daughters of his first commander; but in view of his considerable private fortune this drain on his resources seemed scarcely the reason of his renunciation. Nor did it seem to his admirers that any woman could have had the heart to refuse him, for even at sixty he was a noticeably handsome man, and was endowed besides with more than the advantage of good looks—a charm of manner, a distinction, a captivating gallantry that made him everywhere a favorite.

"But, you see, Jack isn't a marrying man," his friends explained, as though that well-worn phrase explained everything.

He was in command of the "Inflexible" battleship, one of the Australian squadron, when she developed some defects in her hydraulic turning gear and was ordered home to England by Admiral Lord George Howard for overhaul. The captain's heart beat a little faster as he realized his course would take him south of the Societies. He spread out the chart on his cabin table and sighed as he laid his finger on Borabora. He shut his eyes and saw the basaltic cliffs, the white and foaming reefs, the green, still forests of that unforgotten island. He was a boy once more, with flowers in his hair, wandering beneath the palms with Tehea. How often had he thought of her during all these years, the years that had left him gray and old, the years that had carried him unscathed through so many dangers in every quarter of the world. For him she was still in her adorable girlhood, untouched by time, a radiant princess in her radiant isle, waiting by the shore for his return. It shocked him to remember she was not far short of sixty—a fat old woman, perhaps, married to some strapping chief, and more than likely with grown children of her own. How incredible it seemed!

But a word and he might land and see her. But a word and the questions of forty years might yet be answered. Answered, yes, to shatter as like as not, with pitiless realities, the tender figment of a dream. No, he said, he dared not expose himself to a possible disillusion, to play into the hands of sardonic nature, ever mocking at man. No, but he would carry his ship close inshore and watch from the bridge the unfolding bays and tiny settlements of that lost paradise; and then, dipping his flag to his vanished youth, he would sink over the horizon, his memory thrilled and his sentiment unimpaired, to set his face for England.

Dawn was breaking as he slowed down to leeward of the island and watched the shadows melt away. It was Sunday, a day of heavenly calm, fresh yet windless, with a sea so smooth that the barrier reefs for once were silent, and one could hear, from across the hushed and shining water, the coo of pigeons in the forest. Under bare steerage way, with the leadsman droning in the forechains, the ship hugged the shore and steamed at a snail's pace round the island. On the lofty

bridge, high above the wondering faces of his command, the white-haired captain, impassive, supreme, and solitary, gave no sign of those inner emotions that were devouring him. Along the shore the sight of the battleship brought out here and there a startled figure or a group. A couple of laughing girls, astride on ponies, raced the "Inflexible" for a mile, and then, their road ending in a precipice, threw kisses with their saucy hands. Little children ran out into the lagoon, shouting with joy; old men, in Sunday *parius* and with black Bibles under their arms, turned their solemn eyes to seaward and forgot for a moment the road to church. A white man, in striped pajamas, was surprised at morning coffee on the veranda of his little house. He darted inside, and reappeared with a magazine rifle, which he emptied in the air, and followed up his courtesies by raising and lowering a Union Jack the size of a handkerchief. The battleship dipped her stately white ensign in acknowledgment, as a swan might salute a gnat, and swept on with majesty.

With every mile the bays and wooded promontories grew increasingly familiar as Sir John was borne towards Lihua, the scene of his boyish folly. He looked ashore in wonder, surprised at the vividness and exactness of his recollection. He might have landed anywhere and found his way through those tangled, scented paths, with no other guide but memory. There was Papaloloa, with its roaring falls; there, the *ti'a a Peau*, where he had shot his first goat; yonder the misty heights of Tiarapu, where Tehea and he had camped a night in the clouds in an air of English cold. It was like a home-coming to see all these familiar scenes spreading out before him. He looked at his hands, his thin, veined, wrinkled hands, and it came over him, with a sort of surprise, that he was an old man.

"That was forty years ago," he said to himself. "Forty years ago!"

As Lihua opened out and he perceived, with an inexpressible pang, the thatched houses set deep in the shade of palms and breadfruit-trees, he felt himself in the throes of a strange and painful indecision. He paced up and down the bridge; he lit a cigar and threw it away again; he twice approached Commander Stillwell as though to give an order, and then, still in doubt, turned shamefacedly on his heel.

"By the deep nine!" came the hoarse murmur of the leadsman.

It lay with him to stop the ship or not —a word and she would come shivering to a standstill; a word and the boatswain would pipe away his gig and the crew would be running to their places. His heart ached with the desire to land; but something—he knew not what—withheld the order on his lips. Let him remain silent and the opportunity would pass away for ever. It was passing now with every turn of the propeller. Had he not told her he would return? Had he not whispered it that night when they were torn apart? Did he not owe it to her to keep the promise of forty years, a promise given in the flush of youth and hope, and sealed with scalding tears?

His resolution was taken. He ordered Commander Stillwell to stop the ship and lower a boat.

"I am going to treat myself to a run ashore," he said by way of explanation.

The vessel slowly stopped. The covers were whipped off the gig. She was hoisted out and lowered, the crew dropping down the ladder into their places at the peep-peep-peep of the whistle.

"I leave the ship," said Sir John, not to convey a fact patently obvious, but in obedience to a naval formula.

He was landed at a little cove where in bygone days he had often whiled away an hour waiting in charge of Hadow's boat. It gave him a singular sensation to feel the keel grate against the shingle, and to say to himself that this was Lihua! He drew a deep breath as he looked about and noticed how unchanged it all was. There were some new houses in new places, and grass on the sites of others that were endeared to him in recollection; but it was Lihua after all, the Lihua of his boyhood, the Lihua of his dreams. For a while he strolled about at random, walking with the phantoms of the past, hearing their laughter, seeing their faces, recalling a thousand things he had forgotten.

It came over him with a start that the village was empty. Then he remembered it was Sunday, and they were all in church. Thank God, there were none to watch him, no prying, curious eyes to disturb

his thoughts. But they would soon be out again, and it behooved him to make the best use of his solitude while he might. He struck inland, his heart beating with a curious expectancy; at every sound he held his breath, and he would turn quickly and look back with a haunting sense that Tehea was near him; that perhaps she was gazing at him through the trees. He approached his old home through overgrown plantations. It awed him to part the branches and to feel himself drawing near at every step to the only house he had ever called his own. As he heard the splashing waterfall he stopped, not daring for the moment to go on. When at last he did so, and mounted the little hill, he found no house at all. Nothing but ferns and weeds, man high. He moved about here and there, up to the arm-pits in verdure, in consternation at discovering it gone.

His foot struck against a boulder. He had forgotten there were any rocks on the hill. He moved along and his foot struck again. He pressed the weeds back and looked down.

He saw a tomb of crumbling cement, green with age and buried out of sight under the tangle.

It had never occurred to him before that Tehea might be dead.

He held back the undergrowth again and peered into the depths. Yes, it was the grave of a chief or a woman of rank, one of those artless mounds of cement and rock that the natives, with poetic fancy, used to call *falelauasi*, houses of sandalwood; *oliolisanga*, or the place where birds sing; or in vulgarer speech simply *tuungamau*, or tombs. These words, unspoken, unthought of for forty years —lost, overlaid, and forgotten in some recess of his brain—now returned to him with tormenting recollection. He laid both hands on the thick stem of a shrub and tore it out of the ground. He seized another and dragged it out with the same ferocity. It was intolerable that she should suffocate under all this warm, wet jungle that intruded itself, like a horrible canaille, where there were none to drive it back. He would give her air and sunshine, she that had loved them both; he would uncover the poor stones that marked her last resting-place; he would lay bare the earth that wrapped her dead beauty.

He worked with desperation until his hands were bleeding, until his eyes were stung and blinded with the streaming sweat. Dizzy with the heat, parched with thirst, and sick with the steam that rose from the damp ground, he was forced again and again to desist and rest. He cut his waistcoat into slips and bound them round his bloody hands; he broke the blades of his penknife on recalcitrant roots that defied the strength of his arms; he labored with fury to complete the task he had set before him. Here he stood, within four walls of vegetation, the sky above him, the cracked and rotted tomb below, satisfied at last by the accomplishment of his duty. The gold on his sleeves was dirty and disordered; one of his shoulder-straps dangled loose from his sodden coat; his trousers were splashed with earth. But for the moment the post-captain was forgotten in the man, as he mused on the tragedy of human life, on the mysteries of love and death and destiny, on his own irrevocable youth now so far behind him, when he had forfeited his honor for the dead woman at his feet. He called her aloud by name. He bent down and kissed her mossy bed. He whispered with a strange conviction that she could hear him, that he had kept his promise to return.

Then, rising to his feet, he turned towards the sea and retraced his steps. The people were still in church, and the village was deserted as before. He walked swiftly, lest they might come flocking out before he could reach his boat, to torture him with recognition, with the question they would ask, with their story of Tehea's death. Then he laughed at his own fears, remembering his white hair and the intervening generation. Time had passed over Borabora too. The world, he remembered, was older by forty years. Older and sadder and emptier.

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He swung himself up the ladder, mounted the bridge, and put the vessel on her course. The telegraph rang, the engineers repeated back the signal, and the great battleship, vibrating with her mighty engines, resumed once more her ponderous way.

"'Say, . . . I seen Teacher mit a man'"

LOVE AMONG THE BLACKBOARDS

BY MYRA KELLY

Illustrated by Florence Scovel Shinn

OF all the laws in the archives of the Board of Education there is none more heartless than that which decrees "That the marriage of a female teacher shall constitute resignation."

In an East Side school, a year or two ago, there was a First Reader class watched over and ruled by a female teacher, who was, in turn, watched over and ruled by a cabinet of three. These powers behind the throne were Morris Mogilewsky, Monitor of the Goldfish Bowl; Nathan Spiderwitz, Monitor of Window Boxes; and Patrick Brennan, Leader of the Line. In years they were very young, but in worldcraft they were very old, for the green fields of their childhood were the swarming streets, and their fairy tales the corner gossip of the district. Chief in their queer assortment of memories was that of a kindergarten teacher of transcendent charm, who had married and faded from their loving ken. They had learned the law by that bereavement, and now, when they found themselves raised to such high places by the pleasure of their sovereign, they kept watchful eyes upon her. Losing her they would lose love and power—and love and power were sweet. No heiress to broad acres could be more carefully chaperoned by a bevy of maiden aunts than was Teacher by Morris, Nathan, and Patrick.

Morris was the first to discover definite grounds for uneasiness. He met his cherished Miss Bailey walking across Grand Street on a rainy morning, and the umbrella which was protecting her beloved head was being held by a tall stranger in a long and baggy coat. After circling incredulously about this astounding tableau, Morris dashed off to report to his colleagues. He found Patrick and Nathan in the midst of an exciting game of craps, but his pattering feet warned them of

danger, so they pocketed their dice and turned to hear his news.

"Say," he panted; "I seen Teacher mit a man."

"No!" said Patrick, aghast.

"It's a lie!" cried Nathan; "it's a lie!"

"No; it's no lie," said Morris, with a sob half of breathlessness and half of sorrow; "I seen her for sure. Und the man carries umbrellas over her mit loving looks."

"Ah, g'wan," drawled Patrick; "you're crazy. You don't know what you're talking about."

"Sure do I," cried Morris. "I had once a auntie what was loving mit a awful stylish salesman - he's now floor-walkers—und I seen how they makes."

"Well," said Patrick, "I had a sister Mary, and she married the milkman, so I know, too. But umbrellas doesn't mean much."

"But the loving looks," Morris insisted. "My auntie makes such looks on the salesman - he's now floor-walkers—und sooner she marries mit him."

"Say, Patrick," suggested Nathan; "I'll tell you what to do. You ask her if she's goin' to get married."

"Naw," said Patrick. "Let Morris ask her. She'd tell him before she'd tell any of us. She's been soft on him ever since Christmas. Say, Morris, do you hear? You've got to ask Teacher if she's going to get married."

"O-o-oh! I dassent. It ain't polite how you says," cried Morris in his shocked little voice. "It *ain't* polite you asks like that. It's fierce."

"Well, you've got to do it, anyway," said Patrick darkly, "and you've got to do it soon, and you've got to let us hear you."

"It's fierce," protested Morris, but he was overruled by the dominant spirit of Patrick Brennan, that grandson of the kings of Munster and son of the policeman on the beat.

Morris's opportunity found him on the very next morning. Isadore Wishnewsky, the gentlest of gentle children, came to school wearing his accustomed air of melancholy shot across with a tender pride. His subdued "Good morning" was accompanied with much strenuous exertion, directed apparently to the removal and exhibition of a portion of his spine. After much wriggling he paused long enough to say:

"Teacher, what you think? I'm got a present for you," and then recommenced his search in another layer of his many flannels. His efforts being at length crowned with success, he drew forth and spread before Teacher's admiring eyes a Japanese paper napkin.

"My sister," he explained. "She gets it on a weddinge."

"Oh, Isadore," cried the flattered teacher; "It's very pretty, isn't it?"

"Teacher—yiss, ma'an," gurgled Isadore. "It's stylish. You could to look on how stands birds on it and flowers. Mine sister she gives it to me, und I gives it to you. *I* don't need it. She gives me all times something the while she's got such a fond over me. She goes all times on weddinges. Most all her younge lady friends gettin' married; ain't it funny?"

At the fateful word "married," the uneasy cabinet closed in about Teacher. Their three pairs of eyes clung to her face as Isadore repeated:

"All gettin' married. Ain't it funny?"

"Well, no, dear," answered Teacher musingly. "You know nearly all young ladies do it."

Patrick took a pin from Teacher's desk and kneeled to tie his shoe-string. When he rose the point of the pin projected half an inch beyond the frayed toe of his shoe, and he was armed. Morris was most evidently losing courage—he was indeed trying to steal away when Patrick pressed close beside him and held him to his post.

"Teacher," said Isadore suddenly, as a dreadful thought struck him, "be you a lady or be you a girl?"

And Teacher, being of Hibernian ancestry, answered one question with another:

"Which do you think, Isadore?"

"Well," Isadore answered, "I don't know be you a forsure lady or be you a forsure girl. You wears your hair so tucked up und your dress so long down like you was a lady, but you laffs und tells us stories like you was a girl. I don't know."

Clearly this was Morris's opening. Patrick pierced his soul with a glance of scorn and simultaneously buried the pin

in his quaking leg. Thus encouraged Morris rushed blindly into the conversation with :

"Say, Teacher, Miss Bailey, be *you* goin' to get married?" and then dropped limply against her shoulder.

The question was not quite new to Teacher and, as she bestowed Morris more comfortably on her knee, she pondered once again. She knew that, for the present, her lines had fallen in very pleasant places, and she felt no desire to change to pastures new. And yet—and yet——. The average female life is long, and a Board, however thoughtful as to salary and pension, is an impersonal lord and master, and remote withal. So she answered quite simply, with her cheek against the boy's :

"Well, perhaps so, Morris. Perhaps I shall, some day."

"Teacher, no, ma'an, Miss Bailey!" wailed the Monitor of the Goldfish: "Don't you go and get married mit nobody. So you do you couldn't be Teacher by us no more, und you're a awful nice teacher by little boys. You ain't *too* big. Und say, we'd feel terrible bad the while you goes and gets married mit somebody—terrible bad."

"She knew that, for the present, her lines had fallen in very pleasant places"

"Should you really now?" asked Teacher, greatly pleased. "Well, dear, I too should be lonely without you."

Here Isadore Wishnewsky, who considered this conversation as his cherished own, and saw it being torn from him, determined to outdo the favored Morris as a squire of dames.

"Teacher, yiss, ma'an," he broke in. "We'd all feel terrible the while we ain't got you by teacher. All the boys und all the girls they says like this—it's the word in the yard—we ain't never had a teacher smells so nice like you."

While Teacher was in the lenient mood, resulting from this astounding tribute, Nathan forged yet another chain for her securing.

"Teacher," said he, "you wouldn't never go and get married mit nobody 'out saying nothing to somebody, would you?"

"Indeed, no, my dear," Miss Bailey assured him. "When I marry, you and Patrick and Morris shall be ushers — monitors, you know. Now are you happy, you funny little chaps?"

"Teacher, yiss, ma'an," Morris sighed as the bell rang sharply, and the aloof and formal exercise of the assembly room began.

Some days later Teacher arranged to go to a reception, and as she did not care to return to her home between work and play she appeared at school in rather festive array. Room 18 was delighted with its transformed ruler, but to the board of monitors this glory of raiment brought nothing but misery. Every twist in the neat coiffure, every fold of the pretty dress, every rustle of the invisible

"Tea in Room 18 with two other teachers and with Teacher"

silk, every click of the high heels, meant the coming abdication of Teacher and the disbanding of her cabinet. Just so had Patrick's sister Mary looked on the day she wed the milkman. Just such had been the outward aspect of Morris's auntie on the day of her union to the promising young salesman who was now a floor-walker and Morris's Uncle Ikey.

Momentarily they expected some word of farewell—perhaps even an ice-cream party—but Teacher made no sign. They decided that she was reserving her last words for their private ear and were greatly disconcerted to find themselves turned out with the common herd at three o'clock. With heavy hearts they followed the example of Mary's little lamb and waited patiently about till Teacher did appear. When she came she was more wonderful than ever, in a long and billowy boa and a wide and billowy hat. She had seemed in a breathless hurry while up in Room 18, but now she stood quite placidly in a group of her small adherents on the highest of the schoolhouse steps. And the cabinet, waiting gloomily apart, only muttered, "I told ye so," and "It must be a awful kind feeling," when the tall stranger came swinging upon the scene. One of his hands was held stiffly in the pocket of the baggy coat, the other carried gloves and a cane. When Teacher's eyes fell upon him she began to force her way through her clinging court, and when he was half way up the steps she was half way down. As they met he drew from his pocket the hand and the violets it held and Teacher was still adjusting the flowers in her jacket when she passed, with flushed cheeks and shining eyes, within touch but without knowledge of her lurking staff.

"I didn't expect you at all," she was saying. "You know it was not a really definite arrangement, and men hate receptions."

A big voice replied in a phrase which Morris identified as having been prominent in the repertoire of the enamored salesman,—now a floor-walker—and Teacher and her companion turned to cross the street. Her heels clicked for yet a moment, and the deserted cabinet knew that all was over.

The gloom obscuring Patrick's spirit on that evening was of so deep a dye that Mrs. Brennan diagnosed it as the first stage of "a consumption." She administered simple remedies and warm baths with perseverance, but without effect. But more potent to cure than bath or bottle

was the sight of Teacher on the next morning in her accustomed clothes and place.

The Board of Monitors had hardly recovered from this panic when another alarming symptom appeared. Miss Bailey began to watch for letters, and large envelopes began to reward her watchfulness. Daily was Patrick sent to the powers that were to demand a letter, and daily he carried one, and a sorely heavy heart, back to his sovereign. In exactly the same sweetly insistent way had he been sent many a time and oft to seek tidings of the laggard milkman. His colleagues, when he laid these facts before them, were of the opinion that things looked very dark for Teacher. Said Nathan :

"You know how she says we should be monitors on her weddinge? Well, it could to be lies. She marries maybe already."

Patrick promptly knocked the Monitor of Window Boxes down upon the rough asphalt of the yard and kicked him.

"Miss Bailey's no sneak," he cried hotly. "If she was married she'd just as lief go and tell."

"Well," Morris began, "I had once a auntie——"

"Your auntie makes me sick," snapped Patrick. But Morris went on quite undisturbedly :

"I had once a auntie un' she had awful kind feelings over a stylish floor-walker, und he was loving mit her. So-o-oh ! They marries ! Un' they don't says nothings to nobody. On'y the stylish floor-walker he writes on my auntie whole bunches of loving letters."

"*She* ain't married," Patrick reiterated. "She ain't."

"Well, she will be," muttered Nathan vindictively. "Und the new teacher will lick you the while you fights. It's fierce how you makes me biles on my bones. Think shame."

When the ruffled Monitor of the Window Boxes had been soothed by the peaceful Guardian of the Goldfish the cabinet held council. Nathan suggested that it might be possible to bribe the interloper. They would give him their combined wealth and urge him to turn his eyes upon Miss Blake, whose room was across the hall. She was very big and would do excellently well for him, whereas she was entirely too long and too broad for them.

Morris maintained that Teacher might be held by gratitude. A list should be made out, and, each in turn, a child a day, should give her a present.

Patrick listened to these ideas in deep and restive disgust. He urged instant and copious bloodshed. His big brother's gang could "let daylight into the dude" with enjoyment and dispatch. They would watch him ceaselessly and they would track him down.

The watching was an easy matter, for Teacher, in common with the majority of rulers, lived much in the public eye. The stranger was often detected prowling in her vicinity. He even began to bring her to school in the mornings, and on these occasions there were always violets in her coat. He used to appear at luncheon time and vanish with her. He used to come in the afternoon and have tea in Room 18 with two other teachers and with Teacher. The antagonism of the Monitor of Goldfish became so marked that Miss Bailey was forced to remonstrate.

"Morris, dear," she began one afternoon, when they were alone together, "you were very rude to Doctor Ingraham yesterday. I can't allow you to stay here with me if you're going to behave so badly. You sulked horribly and you slammed the door against his foot. Of course it was an accident, but how would you feel, Morris, if you had hurt Doctor Ingraham?"

"Glad," said the Monitor of the Goldfish savagely. "Glad."

"Morris ! What do you mean by saying such a thing ? I'm ashamed of you. Why should you want to hurt a friend of mine ?"

"Don't you be friends mit him !" cried Morris, deserting his fish and throwing himself upon his teacher. "Don't you do it, Teacher Missis Bailey. He ain't no friends for a lady." And then, in answer to Teacher's stare of blank surprise, he went on :

"My mamma she seen him by your side und she says—I got to tell you in whispering how she says."

Teacher meekly bent her head, and Morris whispered in an awe-struck voice :

"My mamma says she like that : 'He could to be a Krisht,'" and then drew back to study Teacher's consternation. But she seemed quite calm. Perhaps she

had already faced the devastating fact, for she said :

"Yes, I know he's a Christian. I'm not afraid of them. Are you?"

"Teacher, no, ma'an, Missis Bailey, I ain't got no scare over Krishts, on'y they ain't no friends for ladies. My papa says like that on my auntie, und my auntie she's married now mit a stylish floor-walker. We'm got a Krisht by our house for boarder, so I know. But *you* couldn't to know 'bout Krishts."

"Yes, I do. They're very nice people."

"No, ma'an," said Morris gently. And then still more courteously :

"It's a lie. You couldn't to know about Krishts."

"But I do know all about them, Morris dear. I'm a Christian."

Again Morris remembered his manners. Again he replied in his courtly phrase :

"It's a lie." As he said it, with a bewitching rising inflection, it was almost a caress. "It's a lie. Teacher fools. You couldn't to be no Krisht. You ain't got no looks off of Krishts."

Teacher was mildly surprised. She was as Irish as Patrick Brennan, and in her own way she looked it. Truly her eyes were brown, but the face and the faith of her fathers were still strongly hers. Morris, meanwhile, examined his sovereign with admiring eyes. He could well understand the heart of that Krisht, for Teacher was very beautiful and of splendid array. Her jumper was red with golden buttons, and her collar was white, and her hair was soft, with combs. And she had a light face and a little bit of nose and teeth. Her apron was from silk with red ribbons and red flowers, and she had like-man's shoes and a watch. This vision of feminine perfection was bestowing time and smiles on him. She was actually appealing to his judgment.

"Not look like a Christian?" she was saying. "Well then, Morris, what do I look like?"

And Morris, ever going straight to the point, replied :

"You looks like a stylish Sheeny," and waited for this intoxicating praise to bring blushes to the light face he loved. It brought the blushes, but they were even redder and hotter than he had expected. There was also a gasp on which he had not counted and a queer flash in the brown eyes.

"Morris," said Teacher, "Morris, did you ever see a Sheeny with a nose like mine?"

Morris raised his head from the red jumper, climbed off the from-silk apron and solemnly contemplated the little bit of nose. The truth broke over him in sickening waves. The star of his life had set; his doll was stuffed with sawdust; his idol had feet of clay; his light-faced lady was a Christian. And yet she was his Teacher and greatly to be loved, so he bore the knowledge, for her dear sake, as bravely as he could. He returned to the from-silk apron, wound a short arm round the white collar and sobbed :

"Feigned a nose-bleed"

"Teacher, yiss, ma'an, you'm got a Krisht nose. But don't you care, no one couldn't never to know like you ain't a forsure Sheeny the while you got such terrible Sheeny eyes. Oh, but they couldn't never to think you're a Krisht. Und say, don't you have a frightened. I wouldn't never to tell nobody. Never. I makes a swear over it. I kiss up to God. I hopes I drops down if I tells."

At the end of a month the high heels and the festive raiment appeared again, and the staff knew that the time for action had really come. They must bring the Krisht to terms before he should see Teacher in her present and irresistible array. He was always first at the trysting place, and there they would have speech

with him. They arranged to escape from Room 18 before three o'clock. Patrick feigned a nose-bleed, Morris developed an inward agony, and Nathan, after some moments of indecision, boldly plucked out a tottering tooth and followed—bloody but triumphant—in their wake. They found the enemy just as they had expected, and Morris, being again elected spokesman, stepped forward and took him by his dastard hand. The adversary yielded, thinking that Teacher had been forced to greater caution. The Monitors of Goldfish and of Window Boxes followed close behind; they having consented, in view of the enormous issues involved, to act as scouts. Around the corner they went into a dark and narrow alley, and, when they had reached a secluded spot between the high wall of the school and the blank windows of a recently burned tenement house, Morris began:

"Teacher don't wants to go on the party mit you the while she ain't got no more that kind feeling over you."

"What?" cried the astonished Doctor Ingraham.

"She don't wants to be married mit you."

"Did Miss Bailey send you with any message to me?"

The question was so fierce that the truth was forced from the unwilling lips of the spokesman.

"No, ma'an—no, sir," they faltered. "On'y that's the feeling what she had. Und so you go away now 'out seeing Teacher, me und the other fellows we gives you f-i-v-e cents."

The cabinet drew near to hear the answer to this suggestion. It puzzled them, for——

"Now, look here, boy," said Doctor Ingraham, "you'd better go home and get to bed. You aren't well."

Morris conferred with his colleagues and returned with:

"We gives you s-e-v-e-n cents so you go home now 'out seeing Teacher. A nickel und two pennies so you go *now*. Und say, Miss Blake could go by your side. She has kind feelings over you."

"Nonsense," said the man. "When will your teacher be down?"

"She ain't coming at all. She has no more feelings. So you goes now we gives you a dime and a penny. Eleven cents. We ain't got it; on'y we *could* to get. Teacher gives me all times pennies."

Just as the stranger was wondering how much of truth these extraordinary children knew, Teacher, calm-eyed and unruffled, appeared upon the scene. She said, as she generally did:

"Doctor Ingraham! Who would have thought to find you here!" And then, "Are you talking to my little people? They are the cleverest little things, and such friends of mine. Morris here and I are the greatest of cronies."

Teacher's manner as she began her greeting was serene and bright, but a gloomy, even a morose glance, from Doctor Ingraham's cold blue eye quite changed her. His voice too, considered as the voice of love, sounded sulky as he said:

"So it seems. He has given me an answer which you refused me."

"How generous of Morris, and how thoughtful! He's always trying to save me trouble. And the question, now, to which the answer belonged. May one know that?"

"You know it well enough," with a glance up and down the deserted alley, for even Patrick had realized that discretion is the better part of statesmanship. "You know it too well. I asked it yesterday, and every day for weeks."

"And Morris's answer?"

"No."

"They really are the cleverest children."

"Little brutes! I can't think why you come down here every day. The brats aren't in the least grateful."

"But they are. They think me perfection."

"That is the contagion of mental states."

"And they're not fond of you."

"They reflect your every thought."

"Yes, the insight of a little child is a marvelous thing. But come. We are a long way from Forty-seventh Street and our hostess."

"Tea, do you know," said Doctor Ingraham, "is a dreadful bore."

"Of course. But cold tea is worse. And the cakes are so shattered towards the end. Come."

"I've changed my mind. I'm not going. I'm tired of this sort of thing. Answer me now."

"But the children," faltered Teacher. "I should miss them so."

At this sign of weakening Doctor Ingraham favored the queer old street with a tableau to which it long had been a stranger. And the cabinet, creeping back to reconnoiter, immediately guessed the worst. Said Morris :

"She's loving mit him und he's loving mit her. They've got loving looks. I had once a auntie——"

This was too much for the torn spirit of the Leader of the Line. He laid violent hands—and feet—upon the Monitor of Goldfish. The Monitor of Window Boxes promptly followed suit. Morris's prolonged yell of agonized surprise brought Teacher flying to the rescue, and Teacher brought Doctor Ingraham. While the latter held and restrained Patrick and Nathan, Miss Bailey lavished endearments and caresses on her favorite. The captor grew as restless as his captives under this aggravation, and at last allowed his charges to escape him.

"Miss Bailey!" he remonstrated; "I can't stand this sort of thing, you know. It's cruel."

But Teacher's ears were all for Morris's tale of sorrow.

"I don't know what is mit Patrick," he was saying. "He hits me a hack somethin' fierce sooner I says about mine auntie. Und Nathan, too, is bad boys. He says you lies."

"I?" said Teacher, "I?"

"Yiss, ma'an, that's how he says. On'y *I* know you don't lies. I *know* we should be monitors like you says."

"When, dearie?"

"On your weddinge. You know you says me, und Patrick, und Nathan, should be monitors on your weddinge when you marries mit him." And Morris stretched a pointing finger at the foe. After one radiant glance at Teacher's crimson face, Doctor Ingraham possessed himself of a scrubby hand and shook it warmly.

"And so you shall, old chap," he cried, "so you shall. You may be best man if you so desire. Anything you like."

"New clothes?" asked Morris.

"From stem to stern."

"Ice cream?"

"Gallons."

"Paper napkins mit birds?"

"Bushels."

"Can I mine little sister bring?"

"A dozen little sisters if you have them."

"Can I go in a carriage, down and up? It's stylish."

"You shall have a parade of carriages—one for each sister."

"But I'm not going to leave you for a long time," Miss Bailey assured him. "I shall get you another and a nicer teacher before I go."

"All right," said Morris blithely. And he then set out to spend the untold wealth which the enemy had put into his hand.

When Miss Bailey turned to Doctor Ingraham her "light face" was still brightly pink, and the "terrible Sheeny eyes" held a combination of embarrassment, dismay, and anger.

"He is making a dreadful mistake," she began timidly. "Believe me, he is confusing things horribly. I can't explain. But you were quite right when you said they were ungrateful little brutes. They are."

"No, no," Doctor Ingraham gently interposed. "You were right. They are the cleverest youngsters. The insight of a little child is a marvelous thing, and your crony, Morris, has answered me, after all." And then, as Teacher made no sign of dissent, he added, still more gently: "Constance, dear."

THE HISTORY OF THE STANDARD OIL COMPANY

BY IDA M. TARBELL

Author of "The Life of Lincoln"

CHAPTER V—THE PRICE OF TRUST BUILDING

"The American Beauty rose can be produced in its splendor and fragrance only by sacrificing the early buds which grow up around it."—J. D. ROCKEFELLER, JR., in an address on Trusts to the students of Brown University.

MR. JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER has shown repeatedly in his conquering business career remarkable ability to learn from experience. The breaking up of the Refiners' Association in June, 1873, *may* have seemed a disaster to him. He did not allow it to be a profitless disaster. He extracted useful lessons from the experience, and, armed with this new wisdom, bent his whole mind to working out a third plan of campaign. He now knew that he could not hope to make again so rich a haul as he had made through the defunct South Improvement scheme. The experience of the past year with the refiners convinced him that it would take time to educate them to his idea of combination; but he had learned who of them were capable of this education. As for the producers, the alliance attempted with them was enough to demonstrate that they would never endure long the restraints of any association. Besides, the bulk of them still held the, to him, unpractical belief that rebates were *wrong*.

Mr. Rockefeller had re-learned in these eighteen months what he knew pretty well before, that the promise to give or take away a heavy freight traffic was enough to persuade any railroad king of the day to break the most solemn compact. He knew that, at his solicitation, Mr. Vanderbilt had broken the contract of March 25, 1872, with the oil men. He knew that at the solicitation of his rivals Mr. Scott had done the same thing. As for the president of the Erie, he had followed the lead of the others in the spring of 1873, the beneficiaries being from the very company of men who had held out so valiantly against all special privileges at the time of the breaking up of the South Improvement Company.

Objective Points of the New Campaign

With all these reflections fresh in mind, Mr. Rockefeller again bent over a map of the refining interests of the United States. Here was the world he sighed to conquer. If we may suppose him to have begun his campaign as a great general with whom he has many traits in common—the First Napoleon—used to begin his, by studding a map with red-headed pegs marking the points he must capture, Mr. Rockefeller's chart would have shown in and around Boston perhaps three pegs, representing a crude capacity of 3,500 barrels; in and around New York fifteen pegs, a capacity of 9,790 barrels; in and around Philadelphia twelve pegs, a capacity of 2,061 barrels; in Pittsburg twenty-two pegs, a capacity of 6,090 barrels; on the Creek twenty-seven pegs, a capacity of 9,231 barrels.* His work was to get control of this multitude of red pegs, and to fly above them the flag of what the irreverent call the "holy blue barrel."† That he never lost sight of this purpose night or day there is abundant evidence, but for nearly two years the mass of the oil men had no reason to suspect that Mr. Rockefeller was interesting himself in any project except the very evident one of making his splendid Cleveland plants more splendid and more profitable. It was while in the prosecution of this work, indeed, that he became convinced that the moment was at hand for attempting the third time a concentration of refining interests.

* These figures are from Henry's "History of Petroleum," published in 1873.

† The barrels of the Standard Oil Company are painted blue.

Making Allies of the Railroad Men

As the history of the Standard Oil Company to this point shows, Mr. Rockefeller had always realized the importance of an intimate relation with the railroads. By 1874 he had secured as stockholders in the Standard at least five eminent railroad men of the day, three of them of great importance to him. These three were W. H. Vanderbilt of the Central, Amasa Stone of the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern, and Peter H. Watson, late president of the South Improvement Company, but now president of the Erie railway.* These three gentlemen were all distinguished for making things work together for the benefit of their own pockets, and it was to be expected that if they saw a way by which their respective railroads could help a company in which they held stock they would not be slow to follow it. Mr. Rockefeller could be relied upon to point out this way.

It was Mr. Rockefeller's intimate relations with these railway kings, as well as the fact that he was a large shipper, which brought him into certain conferences, held in the summer of 1874 by representatives of the great trunk lines looking to a readjustment of the rates on oil. The contracts under which the traffic was still ostensibly carried on were those of March, 1872, but, as we have seen, while the railroads signed them with the right hand, they gave rebates with the left. The men who had never been able to get special rates were suffering and loudly cursing the roads and the Standard. Those who had rebates were continually demanding more on the ground that the Standard had more. The division of freights was very unequal. Thus in the last five months of 1872 the Erie road carried only one-sixth as much oil as the Pennsylvania.

The Famous "Rutter Circular"

Something had to be done if a traffic war was to be averted, and in 1874 Colonel Joseph D. Potts, the president of the Empire Transportation Company, an organization handling the entire oil freight of the Pennsylvania railroad, sought interviews with J. H. Rutter and George R. Blanchard, the general freight agents of the Central and Erie, and proposed that they work out a readjustment which would equalize the freights on crude and refined from all points. Such an equalization seems at first glance an unsolvable puzzle. The agents found it intricate enough. Throughout the summer of 1874 they worked on it, holding meetings at Long Branch and Saratoga and calling into their counsels a few of the leading refiners, pipe-line men, and producers whom they could trust to keep quiet about the project. Whatever their precautions about keeping their counsels secret, a rumor got out that freights were to be raised, and the Oil Region was correspondingly uneasy. Early in September the rumor was proved true by the publication in the newspapers of a document intended as confidential to freight agents, and henceforth famous in the history of the oil business as the "Rutter Circular."

The circular gave the new rates, and closed by declaring that they were "even and fair to all parties, preventing one locality taking advantage of its neighbors by reason of some alleged or new facility it may possess."

An Ingenious Piece of Handicapping

The scheme was certainly most ingenious. It actually succeeded in making the cost of transporting a barrel of refined oil to the seaboard the same whether that oil was manufactured in the Oil Regions, in Cleveland, in Pittsburg, in New York, or in Philadelphia. But to do this the railroads had to raise the rate of shipping from the Oil Regions by one-third, without any corresponding raise for Cleveland. That is, where the open tariff from Titusville to New York had been $1.50, it was now $2.00, but whereas Mr. Rockefeller in Cleveland had paid $2.00 under the old tariff to get his oil from the Oil Regions to his works, 150 miles west, and from there to New York, he paid the same price now! This was called equalization! To aid them in arranging the tariff, the railroads had to ally themselves with certain pipe lines (oil was all brought to the railroads by pipe lines in 1874); that is, they had to create a "pipe pool" by allowing a rebate of 22 cents to all pipes which would make their charges uniform.

The Rutter Circular seems to have been an honest attempt to do an impossible thing. It tried to overcome natural inequal-

* Mr. Watson was made president of the Erie in July, 1872, and held the position until July 14, 1874.

ities and created artificial ones—which are always the more irritating to men.

At first the Oil Region was puzzled by the Rutter Circular. It certainly was plausible. Was it not true that every man shared equally under it? As the days passed, the dazed mental condition into which it had thrown the oil men cleared up. The pipe lines left out of the pool began to ask how it could be legal that the railroads should enter into an arrangement which obviously would drive them out of business. The Creek refiners began to ask by what right the advantage of geographical position at the wells should be taken from them, and Cleveland be allowed to retain the advantages of her proximity to the Western market; Pittsburg her position on the Ohio River and the market it commanded; all of the cities the advantage of their proximity to great local markets and to such necessary supplies as barrels and acids. Besides, was it constitutional for the railroads thus to regulate interstate commerce? Was not the arrangement, as far as the Pennsylvania was concerned, plainly prohibited by the new constitution of the State of Pennsylvania?

An Inequitable Equalization

It was an "insolent equalization," the oil men concluded, and the sum total of their dissatisfaction finally found expression at a mass meeting at Parker's Landing, on October 2d. Directly after this meeting a committee appointed sent to Messrs. Scott, Vanderbilt, and Jewett, the new president of the Erie, letters calling their attention to the Rutter Circular, and stating the objections of the producers to it.

This letter, sent on October 6th, received no attention from any of the railroad presidents addressed for over three weeks, when the following letter was received from the Pennsylvania:

Gentlemen:—Your communication of the 6th inst., to Thomas A. Scott, Esq., President, was received, and has been referred to me.

In establishing the recent rates and arrangements for the transportation of oil, the object which was at all times kept in view was to place all interests on an equality, giving to no one an undue advantage over any other.

We believe that this object has been accomplished, and that by adhering to our present rates the interests both of the producers, refiners, and transporters will be promoted.

Very truly yours,
A. J. CASSATT.

It was evident that the railroads meant to stand by their creation.

In this discussion of the Rutter Circular Mr. Rockefeller's name scarcely appears. It was known that he had been admitted to the conferences at which the tariff was arranged. This was taken as a matter of course. There was nothing which concerned the oil business which John Rockefeller was not on the inside of, but there is no evidence, as far as the writer knows, that Mr. Rockefeller had any hand in settling the main points of the Rutter Circular.

The Great Scheme Broached

But if Mr. Rockefeller had not framed the Rutter Circular he had used his knowledge of its provision to aid him in accomplishing one of the shrewdest and most far-reaching moves of his life—the move which was to lead at last to the realization of his great purpose—the concentration of the oil business in his own hands.

Some time in the summer of 1874, after it had become certain that Colonel Potts's plan for an equalization of oil freights would be carried out, Mr. Rockefeller wrote to his former colleague in the South Improvement Company, Mr. W. G. Warden, of Philadelphia, telling him he wanted to talk over the condition of the oil business with him, and inviting him to bring Mr. Charles Lockhart, of Pittsburg, to that Mecca of American schemers, Saratoga, for a conference with him and Mr. Flagler. Mr. Warden hesitated. He had been much abused for his relation with the South Improvement Company. He had seen the National Refiners' Association fail. He had begun to feel a distaste for combination. Besides, he was doing very well in Philadelphia. However, after some hesitation, he and Mr. Lockhart went to Saratoga. The four gentlemen breakfasted together and later strolled out to a pavilion. Here they discussed again, as they had nearly three years before, when they prepared the South Improvement assault, the condition of the oil business.

Mr. Rockefeller now had something besides a theory to present to the gentlemen he wished to go into his third scheme. He had the most persuasive of all arguments—an actual achievement. "Three years ago," he could tell them, "I took over the Cleveland refineries. I have managed

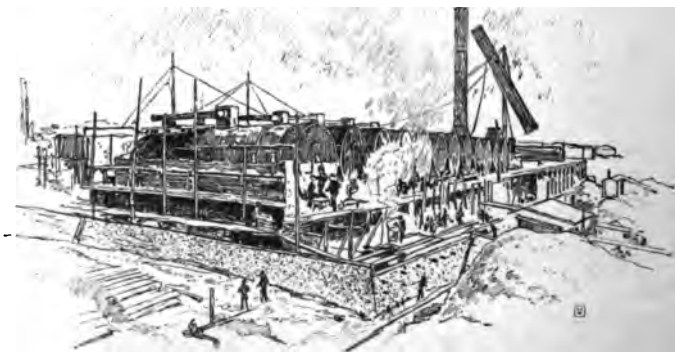
them so that to-day I pay a profit to nobody. I do my own buying, I make my own acid and barrels, I control the New York terminals of both the Erie and Central roads, and ship such quantities that the railroads give me larger rebates than they do any other shipper. In 1873 I shipped over 700,000 barrels by the Central, and my profit on my capitalization, $2,500,000, was over $1,000,000. This is the result of combination in one city. The railroads now have arranged a new tariff, by which they mean to put us all on an equal footing. They say they will give no rebates to any one, but if we can join with Cleveland the other great shipping points, and apply to them the same tactics I have employed, we shall become the only shipper, and can demand a rebate in return for an equal division of our freight. We proved in 1872-'73 that we could not do anything by an open association. Let us, who see what a combination strictly carried out will effect, unite secretly to accomplish it. Let us become the nucleus of a *private* company which gradually shall acquire control of all refineries everywhere, become the only oil shippers, and consequently the master of the railroads in the matter of freight rates."

The Great Scheme Goes Through

It was six hours before the gentlemen in conference left the pavilion, and when they came out Mr. Warden and Mr. Lockhart had agreed to transfer their refineries in Philadelphia and Pittsburg to the Standard Oil Company, of Cleveland, taking stock in exchange. They had also agreed to absorb, as rapidly as persuasion or other means could bring it about, the refineries in their neighborhood. Their union with the Standard was to remain an absolute secret—the concerns operating under their respective names. On October 15, 1874, Mr. Rockefeller consummated another purchase of as great importance. He bought the works of Charles Pratt and Company, of New York City. As before, the purchase was secret. The strategic importance of these purchases for one holding Mr. Rockefeller's vast ambition was enormous. It gave him as allies men who were among the most successful refiners, without doubt, in each of the three greatest refining centers of the country outside of Cleveland, where he ruled, and of the Creek, where he had learned that neither he nor any member of the South Improvement Company could do business with facility. To meet these purchases the stock of the Standard Oil Company was increased, on March 10, 1875, to $3,500,000.* The value of the concern as a money-earner at this early date, 1874, is shown by the fact that Pratt and Company paid not less than 265 for the Standard stock they received in exchange for their works.

* The application for an increase of capital stock to $3,500,000 was signed by the following list of stockholders:

John D. Rockefeller.
S. V. Harkness.
H. M. Flagler (trustee).
S. Andrews.
J. D. Rockefeller (agent).
J. D. Rockefeller (trustee).
O. H. Payne.
B. Brewster, by J. D. Rockefeller, his attorney.
T. P. Handy, by J. D. Rockefeller, his attorney.
O. B. Jennings, by J. D. Rockefeller, his attorney.
William Rockefeller, by J. D. Rockefeller, his attorney.
James Stanley, by O. H. Payne, his attorney.
A. M. McGregor, by J. D. Rockefeller, his attorney.
W. C. Andrews.
A. J. Pouch, by J. D. Rockefeller, his attorney.
F. A. Arter, by J. D. Rockefeller, his attorney.
P. H. Watson, by H. M. Flagler, his attorney.
J. A. Bostwick, by J. D. Rockefeller, his attorney.
J. Huntington, by O. H. Payne, his attorney.
D. M. Harkness, by H. M. Flagler, his attorney.
Josiah Macy, by J. D. Rockefeller, his attorney.
W. H. Macy, by J. D. Rockefeller, his attorney.
W. G. Wardwell, by H. M. Flagler, his attorney.
D. P. Eells, by J. D. Rockefeller, his attorney.
S. F. Barger, by J. D. Rockefeller, his attorney.
W. H. Vanderbilt, by J. D. Rockefeller, his attorney.
H. W. Payne, by O. H. Payne, his attorney.
J. J. Vandegrift, by O. H. Payne, his attorney.
John Pitcairn, Jr., by O. H. Payne, his attorney.
L. G. Harkness, by H. M. Flagler, his attorney.



TWELVE STILLS, OF ONE THOUSAND-BARRELS CAPACITY EACH, NOW BUILDING AT STANDARD OIL COMPANY'S REFINERY AT BAYONNE, N. J.

The stills when complete will be entirely enclosed in brickwork. Forty of these one thousand-barrel stills stand in one still-house at these same works

The Scheme Comes to the Oil Regions in Disguise

The first intimation that the Oil Region had that Mr. Rockefeller was pushing another combination was in March of 1875, when it was announced that an organization of refiners, called the Central Association, of which he was president, had been formed. Its main points were that if a refiner would lease to the association his plant for a term of months he would be allowed to subscribe for stock of the new company. The lease allowed the owner to do his own manufacturing, but gave Mr. Rockefeller's company "irrevocable authority" to make all purchases of crude oil and sales of refined, to decide how much each refinery should manufacture, and *to negotiate for all freight and pipe-line expenses*. The Central Association was a most clever device. It furnished the secret partners of Mr. Rockefeller a plausible proposition with which to approach the firms of which they wished to obtain control.

STILL USED IN THE FIFTIES FOR DISTILLING CRUDE OIL AS A LUMINANT

This still holds five barrels, is 4 feet 8 inches in height and 3 feet 7½ inches in diameter. It was used by S. M. Kier of Pittsburg, Pa., who probably was the first man who distilled petroleum and sold it for lighting purposes. His market was local. This still is preserved by Mr. Kier's sons and can be seen to-day at their fire-brick works in Salina, Pa.

Little as the Oil Regions knew of the real meaning of the Central Association, the news of its organization raised a cry of monopoly, and the advocates of the new scheme felt called upon to defend it. The defense took the line that the conditions of the trade made such a combination of refineries necessary.

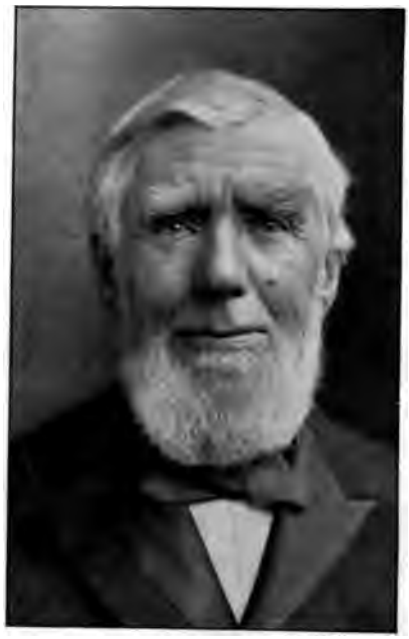
Henry H. Rogers Defends the "Central Association"

Altogether the ablest explanation was that of Mr. H. H. Rogers of Charles Pratt and Company to a reporter of the New York "Tribune":

"There are five refining points in the country," said Mr. Rogers, "Pittsburg, Philadelphia, Cleveland, the Oil Regions and New York City. Each of these has certain local advantages which may be briefly stated as follows: Pittsburg, cheap oil; Philadelphia, the seaboard; Cleveland, cheap barrels, and canal as well as railroad transportation; the oil regions, crude oil at the lowest figure; and all the products of petroleum have the best market in New York City. The supply of oil is three or four times greater than the demand.* If the oil refineries were run to their full capacity the market would be overstocked. The business is not regular, but spasmodic. When the market is brisk and oil is in demand, all the oil interests are busy and enjoy a fair share of prosperity. At other times the whole trade is affected by the dullness. It has been estimated that not less than twenty millions of dollars are invested in the oil business. It is, therefore, to the interest of every man who has put a dollar in it to have the trade protected and established on a permanent footing. Speculators have ruined the market. The brokers heretofore have been speculating upon the market with disastrous effects upon the trade, and this new order of things will force them to pursue their legitimate calling, and realize their profits from their industry and perseverance. Two years ago an attempt was made to organize an oil refiners' association, but it was subsequently abandoned. There was no cohesion of interests, and agreements were not kept. The movement at the present time is a revival of the former idea, and, it is believed, has already secured fully nine-tenths of the oil refiners in the country in its favor. I do not believe there is any intention among the oil men to 'bull' the market. The endeavor is to equalize all around and protect the capital invested. If by common consent, in good faith, the refiners agree to reduce the quantities to an allotment for each, made in view of the supply and demand and the capacity for production, the market can be regulated with a reasonable profit for all. The price of oil to-day is fifteen cents per

* Mr. Rogers is mistaken here. The production in 1874 was 10,926,945 barrels, the shipments 8,821,500, the stocks at the end of the year 3,705,639. In 1875, the year in which he is speaking, more oil was consumed than produced.

gallon. The proposed allotment of business would probably advance the price to twenty cents. To make an artificial increase, with immense profits, would be recognized as speculative instead of legitimate, and the oil interests would suffer accordingly. Temporary capital would compete with permanent investment and ruin everything. The oil producers to-day are bankrupt. There have been more failures during the last five months than in five years previously. An organization to protect the oil capital is imperatively needed. Oil to yield a fair profit should be sold for twenty-five cents per gallon. That price would protect every interest and cover every outlay for getting out the crude petroleum, transporting by railroad, refining and the incidental charges of handling, etc. The foreign markets will regulate the price to a great extent, because they are the greatest consumers. The people of China, Germany and other foreign countries cannot afford to pay high prices. Kerosene oil is a luxury to them, and they do not receive sufficient compensation for their labor to enable them to use this oil at an extravagant price. The price, therefore, must be kept within reasonable limits."



CHARLES LOCKHART, THE OLDEST LIVING OIL PRODUCER

Charles Lockhart, a Scotchman, now 85 years old, came to America in 1836 and settled in Pittsburg. In 1852 he became interested in petroleum pumped from Salt Wells at Tarentum, Pa., and in April, 1853, believing that petroleum had a future, bought an interest in a well. He has remained an oil producer ever since. He became interested in a refinery in Pittsburg the year after the Drake well was struck, and soon became one of the largest refiners in the State. In 1872 Mr. Lockhart went into the South Improvement Company and in 1874 joined the Standard Oil Company, with which organization he has since been identified. Mr. Lockhart is connected with many other large business interests.

The Oil Regions refused flatly to accept this view of the situation. The world would not buy refined at 25 cents, they argued. "You injured the foreign market in 1872 by putting up the price. Our only hope is in increasing consumption. The world is buying more oil to-day than ever before, because it is cheap. We must learn to accept small profits as other industries do." "The formation of the Refiners' Association has thrust upon the trade an element of uncertainty that has unsettled all sound views as to the general outlook," said the "Derrick." "The scope of the Association," wrote a Pittsburg critic, "is an attempt to control the refining of oil, with the ultimate purpose of advancing its price and reaping a rich harvest in profits. This can only be done by reducing the production of refined oil, and this will in turn act on crude oil; making the stock so far in excess of the demand as to send it down to a lower figure than it has yet touched."

The Independents Smell a Rat

"The most important feature of this contract," said a "veteran refiner," "is perhaps that part which provides that the Executive Committee of the Central Association are to have the exclusive power to arrange with the railroads for the carrying of the crude and refined oil. It is intended by this provision to enable the Executive Committee to speak for the whole trade in securing special rates of freight, whereby independent shippers of crude oil, and such refiners as refuse to join the combination, and any new refining interest that may be started, may be driven out of the trade. The whole general purpose of the combination is to reap a large margin by depressing crude and raising the price of refined oil, and the chief means employed is the system of discrimination in railroad freights to the seaboard."

The "veteran refiner" was right in his supposition that Mr. Rockefeller intended to use the enormous power his combination gave him to get a special rate. As a matter of fact he had seen to that before the "veteran refiner" expressed his mind, contracts for a rebate of ten per cent. on all shipments of oil made by him or his agents having been signed with both the Erie and the Central roads in the spring of 1875. A little later Mr. Rockefeller made a similar contract with the

TYPES OF THE EARLIEST REFINERIES ON OIL CREEK

Pennsylvania. These violations of their charters by the railroads, coming so closely after their reiterated assurances that all rates were to be equal and open under the Rutter Circular, were, of course, secret arrangements. Indeed, it was four years before those who suffered from the discriminations were able to get the railroad officials into court and secure proofs of them. They all then gave practically the same reasons for granting special privileges to Mr. Rockefeller. "We made our first contract with the Standard Oil Company" [the one referred to above], said Mr. Cassatt, "for the reason that we found they were getting very strong, and they had the backing of the other roads, and if we wanted to retain our full share of the business and get fair rates on it, it would be necessary to make arrangements to protect ourselves." That is, Mr. Rockefeller was now in control of such an amount of oil freight that he could force the railroads to pay a rebate.

Result of Keeping a Secret for Three Years

However grave the fears of the Oil Region that the Standard Oil Company was working out a scheme for corraling the oil business and depending largely for success on securing illegal privileges from the railroads, the oil men had nothing to go on but suspicion. There was nothing to do then but wait for developments, and developments came with a rapidity which baffles belief. In a little over three years from the time Mr. Rockefeller completed his rush line in the spring of 1875, he had actually obtained control, by purchase or lease, of not less than ninety-five per cent. of the refining interests of the United States, and with it such a proportion of collateral interests that his power in the oil business was almost as autocratic as that at which the South Improvement Company aimed. How had it been done?

As soon as the secret transfer of the New York, Philadelphia and Pittsburg refineries to the Standard Oil Company was complete, each of these companies set out to acquire his neighbors. Unquestionably the acquisitions were made through persuasion when this was possible. If the party approached refused to lease or sell, he was told firmly what Mr. Rockefeller had told the Cleveland refiners when he went to them in 1872 with the South

BRUNDRED'S REFINERY NEAR OIL CITY—TYPE OF REFINERY IN 1872

Improvement contracts, that there was no hope for him; that a combination was in progress which was bound to work; and that those who stayed out would inevitably go to the wall. Naturally the first fruits to fall into the hands of the new alliance were those refineries which were embarrassed or discouraged by the conditions which Mr. Rogers explains above. Take as an example the case of the Citizens' Oil Refining Company of Pittsburg, as it was explained in 1888 to the House Committee on Manufactures in its trust investigation. Mr. A. H. Tack, a partner in the company, told the story:*

BLEACHING TANKS OF THE IMPERIAL REFINING COMPANY, BRADFORD, PA.

Story of a Man who Surrendered

"We began in 1869 with a capacity of 1,000 barrels a day. At the start everything was *coleur de rose*, so much so that we put our works in splendid shape. We manufactured all the products. We even got it down to making wax, and using the very last residuum in the boilers. We got the works in magnificent order and used up everything. We began to feel the squeeze in 1872. We did not know what was the matter. Of course, we were all affected the same way in Pennsylvania, and, of course, we commenced shifting about, and meeting together, and forming delegations, and going down to Philadelphia to see the Pennsylvania Railroad, meeting after meeting, and delegation after delegation. We suspected there was something wrong, and told those men there was something wrong somewhere; that we felt, so far as position was concerned, we had the cheapest barrels, the cheapest labor, and the cheapest coal, and the route from the crude district was altogether in our favor. We had a railroad and a river to bring us our raw material. We had made our investment based on the seaboard routes, and we wanted the Pennsylvania Railroad to protect us. But none of our meetings or delegations ever amounted to anything. They were always repulsed in some way, put off, and we never got any satisfaction. The consequence was that in two or three years there was no margin nor profit. In order to overcome that we commenced speculating, in the hope that there would be a change some time or other for the better. We did not like the idea of giving up the ship. Now, during these times the Standard Oil Company increased so perceptibly and so strong that we at once recognized it as the element. Instead of looking to the railroad, I always looked to the Standard Oil Company. In 1874 I went to see Rockefeller to find if we could make arrangements with him by which we could run a portion of our works. It was a very brief

* Condensed from Mr. Tack's testimony.

RUINS OF TWENTY-FIVE-THOUSAND-BARREL TANKS AND OF STILLS FOR REFINING OIL. DESTROYED IN JUNE, 1880, AT THE ACME REFINERY, THE STANDARD WORKS AT TITUSVILLE, PA.

A tank on a hill above the works was struck by lightning. Overflowing, the burning oil spread over the hillside, igniting other tanks of oil and several refineries and threatening the town, which, however, was finally saved. The fire burned two days and caused a loss of about $1,000,000

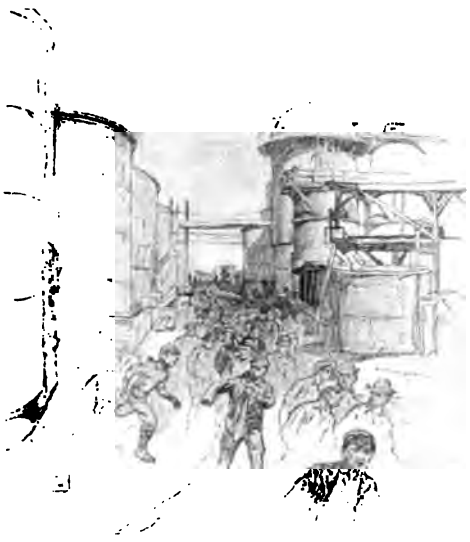
interview. He said there was no hope for us at all. He remarked this—I cannot give the exact quotation—'There is no hope for us,' and probably he said, 'There is no hope for any of us'; but he says 'The weakest must go first.' And we went."

A Sentiment and Mr. Rockefeller's Opinion of It

All over the country the refineries in the same condition as Mr. Tack's firm sold or leased. Those who felt the hard times and had any hope of weathering them resisted at first. With many of them the resistance was due simply to their love for their business and their unwillingness to share its control with outsiders. The thing which a man has begun, cared for, led to a healthy life, from which he has begun to gather fruit, which he knows he can make greater and richer, he loves as he does his life. It is one of the fruits of his life. He is jealous of it—wishes the honor of it, will not divide it with another. He can suffer heavily his own mistakes, learn from them, correct them. He can fight opposition, bear all—so long as the work is his. There were refiners in 1875 who loved their business in this way. Why one should love an oil refinery the outsider may not see; but to the man who had begun with one still and had seen it grow by his own energy and intelligence to ten, who now sold 500 barrels a day where he once sold five, the refinery was the dearest spot on earth save his home. He walked with pride among its evil-smelling places, watched the processes with eagerness, experimented with joy and recounted triumphantly every improvement. To ask such a man to give up his refinery was to ask him to give up the thing which, after his family, meant most in life to him.

FIRING FURNACE UNDER THOUSAND-BARREL STILL AT STANDARD OIL WORKS, LONG ISLAND CITY

To Mr. Rockefeller this feeling was a weak sentiment. To place love of independent work above love of profits was as incomprehensible to him as a refusal to accept a rebate because it was *wrong!* Where persuasion failed then, it was necessary, in his judgment, that pressure be applied—simply a pressure sufficient to demonstrate to these blind or recalcitrant individuals the impossibility of their long being able to do business independently. It was a pressure varied according to locality. Usually it took the form of cutting their market. The system of "predatory competition," as Attorney-General Knox calls it, was no invention of the Standard Oil Company. It had prevailed in the oil business from the start. Indeed, it was one of the evils Mr. Rockefeller claimed his combination would cure, but until now it had been used spasmodically. Mr. Rockefeller never did anything spasmodically. He applied underselling for destroying his rivals' market with the same deliberation and persistency that characterized all his efforts, and in the long run he always won. There were other forms of pressure. Sometimes the independent found it impossible to get oil; again they were obliged to wait days for cars to ship in; there seemed to be no end to the ways of making it hard for men to do business, of discouraging them until they would sell or lease, and always at the psychological moment a purchaser was at their side.



NOON HOUR AT STANDARD OIL WORKS, LONG ISLAND CITY

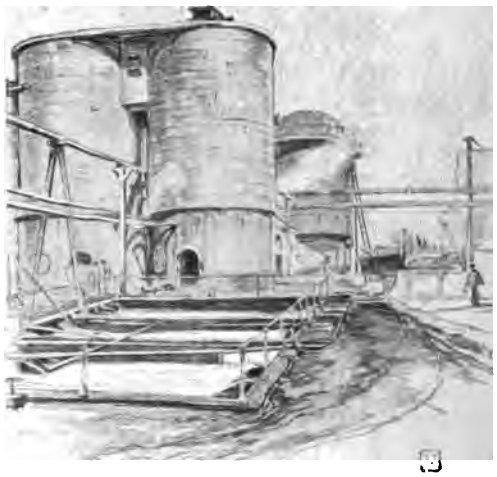
Story of Another Surrender

Take as an example the case of the Harkness refinery in Philadelphia, a story told to the same committee as that of Mr. Tack:

"I was the originator of the enterprise," said Mr. William W. Harkness, "believing that there was no better place than Philadelphia to refine oil, particularly for export. We commenced then, as near as I can now recollect, about 1870, and we made money up to probably 1874. We managed our business very close and did not speculate in oil. We bought and we sold, and we paid a great deal of attention to the statistical part of our business so as to save waste, and we did a nice business. But we found in some years that probably five months out of a year we could not sell our oil unless it would be at a positive loss, and then we stopped. Then when we could sell our oil, we found a difficulty about getting cars. My brother would complain of it, but I believed that the time would come when that would be equalized. I had no idea of the iniquity that was going on; I could not conceive it. I went on in good faith until about 1874, and then the trouble commenced. We could not get our oil and were compelled to sell at a loss. Then Warden, Frew & Company formed some kind of running arrangement where they supplied the crude, and we seemed to get along a little better. After a while the business got complicated, and I got tired and handed it over to my brother; I backed out. That was about 1875. I was dissatisfied and wanted to do an independent business, or else I wanted to give it up. In 1876—I recollect that very well, because it was the year of the Centennial Exposition—we were at the Centennial Exposition. I was sitting in front of the great Corliss engine, admiring it, and he told me there was a good opportunity to get out. Warden, Frew & Company, he said, were prepared to buy us out, and I asked him whether he considered that as the best thing to do; whether we had not better hold on and fight it through, for I believed that these difficulties would not continue; that we would get our oil. I knew he was a competent refiner, and I wanted to continue business, but he said he thought he had better make this arrangement, and I consented, and we sold out; we got our investment back." *

Here we have a refiner discouraged by the conditions which Mr. Rockefeller claims his aggregation will cure. Under the Rutter Circular and the discrimination in freight to the Standard which followed, his difficulty in getting oil increases, and he consents to a running arrangement with Mr. Rockefeller's partner in Philadelphia, but he wants to do an "independent business." Impossible. As he sits watching the smooth and terrible power of that famous Corliss engine of 1876—an engine which showed to thousands for the first time what great power properly directed means, he realized that something very like it was at work in the oil business—something resistless, silent, perfect in its might—and he sold out to that something. Everywhere men did the same. The history of oil refining on Oil Creek from 1875 to 1879 is almost

* Condensed from Mr. Harkness's testimony.



OIL AGITATORS AT STANDARD OIL WORKS, LONG ISLAND CITY

uncanny. There were at the beginning of that period twenty-seven plants in the region, most of which were in a fair condition, considering the difficulties in the business. During 1873 the demand for refined oil had greatly increased, the exports nearly doubling over those of 1872. The average profit on refined that year in a well-managed refinery was not less than three cents a gallon. In the summer of 1874 an editor of the Oil City "Derrick" made a tour of the Creek refineries and reported all of the larger ones in Titusville and Oil City as prosperous and growing, and the small ones in the little towns between these two points as "jogging along pleasantly."

The Entering Wedge on Oil Creek

Mr. Rockefeller did not buy into the Creek interests in 1874 when he took Lockhart, Warden and Pratt into the Standard Oil Company; nor was that district touched until the spring of 1875. Then a representative came to the Creek. None of the independents would listen to him. They would have nothing to do, they said, with any combination engineered by John D. Rockefeller. The representative withdrew, and the case was considered. In the meantime conditions on the Creek grew harder. The margin of profit on refined was much lower than in 1873, probably not over a cent a gallon, and the increase of rates under the Rutter Circular threatened to eat that up. Then all sorts of difficulties began to be strewn in their way—cars were hard to get, the markets they had built up were cut under them—a demoralizing conviction was abroad in the trade that this new and mysterious combination was going to succeed; that it was doing rapidly what its members were reported to be saying daily: "We mean to secure the entire refining business of the world." Such was the state of things on the Creek when in the early fall of 1875 an energetic young refiner and oil buyer well known in the Oil Regions, Mr. J. D. Archbold, appeared in Titusville as the representative of a new company, the Acme Oil Company, a concern which everybody believed to be an offshoot of the Standard Oil Company of Cleveland, though nobody could prove it. As a matter of fact the Acme was capitalized and controlled entirely by Standard men, its stockholders being, in addition to Mr. Archbold, William Rockefeller, William G. Warden, Frank Q. Barstow and Charles Pratt. It was evident at once that the Acme Oil Company had come into the Oil Regions for the purpose of absorbing the independent interests as Mr. Rockefeller and his colleagues were absorbing them elsewhere. The work was done with a promptness and despatch which does great credit to the energy and resourcefulness of the engineer of the enterprise.

Collapse of the Creek Independents

In three years, by 1878, all but two of the refineries of Titusville had "retired

REAR END OF OIL STILLS, SHOWING PILES OF COKE TAKEN FROM THE STILL AFTER THE PROCESS OF DISTILLATION IS COMPLETE

from the business gloriously," as Mr. Archbold, flushed with victory, told the counsel of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in 1879, when the State authorities were trying to find what was at work in the oil interests to cause such a general collapse. Most of the concerns were bought outright, the owners being convinced that it was impossible for them to do an independent business, and being unwilling to try combination.

All down the Creek the little refineries which for years had faced every difficulty

with stout hearts collapsed. "Sold out," "dismantled," "shut down," is the melancholy record of the industry during these four years. At the end practically nothing was left in the Oil Regions but the Acme of Titusville and the Imperial of Oil City, both of them now under Standard management.

A Memory that Rankles

To the oil men this sudden wiping out of the score of plants with which they had been familiar for years seemed a crime which nothing could justify. Their bitterness of heart was only intensified by the sight of the idle refiners thrown out of business by the sale of their factories. These men had, many of them, handsome sums to invest, but what were they to put them in? They were refiners, and they carried a pledge in their pockets not to go into that business for a period of ten years. Some of them tried the discouraged oil man's fatal resource, the market, and as a rule left their money there. One refiner who had, according to popular report, received $200,000 for his business, speculated the entire sum away in less than a year. Others tried new enterprises, but men of forty learn new trades with difficulty, and failure followed many of them. The scars left in the Oil Regions by the Standard combination of 1875–79 are too deep and ugly for men and women of this generation to forget them.

OIL REFINERY TYPE—THE STILL CLEANER

In Pittsburg the same thing was happening. At the beginning of the work of absorption—1874—there were between twenty-two and thirty refineries in the town.* As we have seen, Lockhart and Frew sold to the Standard Oil Company of Cleveland some time in 1874. In the fall of that year a new company was formed in Pittsburg, called the Standard Oil Company of Pittsburg. Its president was Charles Lockhart; its directory, William Frew, David Bushnell, H. M. Flagler and W. G. Warden—all members of the Standard Oil Company of Cleveland; four of them South Improvement Company men. This company at once began to lease or buy refineries. Many of the Pittsburg refiners made a valiant fight to get rates on their oil which would enable them to run independently. To save expense they tried to bring oil from the oil fields by barge; the pipe lines in the pool refused to run oil to barges. An independent pipe line attempted to bring it to Pittsburg, but to reach the works the pipe line must run under a branch of the Pennsylvania railroad. It refused to permit this, and for months the oil from the line was hauled in wagons from the point where it had been held up, over the railroad track, and there re-piped and carried to Pittsburg. At every point they met interference until finally one by one they gave in. According to Mr. Frew, who in 1879 was examined as to the condition of things in Pittsburg, the company began to "acquire refiners" in 1875. In 1877 they bought their last one; and at the time Mr. Frew was under examination he could not remember but *one* refinery in operation in Pittsburg not controlled by his company.

OIL REFINERY TYPE—THE PIPE-FITTER

* Henry, in his "History of Petroleum," gives twenty-two; Mr. E. G. Patterson, in a list presented in court in 1880, gives the number at the beginning of this combination as thirty.

Story of an Oil Shipper

Nor was it refiners only which sold out. All departments of the trade began to share the terror. There was in the oil business a class of men known as shippers. They bought crude oil, sent it East, and sold it to refineries there. Among the largest of these was Adnah Neyhart,

whose active representative was W. T. Scheide. Now to Mr. Rockefeller the independent shipper was an incubus; he did a business which, in his judgment, a firm ought to do for itself, and reaped a profit which might go direct into the business. Besides, so long as there were shippers to supply crude to the Eastern refineries at living prices, so long these concerns might resist offers to sell or lease.

Some time in the fall of 1874 Mr. Scheide began to lose his customers in New York. He found that they were making some kind of a working arrangement with the Standard Oil Company; just what, he did not know. But at all events they no longer bought their oil from him, but took it from the Standard buyer, J. A. Bostwick & Company. At the same time he became convinced that Mr. Rockefeller was after his business. "I knew that they were making strenuous efforts to get our business," he told the Hepburn Commission, in 1879, "because I used to meet Mr. Rockefeller in the Erie office."

In the spring of 1875 Mr. Scheide sold. It is interesting to note that when he sold it was as he supposed, to Charles Pratt & Co. Well informed as he was in all the intricacies of the business—and there were few abler young men in the trade at the time—he did not know that Charles Pratt & Co. had been part and parcel of the Standard Oil Company since October, 1874.

Fear of the Standard Becomes Superstitious

As this work of absorption went on steadily, persistently, there grew throughout the oil world an almost superstitious fear of resistance to proposals to lease or sell which came from parties known or suspected to be working in harmony with the Standard Oil Company. In Cleveland this was particularly true. A proposal from Mr. Rockefeller was certainly regarded popularly as little better than a command to "stand and deliver." "The coal oil business belongs to us," Mr. Rockefeller told those who got in his way. "We have facilities; we must have it. Any concern that starts in business we have sufficient money laid aside to wipe out."*

* Testimony of W. H. Morehouse before the Hepburn Commission, New York, 1879.

Mr. Rockefeller Does Business With a Widow

The feeling is admirably shown in a remarkable case still quoted in Cleveland—a case which took the deeper hold on the public sympathy because the contestant was a woman, the widow of one of the first refiners of the town, a Mr. A——, who had begun refining in Cleveland in 1860. Mr. A——'s principal business was the manufacture of lubricating oil. Now at the start the Standard Oil Company handled only illuminating oil, and accordingly a contract was made between the two parties that Mr. A—— should sell to Mr. Rockefeller his refined oil, and that the Standard Oil Company should let the lubricating business in Cleveland alone. This was the status when in 1874 Mr. A—— died. What happened afterwards has been told in full in affidavits made in 1880,* and the writer will let them tell the story; the only change made in the documents being to transfer them for the sake of clarity from the legal third person to the first, and to condense them on account of space.

The Woman's Affidavit

Mrs. A——'s story as told in her affidavit is as follows:

"My husband having contracted a debt not long prior to his death, for the first time in his life, I, for the interest of my fatherless children, as well as myself, thought it my duty to endeavor to continue the business, and accordingly took $92,000 of the stock of the —— Oil Company and afterwards reduced it to $72,000 or $75,000, the whole stock of the company being $100,000, and continued business from that time until November, 1878, making handsome profits out of the business during perhaps the hardest years of the time since Mr. A—— had commenced. Some time in November, 1878, the Standard Oil Company sent a man to me by the name of Peter S. Jennings, who had been engaged in the refining business and had sold out to the Standard Oil Company. I told Mr. Jennings that I would carry on no negotiations with him whatever, but that if the Standard Oil Company desired to buy my stock I must transact

* Court of Common Pleas, Cuyahoga County, Ohio. Standard Oil Co. *vs.* William & C. Scofield *et al.*

the business with its principal officer, Mr. Rockefeller. Mr. Jennings, as representing the Standard Oil Company, told me that the president of the company, Mr. Rockefeller, said that said company would control the refining business, and that he hoped it could be done in one or two years; but if not, it would be done, anyway, if it took ten years to do it.

"After two or three days' delay Mr. Rockefeller called upon me at my residence to talk over the negotiation with regard to the purchase of my stock. I told Mr. Rockefeller that I realized the fact that the —— Oil Company was entirely in the power of the Standard Oil Company, and that all I could do would be to appeal to his honor as a gentleman and to his sympathy to do with me the best that he could; and I begged of him to consider his wife in my position—that I had been left with this business and with my fatherless children, and with a large indebtedness that Mr. A—— had just contracted for the first time in his life; that I felt that I could not do without the income arising from this business, and that I had taken it up and gone on and been successful, and I was left with it in the hardest years since my husband commenced the business. He said he was aware of what I had done, and that his wife could never have accomplished so much. I called his attention to the contract that my husband had made with him in relation to carbon oil, whereby the Standard Oil Company agreed not to touch the lubricating branch of the trade carried on by my husband, and reminded him that I had held to that contract rigidly, at a great loss to the —— Oil Company, but did so because I regarded it a matter of honor to live up to it. I told him that I had become alarmed because the Standard Oil Company was getting control of all the refineries in the country, and that I feared that the said Standard Oil Company would go into the lubricating trade, and reminded him that he had sent me word that the Standard Oil Company would not interfere with that branch of the trade. He promised, with tears in his eyes, that he would stand by me in this transaction, and that I should not be wronged; and he told me that, in case the sale was made, I might retain whatever amount of the stock of the —— Oil Company I desired, his object appearing to be only to get the controlling stock of the company. He said that while the negotiations were pending he would come and see me, and I thought that his feelings were such on the subject that I could trust him and that he would deal honorably by me.

"Seeing that I was compelled to sell out, I wanted the Standard Oil Company to make me a proposition, and endeavored to get them to do so, but they would not make a proposition. I then made a proposition that the whole stock of the —— Oil Company with accrued dividends should be sold to said Standard Oil Company for $200,000, which was, in fact, much below what the stock ought to have been sold for; but they ridiculed the amount, and at last offered me only $79,000, not including accounts, and required that each stockholder in the —— Oil Company should enter into a bond that within the period of ten years he or she would not directly or indirectly engage in or in any way be concerned in the refining, manufacturing, producing, piping or dealing in petroleum or any of its products within the county of Cuyahoga and State of Ohio, nor at any other place whatever.

"Seeing that the property had to go, I asked that I might, according to the understanding with the president of the company, retain $15,000 of my stock, but the reply to this request was, 'No outsiders can have any interest in this concern; the Standard Oil Company has "dallied" as long as it will over this matter; it must be settled up to-day or go,' and they insisted upon my signing the bond above referred to.

"The promises made by Mr. Rockefeller, president of the Standard Oil Company, were none of them fulfilled; he neither allowed me to retain any portion of my stock, nor did he in any way assist me in my negotiations for the sale of my stock; but, on the contrary, was largely instrumental in my being obliged to sell the property much below its true value, and requiring me to enter into the oppressive bond above referred to.

"After the arrangements for the sale of the refinery and of my stock was fully completed and the property had been sold by myself and the other stockholders, and after I had made arrangements for the disposition of my money, I re-

ceived a note from Mr. Rockefeller, in reply to one that I had written to him threatening to make the transaction public, saying that he would give me back the business as it stood, or that I might retain stock if I wished to, but this was after the entire transaction was closed, and such arrangements had been made for my money that I could not then conveniently enter into it; and I was so indignant over the offer being made at that late day, after my request for the stock having been made at the proper time, that I threw the letter into the fire and paid no further attention to it."*

Mr. Rockefeller's Affidavit

The letter which Mrs. A—— destroyed was included in the affidavit in which Mr. Rockefeller answered Mrs. A——'s statement. It reads:

"November 13th, 1878. Dear Madam: I have held your note of 11th inst., received yesterday, until to-day, as I wished to thoroughly review every point connected with the negotiations for the purchase of the stock of the —— Oil Company, to satisfy myself as to whether I had unwittingly done anything whereby you could have any right to feel injured. It is true that in the interview I had with you I suggested that if you desired to do so, you could retain an interest in the business of the —— Oil Company by keeping some number of its shares, and then I understood you to say that if you sold out you wished to go entirely out of the business. That being my understanding, our arrangements were made in case you concluded to make the sale that precluded any other interests being represented, and therefore, when you did make the inquiry as to your taking some of the stock, our answer was given in accordance with the facts noted above, but not at all in the spirit in which you refer to the refusal in your note. In regard to the reference that you make as to my permitting the business of the —— Oil Company to *be taken* from you, I say that in this, as all else that you have written in your letter of 11th inst., you do me most grievous wrong. It was of but little moment to the interests represented by me whether the business of the —— Oil Company was purchased or not. I believe that it was for your interest to make the sale, and am entirely candid in this statement, and beg to call your attention to the time, some two years ago, when you consulted Mr. Flagler and myself as to selling out your interests to Mr. Rose, at which time you were desirous of selling at *considerably less price*, and upon time, than you have now received in cash, and which sale you would have been glad to have closed if you could have obtained satisfactory security for the deferred payments. As to the price paid for the property, it is certainly three times greater than the cost at which we could construct equal or better facilities; but wishing to take a liberal view of it, I urged the proposal of paying the sixty thousand dollars, which was thought much too high by some of our parties. I believe that if you would reconsider what you have written in your letter, to which this is a reply, you must admit having done me great injustice, and I am satisfied to await upon innate sense of right for such admission. However, in view of what seems your present feelings, I now offer to restore to you the purchase made by us, you simply returning the amount of money which we have invested and leaving us as though no purchase had been made. Should you not desire to accept this proposal, I offer to you one hundred, two hundred, or three hundred shares of the stock at the same price that we paid for the same, with this addition, that we keep the property we are under engagement to pay into the treasury of the —— Oil Company an amount which, added to the amount already paid, would make a total of $100,000, and thereby make the shares one hundred dollars each.

"That you may not be compelled to hastily come to conclusion, I will leave open for three days these propositions for your acceptance or declination, and in the meantime believe me, Yours very truly, JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER."

Mr. Rockefeller says further in the affidavit from which this letter is drawn:

"It is not true that I made any promises that I did not keep in the letter and spirit, and it is not true that I was instru-

* Coupled with Mrs. A——'s affidavit was one of the company's bookkeeper's testifying that the business had been paying an annual net income of $30,000 to $40,000 when the sale to the Standard was made for $79,000, and another from the cashier, who had been present at most of the interviews between Mrs. A—— and the Standard agents, and who corroborates her statements in every particular.

mental to any degree in her being obliged to sell the property much below its true value, and I aver that she was not obliged to sell out, and that such was a voluntary one upon her part and for a sum far in excess of its value; and that the construction which was purchased of her could be replaced for a sum not exceeding twenty thousand dollars." *

It is probably true, as Mr. Rockefeller states, that he could have reproduced Mrs. A——'s plant for $20,000; but the plant was but a small part of her assets. She owned one of the oldest lubricating oil refineries in the country, one with an enviable reputation for good work and fair dealing, and with a trade that had been paying an annual net income of from $30,000 to $40,000. It was this income for which Mr. Rockefeller paid $79,000; this income with the old and honorable name of the —— Oil Company, not a few stills and tanks and agitators.

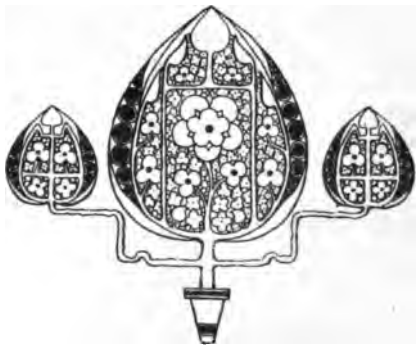
It is undoubtedly true, as Mr. Rockefeller avers, that Mrs. A—— was not obliged to sell out, but the fate of those who in this period of absorption refused to sell was before her eyes. She had seen the twenty Cleveland refineries fall into Mr. Rockefeller's hand in 1872. She had watched the steady collapse of the independents in all the refining centers. She had seen every effort to preserve an individual business thwarted. Rightly or wrongly she had come to believe that a refusal to sell meant a fight with Mr. Rockefeller, that a fight meant ultimately defeat, and she gave up her business to avoid ruin.

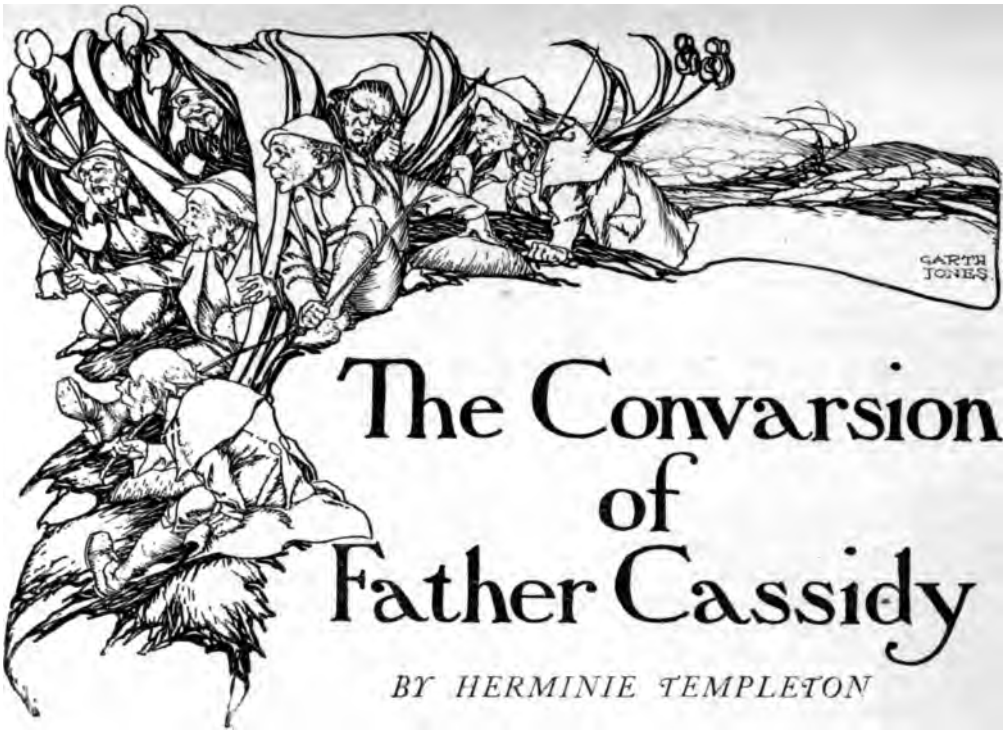
* Mr. Rockefeller's statements are supported by affidavits from several members of the firm.

The Pennsylvania Declares War

It must not be supposed that this process of absorption went on from 1874 to 1878 without opposition. On all sides there was alarm, and repeated efforts were made to meet the consolidation. None of the efforts assumed serious proportion until suddenly the Pennsylvania railroad and its great transportation line, the Empire, aroused by the indignation of the State at the aid it was believed to be giving to a foreign corporation aiming at an absolute monopoly, and seeing, too, that the thing it was helping create was fast becoming so big that it would be unmanageable even by a trunk railroad, hastened to ally itself with the independent interests. To give a sure outlet for their oil to the producers it began to build refineries.

Immediately the Standard, backed by the Erie and the Central, cried halt. The Pennsylvania refused to obey, and there followed then one of the finest fights in all the Standard's thirty years of war and conquest.





The Convarsion of Father Cassidy

BY HERMINIE TEMPLETON

Illustrated by Garth Jones

I TOULD you how on cowld winther nights, whin Bridget and the childher were in bed, ould Brian Connors, King of the Fairies, used to sit visitin' at Darby O'Gill's own fireside. But I never tould you of the wild night whin the King faced Father Cassidy there."

That was the way Jerry Murtaugh, my car driver, begun this story:

❦❦❦

Darby O'Gill sat at his own kitchen fire the night afther Mrs. Morrisey's burying, studyin' over a gr-r-reat daybate that was at her wake.

Half-witted Red Durgan begun it be asking loud an' sudden of the whole company, "Who was the greatest man that ever lived in the whole worruld?"

"I want to know purtic'lar, an' I'd like to know at once," he says.

At that the dayliberations started.

Big Shaun O'Hea, the smith, hildt for Julius Sayser, bekase Sayser had throunced the widdy woman Clayopathra.

Maurteen Cavanaugh, the crass-faced schoolmaster, stood up for Bonyparte, an' wanted to fight Dinnis Moriarty for disputin' agin the Frenchman.

Howsumever, the starter of the rale excitement was ould Mrs. Clancy. She was not what you'd call a great historian, but the parish thought her a fine, sensible woman. She said that the greatest man was Nebbycodnazer, the King of the Jews, who ate grass like a cow and grew fat on it.

"Could Julius Sayser or Napoleon Bonyparte do as much?" she axed.

Well, purty soon every one was talking at once, hurling at aich other, as they would pavin' stones, the names of poets and warriors an' scholars.

But, afther all was said an' done, the mourners wint away in the morning with nothing settled.

So this night, while Darby was warming his shins before the turf fire in deep meditaytion and wise cogitaytion and ca'm contemplaytion over these high conversaytions, the Master of the Good People flew ragin' into the kitchen.

"Darby O'Gill, what do you think of your wife, Bridget?" he cried. "Wait till you hear what she's done this day," says he fiercely.

"Faix, I don't know what particular thing she's done," says Darby, rubbing his shins and lookin' troubled, "but I can

guess it's something mighty disagrayable. She wore her blue petticoat and her brown shawl whin she went away this morning, and I always expect ructions whin she puts on that shuit of clothes. Thin, agin, she looked so sour and so satisfied whin she came back that I'm worried bad in my mind ; you don't know how uncomfortable she can make things sometimes, quiet as she looks," says he.

"And well you may be worried, dacint man!" says the ruler of Sleive-na-mon; "you'll rage and you'll roar whin ye hear me. She wint this day to Father Cassidy and slandhered me outraygeous," he says. "She tould him that you and Maurteen were colloguing with a little ould wicked thieving fairy man, and that if something wasn't done at once agin him the sowls of both of ye would be disthroyed entirely."

Whin Darby found 'twas not himself that was being bothered, but only the King, he grew aisier in his feelings. "Sure you wouldn't mind women's talks," says he, waving his hand in a lofty way. "Many a good man has been given a bad name by them before this, and will be agin—you're not the first by any mains," says he. "If Bridget makes for you a bad rapitation, think how many years you have to live it down in. Be sinsible, King!" he says.

"But I do mind, and I must mind," bawled the little fairy man, every hair and whusker bristling, "for this minute Father Cassidy is putting the bridle and saddle on his black hunter, Terror ; he has a prayer book in his pocket, and he's coming to read prayers over me, and to banish me into the say. Hark ! listen to that," he says.

As he spoke a shrill little voice broke into singing outside the window :

"Oh, what'll you do if the kittle biles over,
Sure, what'll you do but fill it agin ;
Ah, what'll you do if you marry a sojer,
But pack up your clothes and go marchin' with him."

"That's the signal," says the King, all excited, "he's coming; and I'll face him here at this hearth, but sorrow fut he'll put over that threshol till I give him lave. Then we'll have it out face to face like men ferninst this fire."

When Darby heard those words a great fright struck him.

"If a hair of his Reverence's head be harmed," he says, "'tis not you but me and my generation'll be blamed for it. Plaze go back to Sleive-na-mon this night for pace and quietness sake," he begged.

While Darby spoke the fairy man was fixing one stool on top of another undher the window. "I'll sit at this window," says the Master of the Good People, wagging his head threateningly, "and from there I'll give my ordhers. The throuble he's thrying to bring on others is the throuble I'll throuble him with. If he comes dacint, he'll go dacint; if he comes bothering, he'll go bothered," says he.

Faith, thin, your honor, the King spoke no less than the truth, for at that very minute Terror, as fine a horse as ever followed hounds, was galloping down the starlit road to Darby's house, and over Terror's mane bent as fine a horseman as ever took a six-bar gate Father Cassidy.

On and on through the moonlight they clattered, till they came in sight of Darby's gate, where, unseen and invisible, a score of the Good People, with thorns in their fists, lay sniggering and laughing, waiting for the horse. Of course, the fairies couldn't harm the good man himself, but Terror was complately at their mercy.

"'And well you may be worried, dacint man!'"

"'Is that you, Darby O'Gill, you vagabone?'"

"We'll not stop to open the gate, Terror," says his Reverence, patting the baste's neck; "I'll give you a bit of a lift with the bridle rein and a touch like that on the flank and do you clear it, my swallow bird."

Well, sir, the priest riz in his stirrups, lifted the rein, and Terror crouched for the spring, whin, with a sudden snort of pain, the baste whirled round and started, like the wind, back up the road.

His Reverence pulled the horse to its haunches and swung him round once more, facing the cottage. Up on his hind feet went Terror, and stood crazy for a second pawing the air; then, with a cry of rage and pain in its throat, the baste turned, made a rush for the hedge at the roadside, and cleared it like an arrow. Now, just beyant the hedge was a bog so thin, that the geese wouldn't walk on it, and so thick that the ducks couldn't swim in it. Into the middle of that cowld pond Terror fell with a splash and a crash.

That minute the King climbed down from the window splitting with laughter. "Darby," he says, slapping his knees, "Father Cassidy is floundhering about in the bog outside. He's not hurt, but he's mighty cowld and uncomfortable. Do you go and make him promise not to read any prayers this night, then bring him in. Tell him that if he don't promise, by the piper that played before Moses, he may stay reading his prayers in the bog till morning, for he can't get out unless some of my people go in and help him," says the King.

Darby's heart began hammerin' agin his ribs as though it were making heavy horseshoes.

"If that's so I'm a ruined man," he says. "I'd give tunty pounds rayther than face him now," says he. The distracted lad put on his hat to go out, an' thin he took it off to stay in. He let a groan out of him that shook all his bones.

"You may save him or lave him," says the King, turning to the window. "I'm going to lave the priest see in a minute what's bothering him. If he's not out of the bog be that time, I'd adwise you to lave the counthry. Maybe you'll only have a pair of cow's horns put on ye, but I think you'll be kilt," he says; "my own mind's aisy. I wash my hands of him.

"That's the great comfort and adwantage of having our sowl's salwation fixed and sartin one way or the other," says the King, peering out. "Whin you do a thing, bad as it is or good as it may be, your mind is still aisy bekase——" He turned from the window to look at Darby, but the lad was gone out into the moonlight and was shrinking an' cringin' up toward the bog as though he were going to meet and talk with the ghost of a man he'd murthered. 'Twas a harsher an' angrier woice than that of any ghost that came out of a great flopping and splashin' in the bog.

Father Cassidy sat with his feet dhrawn up on Terror and the horse was half sunk in the mire. At times he'd urge Terror over to the bank, an' just as the baste was raising to step out, with a snort it'd whirl back agin.

He'd thry another side, but spur as he might and whip as he would, the horse'd turn shivering back to the middle of the bog.

"Is that you, Darby O'Gill, you vagabone?" cried his Riverence. "Help me out of this to the dhry land so as I can take the life of you," he cries.

"What right has any one to go threspassin' in my bog, mussing it all up an' spiling it?" says Darby, purtendin' not to raycognize the priest; "I keep it private for my ducks and geese, and I'll have the law of you, so I will—oh, be the powers

"'I'm burned to the bone,' says he"

of pewther, 'tis me own dear Father Cassidy," he cries.

Father Cassidy, as an answer, raiched for a handful of mud, which he aimed and flung so fair an' thrue that tree days afther Darby was still pulling bits of it from his whiskers.

"I have a whip I'll keep private for your own two fine legs whin I get out of here," cried his Riverence. "I'll taich you to tell lies to the counthry side about your being with the fairies and for deluddherin' your own poor wife. I came down this night to eggspose you. But, now, that's the laste I'll do to you."

"Faith," says Darby, "if I was with the fairies, 'tis no less than you are this minute, an' if you eggspose me, I'll eggspose you." With that Darby up and tould what was the cause of the whole botheration.

His Riverence, afther the telling, waited not a minute, but kicked the spurs into Terror, and the brave horse headed once more for the shore. 'Twas no use. The poor baste turned at last with a cry and floundhered back agin into the mire.

"You'll not be able to get out, Father, acushla," says Darby, "till you promise fair an' firm not to read any prayers over the Good People this night, and never to hurt or molest meself on any account. About this last promise the King is very particular entirely."

"You dunderheaded Booligedhaun," says Father Cassidy, turning all the blame on Darby; "you mayandhering Mayrauder of the Sivin Says," he says; "you big-headed scorpion of the worruld with the bow legs," cries he—an' things like that.

"Oh my! Oh my! Oh my!" says Darby, purtendin' to be shocked, "to think that me own pasture should use sich terrible langwidge; that me own dear Father Cassidy could speak blaggard's words like thim. Every dhrop of blood in me is biling with scandalation. Let me beg of you and implore your Riverence never agin to make use of talk like that. It breaks my heart to hear you," says Darby.

For a few minutes afther that Darby was doin' nothing but dodging handfuls

"'Three cheers for Dann'le O'Connell'"

of mud. While this was going on, a soft red glow, like that which hangs above the lonely raths an' forts at night when the fairies are dancin' in them, came over the fields. So whin Father Cassidy riz in his stirrup the soft glow was resting on the bog, and there he saw two score little men in green jackets and brown caps waiting in the reeds about the pond's edge, and every one houlding a switch in his hands.

The little lads knew well 'twas too dark for the clargyman to read from his book any banishing prayers, and barring having too much fun, the divil a thing they had to fear.

'Twas fresh anger that came to Father Cassidy afther the first rush of surprise and wondher. He thried now to get at the Good People to lay his hand on them. A dozen charges at the bank his Riverence made, and as many times a score of the little people flew up to meet him, and sthruck the poor baste over the soft nose with their wands, till he was welted back.

Long afther the struggle was proved hopeless, it wint on till at last the poor baste, thrembling and disheartened, rayfused to mind the spur.

At that, Father Cassidy gave up.

"I surrender," he said, "an' I promise for the sake of my horse," said he.

The baste himself undherstood the words, for with that he waded ca'm an' quiet to the dry land, and stood shaking himself there among the pack of fairies.

Mighty few words were passed betwix' Darby and the Terror's rider, as the whole party went up to Darby's stable—the little people follying behind quiet and ordherly.

It wasn't long till Terror was nibbling comfortably in a stall, Father Cassidy was dhrying himself before the kitchen fire, the King and Darby were sitting by the side of the hearth, and two score of the green-cloaked little people were scatthered about the kitchen waiting for the great debate, which was sure to come betwixt his Riverence and the head man of the Good People, now that the two had met.

So full was the room that some of the Good People sat on the shelves of the dhresser; others lay on the table, their chins in their fists; little Phelim Beg perched on a picture above the hearth. He'd no sooner touched the picture frame than he let a howl out of him and jumped to the floor. "I'm burned to the bone," says he.

"No wondher," says the King, looking up; "'twas a picture of St. Pathrick you were sitting on."

Phadrig Oge, swinging his heels, balanced himself on the edge of a churn filled with butthermilk; but every one of them kept wondhering eyes fastened on the priest.

And to tell the truth Father Cassidy at first was more scornful and unpolite than need be.

"I suppose," says his Riverence, "you do be worrying a good deal about the place you're going to afther the day of Judgment," he says, kind of mocking.

"Arrah, now," says the King, taking the pipe from his mouth and staring hard at the clargyman, "there's more than me ought to be studying that question. There's a parish priest I know, and he's not far from here, who ate mate on a fast day three years ago come next Michaelmas, who should be a good lot intherested in that same place," says the King.

The laughing and titthering that follyed this hit lasted a minute.

Father Cassidy turned scarlet. "When I ate it I forgot the day," he cried.

"That's what you tould," says the King, smiling sweet, "but that saying don't help your chanst much. Maybe you failed to say your prayers a year ago last Ayster Monday night for the same rayson," asked the King, very cool.

At this the laughing broke out again, uproarious, some of the little men houlding their sides and tears rowling down their cheeks; two lads begun dancing together before the chiny dishes upon the dhresser. But at the height of the merriment there was a cry and a splash, for Phadrig Oge had fallen into the churn.

Before any one could help him, Phadrig had climbed bravely up the churn dash, hand over hand, like a sailor man, and clambered out all white and dripping. "Don't mind me," he says, "go on wid the discoorse," he cried, shaking himself. The Ruler of the Good people looked vexed.

"I marvel at yez, and I'm ashamed of yez," he says; "if I'm not able alone for this dayludhered man, yer shoutin' and your gallivantin'll do me no good. Besides, fair play's a jewel, even two an' one ain't fair," says the King. "If I hear another word from one of yez, back to Sleive-na-mon he'll go, an' lay there on the broad of his back with his heels in the air for a year and tin days.

"You were about to obsarve, Father Cassidy," says his Majesty, bowing, "your most obaydient, sir."

"I was about to say," cried his Riverence, "that you're a friend of Sattin."

"I'll not deny that," says the King; "what have you to say agin him?"

"He's a rogue and a rapscallion and the inemy of mankind," thundered Father Cassidy.

"Prove he's a rogue," cries the King, slapping one hand on the other; "and why shouldn't he be the inemy of mankind? What has mankind ever done for him except to lay the blame for every mane, cowardly thrick, of its own on his

"'If we could only send you to Parliament you'd free Ireland'"

chowldhers. Wasn't it bekase of them he spint sivin days and sivin nights in the belly of a whale, wasn't it——"

"Stop there now," says Father Cassidy, pinting his finger, "hould where you are—that was Jonah."

"You're working meracles to make me forget," shouted the King.

"I'm not," cried the priest, "and what's more, if you'll agree not to use charms of the black art to help yerself I'll promise not to work meracles agin you."

"Done! I'll agree," says the King, "and with that bargain I'll go on first and I'll prove that mankind is the inemy of Sattin."

"Who begun the enmity?" intherrupted his Riverence; "who started in be tempting our first parents?"

"Not wishing to make little of a man's relations in his own house or to his own face, but your first parents were a poor lot," said the King. "Didn't your first parent turn queen's evidence agin his own wife? Answer me that."

"Undher the sarcumstances, would you have him tell a lie whin he was asked?" says the priest, right back.

Well, the argyment got hotter and hotter until Darby's mind was in splinthers. Sometime he sided with ould Nick, sometimes he was agin him. Half what they said he didn't undherstand. They talked tayology, conchology, and distrology; they hammered aich other with jayography, orthography, and misnography; they welted aich other with hylosophy, philosophy, and thrigmosophy. They bounced up and down in their sates, they shouted and got purple in the face. But every argyment brought out another nearly as good and twist as loud.

Through all this time the follyers of the King sat upon their perches or lay upon the table motionless, like little wooden images with painted green cloaks and brown caps.

Darby, looking from one to the other of them for help to undherstand the thraymendous argyment that was goin' on, felt his brain growin' numb. At last it balked like Shamus Frees's donkey, and urge as he would, the devil a foot his mind'd stir afther the two hayros. It turned at last and galloped back to Mrs. Morrisey's wake.

Now the thought that came into Darby's head as he sat there ferninst Father Cassidy an' the King was this:

"The two wisest persons in Ireland are this minute shouting and disputing before my own turf fire. If I ax them those questions I'll be wiser than Dicky Burke, the schoolmaster, an' twist as wise as any other man in this parish. I'll do it," he says to himself.

He raised the tongs and struck them so loud and quick against the hearth that the two daybaters stopped short in their talk to look at him.

"Tell me," he says; "lave off and tell me, who was the greatest man that ever lived?" says he.

At that a surprising thing happened. Brian Connors and Father Cassidy, aich striving to speak first, answered in the same breath and gave the same name.

"'Happiness to you and forgiveness to you'"

"Dann'le O'Connell," says they.

There was that instant's silence an' stillness which follys a great explosion of gunpowder.

Thin every subject of the King started to his feet. "Three cheers for Dann'le O'Connell," cried little Roderick Dhu. Every brown cap was swung in the air. "Hurray, Hooray, Hooroo," rang the cheers.

His Riverence and the Fairy Chief turned sharp about and stared at aich other, delighted and wondhering.

Darby sthruck agin with the tongs: "Who was the greatest poet?" says he.

Again the two spoke together: "Tom Moore," says they. The King rubbed his hands and gave a glad side look at the priest. Darby marked the friendly light that was stealing into Father Cassidy's brown eyes. There was great excitement among the Good People up on the cupboard shelves.

On the table little Nial, the wise, was thrying to start three cheers for Father Cassidy, when Darby said again, "Who was the greatest warrior?" he says.

The kitchen grew still as death, aich of the two hayros waiting for the other.

The King spoke first. "Brian Boru," says he.

"No," says Father Cassidy, half laughing, "Owen Roe O'Nale."

Phadrig Oge jumped from the churn. "Owen Roe forever. I always said it," cries he. "Look at this man, boys," he says, pinting up to the priest. "There's the makings of the finest bishop in Ireland."

"The divil a much differ betwixt Owen Roe an' Brian Boru; 'tis one of them two anyway an' I don't care which," says the King.

The priest and the King sank back on their chairs, eyeing aich other with admayration.

Darby powered something out of a jug into three brown stone noggins, and then turned hot wather from the kittle on top of that agin.

Says the King to the clargyman, "You're the cleverest and the knowingest man I've met in five thousand years. That joult you gave me about Jonah was a terror.''

"I never saw your ayquil," says Father Cassidy. "If we could only send you to Parliament you'd free Ireland," he says. "To think," says he, "that I once fully believed there was no such thing as fairies."

"That was bekase you were shuperstitious," says the King. "Every one is so, more or less. I am meself—a little," says he.

Darby was stirrin' spoons of sugar in the three steaming noggins, and Father Cassidy was looking throubled.

What would his flock say to see him dhrinking punch with a little ould pagin who was the friend of ould Nick.

"Your health," says the King, houlding up a cup.

His Riverence took a bowl of the punch for daycencies' sake and stood quiet a minute. At last he says, "Happiness to you and forgiveness to you, and my heart's pity folly you," says he, raising the noggin to his lips. He drained the cup thoughtful and solemn, for he didn't know rightly whether 'twas a vayniol sin or a mortal sin he'd committed by the bad example he was giving Darby.

"I wisht I could do something for yez," he says, putting on his cloak, "but I have only pity and kind wishes."

He turned agin whin his hand was on the door-knob, and was going to say something else, but changed his mind and went out to where Darby was houlding the horse.

Wullum Fagin, the poacher, was sneakin' home that night about one o'clock with a bag full of rabbits undher his arm, whin, hearing behind him the bate of horse's hoofs and the sound of most maylodious music, he jumped into the ditch and lay close within the shadow.

Who should come canthering up the starlit road but Father Cassidy on his big hunter Terror.

Wullum looked for the musicianers who were singing and playing the enthrancing music, but sorra one could he see, and what was more, the sounds came from the air high above Father Cassidy's head.

"'Tis the angels guarding the good man home," says Wullum.

Sure 'twas the Good People escorching his Riverence from Darby O'Gill's house, and to cheer him on his way, singing the while, "Believe me, if all those endearing young charms."

WHITMAN—TAMER OF MEN

Jailer of the Cook County Jail, Chicago. A Sketch of the Man and his Work

BY FRANK H. SPEARMAN

THERE are confined in the Cook County Jail in Chicago more prisoners awaiting trial than in any other jail in the world. Not that Chicago is the toughest city in the world, but because in other cities prisoners are distributed in different institutions.

The jail of Cook County—a vast, rambling hall of detention—is made up of two parts, the old jail and the new—the new jail, all cement and steel and lightness and light; the old jail, all stone and embrasure and heaviness and gloom, staring recesses and chilling odors, heavy airs and dark corners.

The old jail stands for tradition and legend and twilight—for anarchist and scaffold and strait-jacket and dungeon; the new for daylight and reason, for the slenderness and strength of steel and the power of one man's will; because, for more than anything else, I take it, the new jail stands for the new jailer, John L. Whitman.

The First Test of the Man

In the old days and in the old jail, a young guard in charge of the "bundle" cage was once ordered to send a prisoner to the office for a policeman to identify. It was exercise hour, and the prisoners then took their exercise in the large corridor where the hangings are done. In this hall were gathered that day all the desperate inmates of the institution—inmates ruled by kicks and curses, disciplined on bread and water, dieted with the club, persuaded by the jacket, convinced in the awful solitary.

In the regular way the young guard sent word to the man that he was wanted. Word came back that he would not come. A second message was met with a defiance—he would not come and there were not guards enough in the place to bring him; the only way they could bring him to the front, he declared, was to bring him dead. Going to the office, the guard made report, with the comment that he knew the man sufficiently well to know he meant what he said, and that to bring him to the front meant serious trouble. The man was then, he said, at liberty with two hundred and fifty other prisoners, any or all of whom might determine to fight with him. He added the suggestion that the police officer wait until the prisoners were locked up for the noon hour, when this man could be taken from his cell without difficulty.

The policeman declined to wait. The jailer repeated that the prisoner must be produced, and ordered him brought to the front. The new guard made but a single protest.

It was not right, he answered, to ask him to undertake such a thing. In speaking even as mildly as he did, he knew that neither the jailer who gave the command nor any other of his subordinates would make the attempt for the wealth of Chicago; but, the guard added, if it was so ordered he would carry out the order.

That was John L. Whitman's first taste of the strenuous in the Cook County Jail. Whitman, now jailer, was the tenderfoot guard. The order was repeated, and Whitman started to execute it.

Meantime the body of prisoners had worked themselves into a ferment. In a jail, as in a mob, suspense is contagious, the prospect of a struggle exciting.

Two hundred and fifty prisoners in varying moods of defiance awaited the outcome. At the farthest corner of the big corridor the fighting man, flanked by twenty other thieves, murderers, burglars, and hold-up men, took his stand. Whitman gave them no unnecessary time to plan. The other guards, heavily armed, had assembled. The man that was to face death alone asked to have the bolts sprung; the steel door opened and Whit-

man entered the cage. There probably never has been and never will be another moment in this man's wide experience that will stand for all that moment stands for in his life. Past excited men, heedless of friendly warnings and black looks, straight towards the bad corner the new guard made his way. Prisoners closed upon him as water follows a keel, and no man outside the cage, as they lost him in the crowd, ever looked to see him come back alive.

When it was too late the horror came over those who had sent him. Word was passed, and every man on duty in the jail was quietly summoned to the north corridor. Inside, it was a babbling, cursing, jeering mob. As Whitman approached the real danger, the noise deepened into the threatening silence that waits on the lighted fuse. Three, five, six, seven minutes passed. Then, those watching on the outside heard a renewed clamor, saw a different setting of the confused currents within, and, unable to believe their senses, saw Whitman push through the mob with the obdurate prisoner, and walk him to the front.

The Kind of Kindness That Compels

He is not an alarming man physically. Thirty-nine years old, a hundred and fifty pounds, five feet nine inches. They will tell you he does all his wonderful work by kindness. So he does; but it is the kindness that shows no hesitation, no fear, and allows no insubordination. It is the kindness, not of violence, but of strength, and of a mastery uncompromising. If there be a single feature of Whitman's face that suggests the extraordinary, it is his eyes. Calling up Whitman's face, one remembers longest his eyes. Purpose, character, will-power, all lie in his searching brown eyes.

"How?" repeated Mr. Whitman. "By convincing the man that he had everything to gain and nothing to lose by submission. That instead of being his enemy I was, in reality, his friend. He tried to walk away from me, but I followed him. He swore the police meant to hang him anyway, and were determined to swear an identification. I waited for him to cool a little, and went at him again with reason and argument. I said I had orders to bring him to the front, and intended to do so; but that whether I succeeded or not it was nothing to me; it was everything to him whether or not he prejudiced his case by defiance. I never laid a hand on the man, but kept walking after him. The others crowded around us, railing at me, but I kept reasoning with my man, and really did win him over. The hardest part came after he had given in. The mob about us were not going to let him go. I had to do my work along exactly the same lines all over again, and to convince them that I meant their friend no harm and that for his own neck the best thing he could do was to come quietly. I finally got my man to stand with me against his own sympathizers—and he came along.

"That same man afterward came to me and apologized for the trouble he had made me that day. He realized that they would have found a way to identify him anyway, and that he had nothing to gain by resistance."

Morale of the Jail Then and Now

That was in August, 1892. Guard Whitman, then at the "bundle" cage, has become Jailer Whitman, clothed with full authority. The inmates of the Cook County Jail have grown from a sullen, hardened body of men, violating jail rules with impunity, resisting and evading punishment with scheming and with force, into an orderly body that, at the time of the death of President McKinley, assembled and expressed by resolution its horror and detestation of his assassination; into a company of men who, at the hour of his burial, when commerce over all the land was suspended—when factory wheels were slowed and locomotives stood throttled—gathered in their chapel and stood with bowed heads, silent, during the five minutes consecrated to the universal mourning for the murdered executive.

Let be said all that may, it is impossible to resist the conviction that such a spirit, even among malefactors, makes for good. Whitman has absolutely nullified among his prisoners the influence of the habitual and notorious criminal. In the jail life the worst offender is commonly the demi-god, the ideal of the inmates. He not only glories in his popularity, but uses his prestige to violate prison rules and to protect himself and his admirers from punishment. Of all men this man,

usually the petted and incensed tyrant of the tiers, is in the Cook County Jail the most unhappy. The swagger hero of crime may find his reward among neurotic women and in the yellow journal; but it is not for him in the seclusion of John Whitman's corridors and cells. This one fact means so much for boys and for those offenders who pass for the first time behind prison bars that if the sturdy Chicago reformer had nothing else to his credit, this should speak loud.

An End Put to Bribing in the Jail

There is, however, very much more than this to Whitman's credit. Of the many interesting features of his work, none appealed more to me than the secret of his methods in dealing with his prisoners; yet like all great methods they are simple. Whitman believes that the most vicious may be controlled if appealed to in the right way. Above all, by eliminating violence from the problem he knew he could at least command respect, and the winning of a man's respect is a long step towards controlling him. The work Whitman has so broadly carried on as jailer he began in the smallest possible way while in charge of the "bundle" cage. It was Whitman's duty there to give to the prisoners the orders from the office. In this way he came in close contact with the men. They found, first, that he was not to be bribed; that the fortunate prisoner with money got no more consideration from this guard than the less fortunate one without money. It soon became known that if a prisoner had some petty grievance he could appeal with confidence to Whitman to arrange matters, provided he didn't offer him money. When the money question came up, Whitman let it be bluntly understood he was out of it. If there was trouble between the police and the prisoners, Guard Whitman was often asked to clear up the difficulty; and when on both sides of the bars they found that he was absolutely disinterested in his efforts, his influence grew.

Such were the beginnings. With confidence already established, Whitman took complete charge of the jail May 1, 1895.

Whitman's Entertainments

One Thanksgiving day, soon after he became jailer, he made up his mind to give his prisoners something of an entertainment. Looking around outside to see what talent could be secured, he found himself fortunate beyond expectations; in fact, he got the help of a brass band, and was so elated that a new idea came to him—the idea of assembling the whole body of prisoners at once for a good entertainment.

The rule had been never to let more than one half the number of inmates out of their cells at the same time. When it became noised about the jail that an entertainment was to be given and that all were to be let out at once, so strong is tradition that even the more conservative of the prisoners declared it a dangerous innovation. Some of those whom Whitman had known as a guard, while thanking him for the proposed entertainment, privately cautioned him of the danger of a possible insurrection—adding, however, that they and some few trusted friends of his would, if he thought well, distribute themselves among the crowd and help him in case of any trouble.

Whitman thanked his trusties, but told them he believed the men themselves would appreciate the situation enough to insure good behavior. His advisers repeated his words among the prisoners. It appealed to them; they talked of it among themselves with genuine satisfaction, and declared that if their jailer had such confidence in them they would stand by him.

When they found themselves all at liberty together, Whitman made them a little talk to the effect that inasmuch as the officials of the place had to be away from their homes and on duty this Thanksgiving day, they would combine their duties with the prisoners' pleasure; that in attempting a new feature in jail life, he was compelled to place the men on their honor, and that if they did nothing to mar the proceedings the program proposed would be as enjoyable to the guards as to the prisoners themselves.

The new feature in the jail life was repeated in the form of occasional talks and lectures for the prisoners until the extraordinary became the usual and the regular. Now, it would be most extraordinary for a week to pass in Cook County Jail without some rational form of diversion for the inmates. At the close of the first series of entertainments planned, came the desire on Whitman's part to continue them in some

permanent form. Thus was suggested to the thinking jailer the idea of an association among the prisoners to take charge of entertainments, and I have before me the curious minutes of that meeting of men usually called jail birds at which it was resolved to organize the John L. Whitman Moral Improvement Association an association officered, organized, and managed, under Whitman's supervision, entirely by the prisoners of the Cook County Jail. No matter when or where John L. Whitman dies, he will need no other memorial than this association; neither brass nor marble can add anything to its testimony.

Nor is it exaggeration to say that there are among Whitman's men at all times prisoners that would lay down their lives for him.

His Life Protected by his Prisoners

When Whitman came into the jail, trouble, violence, and fights among the men were of almost daily occurrence. There was a wicked feeling between the white men and the colored, the outbreaks occurring when the two hundred and fifty prisoners were exercising together. One day there was an especially vicious encounter between a colored man and a white man. Whitman, on the opposite side of the tiers, heard the murmuring and the scuffling. He rushed around the corridor to find a crowd of men who appeared to be fighting together, though in reality they were forming a ring around those that were fighting. He ran into the crowd and tried to push his way to the center. The men were determined that he should not. He was not struck, but the violent swaying of the crowd threw him on his head into the corner under the stairs. He got his feet, went in again, and so pushed his way among the men that they were about to lay violent hands on him. No other guard was in sight, but one big fellow, a prisoner that had served two or three terms in the penitentiary and was considered a desperate man, followed him closely. Whitman, forcing his way ahead, heard a voice behind. "Don't hit that guard! Hands off! On your life, I say, lay no hands on that man!" When Whitman reached the fighting men, they seemed about ready to quit; at any rate they were easily separated. Whitman, taking the one that seemed most defiant, led him out, the big man still following.

After the prisoners had been locked up Whitman tried to learn who the man was that had befriended him; he had not at any time succeeded in seeing his self-appointed protector, being able only to hear his voice. Whitman went then to his cell, thanked him, and asked him why he had done as he did. The big fellow answered that in his experience in prisons, he had found so few men possessed of any consideration for the feelings of prisoners that when he came in contact with a man like Whitman, he would not see him harmed so long as *he* remained in the game.

It is pleasing to be able to add that Guard Whitman afterward took up the big fellow's case with the police. He convinced them that they had no case against the man, and that if he could get out of this difficulty he would make a determined effort to live an honest life. The police let the man go; Whitman got him a situation, and for aught he knows the man is living straight yet.

A Bold Risk That Justified Itself

Shortly after Whitman was made jailer he was absent one day, taking a batch of prisoners to the penitentiary. Trouble arose again between the white men and the colored. This time it was pretty general, and a good many got to fighting. The guards immediately locked up all prisoners, and taking out a dozen or more of the ringleaders put them in solitary. By night the feeling had become still more bitter, and there were mutterings of fights to a finish next day if they were let out of the cells.

Whitman's first act on returning in the evening was to order all the men out of the solitary, because in a general "mix-up" it is hard to fix the blame upon any one. His rule is never to punish unless he is absolutely sure that he has the right man, preferring to let two guilty men escape rather than that one man innocent should suffer. Whitman kept his own counsel, and resolved in the morning not to let this incident in any way interfere with the usual jail regulations. After advising all the guards he gave instructions that the prisoners be let out as usual. The men that had been concerned in the fight of the day before were

JOHN L. WHITMAN

told to go up to the tiers, Whitman himself going into the exercising corridor to look on. The man that had been most desperate the day before obeyed the order. There were angry looks on the faces of many men. They looked at each other and looked at Whitman. They may have thought that he was there for business, and was prepared for any emergency; at all events the usual quiet prevailed, though Whitman had not uttered a single order.

With such a discipline established, the situation was ripe for the extraordinary move that Whitman projected. At the occasional lectures in chapel one tier of prisoners, some sixty or seventy men, had been entertained at a time. The difficulty with this was, that it took a month or six weeks to give all the prisoners a turn. The busy jailer secured some stereopticon views, and being desirous that as many as possible should see them at one time, he kept adding to the audiences. Before they realized it they had the room filled, and the grateful appreciation on the part of the prisoners encouraged him to still further effort. Before he himself was quite aware

of it he was holding two of these meetings each week, giving all the prisoners an opportunity to attend one or the other of them.

The stereopticon lectures were continued during the entire winter. At one of the meetings Whitman told the prisoners that he would like to consult with them as to some means for continuing the amusements. It being manifestly impossible to consult with them as a body, he suggested that the men of each tier select a representative to meet like representatives from other tiers to confer with their jailer concerning the continuance and the character of the entertainments.

They made their selections very promptly, nor did they select the most notorious criminals in their number, but the most conservative; and when Whitman called his seven representatives together, he found men of intelligence to consult with. The morale of the jail men is shown continually in this selection. Even the hard cases among the inmates have been known to protest at the nomination of an obviously unfit man as their representative on the Moral Improvement Association Committee.

The minutes of the first committee selected by the prisoners to organize the Association are dated April 8, 1901.

When McKinley Died

From this first attempt at organization there has come into the tone of the County Jail all the force over law-breakers that organized society exerts on law-abiders. This Association is a part and an important part—the chief feature, indeed, of this semi-penal institution. All plans are made with reference to their bearing on the aims and ends of the Association. It was the influence of the Association purely that made possible, for example, the McKinley Day memorial services. At that time Chicago was deeply stirred over the arrest of the anarchist suspects. The City Hall had confidentially notified the sheriff that an attempt would be made on that day to release the anarchists in the Cook County Jail. Whitman was advised to keep all prisoners locked in their cells; not even to permit the usual hour of exercise. On the outside, preparations were made to guard against a jail delivery. Two hundred policemen were massed in Dearborn Avenue and Michigan Street to anticipate trouble. These facts were known to the prisoners: they had been published in the newspapers, and it was no secret that the authorities on the outside looked for a riot. The men in the tiers were greatly surprised when their cell doors were thrown open that day as usual, and more surprised when they were called together to the chapel for service in memory of the murdered President. Yet such is their discipline that they did not allow even the excitement of the spectacle on the streets—the great body of police assembled around the jail—to disturb them. They appeared rather to be endeavoring to subdue the restlessness; and when that impressive portion of the service was reached in which the five minutes of requiem was observed, not in the whole great building could there be heard the slightest sound. A moment later they were joining in the singing in the most feeling manner. These men, it should be remembered, were all this time in the chapel and under no more restraint, so far as official authority is concerned, than at any of their regular meetings. Such was the effect of the spectacle on police officers, looking on, that they afterward declared they could not understand how men of this character could enter into such a service and make it so impressive.

Discouragements of the Work

There are, of course, discouragements.

"Tell me," said I, "something about your failures."

Mr. Whitman was quick to admit them. It is a work that calls for superhuman patience. The man that deceives his friend and counselor to obtain aid with the sole intention of escaping a penalty or of committing new crimes, may be found in the Cook County Jail—as well as outside. The surprise is, not that there are so many cases of moral malingering, but that there are so few. Sometimes, too, even a discouraging case turns out better than hoped for. In one instance a man serving time in the jail sent word to Whitman through another prisoner that as the expiration of his sentence was near at hand, he wanted to go out and endeavor to live an honest life. The prisoner that brought the message believed the man meant what he said, and

added that if Whitman would help him into a position the fellow would put forth an honest effort to make a living. Whitman sent for the young man, became convinced that he wanted to quit the old life, and got him a job. The man, however, allowed himself to be put again in a false position. He was arrested. In his pocket was found a letter, written to a third person by the man to whom Whitman had sent him, asking aid for the fellow. He was brought back to jail within a week. Every one knew that Whitman had taken up the case and had endeavored to help the culprit. It was an embarrassing affair; somewhat of a "throw-down" for the trusting jailer. The man himself was so ashamed he could not show his face. Every prisoner and guard waited to see "what Whitman would do."

"He swore the police meant to hang him anyway"

His Splendid Optimism

Whitman did not speak of the matter till the next night of the Association meeting, when all were present. He then described the way in which the man had come to him; said the man had convinced him that he had the desire in his heart to live a decent life.

"I helped him," continued Whitman, "and I understand he has fallen again into the hands of the law and that he is in jail. I do not know whether he is in this audience; I do not know whether he is guilty of the offense now charged against him. But if he is in this room I want to say before you all that if he wants to come to me again I will help him again.

"I am told that he bore upon him, when arrested, a letter which I had caused to be given him to help him along. If he can convince me a second time that he wants to do what is right I will give him a new letter as much stronger than the one the police took from him as his last resolution to mend his ways is stronger than the first."

The terrific burst of applause from the listening criminals told how the words had gone home. Whitman had once more met the situation squarely, and once more had turned ridicule into strength. In the amphitheaters of Rome, gladiators entering the arena of death saluted the emperor. Is it hard to understand, after reading even so little of Whitman, that men when leaving his prison for the penitentiary turn as they step forward into the line that cuts off every hope of the world's respect and countenance and, before they are eternally branded for crime, give three ringing cheers for their quiet jailer?

In the instance related it proved that the case of the police against the young man did not really amount to much, being no more than suspicion. When the letter

was found in his pocket the wise policeman had said, "You're from the jails, eh? Ah, well, we'll run you in, anyhow." In discussing the new trouble with the young man Whitman told him that his case had now attracted so much attention they had perhaps better not do anything.

"Take your medicine," he suggested, "like a man." And the suspect took it. He is now working for Matt Pinkerton, the detective. He had learned his lesson; for when a man gets into trouble he must lie low until people have forgotten his record. A man gets out of jail and gets a job. There are plenty of helpful people who will tell his employer he has been in trouble, and usually that ends his usefulness. "You've been in jail," the employer says to the new hand; "we can't stand for this. You'll have to go." If, however, such a man has worked three or six months before he is found out and is behaving himself, he has a better chance to hold on. It may take a year or two years before he can reëstablish himself, but every day of right living helps.

CHARLIE LEONARD

The Men on Whom the Jail is Hardest

Not all the men that enter the County Jail are hardened criminals. It is really remarkably easy to get into jail. Many men are there under extraordinary circumstances. They are men not in trouble because they follow a criminal life, but often because of the many temptations that may come into any man's life when hard pushed. It is to this class of men that the new work in Cook County Jail is wonderfully helpful.

One such case was that of a mechanic who was sent in not long ago by the United States authorities for some irregularity in cashing a money order. The man had never been in jail before, and was a very decent sort of a fellow. His cell partner was an intelligent man, a newspaper man and a lecturer (whether he had ever done magazine work I did not learn). He came also from the United States Courts for mailing a postal card on which he had accused somebody, maybe with truth, of being a perjurer. It is curious to observe how easy it is to get into trouble. The professional man, having heard Whitman talk at the Association meetings, wrote him a letter saying that his cell partner, the mechanic, was fretting so he feared for his mind, and that something ought to be done with him. Whitman, acting at once, had the mechanic brought down to the office and put at work at his trade about the jail, and it was done in time to save the man's reason.

Uncle Charlie's Story

"Who among all your prisoners has been here the longest?" I asked one day.

"There is a colored man here," answered Whitman, reflectively, "who will be here six years, if he serves out the time imposed by the court—one year on each of six charges. He is about sixty

years of age, partly blind and somewhat broken in health."

"What are his offenses?"

"His chief, in fact his only weakness, so far as I know," continued the mild-mannered jailer, "is the tailoring-to-order graft. He will solicit an order for a suit of clothes. When it is given he requires from the customer a deposit of one dollar as an evidence of good faith that the suit will be accepted when delivered. His invariable custom is to collect the one dollar, never any more and never any less; but he habitually fails to deliver the goods. The last time he was here, before this, he had resolved not to get into trouble again, and I advised him to leave the city. This he did, but with his age, his poor sight and broken health, he found it difficult to make a living, and at intervals wandered back. A year ago this last winter I was told, one stormy January day, that somebody wanted to see me at the door. I went forward and found my old fake tailor, Charlie Leonard. He is a shrunken little fellow—weighs maybe a hundred pounds—but that day he had on a suit of clothes built for a man that must have weighed three hundred; he was lost in it. The sidewalk was covered with ice, and he had no shoes; his feet were on the ground.

"We had a talk. I gave him some clothes, a pair of shoes—a little change. He talked brave, and declared he wasn't going wrong again. But as I watched him start down the street in the snow-storm, I said to myself he won't stand it much longer if it keeps cold.

For two weeks the wind held in the north, and one night the Black Maria backed up, as usual, with our loads. Out of one batch, somewhat crestfallen, ambled Uncle Charlie Leonard. He had resumed business with early spring patterns and had secured six orders, each with the usual deposit of one dollar. When the matter came up, Judge Kavanaugh hardly knew what to do with him. He was going to send him to the Bridewell, but I knew he would be no good there to himself or to anybody else. 'Let me have him, Judge,' I suggested, 'the county has got to take care of him; the best you can make of him, he is a public charge. I will make him comfortable at the jail, and I'll get some good use out of him.' When asked what possible use I could put the old fellow to, I replied, 'There is a little work I can give him that he can do; but most of all I want him for his influence over the other colored men'; and actually," added Jailer Whitman, "we are getting those colored men so they are the best-behaved prisoners in the jail. They have lieutenants to look after things, and you won't find under their benches in the assembly room any dirt or any spitting. And if their seats are vacant on any night, the lieutenant goes around to investigate matters. This is all under the management of Charlie Leonard. He's as happy as if he had been born here and has been ever since the judge changed his sentence from the House of Correction to the Cook County Jail."*

I have left myself hardly any space to speak of the other features of this great place of detention of which Whitman is the head. I mean the journal conducted entirely by the Improvement Association. Among the schools is a Night School for the men taught by a prisoner selected from the Association. The selection is intrusted to the Executive Committee, subject to Whitman's approval. In matters of this kind it is Mr. Whitman's rule at all times "to see that things don't get to drifting," as he expresses it; in other words, he always keeps the slack.

You will meet in the Cook County Jail many strange characters. But among all that you study none will sink in like the man who has tamed this constantly changing army of violent men—Whitman himself.

I have not found time to speak of his wife. Yet I dare venture that much of this great achievement of the man has come from the sympathy and support of a good wife. One can hardly enter Cook County Jail without hearing of Mrs. Whitman's work. For my part, I base all estimate of her earnestness on one striking fact—that she has given up her city home to live with her husband where the work is being done that will be the monument of them both.

*At the present time, January, 1908, Uncle Charlie is "out"—his time having been commuted—and is tailoring again—"on the square."

A CASTLE IN SPAIN

BY JUSTUS MILES FORMAN

Illustrated by H. M. Walcott

STUBBS showed me into the red drawing-room, the little one, because there was a fire there, and said that Lady Elinor would be down soon. I found Sibyl and the Persian cat informally occupying the hearth-rug. The cat moved away with a distrustful backward glance, but Sibyl, abandoning for the moment a huge and misshapen lump of something which would seem to have been toffee, gave me a very sticky hand.

"I'd offer you some toffee," said she, in a tone of reckless generosity, "but I—I'm afraid I've licked it all over."

"Oh, not any, thanks," said I hastily; "not that I should object to your having—er, licked it; but you see I'd just had a large quantity of it before coming here. I—I'm very apt to stop in at—at a shop and eat toffee," I concluded wildly.

Sibyl gave a sigh of all too obvious relief—though mingled with sadness.

"I don't have it often," she suggested; "not so *very* often."

"You shall have it every day," I cried; "pounds of it! The idea of not allowing you all the toffee you want! It's barbarous."

Sibyl wagged a melancholy head.

"I'm not allowed half enough," she declared. "This—this morning I—stole some from Elinor—only it wasn't toffee, it was chocolate. It hurts yet," she grieved, stirring about uneasily upon the hearth-rug.

"Oh," said I, leaning forward sympathetically, "tummy?"

"That's not where I'm smacked," said Sibyl with dignity. There was a painful silence for quite a minute or two. The Persian cat having reconnoitered from the middle distance, at last returned and sat down with an absent air upon the lump of toffee, but was indignantly pushed away by the proprietor of the same.

"Why did the cat go away, Sib, when I came in?" I inquired.

"Flossie Bray—I mean, Lord Brayton—was here this afternoon," said Sibyl significantly.

"The devil!" said I. "I would say, the deuce!" I apologized.

"Oh, you needn't mind me," declared Sibyl. "Dad uses—language, sometimes—quite often. He called me a little devil the other day."

"No!" I cried in a shocked tone. "He couldn't have, really!"

"He did," insisted Sibyl.

"I don't want to seem curious," said I in a deprecatory way, "but—but what had you been doing, Sib?"

"Just sailing boats in his bath," said Sibyl. "And—and one of them sank to the bottom, and I expect I forgot to take it out. Dad must have sat down in the bath the very first thing," she continued reflectively.

"Oh," said I. "I think I understand. Of course that was some provocation, wasn't it? But we're leaving our muttons—I mean our Lord Brayton. I take it he's not fond of cats."

"He tried to kick Frou Frou," cried Sibyl resentfully. "I paid him, though; I did things to his hat."

"Good old Sib!" said I.

"I'd much rather Elinor would marry you than Flossie Brayton," observed Sibyl, attacking the toffee.

"Thank you, Sib," said I gratefully. "So would I—I've told her so no end of times."

"He was kissing her hand to-day," continued Sibyl with disgust. "That was when he tried to kick Frou Frou, just because Frou Frou rubbed up against his legs in a perfectly friendly way."

"Kissing her hand, was he?" I growled. "The beast! Kissing her—Sibyl, my dear, I can't allow you to tell me—er, family secrets. You know it's not proper. Really it isn't."

"Rot!" said Sibyl elegantly. "And he put a ring on it, too—her hand, you know. What would he be doing that for? She wouldn't let him kiss her, though. She said, 'Not yet. Give me a little——'"

"Sibyl," said I firmly, "that is enough.

I mustn't listen to you. Elin—Lady Elinor wouldn't like it at all. Ah, Sib, Sib, it's a bitter world! I can't see any good in it."

"What can't you see any good in?" inquired Lady Elinor from the doorway. I rose and made a bow.

"I can't see any good," said I, "in not giving Sib all the sweets she wants; cutting her off that way only leads to immorality."

Lady Elinor shook her head.

"It's very bad for Sibyl's tummy," said she.

"Her tummy?" I inquired. "Why I should have said it was rather—" But a gentleman never betrays a confidence, and I held my peace.

Lady Elinor sat down in the big chair before the fire and leaned forward with her elbows upon her knees. I tried to catch a glimpse of her left hand, but it was hidden in the folds of her gown.

"Sib, darling," said she presently, "your hands are very, very shocking. Don't you want to go and have them washed—as a special favor to me?"

Sibyl swallowed the last of the toffee, and departed, with the Persian cat under one arm.

"I told him that Flossie Brayton tried to kick Frou Frou," she said from the doorway.

"Ah," cried Lady Elinor, looking up at me very quickly. "So Sib told you?"

"Yes," said I. "Yes, Sib said that—that Brayton had been here to-day. Ah, is it true—is it true, Elinor?"

Lady Elinor raised her left hand from the folds of her skirt, and the ring was there, on the third finger—a ruby between two diamonds. It looked like Brayton, just the showy sort of thing Brayton would choose.

"Why, yes, Teddy," said Lady Elinor rather low; "yes, it's true. You're the first one I've told. Won't you say something nice to me, Teddy?"

"I hope," said I, looking into the fire, "that you'll always have all the toffee you want, so that you won't have to steal it, like poor Sib—and be smacked. I hope your life will be as beautiful as you are, Elinor. I hope your future will be an illuminated page and your memory a blank one. I hope you'll be as happy as ever you've dreamed of being."

"Oh, no, no, Ted," cried Lady Elinor softly. "Not that. I shan't be as happy as I've dreamed of being, so don't hope that—if you really did hope it. As happy as I've dreamed of being! Ah, rather not! You don't know what a girl dreams, Teddy; you're nothing but a man, you see."

"Oh, I've had my dreams," said I, "and cherished them somewhat. It appears I must forget them—or try to. No, I don't fancy you will be as happy as you've dreamed. It's a pity."

"Yes," sighed Lady Elinor. "Ah, yes, it's a pity. Still, dreams never come true, do they, Teddy?"

"I've heard that theory advanced," said I, "but I don't recollect ever to have seen it proved."

"Why, if they could come true," said Elinor in a half whisper. "If they could——"

"You wouldn't be wearing that very handsome ring?" I suggested.

"No," said Lady Elinor, "I shouldn't be wearing Brayton's ring. I shouldn't be doing what they all want me to do—what they all expect me to do."

"All?" I objected.

Lady Elinor turned her head with a little sweet half sad smile, and I took a firm hold upon the arms of my chair.

"All," she murmured. "All, Ted, but one—one very foolish and—and very dear dissenter—who's dear for his great, great folly, and foolish because—why, because he's such a dear."

"But whose opinion is of no weight," said I.

"Whose opinion," said Lady Elinor, "*must* be of no weight, must be erased with—with the other—dear things to make that memory page blank."

"Ah, that memory page!" said I.

"It's the sweetest of all the pages," she murmured, "the very sweetest."

"If only it needn't be erased," said I.

"Erased it must be," declared Lady Elinor firmly. "Oh, Teddy, Teddy, weren't they good old days, those days! How did we ever come to stray out of Paradise, Teddy, after we'd gone so far in? Is there a little masked gate in the wall that we opened by chance, that we thought would lead us still farther in? Were we too busy looking at each other to see where our feet were turned?"

"'She'd slip down, I think, to the rug, and lean her cheek against his ***hand****'"*

"We didn't stray out," said I, with my head in my hands. "We were chucked out—by the main gate. Ask your mother how, Elinor."

But Lady Elinor was looking into the fire with a little far-away smile, and her face, with the soft red glow thrown up across it, was the most beautiful thing that a man ever saw.

"Of course we were only children," she cried softly, "but such dear children, Ted. Why mayn't people be children always? Why must they grow up?"

"They needn't grow up," said I.

"Why must they be taught wisdom?" demanded Elinor. "Why mayn't they be left in their belief that love is the only thing?"

"Love is the only thing, Elinor," said I. "Wisdom's a lie; love is the only thing."

Lady Elinor shook her head.

"The wise people say no, Teddy," she murmured. "They tell me that love is all dreams, castles in Spain—and that there's no happiness in Spain."

"I should make you happier than ever Brayton will," said I bitterly. It was a contemptible thing to say, for she was wearing Brayton's ring.

Elinor gave a little, low, gasping cry, and her eyes closed for an instant.

"He—tried to—kiss me—to-day!" she whispered presently. "I nearly—screamed! Ah, yes, yes, Ted, you would make me happier. Is happiness all, Teddy?"

"Upon my faith," said I.

"They say not," said Elinor. "Oh, I should—I shall become used to—Brayton after—after a while. He's a good sort, Ted. He loves me, I think, and—and he has a great deal of money. I shall be a power, shan't I?"

"Is that enough?" said I.

"It isn't what I'd dreamed, Ted," she said. "I'd dreamed—oh, such a life! No, power, Teddy; no great position—just happiness! Just two young, foolish, dear people, who loved each other madly—worshipped each other!—just their life together, a selfish life, I suppose, for no one else came into it at all. There were just the two of—of them, and nothing else counted in the least. They never grew up, you know, my two people; they wouldn't let each other grow up. They were infants, always, about most things. Oh, weren't they dears! I'd dreamed all sorts of beautiful little particulars, details about them—*my* people in Spain! What they'd do and what they'd say and how they'd act toward each other; how they'd sit before the fire of a nasty day or an evening in—in just one chair, not such a very big chair. Fires are so comfy, and make you want to be nice and say nice things. They're so noddy and sputtery and bless-you-my-childreny. People *couldn't* row over an open fire, could they? Sometimes they'd talk—when they wanted to—and say the things they wanted, and sometimes they'd stop, and understand each other quite as well—that's a test—Oh, and I—I think she'd like her head where—it belonged, and if he should happen to kiss her, there'd be no one but the firelight to see, and it would never, never tell. It would be very quiet, and the glow from the fire would be red on their faces, and they would not want another thing in all the world. She'd slip down, I think, to the rug, and lean her cheek against his hand, and look into the embers, and his other hand would be smoothing her hair as she loved it smoothed. Ah, Teddy, Teddy, wake me! I'm dreaming again, and I mustn't, I mustn't. Bring me back from Spain, Teddy. I mustn't wander there. That's the life I've dreamed of. Isn't it mad? That isn't what's before me."

"No," said I. "No, Elinor, that isn't what's before you. Have you thought of what you've to look forward to? Listen. Brayton is thirty-nine—nearly forty. He's growing a bit stout, Elinor. He'll be fat in five years, and he's undeniably bald at the tonsure. He likes his dinner—he even loves it—and for a couple of hours afterwards he's—he's somnolent. I don't like talking about men behind their backs, but this is a time for plain speaking. Brayton wouldn't care for sitting *à deux* before the fire. That wouldn't amuse him. He'd fall asleep and spoil things. No, he'd be off at his club of an evening. Brayton wouldn't fit into a castle in Spain; he's a bit—solid. Still, he'd be nice to you—if you didn't interfere with him. He'd be proud to have you at the head of his table; you would ornament it, Elinor, and I dare say you'd get on together in a very friendly, peaceable sort of fashion—in England, not Spain."

Elinor dropped her face into her arms, and her bowed shoulders quivered and shook.

"Ah, no, no!" she moaned. "Ah, no, no, Teddy! Not that. I—I can't bear it!"

Then after a long time she looked up once more. Her beautiful face was very flushed, and there were tears wet upon her cheeks.

"It's impossible," said she. "I can't do it. I was mad even to fancy for an instant that I could bear such a life after —after everything."

She pulled the diamond and ruby ring from her finger suddenly and threw it from her as if it burned her hand. It rolled into the gloom beyond the circle of firelight, the three gems flashing as they went.

"Let them say what they will," cried Lady Elinor. "Oh, take me away to Spain, Teddy!"

Then I stood up before her and held out my arms.

"Come to Spain, Elinor!" said I.

Illustrated by W. D. Stevens

SUMMARY OF CHAPTERS I-V—Sitting together in the same car of the train which is carrying young Doctor Neal Robeson home to his native town in Western Pennsylvania are Sally Packer, a country girl, and Ike Braddish, an oil driller. Neal, who has recognized Sally, notices that she is crying. He introduces himself, persuades her to change her seat, and gets her story. She and the man are returning from Avalon, whither they had eloped that morning, but where the marriage certificate Braddish had promised was not forthcoming. Sally had thereupon insisted on returning home at once. Neal informs Braddish that he is acquainted with his designs, and gives him until the next day to leave the town.

On arriving home Neal, who himself has returned for a rest, is shocked to find his father, the old country doctor, alarmingly aged. The chief items of news in the little town are the recent arrival of a rich family—the Nevilles—from Avalon, and the decision of Eleanor Craig, the orphan of the minister, to drill an oil well on her place. More interesting to Neal is his own observation that young Mr. Lindsay Neville has taken a great liking to Eleanor, and his suspicion that Eleanor returns it with interest.

Braddish does leave town the day after Neal's arrival, but, as he informs Neal who is at the station to watch him go, for no fear of him; and he adds that he will return and "do" Neal "up."

CHAPTER VI

The Villagers are Amused

EXPECTATION ran high over the various features of the "exhibition" that Eleanor was supervising, especially over the athletic contest, for Neal had announced that first and second prizes had been offered—the first anonymously, the second by Mr. Lindsay Neville. Only Jake, the Robesons' red-haired hired man, professed little interest in the outcome of this event. His particular friend, John Robeson, was not to take part. Instead, John was to recite Bret Harte's verses, "I Was With Grant."

"Oratory for me," stated Jake, upon hearing a rehearsal. "That's the dumb funniest. I'll applaud you, John."

On the appointed night the schoolroom filled, rapidly and noisily; the kerosene lamps, set in their tin brackets against the walls, smoked from the constant slamming

of the doors; there was a great scraping of chairs and settling of dresses, and much shrill nasal sound. The Nevilles sat with well-bred impassiveness, trying to be unconscious of the craning, curious necks and of the commenting murmurs.

Eleanor entered and paused in front of them to cheer a thin little girl who was bowed over, clutching her hands together in an agony of fear. Lindsay Neville, hearing what she said, leaned forward.

"Oh, but I don't believe she's at all nervous, Miss Craig," he said persuasively. "Gracious!" he added, as the child turned a piteously hopeful face toward him, "Little girl, I don't see how you can be so cool! When I was a boy and had to make a speech, my heart"—he put his hand on his breast—"my heart — I thought it would jump clear through my coat and go flop, flop on the floor, like a fish."

Eleanor gave him a grateful look. He continued, gathering into his audience two or three other small persons who had turned their heads.

"I think you're wonderfully self-possessed, all of you," he said flatteringly. "You know I love to cheer and clap and laugh—I suppose some of you have funny pieces? I like to cry, too, when anybody sings a pathetic song or acts sad. I hope there will be somebody with a piece that will make the tears come into my eyes; I don't want to laugh all the time, because it's fattening, and I can't stand much of that."

With his corpulence and his benevolently shaped head, he suggested the bachelor subservient to babies, indefatigable at trotting them on his knee. Yet for all his blandness, he had an energetic, lively face, and his eyes had a way of leaping at one and then of holding one boldly.

"This is my sister next to me," he went on, and the girl laughed and nodded to the faces turned round in shy interest.

"Will Bains, with face set and dangerous"

"Her name's Rosamond, and she's got a light complexion like me, and she's going to be fat like me, only she doesn't think so. I have a rhyme that I always sing whenever I want to find her—

'Where, oh where is my Rosamond?
Where, oh where is my strawberry blonde?'

What's your name, little girl? Maybe I can make up a rhyme about you."

"Mahala Jenkins."

"Step upon the stage, Mahala,
And let me hear how you can holler.

That's not a very good rhyme though, and holler isn't really a nice word. Let me try again on this boy here."

"Seth Johnson."

"Seth—Seth—what can I do with Seth?" murmured Neville in perplexity. "There was a young speaker named Seth. Come, help me out with this, Rosamond."

"No, you can finish it yourself. He's as silly as Mother Goose when he gets started," Rosamond confided to the children.

"Seth—Seth—but never a word saith she," said her brother reproachfully. He laid his finger upon his forehead and thought, and the children began to giggle.

"Ha, I have it," he cried, and he recited, beating carefully with his hand—

"There was a young person named Seth,
Who would speak with his very last breath;
'Hold me down if you dare:
I *will* leave my chair,'
Cried this eager young speaker named Seth."

As the boy happened to be quite the most bashful of all elocutionists, this sally received great applause. The scared little Mahala became nearly hysterical with delight.

"We shall want a few words from you at the end," said Eleanor, speaking to the young man. She gave him no time for more than a dismayed flinging up of his

hands, for she at once nodded to the children, who rose, flocked about her, and followed her upon the platform. Seating herself at the piano, she began the accompaniment to "My Country, 'Tis of Thee." Then, when the singers had returned to their seats, she announced that Henry Ploot would recite "Venerable Men!" from Webster's Bunker Hill oration.

There was silence while a sturdy youth, with cowlick flattened down upon his brow, hurled forth the apostrophe.

Next Miss Arabella Clack rustled to the stage with jet glistening upon her like dewdrops in the sun, and with a black crescent pasted on one buxom cheek. She rendered on the piano "White Wings" and "Northern Lights," after which she made way for more oratory.

The trembling Mahala was called upon.

"Don't forget to *holler*," Neville said to her, with a reassuring laugh. She recited bravely, and because she was the smallest performer the applause was generous. After Seth Johnson and McIlhenny Stiles had given their "comic" dialogue, Neal, Pete Stilwell, Dan Hodgkins, and half a dozen other boys, clad in sleeveless jerseys and gymnasium tights, came from the dressing-room, carrying the horizontal bar.

"The boys will stump one another," Neal announced. "Each one will have three tries at any feat before he's counted out. Mr. Lindsay Neville, who has offered the second prize, has kindly consented to act as judge in this contest. I'm simply in it to act as pacemaker."

Little Tom Stearns dropped out after three valiant, straining attempts to "skin the cat"; Ted Lemon and Albert Bliss both failed on the somersault over the bar; Frank Hedges succumbed on the "bunch" swing, where the others had whirled round and round, holding on by elbows and knees, and looking like trussed fowls. Each, as he retired, was applauded, and given also some good-humored criticism. "You give a fine exhibit of quiverin' with the head down, Tom;" "Albert, you kicked awful hard; was your fetlocks a-tickling you?" But as the events progressed, and the three remaining contestants—Pete Stilwell, Dan Hodgkins, and Jim Dake—went through without a failure, excitement began to subdue the audience.

"That boy of mine will break his fool neck yet," old Dave Stilwell muttered, vainly trying to repress his pride when

"'*Our well-known sportin' character, Mr. Dave Stilwell*'"

Pete, after two failures, succeeded in making a clear swing and back somersault. It was this feat that Jim Dake failed on. The rivalry between the two remaining competitors began to show greater keenness, and they struggled through the increasingly difficult tasks with a straining effort that contrasted with Neal's smooth performance. Pete, who was leading, essayed the "giant swing," in which the performer, clinging only by his hands, and stretched at full length, sweeps in wide revolutions about the bar. The boy swung until he had gained momentum,

then launched himself, rose to the point where he was for a trembling instant standing on his hands, his feet high in air, and then broke and came tumbling. He picked himself up, waited a moment, tried again; failed, and tried a third time. "Oh, durn!" groaned Dave Stilwell, morosely folding his arms. The audience greeted Pete's retirement with an ovation that softened the old man's disappointment.

And in another moment his hopes had revived, for Dan Hodgkins failed on his first attempt, even as Pete had done. "They all crumple up when they get high in the air," Blanchard observed critically. And Dan Hodgkins crumpled up twice more.

"There was nobody stumped Pete anyway," declared Dave Stilwell, somewhat vauntingly, amid the sighs and applause. "I wonder if Neal can do any more than that there thing Pete missed on. Ho, there he goes!"

And wrapt in the general wonder, Stilwell gazed as Neal concluded the athletic programme with five giant swings backward. The audience implored him to do more, but he shook his head, and said, "It's all I know."

The closing features of the entertainment began. John Robeson delivered "I Was With Grant," and at the end there came from a remote corner the most titanic of guffaws, which sank and paused, only to renew itself. Here and there people stood up to ascertain the uncontrollable source, and an evil-disposed boy sneered to John, "Huh, paid Reddy Jake's way in to have him laugh, huh!" "You tell that to any one, and I'll lick you," flashed back the sensitive speaker. Even during Arabella Clack's farewell selection, "Good-night, Beloved," there were sputterings and cracklings, heroically strangled, which brought down upon the hired man black looks from those about him.

Arabella, leaving the piano, was held by the enthusiasm of the audience, smiling and bowing. Will Bains, with face set and dangerous, rose from his seat and strode toward the platform, bearing a bunch of roses tied with a pink ribbon. A shout of delight went up from men and boys, and women began to clap. Arabella turned red and took a hesitating step, then paused, seeing that she could flee only toward Will.

In the back of the room Sol Packer was on his feet, strenuously invoking quiet. Securing some measure of it, he vociferated in tones that rang through the hall:

"Wait, Will; wait till you can see the whites of her eyes."

Will came manfully close to the stage, and then let fly; the bouquet sped so straight and so hard that Arabella gave a little shriek. But she tried bravely to catch it, and when it fell from her hands, she stooped, and, picking it up, smiled at Will and ran from the platform. Amid uproarious laughter, the happy youth made his way to his seat, and every one that could reach him pounded his back as he passed.

The programme was at an end, and Eleanor announced that Mr. Lindsay Neville would award the prizes. He smiled upon the audience in an engaging, friendly way, and began:

"Ladies and gentlemen, or, if I may say so, fellow citizens——"

There was a hilarious burst of approval and a shout from some one, "We'll let you, all right."

"Thank you. Now, if you'll let me, I'll omit the speech for the present and go straight to business."

"Speech! Speech!" cried some of his enthusiastic fellow citizens.

"Oh, you're not going to escape a speech," he assured them. "But I'm going to give out a few prizes first." He showed that he meant what he said by walking over to the piano and taking from it a set of books. "The prize for the best declamation goes to Mr. John Robeson."

As John stepped forward, there rose above the applause a shrill, deafening whistle from the corner that had been most appreciative of his work. It mounted and sank and mounted again, the wondrous triumph of a man's two lips and four of his fingers. The applause was silenced by it, and then burst forth with new enthusiasm for the whistler.

The stout young man stood beaming on the platform.

"I was glad I could give that prize to Mr. Robeson," he said. "I wanted to hear from that corner again. The prize for the best rendering of a musical selection goes to Miss Arabella Clack."

What the prize was the audience could not see, for it was delivered wrapped up in a box; and while the applause lasted, there were requests, "Open it, Arabella." And presently she was holding up and joyously brandishing an arm encircled by a silver bracelet.

"I happened to have in my pocket," said Neville, "because I thought it might be needed on such an occasion as this, a special prize—what I shall call the Reward for Valor. I wish now I could bestow two Rewards for Valor. But, after all, the young man who deserves such decoration has been repaid to-night—amply repaid by smiles other than mine. And"—he had to wait until the commotion caused by an attempt to get Will Bains on his feet had subsided—"and I think you will agree with me that the winner deserves this prize. I'm not sure how she pronounces her name. Early in the evening I said to her—

'Step upon the stage, Mahala,
And let me hear how you can holler.'

Perhaps that was pronouncing it wrong. So now I'm going to try it the other way, and say—

'Step upon the stage, Mahala,
Here is your Reward of Valor.'"

"Say, he's all right," said Packer, who was banging his hands together, to Jim Casey, who was doing the same, happy this evening in the companionship of Sally.

"You bet he is," answered Jim.

And the women said, "Isn't she a little dear!" as Mahala came shyly on the platform and looked up at Neville while he fastened a gold pin at her breast.

"Now," said Neville, "it's pretty mean to have to say that of two men who have practically tied in a contest one must take second place. I should like to avoid rendering a decision on the gymnastic contest. Anyway I'm going to talk about something else before I say the words that must, I fear, plunge half these shining faces into gloom."

Arabella Clack, whose chief personal affliction was a too shining complexion, instinctively passed her hand over her face. Neville, seeing that he had the attention of his audience, proceeded seriously:

"I want to tell you how much this exhibition has impressed me. I have been seeing lately a great deal of the disadvantages under which boys and girls in a big city grow up.

"I happen to be a member of a committee in Avalon. A newspaper began some months ago to deride us by calling us Vice Crusaders, and that's what we are. We get word of unlawful places that are being kept open with the connivance of the police. We raid these places and close them up. It doesn't hurt now to be called Vice Crusaders. We have had such success that I have sometimes been sickened by it. The places that we have found were in the most densely settled part of Avalon; and nearly every man, woman, and child in the neighborhood knew of them. Those who remained respectable in the midst of corruption were helpless; they could report to the police, and nothing would come of it.

"Under the circumstances there were a good many that couldn't stay respectable, and that number was always increasing. It was made so easy to go wrong. It was sometimes pleasant, sometimes profitable; it seemed never to be followed by punishment. The boys and girls there were growing up without one good influence—unless it was by accident. And to change things in any way seemed so hopeless—I used to think it would be better after all just to drop it and go into the country to live, where it was clean and healthy, and forget.

"Well, some men have their work to do in the country, and others have theirs to do in the city, and circumstances seem to have made me one of these. But you don't know what it means to me, after seeing the Monday-to-Saturday vice and crime of Avalon, to come down here over Sunday and see—and I hope get—a little of the virtue of the country. And I should like to say this. Doubtless a good many of you will eventually leave Rehoboth, pleasant as it is, and go to some city. And when you do, I hope you will remember that the city boys and girls have more to fight against in all that leads to virtue and honor in this world than you have had; and I hope that by being good citizens and standing for the right, and not only standing for it, but being leaders for it, you'll help them in their fight.

"And now you're getting uneasy to

know who's the winner of the athletic contest. In making a decision I have had to take into consideration the grace and smoothness in the performances of the competitors. Because he seemed on the whole to excel in these points, I have pleasure in awarding the first prize—a handsome silver watch, presented, I regret to say, by one who prefers to remain the Great Unknown—to Mr. Dan Hodgkins."

Dan clumped down the aisle amid an uproar.

"'If I am bothered or annoyed, it will probably not be by the oil drillers'"

"The second prize—a pair of skates—is won by Mr. Peter Stilwell."

"I'm satisfied," Pete's father said incautiously to Blanchard. "I don't know as *'twould* have looked just right for Pete to take that first prize."

"Why, did you give it?" asked Blanchard, looking at him keenly, and then reading confession in the old man's embarrassment, he shouted in his mighty voice:

"Set down all! I'm privileged to announce that our well-known sportin' character, Mr. Dave Stilwell, donated the handsome watch. I should like to call on Mr. Stilwell for a few words."

"Durn ye, Blanchard, durn ye!" Stilwell said furiously, moistening his lips in distress during the laughter and applause. "I can't think of a thing to say, I——"

But Blanchard and Torson were hauling him to his feet. He stood ruffled and disconcerted.

"This is an ondignified position for me to be in," he began. "The performance we have had the pleasure of witnessin' was an ondignified performance, I may say"—he hesitated, and then, casting his eyes about on the laughing faces, went on relentingly—"but, I may say, it was an amusin' one. And I regard the speech to which we have had the pleasure of listenin' as a moral speech, and I may say we all approve of it, for this is a moral town. The old folks as well as the young folks are moral—well, it ain't no laughing matter, now I tell ye," he said indignantly, surprised at the sudden outburst which greeted this statement. "And I may say—I may say—I want to shake the hand of the gentleman that made them moral remarks."

He advanced toward Lindsay Neville, and the two men ceremoniously shook hands before a much gratified audience. Stilwell's inspiration became instantly popular, and in another moment Lindsay found himself holding a reception, blocked off from his laughing family by a throng of people, all pressing to shake his hand.

On all sides Neal heard murmurs of admiration for the speaker; they came as much from the men as from the women. He made his way up to Eleanor, who was standing with Wilbur, looking on happily.

"It was a great success," he said, "and the success is all yours."

"Oh, it's everybody's," she answered. "Your part in the performance was splendid, Neal. I'm ever so grateful to you."

And then her eyes strayed from his and rested again with a smile on Neville, who was still bowing and shaking hands.

"May I walk home with you?" Neal asked.

"Thank you. But Mr. Neville said they would drive Wilbur and me home. I don't know how they'll crowd us in. I'm afraid it means Mr. Lindsay Neville will walk."

"Oh," said Neal. "Well, good-night, Eleanor."

"Good-night," she said. "Thank you again, Neal," and as he stepped into the line, he saw that she had returned to her gazing.

He joined his family, who were conversing with the Nevilles. He experienced at once Miss Neville's excited admiration. She said to him:

"Oh, Doctor Robeson, I think you were perfectly wonderful. I'd rather be athletic than anything else. And Lindsay told me how you beat him at tennis and swimming and everything."

Amid such congratulations he should have been happy. But he was not, really. He knew too clearly he had been outshone; and he liked to shine.

CHAPTER VII

Neal Arranges an Object Lesson

IKE BRADDISH had returned to Rehoboth. Neal debated with himself whether he ought to warn Sol Packer of the danger that might menace Sally. But from what he had seen and heard of the relations between her and Jim Casey, he concluded that the period of her infatuation for Braddish was past; and out of consideration for the girl, he chose to remain silent.

Braddish had returned to drill the well on Eleanor's land. The derrick had been built, the engine had been set up, and the Nevilles from their house above had looked on aghast. Only Lindsay Neville, deep in Avalon politics, had not heard of these developments, and when, therefore, he arrived in Rehoboth the afternoon of the day on which the rigging was completed, he stopped on Eleanor's hill-top in amazement.

A derrick seventy feet high stood before his eyes, where no derrick had ever been. Along the brook beside it were flung its various unsightly appurtenances, a boiler, an engine-house, a shed and plank-walk, a pile of casings, a huge wooden tank. A sound of hammering in the derrick answered a sound of hammering in the engine-house.

As Neville descended the hill, he saw Eleanor Craig seated on her doorstep, gazing at the strange development.

"Hello," he called out, taking off his hat and waving it at her. He was an informal person, and although he had been so little in Rehoboth, he had always seen her when he had come down. "You are quite the suddenest. I didn't know you were going to drill for oil."

"Yes, I've meant to for some time. I'm sorry—I'm afraid it must cause your family some vexation," Eleanor said.

"Oh, they'll get over it," he answered cheerfully. "Will you stay here while the work goes on? It will be pretty disagreeable, won't it? You're not afraid to have the drillers hanging round day and night?"

"Oh, no; they will be busy. People aren't dangerous when they're busy."

"Now, I'm sorry to hear that," he said with a laugh. "I was hoping that some folks up in Avalon were beginning to find me dangerous."

"What is the political outlook?" she asked.

"Oh, we're accumulating facts for argument. Who's this coming in the buggy? Neal Robeson, isn't it? Is he coming to see the Craigs or the Nevilles? The Craigs, of course; this is your field day, I suppose."

"Yes, I'm the village show."

"I hope the well will be a gusher."

"It would be ruinous to your place if it were," she answered solemnly.

He smiled cheerfully, and after waiting to shake hands with Neal, started up the road.

Neal tied his horse to the hitching-post, glancing meanwhile toward the scene of activity, which was less than a hundred yards distant from the house.

"It looks really like business, doesn't it?" he said. "With Sipe sitting on the fence and the others working. Are you going to stay here through it all, Eleanor?"

"I think I had better have embroidered in large letters on my breast, 'Yes, I am

"She raised her pistol at a distance of about thirty-five feet"

going to stay,'" she answered. She moved to one end of the doorstep, making room for him, so that he might sit down. "You are about the tenth person that has asked me that to-day."

"A fellow can't always be original," Neal said, taking the seat by her side. "And I feel as if I ought to talk to you pretty straight about this." He knew that she stiffened imperceptibly. "It will be more comfortable for you—no, it will be safer for you to go somewhere else until the drilling is finished. There are plenty of people who would be glad to have you stay with them; mother has asked you, I know. This fellow Braddish is a dangerous character; I understand that he has collected the others, and that means they are of the same kind."

"I assure you I have made up my mind," Eleanor said stiffly. "If I am bothered or annoyed, it will probably not be by the oil drillers."

Neal reddened. Then he laughed.

"Honestly, I don't see your reason," he said. "Just perverseness?"

"That will do for a reason," she answered. Then she broke out, with some anger, "Why should I give a reason—to you—to any of these people—for preferring to live in my own house, in my own way? I have no fear of these men. I consider it unmanly—yes, unmanly in you to try to fill me with false alarms; that is something no one else has tried to do."

"I can't help it," Neal answered. "If I seem unmanly to you, I'm sorry. I should seem unmanly to myself if I were too delicate to speak out and say I know you are running a needless risk. A girl like you can't know the risk; a girl like you has no idea of a man like Braddish. You stay here; you expose yourself certainly to the risk of insult, if nothing worse."

"And going elsewhere, I might expose myself to the risk of lectures—quite tiresome lectures," she said.

"If it was just a matter of defence by retort—" Neal began.

"By retort!" She flung out one hand excitedly. "I have my pistols."

Neal glanced again toward the derrick. Braddish had come out and was standing by the fence talking with Sipe. And then Neal had a quick inspiration.

"Pistols!" he mocked her. "Pistols! Pshaw!"

With a quiet delight he saw he had now made her too angry to speak. She had set her lips with the expression that means, "Don't let me say anything I shall be sorry for."

"Why, I don't suppose with your little pistol," he continued good-naturedly, "you could hit a burglar under the bed. A woman with a pistol is just a little more helpless than a woman without one. You'd better let Wilbur have charge of the pistols and get yourself a burglar alarm," he concluded amiably.

The expression on her face did not change. She rose and went into the house. Neal sat on the step and smiled, though it was rather a rueful smile.

She came out, as he had expected, carrying a pistol.

"I will show you whether a woman can shoot or not," she said, so vindictively that he could not refrain from asking—though he knew it was unwise—"Are you going to use the gun on me?"

"What would you like to have me hit?" she asked in an immobile voice.

"Don't harm the birds," he pleaded, noticing that her unseeing gaze was fixed on a sparrow in the road. "Haven't you an old tin can somewhere?"

He found one behind the woodshed.

"Put it on that stone across the road," she said.

"Oh, no," he answered. "The object of this is to show you can shoot with people looking on. So we'll move down here a little way, so that these men can see."

He started with the can toward the derrick. His motive flashed upon the girl, and against her will a smile twitched the corner of her mouth. He was diplomatic enough not to notice it.

Two men who had been hammering inside the derrick came out and watched the approach with some curiosity. Sipe and Braddish stared and talked together in an apparently unfriendly interest. Neal paid no attention to them. When he came within about fifty feet of where Sipe was sitting, he placed the tin can on a fence post. The sun glinted on the revolver in the girl's hand, and the two men out in the field came over to Sipe and Braddish. They were short, heavy-set, and powerful; one of them had long, gorilla-like arms. In the unremitting silent gaze of the four men there was a hostile quality that Neal felt, and that he feared might make Eleanor nervous. She raised her pistol at a distance of about thirty-five feet.

There was the report, and the can tumbled from the fence post.

Neal glanced over at the men. The two whom he did not know were talking and shaking their heads. Braddish stood with his arms folded, in grim silence. Sipe called out, in his wheedling voice,

"That's right good shooting, Miss Eleanor."

"It will do," Eleanor said, and turning unconcernedly, she walked back toward the house.

"I admit that your performance is upsetting to my theory," Neal said.

"It was very clever of you to draw me into it," she answered. "It was a rude and uncalled-for performance."

"It was a rudely suggestive one." He lingered a few moments, hoping that besides acknowledging his cleverness, she might mollify or retract some of the passages of the afternoon, but he lingered in vain.

Meanwhile, Braddish was holding a private conversation with the man with the long gorilla-like arms, whom he had drawn to one side.

"Arty," he said, "did you take note of that fellow with the girl?"

"I did," answered the other.

"He is the fellow that stole my girl away from me," Braddish said, "and I am going to do him up, as sure as your name is Arty McGuire."

"Did *he* steal her?" asked McGuire in surprise.

"Not for himself. He ain't man enough for that."

"What's become of the girl?"

"She's here in town."

"Have you give her up?"

"I don't know as I have." Braddish spat upon the ground. Another subject was engrossing him. "See here, Arty; did you get the point of that gun play?"

"Kin I smell a skunk!" asked McGuire derisively.

"*He* put her up to that, and when he goes I'll just chase over and buzz to her."

No sooner had Neal driven away than Braddish sauntered up to the doorstep, where Eleanor was still sitting.

"I suppose it was your friend that started you to givin' us that hint," he said bluntly. "Now, I want to tell you we don't need no shows of that kind. We're here for oil, not for house breakin'."

"I never thought otherwise," Eleanor answered, feeling he had put her in the wrong.

"I was comin' over anyhow this afternoon to say one thing to you," Braddish continued in a more conciliatory tone. "Might have saved you from wastin' your powder if I'd come before. I wanted to tell you that I'm bossin' the drillers, and they're men I know. They're all right, too, and they won't give you no trouble. Of course we're a rough crowd—can't pretend to be nothing else. But the only feller that's sometimes kind of ugly if there's drink around is Arty McGuire. He's my tool dresser, so I will have a close watch over him. So you needn't be afraid of him. He'd be all right anyhow, and he ain't dangerous even when he's drunk, nothing but loud and noisy. And mind, I'm his boss, and I will look out for him. If you find any trouble, you just report to me."

"I don't anticipate any trouble," Eleanor said.

"There won't be any," Braddish reiterated. "I'll hold McGuire in all right. I don't suppose," he added, "you'd object to our getting a jug of water now and then from your well? That in the brook ain't hardly fit to drink."

"No; certainly not."

She waited for a moment, and then, as he had nothing more to say, she nodded and went into the house. She felt now provoked with herself, and especially with Neal, because of her exhibition of marksmanship. It had put her definitely in the wrong. The drillers were, doubtless, simple-minded, rough, good-hearted men, honest as the day.

"Arty," Braddish said to McGuire on his return to the derrick, "I have give you a bad character."

"The h—l you say!" replied McGuire, complimented, with a grin.

CHAPTER VIII

A Knight Errant and a Simple-minded Brute

ON the next afternoon Neal started out for another interview with Eleanor, this time with a definite and important purpose in mind. When he reached the top of the hill overlooking her house, he turned and went home. He had seen Lindsay Neville's chestnut horse tied in front of her door.

From the discouraging significance of this he did not recover for three days.

Then he received a vitalizing shock. He met Braddish upon the road, and Braddish lounged toward him and said, with a leer,

"There are girls and girls."

"What?" said Neal.

"You thought you done me out of Sally, didn't you? Well, now I'm tellin' you. There are girls and girls."

And Braddish's wink was almost good-natured as he lounged on down the road.

Neal climbed a fence and seated himself on it—he had the countryman's habit—to think things over. Eleanor was not Sally; but he did not know at what limits of abuse Braddish might stop.

After a quarter of an hour he climbed down from the fence and went to her house, to ask her to marry him. Theoretically, he did not believe in asking a girl upon "prospects"; but he felt justified. If he could secure the authority over her of the accepted suitor, he could protect her from her own wilfulness; in deference to his wishes or entreaties she would come and stay with his mother.

On reaching her house, he was again confronted by an ill omen. The door was locked; no one was at home.

By the brook the derrick rose complete—the engine was chugging, the walking-beam rocked up and down. No one was in sight, and obtrusive as were the wooden sheds, their aspect was certainly not threatening; it was even harmless.

When he returned home he found his father lying on the lounge in his office.

"This September weather's too hot for the old man," he said to Neal. "I'm trying to get rested up; they want me at Ralston's, across the river, this afternoon."

"You'd better let me go; it's probably of not much importance," said Neal.

"It's important enough, but there's nothing to be done," the doctor sighed wearily. "Ralston's dying of consumption."

He turned restlessly over on his side.

"I knew how it would end when he wouldn't stop smoking," he continued. "Always smoked constantly, Ralston did. It's bad enough for any one, but for a man with a weak throat it's death. If I ever catch you smoking, Neal, out you go. I tolerate most things, but mind you—tobacco's barred."

"Yes, sir," Neal said obediently.

He left the room with tears in his eyes. For two or three weeks past he had been trying to blind himself to the fact that his father was steadily failing. He did not speak of it to his mother, nor did she to him. But he had noticed that his father was growing more willing to have him visit patients, and relied more on his advice, seeming indeed less certain of himself. And when he felt he had perhaps betrayed some indecision, he would assert over Neal an authority grotesquely like that exercised over infants, by laying, for instance, an arbitrary interdict on tobacco or fried eggs. In this manner the old doctor tried to delude himself and his family into the belief that he was holding his own.

Neal rowed across the river, glad to have the distraction of physical effort. He found his patient a tall, rickety farmer, not so wasted by the disease as he had expected, but thin and pale, and shambling about with hopelessness in his gait and on his face.

"No, they ain't nothing to be done for me, I realize," he said to Neal. "I'm too far gone. Nothin' but Arizony could help me now, and I guess it's too late for that. And I'd rather die here."

Neal listened with his stethoscope, and tapped the man's chest and back with his little rubber hammer.

"Does this bit of pine woods belong to you?" he asked, pointing to the fringe of trees a hundred feet from the house.

"Yes," Ralston answered.

"I'll walk over and take a look at it." He found it a pleasant little strip. The ground was soft with pine needles; the sunlight came down through the trees.

"Now," he said, coming back to Ralston, "I'm going to make you lead an entirely new kind of life. No more feather beds; no more sleeping in the house. I want you to spend every night out under those pine-trees. You can spread a blanket on the ground, but that's all. Sleep out in the open air till the snow flies. You and Mrs. Ralston can have a sort of continuous picnic. You'll get a good deal of fun, fixing up a tent, or may be a shanty, in the woods. After a couple of months of this kind of life, you'll feel more like working than you do now. I'll give you some medicine — it's not medicine so much as it's a tonic—that's what you really need. And I'll come back before long; and, Mrs. Ralston, you tell me if he talks about nothing being of any use any more."

"'You thought you done me out of Sally, didn't you?'"

"I do believe, Doctor, you've put new heart into him," said the woman gratefully. "I'm sure you're going to feel better, Joshuay."

It hurt Neal almost as much as it pleased him to find that he could give the poor people such hope. His father had failed to give them this, and it was an in-

dication that his father's usefulness was passing.

As he walked up the road from the river that evening, the season and the hour seemed to lay melancholy upon him. The last month of summer had slid by listlessly; now the leaves of corn, that had grown straight and tall, had begun to turn yellow and to droop; sun and dust had grayed the grass, the blackbirds had become noisy in the fields. Animation, that had seemed suspended for a brief period, was settling into decay. In dooryards rose-bushes showed a waste of petals on the ground; along the roadside sunflowers and golden-rod no longer flaunted gaily, but trooped, a tattered remnant, for which the China asters, with pale, cool hue, were passionless companions.

Appropriately to Neal's feeling of depression, he met Eleanor and Lindsay Neville returning from a drive. And as he smiled and bowed, the reason why her house had been closed that afternoon was clear to him. The growing intimacy of the two might mean nothing, might mean anything; if it was significant, he hoped for Eleanor's sake, for her protection, the climax might come speedily.

At dusk he came to her house. She was sitting, as usual on summer evenings, on her doorstep. The evening was as the afternoon had been, heavy and still. Now it was the hour when the earth seemed breathing through its pores. In the hazy dampness, the yellow lights of the village cast webby rays; the road leading toward them vanished in the exhalations of the meadows; shell-like clouds, curving one upon another, lay about a pale moon. Neal began, shaking off distrust.

"I am going away in less than a month now. I have to be back in New York by the fifteenth of October."

"I am sorry you must leave so soon," she told him.

"Doctor Westgate has asked me to be his assistant. He is one of the best surgeons in New York—in the country; the very best, I think. Surgery is what I want especially to do. I could have no better chance. No salary to speak of; but it will be a great opportunity for getting practice and experience and becoming known. I feel confident of succeeding. In the first place, I feel I'm competent; in the second place, I have the advantage of a good start. I probably shall never be rich, but I expect to be a good and busy surgeon, and I want to make—and I feel sure that I can make—a good living for you—if you will let me."

He waited, but she did not answer.

"Of course it could not come at once," he continued. "It would be two or three years before I could count on it. But I should like to know now if you feel that you could ever—let me."

"I don't think I ever could, Neal," she answered in a low voice. "You need not have gone so into detail about your future; I am as sure of it as you can be. You have, I know, a fine career before you. But my feeling for you is not——"

Neal looked away from the village in the direction of the Nevilles. The shadowy skeleton of the derrick interposed itself; the lights of the three torches that were hung upon the cross-bars streamed upward, and the engine throbbed faintly. On the hill beyond the great house eyed Neal with a mocking serene security in its power.

"Then you care for some one else?" Neal said.

"That is hardly a fair question," she answered after a moment.

He understood what she meant. She did care, but Neville had not yet spoken. Neal rose and held out his hand. She rose also and took it. He held hers while he said:

"There is some one else. And however much I may like him for what he is, and admire him for what he is doing, I am bound now to enter the lists against him. I am bound to show you that I am as strong a man, as much a man, as he—and that I am the man for you. His work may seem wider and greater; mine shall be as honorable, and as truly devoted to service. My success shall be for you, because you shall rejoice in it; my life shall be for your happiness, because it shall be for the service of men."

All the time he was speaking he held her hand, he would not let it go; and she felt with a thrill of serious and solemn joy that he was making this vow upon it. And because she had this thrill, she deemed it necessary to administer a rebuke.

"It is better not to rejoice in your suc-

cess till it comes to you," she reminded him. "And even then not to talk about it too much." Then she took the sting out of the words with a friendly laugh. "You know I could never think you a braggart, Neal."

"I understand what you mean," he said, smiling. "For instance, I read in the Avalon newspaper this morning that Mr. Lindsay Neville is to be the People's Party candidate for mayor at the next election; but he did not talk about it beforehand?"

"That is an example," she replied.

The voice of one of the oil drillers came caroling toward them; the man could be seen dimly, approaching across the field. The words were indistinct. Then Neal caught a line of the song.

"Go into the house," he said to Eleanor sternly. "Go in — and shut yourself in."

A look of fear came into her face—fear either for him or of him it might have been; but there fell upon her ears another line of the song, and she obeyed silently. And then in the house she submitted to a craven impulse, of which forever after she was ashamed. With what she afterwards knew had been a false delicacy, a dread of seeing brutality, she hid herself in a room where she could neither hear nor see.

Neal stepped round the corner of the house. "Stop that song!" he shouted.

The man, swinging his water jug, approached the well; the song became more vile. Then Neal ran at him. McGuire sang on derisively, but he was watching his chance; and when Neal was within a few feet, he gave the jug a mighty sweep and let it fly. It went hurtling over Neal's head, and the next moment McGuire was hitting out with his fists ferociously.

Both of the men had some little skill in boxing. McGuire was the more powerful; Neal the more active. But McGuire in his flannel shirt with the sleeves rolled up, was the freer for action; Neal in his coat and collar was already, as he circled round and darted blows, beginning to feel the hot oppression of the heavy damp night. In front of him McGuire pivoted to his attack sturdily, with his wide mouth open and the end of his tongue curling from a corner of it in a leer; and his two huge fists, revolving before his chest, alternated in striking Neal's blows upward. Once Neal got past his guard and reached him under the chin, driving his jaws together upon the wickedly curling tongue; McGuire cursed in pain and anger, and, lunging forward, insensible to further pain, struck mad, sledge-hammer blows upon Neal's body. Then both men were roused to murderous passion; they rushed at each other, broke apart, and rushed again. Neal was panting and blood was flowing from his nose.

"I'll blow ye," grunted McGuire savagely. "Yes, I'll blow ye."

Some one else was running across the field from the oil derrick. Neal's weary senses were aware of this, but they were too weary to know either despair or expectation. He fought on, stumblingly; he was conscious that Braddish was squatting at one side and saying, "Now I'll see fair play." Then McGuire came at him with another bull-like rush.

A white figure ran from the house toward the group—toward the two men bending over the third, who lay insensible.

"Who is it?" she cried, and then, as she came nearer, sobbingly, "Is he dead?"

McGuire turned as if to run, but Braddish seized him by the collar and whispered something. The girl came up, carrying a pistol in her hand; she looked down into Neal's bloody face.

"Lift him up," she ordered them calmly. "Carry him into the house."

They obeyed her, Braddish taking him under the shoulder, McGuire raising his legs; and Eleanor walked beside Braddish, supporting Neal's head with her hand.

"Oh, you cowards!" she said bitterly, as they toiled with their burden. "You cowards!"

"That ain't the word," protested Braddish. "I seen them fighting; I came runnin'. Just as I came up, he gets knocked out. He ain't much hurt; just knocked out. He oughtn't to have got foolin' with a man like McGuire. I came as fast as I could to stop it."

She believed him, for she had been crouching and hiding in a dark room; only after an interminable time had she dared to steal to a window; the word "coward" had in the utterance recoiled upon her.

"You ought to be shot down," she said to McGuire.

"A white figure ran from the house toward the group"

"I fought fair," he muttered. "He came ragin' at me—and I fought fair."

"You ought to be shot down," she repeated. "It would hardly be murder—after what you have done."

He understood that she alluded not only to the fight, but to the song.

"The house was dark. I didn't know there was anybody round," he defended himself. "It was closed all afternoon. I didn't know you'd got back. And when he came ragin' at me——"

An impatient flourish of her pistol-carrying hand ordained silence.

They laid Neal on the sofa of her sitting-room, and, under the light, he was seen to stir.

"Bring me some water," she said. "And then one of you go for the doctor—his father."

It was McGuire who started out to the well for the water; Braddish stood by silently. Eleanor knelt at the sofa, chafing Neal's hands. He was stirring more uneasily, moving his head from side to side, and then he opened his eyes.

"Are you all right, Neal?" Eleanor said to him.

He looked at her vacantly, then closed his eyes.

She ran frightened to a closet, brought out a bottle of brandy, and pressed a teaspoonful between his lips. Meanwhile McGuire slopped water upon Neal's face. Again he stirred and opened his eyes, this time with complete consciousness.

"What are these fellows doing here?" he asked, after a moment, and he slowly raised himself upon one arm. McGuire drew back.

"They brought you in when you were hurt, Neal," Eleanor said.

"That was very kind of them," he answered. His voice was hollow with weakness, but for that reason its sarcasm was more grim. He remembered everything now. He sat up, looking from Braddish to McGuire.

"Now you can go—both of you," he said.

Braddish turned politely to Eleanor. "Shall I fetch the doctor, Miss Craig?" he asked.

"I was going to send for your father, Neal," she said. "Shan't Mr. Braddish——"

"No!" Neal cried, with a sudden, surprising vigor. "You can go." He swept them with his arm toward the door. "Both of you—at once!"

McGuire was the first to retreat; Braddish, with a faint smile of triumph and a respectful glance at Eleanor, followed. And Eleanor struggled against a flash of anger that Neal should thus have ordered Braddish from the house—as if it were *his* house! The fact that she struggled against the flash and kept it down meant that she knew it to be unworthy, ungrateful; nevertheless, Neal's imperious words and manner had summoned it. She had to shut her lips tight for a moment before she could be the calm and solicitous nurse.

"You feel quite like yourself again, don't you, Neal?"

"Oh, yes; I was only stunned." He walked about the room, a little uncertainly.

"Wilbur ought to be here at any moment now," Eleanor said. "He is spending the evening at the Torsons'; he told me he would be back by nine. He can drive you home."

"No, I'll walk."

"Neal, you can't."

"Oh, but I can." He poured himself out a little of the brandy and swallowed it. "I'm as good as I ever was."

They both stood awkwardly silent. They did not speak of what had happened in the field—Eleanor because she was ashamed to expose the cowardice which had kept her in ignorance till all was over, Neal because he was vaguely, bitterly aware that somehow she had gone over to the enemy. What he did say was injudicious.

"You still think you are perfectly safe staying in this house?"

The question kindled the misunderstanding and resentment that the girl had taken from Neal's brusque orders, and that the awkward silence had been preparing. She felt he was trying to compel her now; most unjustly she thought he was pressing upon her the comparison—how much safer life with him would be.

"Perfectly safe," she answered. "The man did not know I was here; he apologized."

"Apologized!" Neal stared at her. Then he laughed as she had never before heard him laugh. "Good God!" He flung open the door, and, bareheaded, left the house.

She sat stricken in her chair, but only for a moment; then she ran to the doorway and stood there, gazing after him, and the call, "Neal! Neal!" was at her lips. She would have uttered it if he had looked back, or if his steps had wavered or faltered, as she dreaded—hoped they would. But his rage and indignation and grief drove him on in a swift, undeviating stride, and so she suffered him to go.

"I never thanked him! I never thanked him!" she lamented to herself. "And he might have been killed for me!"

(To be continued)

LET ME CRY HOPE

BY MARION CONTHONY SMITH

LET me cry Hope, though I myself despair!
Soul, if for thee the deep abysses yawn,
Hold thou thy torch above the darkness there,
That souls far off may hail it as the dawn;
Since, though the light may cheat their craving eyes,
For one dear hour 'twill make their pathway fair;
And, ere it sink, for them the Sun may rise.
Let me cry Hope, though I myself despair!

THE SHAMELESSNESS OF ST. LOUIS

Something New in the History of American Municipal Democracy

BY LINCOLN STEFFENS

Author of "The Shame of Minneapolis"

TWEED'S classic question, "What are you going to do about it?" is the most humiliating challenge ever delivered by the One Man to the Many. But it was pertinent. It was the question then; it is the question now. Will the people rule? That is what it means. Is democracy possible? The recent accounts in this magazine, of financial corruption in St. Louis and of police corruption in Minneapolis raised the same question. They were inquiries into American municipal democracy, and, so far as they went, they were pretty complete answers. The people wouldn't rule. They would have flown to arms to resist a czar or a king, but they let a "mucker" oppress and disgrace and sell them out. "Neglect," so they describe their impotence. But when their shame was laid bare, what did they do then? That is what Tweed, the tyrant, wanted to know, and that is what the democracy of this country needs to know.

What Minneapolis "Did About It"

Minneapolis answered Tweed. With Mayor Ames a fugitive, the city was reformed. No city ever profited so promptly by the lesson of its shame. The people had nothing to do with the exposure—that was an accident—nor with the reconstruction. Hovey C. Clarke, who attacked the Ames ring, tore it all to pieces; and D. Percy Jones, who reestablished the city government, built a well-nigh perfect thing. There was little left for the people to do but choose at the next regular election between two candidates for mayor, one obviously better than the other, but that they did do. They scratched some ten thousand ballots to do their small part decisively and well. So much by way of revolt. The future will bring Minneapolis up to the real test. The men who saved the city this time have organized to keep it safe, and make the memory of "Doc" Ames a civic treasure, and Minneapolis a city without reproach.

What St. Louis "Did About It"

Minneapolis may fail, as New York has failed; but at least these two cities could be moved by shame. Not so St. Louis. Joseph W. Folk, the circuit attorney, who began alone, is going right on alone, indicting, trying, convicting boodlers, high and low, following the workings of the combine through all of its startling ramifications, and spreading before the people, in the form of testimony given under oath, the confessions by the boodlers themselves of the whole wretched story. St. Louis is unmoved and unashamed. St. Louis seems to me to be something new in the history of the government of the people, by the rascals, for the rich.

Those who read in McCLURE'S for October of last year the article entitled "Tweed Days in St. Louis" know not half that the St. Louisans know of the condition of the city. These readers heard how in 1898, 1899, and 1900, under the administration of Mayor Ziegenhein, boodling developed into the only real business of the city government. Since that article was written, fourteen men have been tried, and half a score have confessed, so that some measure of the magnitude of the business and of the importance of the interests concerned has been given. Then it was related that "combines" of municipal legislators sold rights, privileges, and public franchises for their own individual profit, and at regular schedule rates. Now the free narratives of convicted boodlers have developed the inside history of the combines, with their unfulfilled plans. Then we understood that these combines did the boodling. Now we know

that they had a leader, a boss, who, a rich man himself, represented the financial district and prompted the boodling till the system burst. We knew then how Mr. Folk, a man little known, was nominated against his will for circuit attorney; how he warned the politicians who named him; how he proceeded against these same men as against ordinary criminals. Now we have these men convicted. We saw Charles H. Turner, the president of the Suburban Railway Co., and Philip H. Stock, the secretary of the St. Louis Brewing Co., the first to "peach," telling to the grand jury the story of their bribe fund of $144,000, put into safe deposit vaults, to be paid to the legislators when the Suburban franchise was granted. St. Louis has seen these two men dashing forth "like fire horses," the one (Mr. Turner) from the presidency of the Commonwealth Trust Company, the other from his brewing company secretaryship, to recite again and again in the criminal courts their miserable story, and count over for the jury the dirty bills of that bribe fund. And when they had given their testimony, and the boodlers one after another were convicted, these witnesses have hurried back to their places of business and the convicts to their seats in the municipal assembly. This is literally true. In the House of Delegates sit, under sentence, as follows: Charles F. Kelly, two years; Charles J. Denny, three years and five years; Henry A. Faulkner, two years; E. E. Murrell, State's witness, but not tried. Nay, this House, with such a membership, had the audacity last fall to refuse to pass an appropriation to enable Mr. Folk to go on with his investigation and prosecution of boodling.

Right here is the point. In other cities mere exposure has been sufficient to overthrow a corrupt régime. In St. Louis the conviction of the boodlers leaves the felons in control, the system intact, and the people spectators. It is these people who are interesting these people, and the system they have made possible.

Convicted Boodlers Describe the System

The convicted boodlers have described the system to me. There was no politics in it—only business. The city of St. Louis is normally Republican. Founded on the home-rule principle, the corporation is a distinct political entity, with no county to confuse it. The State of Missouri, however, is normally Democratic, and the legislature has taken political possession of the city by giving to the governor the appointment of the Police and Election Boards. With a defective election law, the Democratic boss in the city became its absolute ruler.

Colonel Butler, the Boss of St. Louis

This boss is Edward R. Butler, better known as "Colonel Ed," or "Colonel Butler," or just "Boss." He is an Irishman by birth, a master horseshoer by trade, a good fellow—by nature, at first, then by profession. Along in the seventies, when he still wore the apron of his trade, and bossed his tough ward, he secured the agency for a certain patent horseshoe which the city railways liked and bought. Useful also as a politician, they gave him a blanket contract to keep all their mules and horses shod. Butler's farrieries glowed all about the town, and his political influence spread with his business; for everywhere big Ed Butler went there went a smile also, and encouragement for your weakness, no matter what it was. Like "Doc" Ames, of Minneapolis — like the "good fellow" everywhere—Butler won men by helping them to wreck themselves. A priest, the Rev. James Coffey, once denounced Butler from the pulpit as a corrupter of youth; at another time a mother knelt in the aisle of a church, and during service audibly called upon heaven for a visitation of affliction upon Butler for having ruined her son. These and similar incidents increased his power by advertising it. He grew bolder. He has been known to walk out of a voting-place and call across a cordon of police to a group of men at the curb, "Are there any more repeaters out here that want to vote again?"

They will tell you in St. Louis that Butler never did have much real power, that his boldness and the clamor against him made him seem great. Public protest is part of the power of every boss. So far, however, as I can gather, Butler was the leader of his organization, but

COLONEL EDWARD R. BUTLER

Master boodler, convict, and "boss" of St. Louis. Horseshoer, millionaire, bi-partizan boss. Convicted of offering a bribe, sentenced, but out on appeal, and still a political power

only so long as he was a partizan politician; as he became a "boodler" pure and simple, he grew careless about his machine, and did his boodle business with the aid of the worst element of both parties. At any rate, the boodlers, and others as well, say that in later years he had about equal power with both parties, and he certainly was the ruler of St. Louis during the Republican administration of Ziegenhein, which was the worst in the history of the city. His method was to dictate enough of the candidates on both tickets to enable him, by selecting the worst from each, to elect the sort of men he required in his business. In other words, while honest Democrats and Republicans were "loyal to party" (a point of great pride with the idiots) and "voted straight," the Democratic boss and his Republican lieutenants decided what part of each ticket should be elected; then they sent around Butler's "Indians" (repeaters) by the vanload to scratch ballots and "repeat" their votes, till the worst had made sure of the government by the worst, and Butler was in a position to do business.

Leading Citizens Back of the Boss

His business was boodling, which is a more refined and a more dangerous form of corruption than the police blackmail of Minneapolis. It involves, not thieves, gamblers, and common women, but influential citizens, capitalists, and great corporations. For the stock-in-trade of the boodler is the rights, privileges, franchises, and real property of the city, and his source of corruption is the top, not the bottom, of society. Butler, thrown early in his career into contact with corporation managers, proved so useful to them that they introduced him to other financiers, and the scandal of his services attracted to him in due course all men who wanted things the city had to give. The boodlers told me that, according to the tradition of their combine, there "always was boodling in St. Louis." Butler organized and systematized and developed it into a regular financial institution, and made it an integral part of the business community. He had for clients, regular or occasional, bankers and promoters; and the statements of boodlers, not yet on record, allege that every transportation and public convenience company that touches St. Louis had dealings with Butler's combine. And my best information is that these interests were not victims. Blackmail came in time, but in the beginning they originated the schemes of loot and started Butler on his career. Some interests paid him a regular salary, others a fee, and again he was a partner in the enterprise, with a special "rake-off" for his influence. "Fee" and "present" are his terms, and he has spoken openly of taking and giving them. I verily believe he regarded his charges legitimate (he is the Croker type); but he knew that some people thought his services wrong. He once said that, when he had received his fee for a piece of legislation, he "went home and prayed that the measure might pass," and, he added facetiously, "usually his prayers were answered."

The "Ring" Around the Boss

His prayers were "usually answered" by the Municipal Assembly. This legislative body is divided into two houses—the upper, called the Council, consisting of thirteen members, elected at large; the lower, called the House of Delegates, with twenty-eight members, elected by wards; and each member of these bodies is paid twenty-five dollars a month salary by the city. With the mayor, this Assembly has practically complete control of all public property and valuable rights. Though Butler sometimes could rent or own the mayor, he preferred to be independent of him, so he formed in each part of the legislature a two-thirds majority—in the Council nine, in the House nineteen—which could pass bills over a veto. These were the "combines." They were regularly organized, and did their business under parliamentary rules. Each "combine" elected its chairman, who was elected chairman also of the legal bodies, where he appointed the committees, naming to each a majority of combine members.

In the early history of the combines, Butler's control was complete, because it was political. He picked the men who were to be legislators; they did as he bade them do, and the boodling was noiseless, safe, and moderate in price. Only wrongful acts were charged for, and a right once sold was good; for Butler kept his word. The definition of an honest man as one who will stay bought, fitted him. But it takes a very strong man to control himself and others when the money lust grows big, and it certainly grew big in St. Louis. Butler used to watch the down-town districts. He knew everybody, and when a railroad wanted a switch, or a financial house a franchise, Butler learned of it early. Sometimes he discovered the need and suggested it. Naming the regular price, say $10,000, he would tell the "boys" what was coming, and that there would be $1,000 to divide. He kept the rest, and the city got nothing. The bill was introduced and held up till Butler gave the word that the money was in hand; then it passed. As the business grew, however, not only illegitimate, but legitimate permissions were charged for, and at gradually increasing rates. Citizens who asked leave to make excavations in streets for any purpose, neighborhoods that had to have street lamps—all had to pay, and they did pay. In later years there was no other way. Business men who complained felt a certain pressure brought to bear on them

From his latest photograph by Murillo, St. Louis

Joseph Folk

Circuit Attorney: the man, who, single-handed, has brought to bay the bankers, lawyers, corporation managers, and politicians—the boodle ring that robbed St. Louis and rules it yet.

from most unexpected quarters down town.

A Hard Game to "Buck" Indeed

A business man told me that a railroad which had a branch near his factory suggested that he go to the Municipal Legislature and get permission to have a switch run into his yard. He liked the idea, but when he found it would cost him eight or ten thousand dollars, he gave it up. Then the railroad became slow about handling his freight. He understood, and, being a fighter, he ferried the goods

FREDERICK G. UTHOFF

State's witness in the Snyder trial, who testified in regard to the effort to secure a $100,000 bribe from Snyder while he held a $25,000 opposition bribe from John Scullin, and enjoyed a bribe salary from Edward Butler. After, as he thought, making sure of Snyder's pay, he scrupulously returned the $25,000 of opposition money, because, as he virtuously declared at the trial, he hadn't "earned it." All he finally got from Snyder was $5,000

across the river to another road. That brought him the switch; and when he asked about it, the railroad man said:

"Oh, we got it done. You see, we pay a regular salary to some of those fellows, and they did it for us for nothing."

"Then why in the deuce did you send me to them?" asked the manufacturer.

"Well, you see," was the answer, "we like to keep in with them, and when we can throw them a little outside business we do."

In other words, a great railway corporation, not content with paying bribe salaries to these boodle aldermen, was ready, further to oblige them, to help coerce a manufacturer and a customer to go also and be blackmailed by the boodlers. "How can you buck a game like that?" this man asked me.

Very few tried to. Blackmail was all in the ordinary course of business, and the habit of submission became fixed—a habit of mind. The city itself was kept in darkness for weeks, pending the payment of $175,000 in bribes on the lighting contract, and complaining citizens went for light where Mayor Ziegenhein told them to go—to the moon.

Ring and Boss Begin to Squabble

Boodling was safe, and boodling was fat. Butler became rich and greedy, and neglectful of politics. Outside capital came in, and finding Butler bought, went over his head to the boodle combines. These creatures learned thus the value of franchises, and that Butler had been giving them an unduly small share of the boodle.

Then began a struggle, enormous in its vile melodrama, for control of corruption—Butler to squeeze the municipal legislators and save his profits, they to wring from him their "fair share." Combines were formed within the old combines to make him pay more; and although he still was the legislative agent of the inner ring, he had to keep in his secret pay men who would argue for low rates, while the combine members, suspicious of one another, appointed their own legislative agent to meet Butler. Not sure even then, the cliques appointed "trailers" to follow their agent, watch him enter Butler's house, and then follow him to the place where the money was to be distributed. Charles A. Gutke and John K. Murrell represented him in the House of Delegates, Charles Kratz and Fred G. Uthoff in the Council. The other members suspected that these men got "something big on the side," so Butler had to hire a third to betray the combine to him. In the House, Robertson was the man. When Gutke had notified the chairman that a

deal was on, and a meeting was called, the chairman would say:

"Gentlemen, the business before us to-night is [say] the Suburban Railway Bill How much shall we ask for it?"

Gutke would move that "the price be $40,000." Some member of the outer ring would move $100,000 as fair boodle. The debate often waxed hot, and you hear of the drawing of revolvers. In this case (of the Suburban Railway) Robertson rose and moved a compromise of $75,000, urging moderation, lest they get nothing, and his price was carried. Then they would lobby over the appointment of the agent. They did not want Gutke, or any one Butler owned, so they chose some other; and having adjourned, the outer ring would send a "trailer" to watch the agent, and sometimes a second "trailer" to watch the first.

Auctioning Off a Franchise

They began to work up business on their own account, and, all decency gone, they sold out sometimes to both sides of a fight. The Central Traction deal in 1898 was an instance of this. Robert M. Snyder, a capitalist and promoter, of New York and Kansas City, came into St. Louis with a traction proposition inimical to the city railway interests. These felt secure. Through Butler they were paying seven members of the Council $5,000 a year each, but as a precaution John Scullin, Butler's associate, and one of the ablest capitalists of St. Louis, paid Councilman Uthoff a special retainer of $25,000 to watch the salaried boodlers. When Snyder found Butler and the combines against him, he set about buying the members individually, and, opening wine at his headquarters, began bidding for votes. This was the first break from Butler in a big deal, and caused great agitation among the boodlers. They did not go right over to Snyder; they saw Butler, and with Snyder's valuation of the franchise before them, made the boss go up to $175,000. Then the Council combine called a meeting in Gast's Garden to see if they could not agree on a price. Butler sent Uthoff there with instructions to cause a disagreement, or fix a price so high that Snyder would refuse to pay it. Uthoff obeyed, and, suggesting $250,000, persuaded some members to hold out for it, till the meeting broke up in a row. Then it was each man for himself, and all hurried to see Butler, and to see Snyder too. In the scramble various prices were paid. Four councilmen got from Snyder $10,000 each, one got $15,000, another $17,500, and one $50,000; twenty-five members of the House of Delegates got $3,000 each from him. In all, Snyder paid $250,000 for the franchise, and as Butler and his backers had paid only $175,000 to beat it, the franchise was passed. Snyder turned around and sold

ELLIS WAINWRIGHT

Millionaire brewer and capitalist, Director of the Suburban R.R., who endorsed a note for $135,000 to be used for bribery; now an exile in France.

it to his old opponents for $1,250,000. It was worth twice as much.

The man who received $50,000 from Snyder was the same Uthoff who had taken $25,000 from John Scullin, and his story as he has told it since on the stand is the most comical incident of the exposure. He says Snyder, with his "overcoat full of money," came out to his house to see him. They sat together on a sofa, and when Snyder was gone, Uthoff found beside him a parcel containing $50,000. This he returned to the promoter, with the statement that he could not accept it, since he had already taken $25,000 from the other

side; but he intimated that he could take $100,000. This Snyder promised, so Uthoff voted for the franchise.

Return of an "Unearned" Bribe

The next day Butler called at Uthoff's house. Uthoff spoke first.

"I want to return this," he said, handing Butler the package of $25,000.

"That's what I came after," said Butler.

When Uthoff told this in the trial of Snyder, Snyder's counsel asked why he returned this $25,000.

"Because it wasn't mine," exclaimed Uthoff, flushing with anger. "I hadn't earned it."

But he believed he had earned the $100,000, and he besought Snyder for that sum, or, anyway, the $50,000. Snyder made him drink, and gave him just $5,000, taking by way of receipt a signed statement that the reports of bribery in connection with the Central Traction deal were utterly false; that "I (Uthoff) know you (Snyder) to be as far above offering a bribe as I am of taking one."

Boodlers Arraign Each Other in Fun

Irregular as all this was, however, the legislators kept up a pretence of partizanship and decency. In the debates arranged for in the combine caucus, a member or two were told off to make partizan speeches. Sometimes they were instructed to attack the combine, and one or two of the rascals used to take delight in arraigning their friends on the floor of the House, charging them with the exact facts.

But for the serious work no one knew his party. Butler had with him Republicans and Democrats, and there were Republicans and Democrats among those against him. He could trust none not in his special pay. He was the chief boodle broker and the legislature's best client; his political influence began to depend upon his boodling instead of the reverse.

A Boodler for Love of Boodling

He is a millionaire two or three times over now, but it is related that to some one who advised him to quit in time he replied that it wasn't a matter of money alone with him; he liked the business, and would rather make fifty dollars out of a switch than $500 in stocks. He enjoyed buying franchises cheap and selling them dear. In the lighting deal of 1899 Butler received $150,000, and paid out only $85,000—$47,500 to the House, $37,500 to the Council—and the haggling with the House combine caused those weeks of total darkness in the city. He had Gutke tell this combine that he could divide only $20,000 among them. They voted the measure, but, suspecting Butler of "holding out on them," moved to reconsider.

A Visit from Citizens with Ropes

The citizens were furious, and a crowd went with ropes to the City Hall the night the motion to reconsider came up; but the combine was determined. Butler was there in person. He was more frightened than the delegates, and the sweat rolled down his face as he bargained with them. With the whole crowd looking on, and reporters so near that a delegate told me he expected to see the conversation in the papers the next morning, Butler threatened and pleaded, but finally promised to divide $47,500. That was an occasion for a burst of eloquence. The orators, indicating the citizens with ropes, declared that since it was plain the people wanted light, they would vote them light. And no doubt the people thought they had won, for it was not known till much later that the votes were bought by Butler, and that the citizens only hastened a corrupt bargain.

The next big boodle measure that Butler missed was the Suburban Traction, the same that led long after to disaster. This is the story Turner and Stock have been telling over and over in the boodle trials. Turner and his friends in the St. Louis Suburban Railway Company sought a franchise, for which they were willing to pay large bribes. Turner spoke about it to Butler, who said it would cost $145,000. This seemed too much, and Turner asked Stock to lobby the measure through. Stock managed it, but it cost him $144,000—$135,000 for the combine, $9,000 extra for Meysenburg—and then, before the money was paid over and the company in possession of its privilege, an injunction put a stop to all proceedings. The money was in safe-deposit vaults—

$75,000 for the House combine in one, $60,000 for the Council combine in the other—and when the legislature adjourned, a long fight for the money ensued. Butler chuckled over the bungling. He is said to have drawn from it the lesson that "when you want a franchise, don't go to a novice for it; pay an expert, and he'll deliver the goods."

National Fellowship of Boodlers

But the combine drew their own conclusions from it, and their moral was, that though boodling was a business by itself, it was a good business, and so easy that anybody could learn it by study. And study it they did. Two of them told me repeatedly that they traveled about the country looking up the business, and that a fellowship had grown up among boodling aldermen of the leading cities in the United States. Committees from Chicago would come to St. Louis to find out what "new games" the St. Louis boodlers had, and they gave the St. Louisans hints as to how they "did the business" in Chicago. So the Chicago and St. Louis boodlers used to visit Cleveland and Pittsburg and all the other cities, or, if the distance was too great, they got their ideas by those mysterious channels which run all through the "World of Graft." The meeting place in St. Louis was Decker's stable, and ideas unfolded there were developed into plans which, the boodlers say to-day, are only in abeyance. In Decker's stable the idea was born to sell the Union Market; and though the deal did not go through, the boodlers, when they saw it failing, made the market men pay $10,000 for killing it. This scheme is laid aside for the future. Another that failed was to sell the court-house, and this was well under way when it was discovered that the ground on which this public building stands was given to the city on condition that it was to be used for a court-house and nothing else.

An Idea from Philadelphia

But the grandest idea of all came from Philadelphia. In that city the water-works were sold out to a private concern, and the St. Louis fellows have been trying ever since to find a purchaser for theirs. They are worth at least $40,000,000. But the boodlers thought they could let it go at $15,000,000, and get $1,000,000 or so themselves for the bargain. "The scheme was to do it and skip," said one of the boodlers who told me about it, "and if you could mix it all up with some filtering scheme it could be done; only some of us thought we could make more than $1,000,000 out of it—a fortune apiece. It will be done some day."

St. Louis to be All Sold Out Yet

Such, then, is the boodling system as we see it in St. Louis. Everything the city owned was for sale by the officers elected by the people. The purchasers might be willing or unwilling takers; they might be citizens or outsiders; it was all one to the city government. So long as the members of the combines got the proceeds they would sell out the town. Would? They did and they will. If a city treasurer runs away with $50,000 there is a great haloo about it. In St. Louis the regularly organized thieves who rule have sold $50,000,000 worth of franchises and other valuable municipal assets. This is the estimate made for me by a banker, who said that the boodlers got not one-tenth of the value of the things they sold, but were content because they got it all themselves. And as to the future, my boodling informants said that all the possessions of the city were listed for future sale, that the list was in existence, and that the sale of these properties was only postponed on account of accident—the occurrence of Mr. Folk.

Preposterous? It certainly would seem so; but watch the people of St. Louis as I have, and as the boodlers have—then judge.

Accidents Will Happen—Mr. Folk

And remember, first, that Mr. Folk really was an accident. St. Louis knew in a general way, as other cities to-day know, what was going on, but there was no popular movement. Politicians named and elected him, and they expected no trouble from him. The moment he took office, on January 1, 1901, Butler called on him to appoint an organization man first assistant. When Folk refused, Butler could not understand it. Going away angry, he was back in three days to have

his man appointed second assistant. The refusal of this also had some effect. The boodlers say he came out and bade them "look out; I can't do anything with Folk, and I wouldn't wonder if he got after you." They took the warning; Butler did not. It seems never to have occurred to him that Mr. Folk would "get after" *him*.

What Butler felt, the public felt. When Mr. Folk took up, as he did immediately, election fraud cases, Butler called on him again, and told him which men he might not prosecute in earnest. The town laughed. When Butler was sent about his business, and Folk proceeded in earnest against the repeaters of both parties, even those who "had helped elect him," there was a sensation. But the stir was due to the novelty and the incomprehensibility of such non-partizan conduct in public office. Incredulous of honesty, St. Louis manifested the first signs of that faith in evil which is so characteristic of it. "Why didn't Mr. Folk take up boodling?" was the cynical challenge. "What do a few miserable repeaters amount to?"

Mr. Folk is a man of remarkable equanimity. When he has laid a course, he steers by it truly, and nothing can excite or divert him. He had said he would "do his duty," not that he would expose corruption or reform St. Louis; and beyond watching developments, he did nothing for a year to answer the public challenge. But he was making preparations. A civil lawyer, he was studying criminal law; and when, on January 23, 1902, he saw in the St. Louis Star a paragraph about the Suburban bribe fund in bank, he was ready. He sent out summonses by the wholesale for bankers, Suburban Railway officials and directors, legislators and politicians, and before the grand jury he examined them by the hour for days and days. Nobody knew anything; and though Mr. Folk was known to be "after the boodlers," those fellows and their friends and the public were not alarmed or satisfied.

"Get indictments," was the challenge now. It was a "bluff"; but Mr. Folk took it up, and by a "bluff" he "got an indictment." And this is the way of it: the old row between the Suburban people and the boodle combine was going on in secret, but in a very bitter spirit. The money, lying in the safe deposit vaults, in cash, was claimed by both parties. The boodlers said it was theirs because they had done their part by voting the franchise; the Suburban people said it was theirs because they had not obtained the franchise. The boodlers answered that the injunction against the franchise was not theirs, and they threatened to take the dispute before the grand jury. It was they who gave to a reporter a paragraph about the "boodle fund," and they meant to have it scare Turner and Stock. Stock really was "scared." When Mr. Folk's summons was served on him, he believed the boodlers had "squealed," and he fainted. The deputy who saw the effect of the summons told Mr. Folk, who, seeing in it only evidence of weakness and guilt, sent for the lawyer who represented Stock and Turner, and boldly gave him the choice for his clients of being witnesses or defendants. The lawyer was firm, but Folk advised him to consult his clients, and their choice was to be witnesses. Their confession and the seizure of the bribe fund in escrow gave Folk the whole inside story of the Suburban deal, and evidence in plenty for indictments. He took seven, and the reputation and standing of the first culprits showed right away not only the fearlessness of the prosecution, but the variety and power and wealth of the St. Louis species of boodler. There was Charles Kratz, agent of the Council combine; John K. Murrell, agent of the House combine; Emil A. Meysenburg, councilman and "good citizen"—all for taking bribes; Ellis Wainwright and Henry Nicolaus, millionaire brewers, and directors of the Suburban Railway Co., for bribery; and Julius Lehmann and Henry A. Faulkner, of the House combine, for perjury. This news caused consternation; but the ring rallied, held together, and the cynics said, "They never will be tried."

The Decent Citizen Remonstrates

The outlook was stormy. Mr. Folk felt now in full force the powerful interests that opposed him. The standing of some of the prisoners was one thing; another was the character of the men who went on their bail bond—Butler

for the bribe takers, other millionaires for the bribers. But most serious was the flow of persons who went to Mr. Folk privately and besought or bade him desist; they were not alone politicians, but solid, innocent business men, eminent lawyers, and good friends. Hardly a man he knew but came to him at one time or another, in one way or another, to plead for some rascal or other. Threats of assassination and political ruin, offers of political promotion and of remunerative and legitimate partnerships, veiled bribes—everything he might fear was held up on one side, everything he might want on the other. "When you are doing a thing like this," he says now, "you cannot listen to anybody; you have to think for yourself and rely on yourself alone. I knew I simply had to succeed; and, success or failure, I felt that a political future was not to be considered, so I shut out all idea of it."

Going "Higher Up"

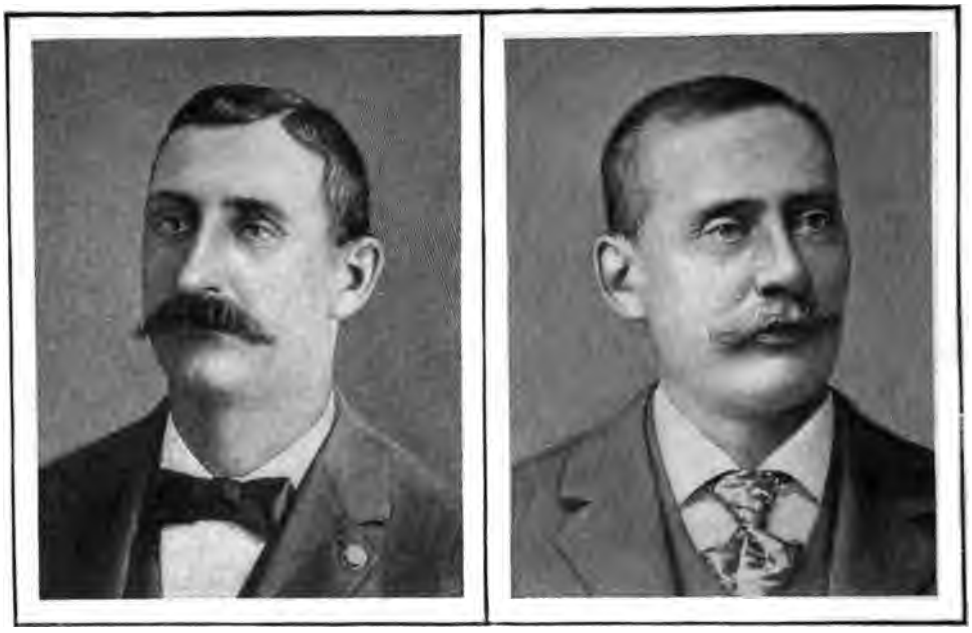
So he went on silently but surely; how surely may be inferred from the fact that in all his dealings with witnesses who turned State's evidence he has not made one misstep; there have been no misunderstandings, and no charges against him of foul play. While the pressure from behind never ceased, and the defiance before him was bold, "Go higher up" was the challenge. He was going higher up. With confessions of Turner and Stock, and the indictments for perjury for examples, he re-examined witnesses; and though the big men were furnishing the little boodlers with legal advice and drilling them in their stories, there were breaks here and there. The story of the Central Traction deal began to develop, and that went higher up, straight into the group of millionaires led by Butler.

But there was an impassable barrier in the law on bribery. American legislators do not legislate harshly against their chief vice. The State of Missouri limits the liability of a briber to three years, and the Traction deal was outlawed for most of the principals in it. But the law excepted non-residents, and Mr. Folk found that in moments of vanity Robert M. Snyder had described himself as "of New York," so he had Snyder indicted for bribery, and George J. Kobusch, president of the St. Louis Car Company, for perjury, Kobusch having sworn that he knew of no bribery for the Central Traction franchise, when he himself had paid out money. Kobusch turned State's witness against Snyder.

The Indictment of Butler

High as these indictments were, the cry for Butler persisted, and the skeptical tone of it made it plain that to break up the ring Mr. Folk had to catch the boss. And he did catch him. Saved by missing the Suburban business, saved by the law in the Central Traction affair, Butler lost by his temerity; he went on boodling after Mr. Folk was in office. He offered "presents" of $2,500 each to the two medical members of the Health Board for their approval of a garbage contract which was to net him $232,500. So the "Old Man," the head of the boodlers, and the legislative agent of the financial district, was indicted.

But the ring did not part, and the public faith in evil remained steadfast. No one had been tried. The trials were approaching, and the understanding was that the first of them was to be made a test. A defeat might stop Mr. Folk, and he realized the moral effect such a result would have. But he was sure of his cases against Murrell and Kratz, and if he convicted them the way was open to both combines and to the big men behind them. To all appearances these men also were confident, and with the lawyers engaged for them they might well have been. Suddenly it was decided that Murrell was weak, and might "cave." He ran away. The shock of this to the community is hard to realize now. It was the first public proof of guilt, and the first break in the ring of little boodlers. To Mr. Folk it was the first serious check, for he could not now indict the House combine. Then, too, Kratz was in Florida, and the circuit attorney saw himself going into court with the weakest of his early cases, that of Meysenburg. In genuine alarm he moved heavy increases in the bail bonds. All the lawyers in all the cases combined to defeat this move, and the fight lasted for days; but Mr. Folk won. Kratz returned in a rage to find bail. With his connections and his property he could give any amount, he boasted, and he offered $100,000. In spite of the



JOHN K. MURRELL

The House of Delegates' go-between, who fled to Mexico, and afterward returned to give State's evidence against the combine

CHARLES KRATZ

Go-between of the Council combine, an exile in Mexico, thus preventing the arrest of prominent financiers. Declares he will return to St. Louis and run for Governor of Missouri so soon as Mr. Folk's term is over

protest of the counsel engaged for him, he insisted upon furnishing $20,000, and he denounced the effort to discredit him with the insinuation that such as he would avoid trial. He even asked to be tried first, but wiser heads on his side chose the Meysenburg case.

First Trial Made a Test

The weakness of this case lay in the indirection of the bribe. Meysenburg, a business man of repute, took for his vote on the Suburban franchise, not money; he sold for $9,000 some two hundred shares of worthless stock. This might be made to look like a regular business transaction, and half a dozen of the best lawyers in the State appeared to press that view. Mr. Folk, however, met these lawyers point by point, and point by point he beat them all, displaying a knowledge of law which astounded them, and an attitude toward the prisoner which won the jury, and might well reform the methods of haranguing prosecutors all over this country. Naturally without malice, he is impersonal; he did not attack the prisoner. He was not there for that purpose. He was defending the State, not prosecuting the individual. "The defendant is a mere atom," he tells his juries; "if we could enforce the law without punishing individuals, we should not be here; but we cannot. Only by making an example of the criminal can we prevent crime. And as to the prisoner, he cannot complain, because his own deeds are his doomsmen." At one stage of the Faulkner trial, when ex-Governor Johnson was talking about the rights of the prisoner, Mr. Folk remarked that the State had rights also. "Oh, damn the rights of the State!" was the retort, and the jury heard it. Many juries have heard this view. One of the permanent services Mr. Folk has rendered is to impress upon the minds, not only of juries, but of the people generally, and in particular upon the Courts of Appeal (which often forget it), that while the criminal law has been developed into a great machine to preserve the rights, and much more, of the criminal, the rights of the State also should be guarded.

The Ring Scared at Last

Meysenburg was found guilty and sentenced to three years. The man was shocked limp, and the ring broke. Kratz ran away. He was advised to go, and, like Murrell, he had promises of plenty of money; unlike Murrell, however, Kratz stood on the order of his going. He made the big fellows give him a large sum of cash, and for the fulfilment of their promise of more he waited menacingly in New Orleans. Supplied there with all he demanded, this Council leader, stepped across into Mexico, and has gone into business there on a large scale. With Kratz safely away, the ring was nerved up again, and Meysenburg appeared in court with five well-known millionaires to give an appeal bond of $25,000. "I could have got more," he told the reporters, "but I guess that's enough."

With the way to both boodle combines closed thus by the flight of their go-betweens, Mr. Folk might well have been stayed; but he wasn't. He proceeded with his examination of witnesses, and to loosen their tongues he brought on the trials of Lehmann and Faulkner for perjury. They were well defended, but against them appeared, as against Meysenburg, President Turner, of the Suburban Railway, and Philip Stock, the brewery secretary. The perjurers were found guilty. Meanwhile Mr. Folk was trying through both Washington and Jefferson City to have Murrell and Kratz brought back. These regular channels failing, he applied to his sources of information in Murrell's (the House) combine, and he soon learned that the fugitive was ill, without money, and unable to communicate with his wife or friends. Money that had been raised for him to flee with had been taken by others, and another fund sent to him by a fellow-boodler did not reach him. The fellow-boodler did, but he failed to deliver the money. Murrell wanted to come home, and Mr. Folk, glad to welcome him, let him come as far as a small town just outside of St. Louis. There he was held till Mr. Folk could arrange a *coup* and make sure of a witness to corroborate what Murrell should say; for, secure in the absence of Murrell, the whole House combine was denying everything. One day (in September) Mr. Folk called one of them, George F. Robertson, into his office.

A Little Scene in Folk's Office

They had a long talk together, and Mr. Folk asked him, as he had time and again, to tell what he knew about the Suburban deal.

"I have told you many times, Mr. Folk," said Robertson, "that I know nothing about that."

"What would you say if you should see Murrell here?" Mr. Folk asked.

"Murrell!" exclaimed Robertson. "That's good, that is. Why, yes, I'd like to see Murrell."

He was laughing as Mr. Folk went to the door and called, "Murrell." Murrell walked in. Robertson's smile passed. He gripped his seat, and arose like a man lifted by an electric shock. Once on his feet, he stood there staring as at a ghost.

"Murrell," said Mr. Folk quietly, "the jig is up, isn't it?"

"Yes," said Murrell, "it's all up."

"You've told everything?"

"Everything."

Robertson sank into his chair. When he had had time to recover his self-control, Mr. Folk asked him if he was ready to talk about the Suburban deal.

"Well, I don't see what else I can do, Mr. Folk; you've got me."

Robertson told all, and, with Murrell and Turner and Stock and the rolls of money to support him, Mr. Folk indicted for bribery or perjury, or both, the remaining members of the House combine, sixteen men at one swoop. Some escaped. One, Charles Kelly, a leading witness in another case, fled to Europe with more money than anyone believed he owned, and he returned after a high time, with plenty left. A leading financier of Missouri went away at about the same time, and when he got back, at about the same time with Kelly, the statute of limitation in the financier's case covered them both.

With all his success these losses were made the most of; it was remarked that Mr. Folk had not yet convicted a very rich man. The Snyder case was coming up, and with it a chance to show that even the power of money was not irresistible. Snyder, now a banker in Kansas

City, did not deny or attempt to disprove the charges of bribery; he made his defence his claim to continuous residence in the State. Mr. Folk was not taken unawares; he proved the bribery and he proved the non-residence too, and the banker was sentenced to five-years' imprisonment.

One other trial intervened, that of Edmund Bersch of the House combine, and he was convicted of bribery and perjury. But all interest centered now in the trial of Edward Butler, the boss, who, the people said, would not be indicted; who, indicted, they said, would never be tried. Now they were saying he would never be convicted.

Trials of Butler and Tweed—A Contrast

When Boss Tweed was tried in New York, his power was broken, his machine smashed, his money spent, and the people were worked up to a fury against him. The most eminent members of the New York bar prosecuted him. The most eminent members of the St. Louis bar were engaged to defend Butler. He was still the boss, he had millions of his own, and back of him were the resources, financial and political, of the leading men of St. Louis. That the people were against him appeared in only one sign, that of the special juries, carefully chosen to keep out men privately known to be implicated. These juries had invariably convicted the boodlers. Butler asked to be tried in some other town. Mr. Folk suggested Columbia, the university town of the State of Missouri.

Columbia was chosen, and Butler's sons went up there with their heelers to "fix the town." They spent money freely, and because the loafers drank with them plentifully, the Butlerites thought they "had the town right." But they did not know Columbia; neither did Butler. When he stepped off the train, he asked genially what the business of the town was.

"Education," was the answer.

"Education!" he blurted. "That's a h—l of a business!" And he conducted himself as if he did not understand what it meant. His friends having prepared the way for a "good fellow," Butler set about proving himself such, and his reception in the bar-rooms and streets was so flattering that it was predicted in his crowd that Folk would never leave Columbia alive. But Mr. Folk understood the people better. Stanch as the leading interests of St. Louis were against him, he always held that his unflinching juries meant that the silent people of St. Louis were against boodlers, and out in the State he felt still surer of this. He was right. There was no demonstration for him. He was welcomed, but in decorous fashion; and all he saw by way of prejudice was the friendly look out of kind eyes that went with the gentle pressure of strange hands. When the jury was drawn, every man on it proved to be a Democrat, and three were members of the Democratic County Committee. Mr. Folk was urged to challenge these, for, after all, Colonel Butler was at the head of their machine. He accepted them. He might as well have objected to the judge, John A. Hockaday, who also was a Democrat. "No, sir," said Mr. Folk; "I am a Democrat, and I will try Butler before a Democratic judge and a Democratic jury."

"*Missouri, I am Pleading for Thee*"

The trial was a scene to save out of all the hideousness before and after it. The little old court-house headed one end of a short main street, the university the other; farmers' mule teams were hitched all along between. From far and near people came to see this trial, and, with the significance of it in mind, all halted to read over the entrance to the court these words, chiseled long ago, "Oh, Justice, when driven from other habitations, make this thy dwelling-place." You could see the appropriateness of that legend take hold of men, and in the spirit of it they passed into the dingy court-room. There the rows of intent faces seemed to express that same sentiment. The jury looked, the judge personified it. He alone was cold, but he was attentive, deliberate, and reasonable; you were sure of his common sense; you understood his rulings; and of his uprightness you were convinced by the way he seemed to lean, just a little, toward the prisoner. I don't believe they will find any errors, however trivial, on which to reverse John A. Hockaday. Even the prosecutor was fair. It was

not Edward Butler who was on trial, it was the State; and never before did Mr. Folk plead so earnestly for this conception of his work. Outside, in the churches, prayer-meetings were held. These were private and undemonstrative; the praying citizens did not tell even Mr. Folk that they were asking their God to give him strength. Indirectly it came to him, and, first fine sign as it was of approval from his client the people, it moved him deeply. And when, the plain case plainly stated, he made his final appeal to the jury, the address was a statement of the impersonal significance of the evidence, and of the State's need of patriotic service and defence. "Missouri, Missouri," he said softly, with simple, convincing sincerity, "I am pleading for thee, pleading for thee." And the jury understood. The judge was only clear and fair, but the twelve men took his instructions out with them, and when they came back their verdict was, "Guilty; three years."

CHARLES F. KELLEY

The globe-trotting boodler who ran away from St. Louis to save a rich man from indictment. Returning since, he has been tried and convicted of perjury. Still sits in the House of Delegates

The Shamelessness of St. Louis

That was Missouri. What of St. Louis? Some years ago, when Butler was young in corruption, he was caught gambling, and with the charge pending against him St. Louis rose to challenge him. Meetings were held all over the city—one in the Exchange down town—to denounce the political leader, who, an offence always, had dared commit the felony of gambling. Now when he was caught and convicted and sentenced for bribery, what did St. Louis do? The first comment I heard in the streets when we all got back that day was that "Butler would never wear the stripes." I heard it time and again, and you can hear it from banker and barber there to-day. Butler himself behaved decently. He stayed indoors for a few weeks—till a committee of citizens from the best residence section called upon him to come forth and put through the House of Delegates a bill for the improvement of a street in their neighborhood; and Butler had this done.

One of the first greetings to Mr. Folk was a warning from a high source that now at length he had gone far enough, and on the heels of this came an order from the Police Department that hereafter all communications from him to the police should be made in writing. This meant slow arrests; it meant that the fight was to go on. Well, Mr. Folk had meant to go on, anyway.

"Officer," he said to the man who brought the message, "go back to the man who sent you, and say to him that I understand him, and that hereafter all my communications with his department will be in the form of *indictments*."

That department retreated in haste, explaining and apologizing, and offering all possible facilities. Mr. Folk went on with his business. He put on trial Henry Nicolaus, the brewer, accused of bribery. Mr. Nicolaus pleaded that he did not know what was to be the use of a note for $140,000 which he had endorsed. And on this the judge took the case away from the jury and directed a verdict of not guilty. It was the first case Mr. Folk had lost. He won the next eight, all boodle legislators, making his record fourteen against one. But the Supreme Court, technical and slow, is the last stand for such criminals,

and they won their first fight there. The Meysenburg case was sent back for retrial.

Mr. Folk has work ahead of him for the two years remaining of his term, and he is the man to carry it all through. But where is it all to end? There are more men to be indicted, many more to be tried, and there is much more corruption to be disclosed. But the people of St. Louis know enough. What are they going to do about it?

The Supineness of the People

They have had one opportunity already to act. In November last, just before the Butler verdict, but after the trial was begun, there was an election. Some of the offices to be filled might have to do with boodling cases. Mr. Folk and boodling were the natural issue, but the politicians avoided it. Neither party "claimed" Mr. Folk. Both parties took counsel of Butler in making up their tickets, and they satisfied him. The Democrats did not mention Folk's name in the platform, and they nominated Butler's son for the seat in Congress from which he had repeatedly been ousted for fraud at the polls.

"Why?" I asked a Democratic leader, who said he controlled all but four districts in his organization.

"Because I needed those Butler districts," he answered.

"But isn't there enough anti-boodling sentiment in this town to offset those districts?"

"I don't think so."

Perhaps he was right. And yet those juries and those prayers must mean something.

Mr. Folk says, "Ninety-nine per cent. of the people are honest; only one per cent. is dishonest. But the one per cent. is perniciously active." In other words, the people are sound, but without leaders. Another official, of irreproachable character himself, said that the trouble was, there was "no one fit to throw the first stone."

However this may be, here are the facts:

In the midst of all these sensations, and this obvious, obstinate political rottenness, the innocent citizens, who must be at least a decisive minority, did not register last fall. Butler, the papers said, had great furniture vans going about with men who were said to be repeaters, and yet the registration was the lowest in many years. When the Butlerized tickets were announced, there was no audible protest. It was the time for an independent movement. A third ticket might not have won, but it would have shown the politicians (whether they counted them in or out) how many honest votes there were in the city, and what they would have to reckon with in the force of public sentiment. Nothing of the sort was done. St. Louis, rich, dirty, and despoiled, was busy with business.

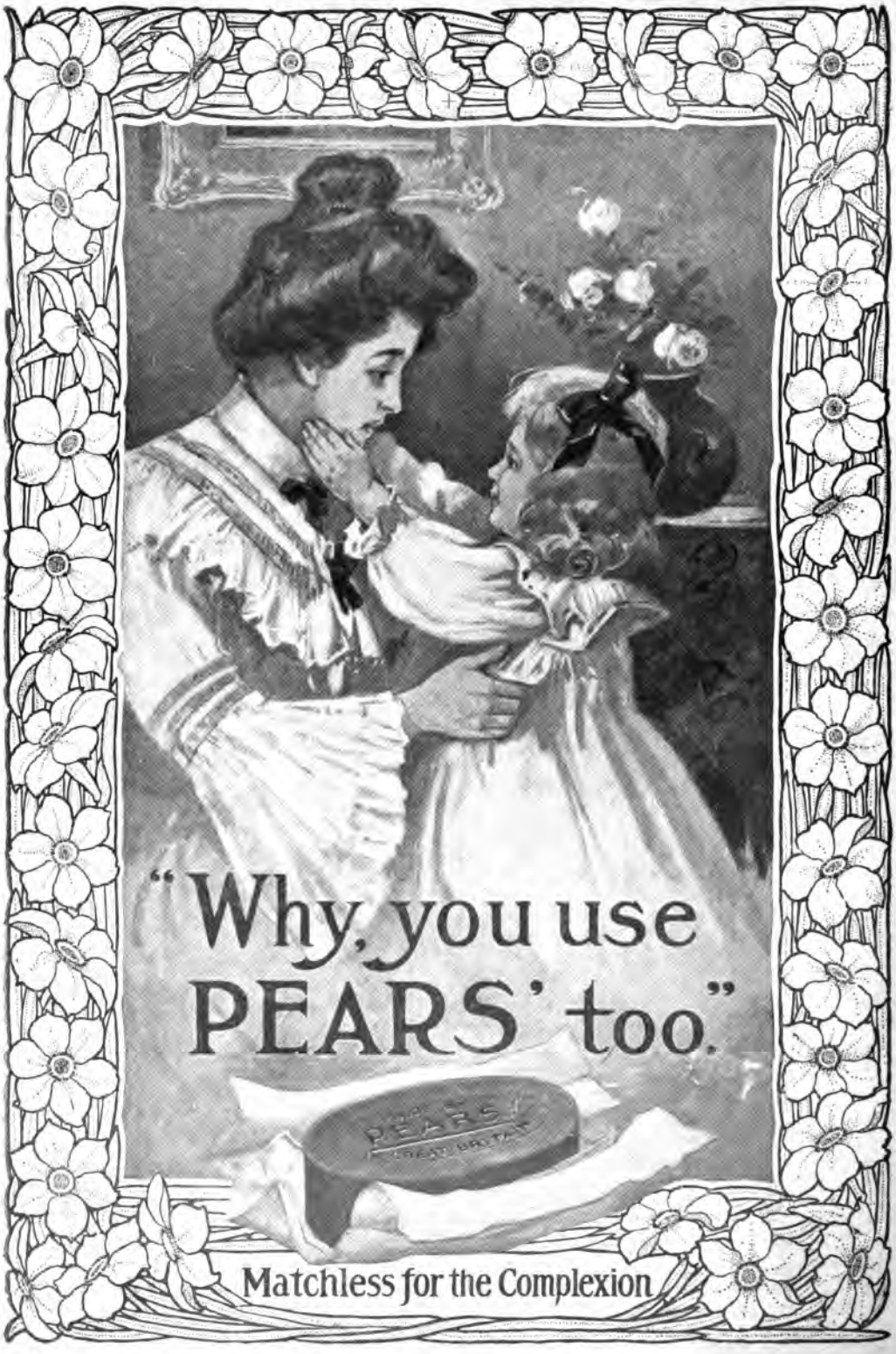
Another opportunity is coming soon. In April the city votes for municipal legislators, and since the municipal assembly has been the scene of most of the corruption, you would think boodling would surely be an issue then. I doubt it. When I was there in January, the politicians were planning to keep it out, and their ingenious scheme was to combine on one ticket; that is to say, each group of leaders would name half the nominees, who were to be put on identical tickets, making no contest at all. And to avoid suspicion, these nominations were to be exceptionally, yes, "remarkably good."

The Boodlers Only Waiting

That is the old Butler non-partizan or bi-partizan system. It emanates now from the rich men back of the ring, but it means that the ring is intact, alert, and hopeful. They are "playing for time." The convicts sitting in the municipal assembly, the convicts appealing to the higher courts, the rich men abroad, the bankers down town—all are waiting for something. What are they waiting for?

Charles Kratz, the ex-president of the Council, head and go-between of the Council combine, the fugitive from justice, who, by his flight, blocks the way to the exposure and conviction of the rich and influential men who are holding the people of Missouri in check and keeping boodling from going before the people as a political issue, this criminal exile, thus backed, was asked this question in Mexico, and here is the answer he returned:

"I am waiting for Joe Folk's term to expire. Then I am going home to run for Governor of Missouri and vindication."


"Why, you use
PEARS' too."
PEARS'
Matchless for the Complexion

my motorman. It was a rainy day, but he was as happy as sunshine.

"Yes," he said, laughing, "I've passed up their promotions. I don't know why, exactly, except that I'd rather run a cable-car than eat. It's fun, yes; yet that isn't all. There's a knack to it. When you once get the feel of your car, and can lift her weight with a twist of the wrist, it's a pleasure to do just that. It's a pleasure to go full speed; it's a pleasure to stop her easy; it's a pleasure to start her easy. I like a clear track, but I like a crowded street, too. It's a pleasure to steal ground on the wagons. When a fellow's on the track ahead, it's fun to get him off; and a trick, too. You cuss and you jar the gong, and the driver'll keep you there till you're fighting mad; but you ring once, wait and that driver, ten to one, will get out of your way. If he don't I call out something friendly like. 'Break away, old man, it's dinner time for me,' and he'll clear out. If they fight that's fun, too. You can crawl up under a wagon, and push it up on the horse, or you can catch a mean cuss under the hub and turn him over into the street. I tell you it's all fun, but I've been a cigarmaker, too, and I tell you I've found out that the best fun in life is to do a neat job up neat. Now see that lady waiting to get on. Watch the rear step."

I looked back as he sailed slowly by the woman. He stopped the car so that she stepped on without moving up or down the track.

"Did she have to chase me?" the motorman asked confidently. "No, not on your life. I can stop on a chalk line. Now as to promotion, if they offer me a place with much more pay, say $20 a week, I'd have to take it. I've got a wife, and it's hard digging on $15, but do you know I hope they won't. I'd rather run a car than eat; rain or snow, sunshine or fog."

This is the spirit. And I have found it in all trades alike.

The Joys of 'Bus Driving

One of these artists was driving a 'bus down Fifth Avenue on a certain crowded morning. Secure in his skill, he had set himself a complicated problem: To keep behind him an automobile 'bus of his own company; to "head" a cabman who had "sassed" him the day before; to pick up all the "fares" that hailed him, and keep up with the procession on his side of the street.

His half of the road was wide enough for two carriages to move abreast, and there were four columns of traffic in motion—two going up, two down. Had this condition been constant, the task would have been easy, but it wasn't. The up columns frequently thinned to one, so that the automobile had chances to shoot out and go by. The chauffeur plainly had his "dander" up, and, bound to get ahead, was overlooking some "fares" who let the horse-'bus pass to hail him. He hung out in the column farthest from his curb in readiness, black in the face, his lips moving as if he were saying things. My driver showed no sign of any feeling; he never turned his head (that seemed to be a self-imposed restriction of honor with him); he did not even look alert, and his horses moped along as if half asleep. Yet this wonderful man commanded the curb and the middle of the road, too. Spying a fare long before he approached a corner, he slowed up, jamming traffic a little behind him, swung out to turn the columns in to the curb, then bent sharply on himself, taking up the passengers before the tangle behind could clear and release the automobile. Moreover, he had to stop his back step exactly where the fare stood, to lose no time. Without seeming to hurry his horses, he yet had a way of pulling them down to business, and, once off, they loafed out into the middle of the road at a good rate, swinging back idly to keep any one from going by between them and the curb. The driver used everything to help him—a block, a cross-town car, a track, a driver off side; each checked in some way the automobile and sent my Jehu easily on his way.

The cabman ahead gained on the 'bus. He had every advantage—no stops, only two wheels, and a light vehicle, and he grinned back his triumph twice.

"Can you get him?" I asked.

"What?" asked the driver, as if he were caught stealing. He looked around shrewdly, saw I was on his side, and let a twinkle appear in his eye. "Yes; I've got him now—at Thirty-fourth Street."

That was two blocks away. Carriages

"One of these artists was driving a 'bus down Fifth Avenue on a certain crowded morning"

were thick there, crossing east and west, and north and south. A hundred feet lay between us and the tail of the double column ahead. We were free at both hubs; my driver was in the middle of his half of the road. The cab was third from the rear of the curb column ahead of us, and the automobile next behind us. We closed up half our distance, rolling easily right and left to prevent passing, and I noticed that this was done so naturally that no driver behind complained except the chauffeur, and he had known of old. I could hear him muttering curses. A thin part of the column was coming. No doubt my driver meant to gain by it, but at Thirty-fourth Street he turned curbward and the strap pulled; a passenger wanted to get out. Perhaps I looked vexed. At any rate, the driver said:

"Who-o, who-up. I knew that lady wanted to get down here. Always does. Watch the steam-engine."

The chauffeur was darting past at full speed, and he sailed out, leading his column, into the opening on past the cab. The lady was out. Our horses pulled up and we hurried out into the middle. The Jehu smiled vaguely. The automobile was stuck. It had met a coal wagon which would give not an inch, and the chauffeur was looking for a place to get into our column ahead, but the back pressure from Thirty-fourth Street had closed us in solid, and the "steam-engine" had to wait while we went by. As we passed, the chauffeur glared at me. I looked at our driver.

"That coal cart is the meanest cuss on the road," he said; "regular hog. I seen him loading up at Thirty-fourth Street."

The cab driver remained ahead. He was in the curb column; we were in the other. At a walk we all moved down on the tangle at the crossing, and I saw no way out. The Jehu, at perfect repose, held back half a length from the carriage in front. Two cars were allowed to cross, and, as they passed, the inner columns, both up and down, were started first, and we gained one place on the curb line. The cab was two places ahead, and up against a van. We still held an open space ahead. At the crossing one carriage in our column pulled out for the Waldorf-Astoria, and we crept up. I suspect my driver knew that was coming. He closed up half-way again, and was occupied with the prospect across the street. Twice we were stopped and started, then I noticed the cabby trying to get out, not ahead of our leader, but of us! My driver let him tuck his horses' heads in, then a break opened in the up column, our team lurched down on him, and, when an accident seemed imminent, we were trotting out in the opening, leaving the cabby behind us, hoarse with rage. We swung out, then back, and were bowling over the car tracks and down the avenue clear and free.

Cries arose behind, and I looked back. The chauffeur and the cabby were in collision—their wheels lightly, but their tempers violently. Each was venting on the other the rage aroused by my Jehu, who showed no feeling at all. They were blocking the road, and a policeman was going for them as we drew down where I couldn't see. The whole avenue on one side lay before us.

"Arrested?" my driver asked.

"Oh, no," I said; "it isn't so bad as that. The cop is between them."

"They'll get arrested yet, them two."

We tooled along in silence for a few blocks, my driver appearing to loaf, like his horses, though I saw that his hands worked slowly, gently, but constantly at the reins, while his eyes held the road and the curb.

"You seem to like your job," I remarked.

He did not answer right away. When he did he came back like this:

"I was delivered on this earth in '34. How old's that make me?"

"Sixty-eight."

"Well, I've handled 'em ever since I was big enough." He nodded at the horses or the reins. "I've drove 'em always, better or worse, an' always will. They've offered me the stable in my day. 'Nope,' I says. I could 'a' had that steam thing back there. Not for your Uncle Willie—I'm a driver. I'd ruther drive 'n eat. If was younger I might like to drive somethin' else, but nowadays this is good enough for me—just t' tool 'em up an' tool 'em down again, makin' the most of th' road and th' conditions o' th' way. I'd ruther drive 'n eat any day, an' always did."

Two or three of this driver's traits are characteristic of artists, as I use the word.

Besides the enjoyment of his skill, he has the ease and repose of the masters of their craft everywhere. There is concentration and intensity ; there is effort, but no nervousness, no waste of energy. The Jehu's face expressed perfect composure, his body sat squat, apparently at rest, yet his foot felt the brake and his hands handled the reins all the time ; but so gently did he control his team that his horses did not at any moment of that drive know that they were in a race.

In the Composing Room of a Big Daily

The most exciting time in a New York newspaper office is when the last edition of an evening paper goes to press. Five pages are "put to bed" between 2.56 P.M. and 3.16, some ten columns are set, five of them market reports. That isn't time enough, but the papers must get in the financial tables complete and correct between the close of the markets at 3 o'clock and 3.16 in order to catch the first brokers to leave their offices before they can reach their ferries and trains. The ticker doesn't stop till 3.11 or 3.12 o'clock, and the paper is in Wall Street by 3.28. In these few minutes a man can learn to respect skilled labor.

M. L. Prescott, foreman of the composing room, "Commercial Advertiser"

At last everything concentrates upon the final page. Two groups of compositors are at work; one at the case setting by hand the "high low last" and the "bid and asked" of the stock market, as they get the quotations from the ticker boys who snip them with scissors from the rolling tape ; the other group at the machines setting late news. All the editors come up to the last form, the managing editor, the city editor, the telegraph, the financial, the real estate, the sporting editor, each with his "important" last item, edited down to the bones. All gather about the little table on rollers, and look over the form to see how much space will be left by the financial tables. There's rarely enough. The bank-man grabs the type, marks it for the place it is to go in the page, passes the type to the proof boy, who pulls three proofs for the managing editor, the department editor concerned, and the proof-readers, who have moved down *en masse* to be near the form. Corrections are marked on the proof, which is sent out to the machines, but the type goes in. The make-up men are receiving it with both hands and laying it in swiftly and gently.

"All over," cries the ticker boy, striking his scissors on the table. The ticker has stopped. All eyes look at the clock, all except those of the make-up man whose back is toward it ; he looks at the make-up man opposite, who says, "Half a minute late as usual."

A boy rushes upstairs with copy. The copy-cutter yells to the managing editor, "Copy, can't see it." The managing editor darts up and looks at it. "Must," he says, and it goes to No. 1 machine. No. 1 machine in my day was a red-headed young man who was over-worked because he could over-work, and he liked it. Late news went to him, late corrections went to him, and when I stole past the foreman and the copy-cutter to get in "a line" too late to have the consent of the managing editor, No. 1 would grin. "Give it here," he would say, and he'd pile his late news "line o' type" on one knee, his corrections on the other, put my copy in his lips and finish the job. Then my copy was set without apparent haste, with a word about the news itself and a shout for "boy" to carry the type to the form.

There the pressure is at its height.

Nervous men wriggle from foot to foot, or swear or lose time saying, "Can't do it," or "Oh, well —— it," or "See the time."

"I must get this in," says the telegraph editor.

"I should think this would go ahead of it," the city editor answers, showing his selected theme.

"Put them both in, throw out that Boston Copper item," the managing editor decides, and the make-up men hunch themselves. It breaks up two columns.

In a crisis like that, with eight hands at work on the form, four making corrections (pulling out bad lines and inserting good ones), weak nerves go to pieces. I have seen a make-up man throw up his hands and go back only at a sharp word of command. But I have seen two men prove their character. One was a little Scotchman who could feel the confusion wrecking the crew. By the time the last hands lifted and the tired nerves cursed, he'd say, in an irritating, comical way, "There's nothing to do but cheer up, *cheer-up, chirrup.*" He buckled in the harder, all the others grinned and steadied, and out they pulled the page, locked her, jammed, and half threw, half whirled her to the steam table.

But the best man was one who seemed to be slow. He never hurried, rarely spoke, never swore, never made a useless gesture or an expression, his eyes moved like his hands—deliberately, precisely, effectively. It was a beautiful sight to watch him doing his work so easily, and yet he was the quickest man in the shop. Not only did he place his type right, but he noticed errors, even in names, showing that his intelligence was wide awake; he asked questions which saved me many a mistake, and always he was willing to do more. Sometimes he smiled, or looked up at the clock, but if you were willing to risk being late, he'd try, and if he tried, you wouldn't be late, at least not more than once or twice in a season. He could lay out a page in his mind, lay it in all but a paragraph, and alter it to suit you without losing patience; I've seen his hand turn without a pause at a command and go at the changed arrangement, and though everybody had to bend to with doubled effort, he would finish in style, swing the locked form aside, and then go at the next day's work without a rest or a pause. But that was only a way he had of slowing down after the high speed of the work. In two or three minutes he would quit, then go over to his coat, take out his pipe, sit and smoke. He was tired. He had put forth effort like the "hustlers," but none of his energy had been wasted. He and No. 1 and "Cheer Up" are artists as truly as Puvis de Chavannes or my 'bus-driver.

On the Empire State Express

As a final test I applied to the New York Central Railroad for permission to ride with the best engineer they had. The superintendent named three of the men who run the Empire State Express, giving me leave to ride up to Albany in the day time with one, down at night with another. I called on these three men before I made my choice. There was no choice, and it was almost enough simply to see them. The popular notion of a locomotive engineer is of a nerve-racked man who spends half his time under a fearful strain, cool, but aware of great danger, with one hand pulling open the throttle to the last notch, the other on the reverse lever, ready to back her, and, with a word to his fireman to jump, himself to stick to his post. If this were so, then all that I had been seeing elsewhere was exceptional. Well, it isn't so. These men were all very much alike; at bottom they were of one type. Slow of speech, composed in mind and body; intelligent, but not keen; ready, but not especially alert; they talked quietly, sensibly about their business. They don't know what "nerves" are, apparently. I found two at home on their "off day," and one was lying down, the other sitting idly, and it was plain they could rest; they could lie still, sit still, stand still. In other words, they had the repose I had noticed in other master craftsmen.

There is more true quietude in a locomotive cab than there is in the office of many an active bank president, much more than in a drawing-room, vastly more than in a Pullman dining-car. The engineer climbed into the cab about a minute before starting time, set away his oil can, wiped his hands carefully on a bunch of waste and took his place. "Arright," said the fireman, as he pulled his

head in from his window. The engineer set his reverse and pulled the throttle a bit, and we started so gently you could hardly feel it. There was no slipping of the driver on the track, nor a pound too much steam turned into the cylinder. The train got under headway evenly. Slowly we rolled down the yard among the switches and ran into the tunnel. Both the fireman and the engineer kept their eyes out here, but this vigilance was not the fixed sort you read about. It was that which a good driver gives the road ahead—sure, known, steady (and, by the way, the smoke and gases which trouble passengers when a car isn't tight, are not noticeable on an engine; they pass overhead). Out under the clear sky the train moved faster, at about twenty-five miles an hour, till it turned off out of the yard switches; then, "We're off," said the fireman, and the engineer pulled the throttle a little wider. Out on the Hudson River full speed is made. Setting his lever and pulling the throttle deliberately to a certain picked notch, the engineer let go and leaned back. That was the time of the greatest exhilaration. The great locomotive seemed to be reaching out. It moved like a snake, swaying in front from one side of the track to the other, and at each swing it took a better grip on the train, gathered more momentum. Rising at curves, it seemed to dive around them, and, once we were going full speed, behaved most like a huge buffalo driving ahead cumbrously, yet with a sense of power that made the motion easy; clumsy and stupid, but irresistible and effortless. We on its back were thrown from side to side, towns passed with a bang, trains on the side track shrieked at us and rattled like tin pans, the air batted, cuffed, and slapped in on our faces.

William Raymond, engineer of the Empire State Express

Improving my grip, I looked over at the engineer. He was leaning on the window ledge, his throttle hand resting idly on the lever; and, though he was looking ahead, he seemed hardly interested. His whole attitude suggested a man at ease. For miles and miles the engine held the pace, the engineer the pose, and the Hudson River opened and closed, folded and unfolded beside us like a beautiful picture book in strong, old, slow hands. By and by we slowed for a town; then for water; then for another town; once to pass a place where men were repairing the track; then the engine slowed down, and rolled leisurely over the new bridge into Albany, just on time.

The engineer looked across at me. "Want to go back to the yard with us?" he asked.

"No, come and have lunch with me."

"Oh, I can't do that," he answered; "I've got to go to work now."

He meant that he had to oil and inspect and tighten this and that for his afternoon trip down; but he meant also that there hadn't been any work about running his train from New York to Albany, 144 miles in two hours and thirty-four minutes. There wasn't; at least no labor. There was responsibility, concentration, judgment, and a sure hand, but no conscious effort. Once during the trip he got down and told the fireman to "run her." The fireman sat like the engineer of the story books, his body leaning forward, one hand on the throttle, the other

on the lever, and his eyes fixed ahead. *He* worked and he will work when he gets his first engine. But the old engineer, surer, with tried attention and a nicer, idler hand, so controlled that machine that, though he gave no sign of effort, physical or mental, we finished the last mile of our distance in the last minute of our time.

Well, perhaps the night trip would bear out the story teller. The darkness seemed to me to be absolute. "That makes the signals plain," the engineer said. It did, indeed; only I saw too many till he explained how to distinguish "ours" from the galaxies that confounded me. We rushed faster and faster into the dark. A light ahead floated across the track, back again, then seemed to shoot up into the air on the right; a white signal; another light on the right slid diagonally down across the track, and then headed, flying straight for my window. "Bang!" it struck, and I dodged —a passing up train. We seemed to be going twice as fast as at any time in the morning, and I asked the fireman what speed we were making. He spoke to the engineer, who leaned far over to see his watch in the light of the furnace. Sitting up again, he was still, till I forgot. By and by he bent over, again looked at his watch and spoke to the fireman, who reported: "We made that last seven miles in five minutes and twenty seconds." If this rough estimate was correct, it meant eighty miles an hour. The engineer was lying back, with his arm resting idly on the lever—his eyes not "glued to the track," but simply keeping him informed. For a while during the trip I stood up beside him, and we chatted quietly about lights and locomotives and runs, all in an easy conversational tone, and I noticed that his eyes, ready enough to turn into the cab to pull out a gauge or a screw, habitually turned back every other moment to the track. His vigilance was as subconscious as the movements of a man dressing in the morning. His mind could be on what he was saying to me, while his eyes were attending to their own business. He was not driving his machine by will-power, but machine-like, yet with his brain and senses so constantly on the lookout that they would react like clockwork to any sign meant for them. And there were many he himself forgot to mention. Thus, while we were talking, when he was interested, he let her off a little, and I asked, as if by the way, whether we were on time. "Three-quarters of a minute ahead," he said; but he had already acted before I put his mind on it. Just as in any other art, it isn't industry, but inspiration, that counts.

As I climbed back on my seat and took the rush of air and the roar of sounds I looked across at the man who was doing it and thought how little of it was his doing—how much was his parents'. He was simply a well-made human being, perfectly adjusted to his craft —a part of his locomotive. He and the machine together were like a great man —a serene soul possessing a powerful body, and directing forces out of all proportion to his effort.

When we stopped in the station, our pilot three feet from the buffer, the clock stood 9.59. That was time, and I recalled what this man had said the first day I met him, when I asked what was the art, the trick, of running an engine.

"You've got so many miles to go in so many minutes. There are so many slowdowns, sure—so many clear streaks of track. You know your engine and your track; you know just what you can do—where, when, and how. Now, then, the trick is to keep your train up to a certain point. If you use too much speed here, she'll run down on you later, so you keep her balanced on a fine edge till you're near home; then you can draw her down all you want."

"That's the thing you feel then?"

"Exactly; and that's the fun of the job. It's easy when you do it by feeling, and a pleasure."

"And danger?"

"Never think of it. There isn't any—not so much as there is walking along Broadway."

"But some engineers say there is."

"They've lost their nerve."

"What's that?"

"That's what I don't know."

The next day is the off day for those two engineers. They sit around, sleep, walk idly about, read a little. They don't talk much, but they like to listen to

"Though he was looking ahead, he seemed hardly interested"

Danny Cassin, Engineer of the Empire State Express

others' talk. Running the locomotive is their pleasure as well as their work. When they are busy they are happiest. They do not always know it, and that goes to prove the point : their joy is in their work, not a thing apart. Though they may stop for rest and recreation, their chiefest pleasure is in the doing

of their job, whatever it may be, and, whether the reward for labor in their craft be wages or wealth, the compensation that keeps them at work is the delight of the craftsman in the exercise of his skill. If this is not the spirit of a man's labor he is not an artist—he is a painter or a merchant or a workingman. Artists don't work for money.

Not that money is a mean thing, and not that artists do not care for it. My motorman admitted the value of that, but money has simply nothing to do with the art, no matter how much it may influence artists. The same spirit manifests itself sometimes in a purely money-making business. I knew a merchant worth many millions who has it so highly developed that he grieves over it, and his expression of the feeling came out in the course of a warning to me to guard against it. He was advising me to take a post-graduate college course. "Take it," he said; "take all the education you can get. I had just enough to make me aware there were lots of sources of pleasure in the world—art, music, letters, the drama, sports—but I had to go to work before I had learned to enjoy these things—before I had acquired the need of them. This enabled me to work for the pleasure of work alone, and all my pleasure centered in my own particular business. Well, I did enjoy that; but when I tried to quit, and went abroad, I got no pleasure out of my travels. All the beautiful things that I knew were beautiful bored me. I had to come back, and, to this day, with more money than I know what to do with, I find satisfaction only in the details—the details, mind you—of my business, which piles up the money people think is all I'm working for."

This sort of man is rare, even among "artists," in the narrow sense. Think how many young painters draw until middle age—even all their lives—because they cannot resist the immediate money illustrating brings in. In business, money is usually the object of effort—money first, then the position and luxuries it brings; after that the excitement of the gambler, and, finally, the love of power which often furnishes a noble spectacle in finance, terrible, but magnificent. But I am not decrying any human motives. All I wish to recall—what we all know and forget—is that the art spirit thrives in commonplace surroundings, among all crafts alike, and that there are great men among the wage-earners, where we all can see and enjoy them.

SONG

BY GOUVERNEUR MORRIS

YOUR kiss, beloved, was to me
As if all flowers of Araby,
And every fresh and fragrant rose
That ever blew, shall blow, or blows
Had all her sweetness taken up
And poured into one perfect cup
For me to drain. . . .
Kiss me again!

THE RIVERMAN

A Blazed Trail Story

BY STEWART EDWARD WHITE

Illustrated by Thomas Fogarty

I FIRST met him one Fourth of July afternoon in the middle eighties. The sawdust streets and high board sidewalks of the lumber town were filled to the brim with people. The permanent population of the town, dressed in the stiffness of its Sunday best, escorted gingham wives or sweethearts; a dozen outsiders like myself tried not to be too conspicuous in a city smartness; but the great multitude was composed of the men of the woods. I sat, chair-tilted by the hotel, watching them pass. Their heavy woolen shirts crossed by the broad suspenders, the red of their sashes or leather shine of their belts, their short kersey trousers "stagged" off to leave a gap between the knee and the heavily spiked "cork boots"—all these were distinctive enough of their class, but most interesting to me were the eyes that peered from beneath their little round hats tilted rakishly askew. They were all subtly alike, these eyes. Some were black, some were brown, or gray, or blue, but all were steady and unabashed, all looked straight at you with a strange humorous blending of aggression and respect for your own business, and all without exception wrinkled at the corners with a suggestion of dry humor.

"roosted like cormorants on

In my half-conscious scrutiny I probably stared harder than I knew, for all at once a pair of the blue laughing eyes suddenly met mine full, and an ironical voice drawled,

"Say, bub, you look as interested as a man killing snakes. Am I your long-lost friend?"

The tone of the voice matched accurately the attitude of the man, and that was quite non-committal. He stood cheerfully ready to meet the emergency. If I sought trouble, it was here to my hand; or if I needed help, he was willing to offer it.

"I guess you are," I replied, "if you can tell me what all this outfit's headed for."

He thrust back his hat and ran his hand through a mop of closely cropped light curls.

"Birling match," he explained briefly. "Come on."

I joined him, and together we followed the crowd to the river where we roosted like cormorants on adjacent piles overlooking a patch of clear water among the filled booms.

"Drive's just over" my new friend informed me. "Rear come down last night. Fourther July celebration. This little town will scratch fer th' tall timber along about midnight when the boys goes in to take her apart."

A half dozen men with peavies rolled a white-pine log of about a foot and a half diameter into the clear water, where it lay rocking back and forth three or four feet from the boom piles. Suddenly a man ran the length of the boom, leaped easily into the air, and landed with both feet square on one end of the floating log. That end disappeared in an ankle-deep swirl of white foam, the other rose suddenly, the whole timber, projected forward by the shock, drove headlong to the middle of the little pond. And the man, his arms folded, his knees just bent in the graceful nervous attitude of the circus rider, stood upright like a statue of bronze.

A roar approved this feat.

"That's Dicky Darrell," said my informant, "Roaring Dick. Watch him."

The man on the log was small, with clean, beautiful haunches and shoulders but with hanging baboon arms. Perhaps his most striking feature was a mop of reddish-brown hair that overshadowed a little triangular white face, accented by two reddish-brown quadrilaterals that served as eyebrows, and a pair of inscrutable chipmunk eyes.

For a moment he poised erect in the great calm of the public performer. Then slowly he began to revolve the log under his feet. The lofty gaze, the folded arms, the straight supple waist budged not by a hair's breadth; only the feet stepped forward, at first deliberately, then faster and faster, until the rolling log threw a blur of spray a foot into the air. Then sud-

adjacent piles"

denly *slap! slap!* the heavy caulks stamped a reversal. The log came instantaneously to rest, quivering exactly like some animal that had been spurred through its paces.

"Magnificent!" I cried.

"That's nothing!" my companion repressed me, "anybody can birl a log. Watch this."

Roaring Dick for the first time unfolded his arms. With some appearance of caution he balanced his unstable footing into absolute immobility. Then he turned a somersault.

This was the real thing. My friend uttered a wild yell of applause which was lost in a general roar.

A long pike pole shot out, bit the end of the timber, and towed it to the boom pile. Another man stepped on the log with Darrell. They stood facing each other, bent-kneed, alert. Suddenly with one accord they commenced to birl the log from left to right. The pace grew hot. Like squirrels treading a cage their feet twinkled. Then it became apparent that Darrell's opponent was gradually being forced from the top of the log. He could not keep up. Little by little, still moving desperately, he dropped back to the slant, then at last to the edge, and so off into the river with a mighty splash.

"Clean birled!" commented my friend.

One after another a half dozen rivermen tackled the imperturbable Dick, but none of them possessed the agility to stay on top in the pace he set them. One boy of eighteen seemed for a moment to hold his own, and managed at least to keep out of the water even when Darrell had apparently reached his maximum speed. But that expert merely threw his entire weight into two reversing stamps of his feet, and the young fellow dove forward as abruptly as though he had been shied over a horse's head.

The crowd was by now getting uproarious and impatient of volunteer effort to humble Darrell's challenge. It wanted the best, and at once. It began, with increasing insistence, to shout a name.

"Jimmy Powers!" it vociferated. "Jimmy Powers."

And then by shamefaced bashfulness, by profane protest, by muttered and comprehensive curses I knew that my companion on the other pile was indicated.

A dozen men near at hand began to shout. "Here he is!" they cried, "Come on, Jimmy," "Don't be a high banker." "Hang his hide on the fence."

Jimmy, still red and swearing, suffered himself to be pulled from his elevation and disappeared in the throng. A moment later I caught his head and shoulders pushing toward the boom piles, and so in a moment he stepped warily aboard to face his antagonist.

This was evidently no question to be determined by the simplicity of force or the simplicity of a child's trick. The two men stood half-crouched, face to face, watching each other narrowly, but making no move. To me they seemed like two wrestlers sparring for an opening. Slowly the log revolved one way; then slowly the other. It was a mere courtesy of salute. All at once Dick birled three rapid strokes from left to right as though about to roll the log, leaped into the air and landed square with both feet on the other slant of the timber. Jimmy Powers felt the jar, and acknowledged it by the spasmodic jerk with which he coun-

terbalanced Darrell's weight. But he was not thrown.

As though this daring and hazardous manœuver had opened the combat, both men sprang to life. Sometimes the log rolled one way, sometimes the other, sometimes it jerked from side to side like a crazy thing, but always with the rapidity of light, always in a smother of spray and foam. The decided *spat spat spat* of the reversing blows from the calked boots sounded like picket firing. I could not make out the different leads, feints, parries, and counters of this strange method of boxing, nor could I distinguish to whose initiative the various evolutions of that log could be ascribed. But I retain still a vivid mental picture of two men nearly motionless above the waist, nearly vibrant below it, dominating the insane gyrations of a stick of pine.

The crowd was appreciative and partizan—for Jimmy Powers. It howled wildly, and rose thereby to ever higher excitement. Then it forgot its manners utterly and groaned when it made out that a sudden splash represented its favorite, while the indomitable Darrell still trod the quarter-deck as champion birler for the year.

I must confess that I was as sorry as anybody. I climbed down from my cormorant roost, and picked my way between the alleys of aromatic piled lumber in order to avoid the press, and cursed the little gods heartily for undue partiality in the wrong direction. In this manner I happened on Jimmy Powers himself seated dripping on a board end and examining his bared foot.

"I'm sorry," said I behind him. "How did he do it?"

He whirled, and I could see that his laughing, boyish face had become suddenly grim and stern, and that his eyes were shot with blood.

"Oh, it's you, is it?" he growled, disparagingly. "Well, that's how he did it."

He held out his foot. Across the instep and at the base of the toes ran two rows of tiny round punctures from which the blood was oozing. I looked my inquiry.

"He corked me!" Jimmy Powers explained. "Jammed his spikes into me! Stepped on my foot and tripped me the—" Jimmy Powers certainly could swear.

"Why didn't you make a kick?" I cried.

"That ain't how I do it," he muttered, pulling on his heavy woolen sock.

"But no," I insisted, my indignation mounting. "It's an outrage! That crowd was with you. All you had to do was to *say* something——"

He cut me short. "And give myself away as a blanked fool—sure Mike. I ought to know Dickey Darrell by this time, and I ought to be big enough to take care of myself." He stamped his foot into his driver's shoe and took me by the arm, his humor apparently restored. "No, don't you lose any hair, bub; I'll get even with Roaring Dick."

That night, having, by the advice of the proprietor, moved my bureau and trunk against the bedroom door, I lay wide awake listening to the taking of the town apart. At each especially vicious crash I wondered if that might be Jimmy Powers getting even with Roaring Dick.

* * *

The following year, but a little earlier in the season, I again visited my lumber town. In striking contrast to the life of that other midsummer day were the deserted streets. The landlord knew me, and after I had washed and eaten approached me with a suggestion.

"You got all day in front of you," said he, "why don't you take a horse and buggy and make a visit to the big jam? Everybody's up there more or less."

In response to my inquiry, he replied:

"They've jammed at the upper bend, jammed bad. The crew's been picking at her for near a week now, and last night Darrell was down to see about some more dynamite. It's worth seein'. The breast of her is near thirty foot high, and lots of water in the river."

"Darrell?" said I, catching at the name.

"Yes. He's rear boss this year. Do you think you'd like to take a look at her?"

"I think I should," I assented.

The horse and I jogged slowly along a deep sand road, through wastes of pine stumps and belts of hardwood beautiful with the early spring, until finally we arrived at a clearing in which stood two huge tents, a mammoth kettle-sling over a fire of logs, and drying racks about the

timbers of another fire. A fat cook in the inevitable battered derby hat, two bare-armed cookees, and a chore "boy" of seventy-odd summers were the only human beings in sight. One of the cookees agreed to keep an eye on my horse. I picked my way down a well-worn trail toward the regular *clank clank click* of the peavies.

I emerged finally to a plateau elevated some fifty or sixty feet above the river. A half dozen spectators were already gathered. Among them I could not but notice a tall, spare, broad-shouldered young fellow, dressed in a quiet business suit, somewhat wrinkled, whose square, strong, clean-cut face and muscular hands were tanned by the weather to a dark umber brown. In another moment I looked down on the jam.

The breast, as my landlord had told me, rose sheer from the water to the height of at least twenty-five feet, bristling and formidable. Back of it pressed the volume of logs packed closely in an apparently inextricable tangle as far as the eye could reach. A man who was near informed me that the tail was a good three mile, up stream. From beneath this wonderful *chevaux de frise* there foamed the current of the river, irresistible to any force less mighty than the statics of such a mass.

THOMAS FOGARTY.

"'That's Dicky Darrell'"

A crew of forty or fifty men were at work. They clamped their peavies to the reluctant timbers, heaved, pushed, slid, and rolled them one by one over the breast, where they fell with a splash into the current and were borne away. They had been doing this for a week. As yet their efforts had made but slight impression on the bulk of the jam, but sometime, with patience, they would reach the key logs. Then the tangle would melt like sugar in the freshet, and these imperturbable workers would have to escape suddenly over the plunging logs to shore.

My eye ranged over the men, and finally rested on Dicky Darrell. He was standing on the slanting end of an upheaved log, dominating the scene. His little, triangular face, with the accents of the quadrilateral eyebrows, was pale with the blaze of his energy, and his chipmunk eyes seemed to flame with a dynamic vehem-

ence that caused those on whom their glance fell to jump as though they had been touched with a hot poker. I had heard more of Dicky Darrell since my last visit, and was glad of the chance to observe Morrison & Daly's best "driver" at work.

"'*Clean birled!*'"

The jam seemed on the edge of breaking. After half an hour's strained expectation it seemed still on the very edge of breaking. So I sat down on a stump. Then for the first time I noticed another acquaintance, handling his peavie near the very person of the rear boss.

"Hullo," said I to myself, "that's funny. I wonder if Jimmy Powers got even; and if so, why he is working so amicably and so near Roaring Dick."

At noon the men came ashore for dinner. I paid a quarter into the cook's private exchequer, and so was fed. After the meal I approached my acquaintance of the year before.

"Hullo, Powers," I greeted him, "I suppose you don't remember me?"

"Sure," he responded heartily. "Ain't you a little early this year?"

"No," I disclaimed, "this is a better sight than a birling match."

I offered him a cigar, which he immediately substituted for his corn-cob pipe. We sat at the root of a tree.

"It'll be a great sight when that jam pulls," said I.

"You bet," he replied; "but she's a teaser. Even old Tim Shearer would have a picnic to make out just where the key logs are. We've started her three times, but she's plugged tight every trip. Likely to pull almost any time."

We discussed various topics. Finally I ventured:

"I see your old friend, Darrell, is rear boss."

"Yes," said Jimmy Powers dryly.

"By the way, did you fellows ever square up on that birling match?"

"No," said Jimmy Powers. Then after an instant, "not yet."

I glanced at him to recognize the square set to the jaw that had impressed me so formidably the year before. And again his face relaxed almost quizzically as he caught sight of mine.

"Bub," said he, getting to his feet, "those little marks are on my feet yet. And just you tie on to one idea: Dicky Darrell's got it coming." His face darkened with a swift anger, and I glimpsed the flare of an undying hate.

About three o'clock that afternoon Jimmy's prediction was fulfilled. Without the slightest warning the jam "pulled." Usually certain premonitory *cracks*, certain sinkings down, groanings forward, grumblings, shruggings, and sullen reluctant shiftings of the logs give opportunity for the men to assure their safety. This jam, after inexplicably hanging fire for a week, as inexplicably started like a sprinter almost into its full gait. The first few tiers toppled smash into the current, raising a waterspout like that made by a dynamite explosion; the mass behind plunged forward blindly, rising and falling as the integral logs were up-ended, turned over, thrust one side, or forced bodily into the air by the mighty power playing jackstraws with them.

The rivermen, though caught unawares, reached the banks. They held their peavies across their bodies as balancing poles, and zigzagged ashore with a calmness and lack of haste that were in reality only an indication of the keenness with which they fore-estimated each chance. Long experience with the ways of sawlogs brought them out. They knew the correlation of these many forces just as the expert billiard player knows instinctively the various angles of incidence and reflection between his cue ball and its mark. Consequently they avoided the centers of eruption, paused on the spots steadied for the moment, dodged moving logs, trod those not yet under way, and so arrived on solid ground. The jam itself started with every indication of meaning business, gained momentum for a hundred feet, and then plugged to a standstill. The "break" was abortive.

Now we all had leisure to notice two things. First, the movement had not been of the whole jam, as we had at first supposed, but only of a block or section of it twenty rods or so in extent. Thus between the part that had moved and the greater bulk that had not stirred lay an hundred feet of open water, in which floated a number of loose logs. The second fact was that Dicky Darrell had fallen into that open stretch of water, and was in the act of swimming toward one of the floating logs. That much we were given just time to appreciate thoroughly. Then the other section of the jam rumbled and began to break. Roaring Dick was caught between two gigantic millstones, moving to crush him out of sight.

Jimmy Powers

An active figure darted down the tail of the first section, out over the floating logs, seized Darrell by the coat collar, and so burdened began desperately to scale the very face of the breaking jam.

Never was a more magnificent rescue. The logs were rolling, falling, diving against the laden man. He climbed as over a treadmill, a

treadmill whose speed was constantly increasing. And when he finally gained the top, it was as the gap closed, splintering beneath him and the man he had saved.

It is not in the woodsman to be demonstrative at any time, but here was work demanding attention. Without a pause for breath or congratulation they turned to the necessity of the moment. The jam, the whole jam, was moving at last. Jimmy Powers ran ashore for his peavie. Roaring Dick, like a demon incarnate, threw himself into the work. Forty men attacked the jam at a dozen places, encouraging the movement, twisting aside the timbers that threatened to lock anew, directing pigmy-like the titanic forces into the channel of their efficiency. Roaring like wild cattle the logs swept by, at first slowly, then with the railroad rush of the curbed freshet. Men were everywhere, taking chances, like cowboys before the stampeded herd. And so, out of sight around the lower bed swept the front of the jam in a swirl of glory, the rivermen riding the great brown back of the creature they subdued, until at last, with the slackening current the logs floated by free, caroming with hollow sound one against the other. A half-dozen watchers, leaning statuesquely on the shafts of their peavies, watched the ordered ranks pass by.

One by one the spectators departed. At last only myself and the brown-faced young man remained. He sat on a stump, staring with sightless eyes into vacancy. I did not venture to disturb his thoughts.

The sun dipped. A cool breeze of evening sucked up the river. Over near the cook-camp a big fire commenced to crackle by the drying-frames. At dusk the rivermen straggled in from the down-river trail.

The brown-faced young man arose and went to meet them. I saw him return in close conversation with Jimmy Powers. Before they reached us he had turned away with a gesture of farewell.

Jimmy Powers stood looking after him long after his form had disappeared, and indeed even after the sound of his wheels had died toward town. As I approached, the riverman turned to me a face from which the reckless contained self-reliance of the woodsworker had faded. It was wide-eyed, with an almost awe-stricken wonder and adoration.

"Do you know who that is?" he asked me in a hushed voice. "That's Thorpe —Harry Thorpe. And do you know what he said to me just now, *me?* He told me he wanted me to work in Camp One next winter—Thorpe's One. And he told me I was the first man he ever hired straight into One."

His breath caught with something like a sob.

I had heard of the man and of his methods. I knew he had made it a practice of recruiting for his prize camp only from the employees of his other camps, that as Jimmy said, he never "hired straight into One." I had heard, too, of his reputation among his own and other woodsmen. But this was the first time I had even come into personal contact with his influence. It impressed me the more in that I had come to know Jimmy Powers and his kind.

"You deserve it, every bit," said I. "I'm not going to call you a hero, because that would make you tired. What you did this afternoon showed nerve. It was a brave act. But it was a better act because you rescued your enemy, because you forgot everything but your common humanity when danger——"

I broke off. Jimmy was again looking at me with his ironically quizzical grin.

"Bub," said he, "if you're going to hang any stars of Bethlehem on my Christmas tree, just call a halt right here. I didn't rescue that scalawag because I had any Christian sentiments, nary bit. I was just naturally savin' him for the birling match next Fourther July."

Illustrated by B. Griswold

THE SLEEPY SONG

By JOSEPHINE DODGE DASKAM

As soon as the fire burns red and low,
And the house up-stairs is still,
She sings me a queer little sleepy song,
Of sheep that go over the hill.

The good little sheep run quick and soft,
Their colors are gray and white:
They follow their leader nose to tail,
For they must be home by night.

And one slips over and one comes next,
And one runs after behind,
The gray one's nose at the white one's tail,
The top of the hill they find.

And when they get to the top of the hill
They quietly slip away,
But one runs over and one comes next—
Their colors are white and gray.

And over they go, and over they go,
And over the top of the hill,
The good little sheep run thick and fast,
And the house up-stairs is still.

And one slips over and one comes next,
The good little, gray little sheep!
I watch how the fire burns red and low,
And she says that I fall asleep.

TICKET FOR THE TIVERTON SCHOOL FEAST

HOGARTH

BY JOHN LA FARGE

Author of "Rembrandt," "Velasquez," "Dürer," Etc.

"The Hand of Art here torpid lies
That traced the essential form of Grace;
Here Death has closed the curious eyes
That saw the manners in the face."
—JOHNSON'S lines on the death of Hogarth.

THE name of Hogarth, familiar to all readers of English, is perhaps to-day too much of a mere name. His works, known to all our forefathers, are not often seen, for reasons which are more than those of mere fashion, but which come, as we shall easily discern, from great changes in social life. These have brought us to avoid statements in words or other forms of art that might shock us by a too plain expression; what we know, but what we wish to dress or cover up.

There may be many reasons, however, why it would be well to return, at least in part, into a knowledge and appreciation of the great man's doings. Works which have called out the deep and respectful admiration of such masters of the English tongue as Fielding, Johnson, Lamb, and Thackeray, must be in some shape connected with the moral elevation represented by these men. They were not only masters of English, but they were also representatives of the greater sides of the English character. They spoke of Hogarth also, as one of themselves; they spoke of him as they would of a writer, of a teacher by words. The expressions of their respect have thus become a part of the English language. The very names of his most famous works are common property even for those who have not seen them. The men of his time thought of him as a thinker, as a moralist, more than as an artist; the painters of to-day, freed from the fashions of the eighteenth century, recognize also in

PORTRAIT OF HOGARTH, BY HIMSELF

From the original painting in the National Gallery, London

Hogarth the merits of a great technician. The realistic turn of much of our modern art has taught us the value of such a direct vision of nature as Hogarth shows in what of his that is good. We shall see, perhaps, why a great part of his work, because we know it all, is contradictory to his real excellence. The fact of his clear vision, the record of his observation, gives us a view of the England of the eighteenth century which we can get in no other way. We can feel assured of its fidelity, and the eighteenth century of England has a pressing analogy with our

THE LADY'S LAST STAKE

From the original painting in the possession of Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan

life of to-day. It was a moment of great social change, of a great movement of wealth and the energies producing it; of outside expansion, and consequent conflicts; we see at this distance how corrupt, cynical, and sensual a period may be, while our own is too near for us to know all the varieties of stuff of which it is made.

The hatred of vice, and contempt of shams, urged Hogarth to give us portraits, perhaps more real than life, of auctioneers, and art-charlatans, foreign adventurers, brutal judges, insolent and foolish lords and ladies, and of the immoral world in which they throve. He speaks of it all straightforwardly, without irony, without poetic fierceness, with no compassion, with a certain unrelenting steadiness of attitude as if his mind could not play over things he disliked and see any other side. But all the more, perhaps, does he represent the painter, the presenter of appearances. What he saw was clothed in forms of picturesqueness which helped to typify the characters he represented. They wore, as it were, the clothes of their calling. So that besides the eternal story, we see in his works the picture of a period which has faded away and has left no better external record than his; a period necessary for us to understand, because from its developments in politics, religion, morals, and social manners our beginnings were derived.

In that world of change and establishment of another order, William Hogarth was born in 1697, three years before the eighteenth century. He came of North Country people, plain yeomanry, and his name, Hogarth, may be a variation of the lowly one of Hogherd altered for more pleasant appearance. The plain mark of the plain man subsists through the works

of the descendent of yeomen, and the strong stuff of which they were built is the foundation of the artist's expression. His father was a schoolmaster, who came to London and did hack work for publishers. He could do no more for his children than "to put them in the way of shifting for themselves." "Shows of all sorts" gave this boy "uncommon pleasure when an infant, and mimicry, common to all children, was remarkable in him. An early access to a neighboring painter drew his attention from play, and he was employed at every possible opportunity at making drawings." "Soon," he says, "moreover, learning to draw the alphabet with great correctness." The boy's experience of "the precarious situation of men of classical education" brought him to be apprenticed by his own desire to a silver-plate engraver of Leicester Fields. We still have the show card of his employer engraved by the boy Hogarth. Engraving for printing soon became his ambition, and he made studies of his own to acquire a knowledge of drawing which his daily work prevented him from obtaining in the ordinary way. He seems to have learned his trade thoroughly, though he perhaps never knew how great a draughtsman he became. A certain modesty, inseparable from very great achievements, may have been the cause of the excuses he made for himself as if for deficiencies. It is also possible that the fashion of the time, which asked for what is called by a misnomer, finished work, kept him in a position of doubt as to whether his manner of work was adequate. Indeed, from many of his admirers, even as late as the nineteenth century, apologies have been made for the directness and brevity of his touch as engraver. Today we know that these defects were proofs of mastery, and we do not even think of comparing with him the engravers

SIGISMUNDA

From the original painting in the National Gallery, London

MARRIAGE A LA MODE

SCENE TWO—THE BREAKFAST SCENE

From the original painting in the National Gallery, London

MARRIAGE À LA MODE

SCENE SIX—THE DEATH OF THE COUNTESS

From the original painting in the National Gallery, London

of his time supposed to be more accomplished than himself in their technique.

He has, himself, recorded how he studied; and the record is in itself a manual for the young artist trying to increase his powers of representation. "For this purpose, I considered what various ways and to what different purposes the memory might be applied; and fell upon one which I found most suitable to my situation and idle disposition—laying it down first as an axiom, that he who could by any means acquire and retain in his memory perfect ideas of the subject he meant to draw, would have as clear a knowledge of the figure, as a man who can write freely hath of the twenty-four letters of the alphabet and their infinite combinations (each of these being composed of lines), and would consequently be an accurate designer. I therefore endeavored to habituate myself to the exercise of a sort of technical memory, and by repeating in my own mind, the parts of which objects were composed, I could by degrees combine and put them down with my pencil. Thus, with all the drawbacks which resulted from the circumstances I have mentioned, I had one material advantage over my competitors, viz., the early habit I thus acquired of retaining in my mind's eye, without coldly copying it on the spot, whatever I intended to imitate. My pleasures and my studies, thus going hand in hand, the most striking objects that presented themselves, either comic or tragic, made the strongest impression on my mind; but had I not sedulously practiced what I had thus acquired I should very soon have lost the power of performing it."

Studious he sate, with all his books around,
Sinking from thought to thought, a vast profund!
Plung'd for his sense, but found no bottom there:
Then wrote, and flounder'd on in mere despair.

THE DISTRESSED POET

From Hogarth's original engraving

THE MARCH TO FINCHLEY

From the engraving by Luke Sullivan

Thus studying and thus becoming equipped and making some little use of the school, he began to publish prints relating to the circumstances of the day, and to illustrate for books. No sooner had he begun to publish on his own account "than he had to encounter a monopoly of print-sellers equally mean and destructive to the ingenious." So that owing to his work being pirated, he could do little more than maintain himself until he was near thirty. He then began to paint what he called "small conversation pieces from twelve to fifteen inches high." "This," he says, "having novelty, succeeded for a few years." Some of these remain and show in a certain way the beginning of his power, and certainly his fearlessness of observation.

He had made the acquaintance of the family of Sir James Thornhill, "Sergeant Painter and History Painter to his Majesty." With the daughter, then scarcely nineteen, he made a runaway match. She is said to have been very handsome, and made an admirable wife. She long survived him, and until death was devoted to his memory. Lady Thornhill forgave the young couple, and later on Sir James on being shown, through the contrivance of Mrs. Hogarth, the paintings of the "Harlot's Progress," became reconciled to his son-in-law, and generous to the younger people. With this first series of what are called "The Progresses," Hogarth began and kept his reputation. That is to say that he made it by engraving from his paintings.

Portrait painting, which he had tried, he "found laborious, and insufficient to pay the expenses his family required." "I wished to compose pictures on canvas, similar to representations on the stage; and further hope, that they will be tried by the same test, and criticized by the same criterion. Let it be observed that I mean to speak only of those scenes where the human species are actors, and those I

PORTRAIT OF HOGARTH'S SISTER

From the original painting in the National Gallery, London

think have not often been delineated in a way of which they are worthy and capable. In these compositions, those subjects that will both entertain and improve the mind bid fair to be of the greatest public utility, and must therefore be entitled to rank in the highest class." . . . "I have endeavored to treat my subject as a dramatic writer; my picture is my stage, and men and women my players, who by means of certain actions and gestures are to exhibit a *dumb show*." . . . "This I found was most likely to answer my purpose, provided I could strike the passions, and by small sums from many, by the sale of prints, which I could engrave from my own pictures, thus secure my property to myself."

Thus, Hogarth explains the intention of these famous stories; for they are, as

it were, novels as well as plays in brief. He speaks of himself as we often think of him, as a writer, as a moralist, and it is quite possible to appreciate how and why a man comes to the wish to formulate some general idea of his in some form of art. But there is a mystery as to how Hogarth suddenly stepped from a manner of picture or drawing which is full of wit and observation, but yet the manner of a study or passing sketch, to a set form of picture, every part of which fits together with a look of necessity that reminds one of the great compositions of accomplished masters. All the arts of composition, usually the result of long comparisons, are used by him as if he had gone through the schooling of great practice. Neither the pictures, nor the engravings from them, by which we mostly know them, can be forgotten. They are complete units of expression. Their practical success was great, and from the beginning Hogarth was followed by public admiration. This might not have gone to the painter of the picture, merely seen by a few, but the placing of very many copies by these engravings allowed him to appeal to all varieties of class and liking.

Indeed, we can realize how little the *painter* Hogarth was appreciated by the fact that the great set of paintings of the "Marriage à la Mode" was sold at auction by Hogarth in 1750 for one hundred and twenty guineas, in frames that had cost four guineas apiece. The technical art critics of that day thought of him in Walpole's phrase "as having but slender merit as a painter," and with the Reverend Mr. Gilpin as "being ignorant of composition." To use his own ironical words, "the picture-dealers, the picture-cleaners, the frame-makers, and other *connoisseurs*" ranked him below the third-rate copyists of third-rate foreigners.

The combative spirit of Hogarth, a certain wrong-headedness of resentment, led him to a form of opposition which injures to some extent his position. He tried to prove by his own paintings of historical and sacred subjects, such as "Paul Before Felix," "Moses Brought to Pharaoh's Daughter," and "Sigismunda," that he could paint also in the way of the older foreign masters, praised by the critics and picture-sellers of the day. That they are failures is but justice. They were not painted from the love of nature, and vision of the imagination, which alone makes the work of art that has a life of its own. In his anxiety of opposition he went still further and caricatured Rembrandt's etchings, which at that time were again coming back to the knowledge and admiration of the century. There, also, he failed, having done, moreover, a disgraceful thing: an attack upon the reputation of a greater man than himself. He spoke and wrote in the same way, though privately to himself knowing better, but being unwilling to yield even reasonably in a quarrel. We may perhaps not find this contradictory in this great exemplar of British character. His true feelings are given in this statement to Mrs. Piozzi later in life. He was comparing Dr. Johnson's conversation to that of other men and he likened it to Titian's painting compared to Hudson's. "But don't you tell people now that I say so," continued he, "for the connoisseurs and I are at war you know; and because I hate *them* they think I hate *Titian*—and let them!" And Hogarth's power for verbal expression in controversy can be summed up in the story of his ultimatum to a nobleman whose portrait he had painted in his usual faithful but uncompromising manner. This is the letter:

> Mr. Hogarth's dutiful respects to Lord ——, finding that he does not mean to have the picture which was drawn for him, is informed again of Mr. Hogarth's necessity for money. If, therefore, his Lordship does not send for it in three days, it will be disposed of with the addition of a tail, and other little appendages, to Mr. Hare the famous wild beast man; Mr. Hogarth having given that gentleman a conditional promise of it for an exhibition-picture, on his Lordship's refusal.

The spirit of opposition and of justification led him also very late in life into the mistake of publishing a theory of æsthetics, which he has called "The Analysis of Beauty." It contains, of course, some excellent talk; but has little value for to-day, and was never a real thing; being merely an attempt at establishing a general rule on insufficient data, to prove which all sorts of examples were brought up: examples which might as well have been used to prove other schemes of theory. This is again the example of the wrong-headedness, the wish to "fight to a finish," that limited our artist's use of his reason.

For Hogarth was a partizan, and many

of his famous etchings are drawn and engraved libels or pamphlets attacking either the Methodist, as a hysteric fraud, the Jacobite faithful to his convictions, as a traitor, or the foreigner as a bad lot, generally incapable of being in the right in war or peace when opposed by that modest and retiring England which sought neither aggrandizement nor wealth. But the greater works are based on ordinary morals. "The Harlot's Progress," "The Rake's Progress," "Marriage à la Mode," "The March to Finchley," "The Modern Midnight Conversation," "The Four Plates of an Election," must live as long as England itself. The characters of the dramas, or of the pictures of ordinary life in some cases reach to the quality of ideals. They are in their way of caricature what the Greek statues are in the way of summing up the glories of the body. As Lamb has said, "The jaded morning countenance of the viscount in scene second of the 'Marriage à la Mode,' lectures on the vanity of pleasure as audibly as anything in Ecclesiastes." No one has ever seated a figure of unrepenting disgust at his own dissipation in such a complete summing up of details of fact, and in the ease of that summing up, which makes it almost a portrait. And so for this one, and that one, of the types of his stories. To repeat them would be to describe for the ear what is meant to be read by the eye. There is little more to be said about him in a mere account. There are many details, many anecdotes, and he was too well known in his day for us not to know Hogarth well. The longer the biography, the more interesting. But no more than in the case of any sympathetic person. He did much work; he was admired and liked by certain men whose likings are an honor; he quarreled with some of a contrary standing; he earned a fair living and acquired a fair position; and left the record of an honest man in his life of sixty-seven years.

"On the 25th of October, 1764," says his biographer, "William Hogarth, very weak but remarkably cheerful, received an agreeable letter from the *American, Dr. Franklin*, and drew up a rough draft of an answer to it. Two hours afterwards he expired in the arms of Mrs. Mary Lewis, who was called up on his being taken suddenly ill."

"Death had closed the curious eyes
That saw the manners in the face."

I have not been able to find this last correspondence between the Englishman and the American. It would be interesting to know in what terms Dr. Franklin recognized the value of the English artist, and in what way the Englishman acknowledged compliments from one who was to be, a few years later, one of the great actors in the separation of America from England, and to help that development of character which has taken us farther and farther from understanding the genius of William Hogarth. For Hogarth's genius not only belonged essentially to the eighteenth century's middle strength, to ideas unaffected by the inquiries, the sentiments, the agitations which closed the century, and are prolonged into to-day, but he is also essentially English in the national and insular force of the word. Had he lived on with his full aggressive powers of fight, what caricatures and libels might he not have created to insult the views and the actions which later were to belong to our own development. It is natural to wish to realize the state of mind of those from whom we broke, and to pursue our intellectual genealogy into the ancient homes.

For this re-entering into the past, such a work as Hogarth's is a great help. Unlike most artists, he built his pictures out of the more transitory materials of politics and nationalism. The average heart of his time and place beats strongly in his pictures; their purpose and their morality seem at first sight limited to the use of that moment only, and it is only through the man's power—what we call genius—that the eternal truth lurks all through the smaller transient facts he liked to produce. At first sight, we may well feel that all these images are born naturally of that gross period which was steadily preparing England's greatness: the political venality, the moral corruption, the unblushing effrontery, as well as the slowness, the patience, the stupidity, which helped along the career of the Nation. Religious fervor, chivalry, respect for the virtue of others are with him subjects of contempt and abuse.

A great part of these surface characteristics are still visible to us at moments, in the life of England: perhaps

more at this special moment than during the years when more humanitarian sentiments belonged to the outside of public life, when the quiet of scandals had not been agitated by the publicity of the newspaper and the gradually growing interchange of class habits. When we reflect, however, or when we know better, we see typified in Hogarth a rude sense of justice, and that average morality and commonplace philosophy which is the great human basis, which saves families and nations, whenever individuals of note appear to disgrace the good repute of their fellows. And there is a certain safety in calling a spade a spade, even if we had rather not mention the word, and an open dislike of shams may sometimes tend to discourage them. Though the caricaturist and the satirist occasionally support injustice and protect the wrong, the habit of an organized dislike of what, on the whole, mankind dislikes—in others, at least—must produce a moral temper which will in the main support the nobler views.

With Hogarth for us there is only the difficulty of hearing a spade called a spade, and that we who look at his harsh pictures of both right and wrong, have usually rather different ways of failing, rather more elegant successes in virtue. We don't get drunk with the ostentation of Hogarth's gentlemen. Even if the haggard brutality of the poor and ignorant remains the same, it is probably less picturesque, that is to say, has not so distinct a type of its own, resembles more the brutality of the more fortunate. The variety of types has been levelled. The outside dress is the same for the "Prince" and the vulgarian. Perhaps the princes have come down, and the vulgarians have risen, but I am not at all sure of it.

But certainly I think that no *dilettante* foolishness of to-day can be dressed as typically as it was once in the pictures which Hogarth saw, and which he painted in the "Rake's Progress" and the "Marriage à la Mode." Even the mild attempts at dressing the part which obtain occasionally in European society, need to be violently exaggerated by the caricaturist to make them typify character. A caricature which should be as much a portrait of real life as Hogarth's would not to-day allow us to look behind any scenes. We might take it for any representation of commonplace life, select or otherwise; it would need to be aided by some abstract artistic rendering: for instance, to be in select black and white, like Mr. Du Maurier's drawings. The caricaturist of to-day who wishes to produce an adequate effect, is obliged to synthetize like Mr. Caran d'Ache, and help us to understand, by showing how much he can leave out. With Hogarth, all is the other way. He remains a painter, a lover of all the many divisions of Nature which painters like. It is possible to look at his paintings, or, at least, at some of them, and forget, as one might before Nature itself, everything but the beauties of physical sight. The details of reality which help to give to the intellect the sense of fierce contempt, are often pleasant bits of technique as, for instance, to choose a very small matter, the red hair of Lady Bingley in the "Toilet Scene" of the "Marriage à la Mode," or the loose, open mouth of the fashionable singer.

How beautiful the shadow falls behind the group in the Election Prints (the Canvassing for Votes). In what a grand way its great diagonal separates the little group of the two landlords contending for the vote of the newly arrived farmer. In these, or such works, Hogarth employed that "grand manner," which he was unable to obtain or to use when he tried for it, in his grand subjects. But of that psychological question we can think farther on. This very picture: the "Canvassing for Votes," gives us at once, separate and typical costumes of the "Blue" and "Yellow" landlord, the farmer, the electioneering agent, the Jew peddler, the cobbler, and so forth. Each one wears, as it were, the tools of his trade. Their habit of life is indicated in every fold of their dresses, nor do I suppose that it could have entered their head to wear a certain cravat, because of the "Prince's" wearing it. In that way, what we here call caricature is separated from our problems by an abyss of social changes.

It would seem but natural to look upon Hogarth's famous pictures as a manner of continuation of the Dutch painters who represented life in a certain spirit of caricature, but pursued in their works a continual study of all the problems of technical painting. Nothing, for instance, can

be better painted than a Jan Steen, or a Brauer, or a Terborch. The connection between the painting of England and the painting of Holland is the explanation of Hogarth's similarity. But it is only in his respect for Nature and his liking for the accomplishments of painting that this similarity exists. There is very little among the Dutchmen of that fierce moral sentiment, that want of respect for superiority, which is the great strength of Hogarth. The Dutch painters laugh with some sympathy at the brutality of the lower orders: when they represent people of their own class or of the ruling classes, they change their attitude of mind to fit another psychology. The bluff cavalier, in the picture of Terborch, who goodnaturedly extends his fat fist full of money to the modest lady of the *demi-monde* is represented in such a way that we perceive at once that his mind and hers work more elaborately than those of the *canaille*. There is no apparent moral judgment of them by the painter. It is merely as if the wall of the room were removed and we saw people unawares and exactly as they are externally. There is perhaps as little caricature in such a painting as it is possible to find in any painting whatever. Even great and noble works might have some overcharge (caricatura) necessary to underline a meaning and assert an ideal.

With Hogarth the entire meaning is loaded with the intentions of exaggeration and of partizanship. Had he treated the same eternal subject as Terborch, we should have felt his hatred for the man's brutality and his contempt for the woman's meanness. We should not have the impression of an honest, good fellow, somewhat loose about small matters, or of a lady with a keen sense of business, but who might begin and end life most virtuously and properly. A spade would be called a spade, and there would be no doubt about it. Perhaps with still more pleasure, would Hogarth have struck a blow at the vice of the higher classes. One sees how near he is to that expression of "virtuous resentment," which honors a Johnson, and how he feels in the upper classes or in the classes that have power, an overbearing insolence which even the colossal rudeness of Johnson was insufficient to meet adequately. As Hogarth said himself, his pictures were "addressed to hard hearts." No one had thus painted before him, and the growing hypocrisy of England, its increasing outward show of respectability, based, as such things are, upon the existence of real virtue in many, have never allowed another expression in art, either literary or artistic, of such a moral temperament as William Hogarth. Nor anywhere else, I believe, has it come up again, except in the France of the last sixty years, where a tradition of the fierce appeal to "hard hearts" has persisted from the drawings of Daumier to the last caricatures of Forain.

By what I have said above, I by no means mean that Hogarth was an imitator of the Dutch; but it is impossible to suppose that he could have done otherwise than learn from those who were the masters of the preceding age. Their works were not far to seek, and many of their special qualities he himself embodies. I speak of him now as a painter, not as an engraver or a draughtsman, in the uncertain sense with which we use this last unfortunate word. He draws always as well as is necessary, and the interior drawing, as it is called, of his painting, is, of necessity, excellent, or we should not have that vital action and accuracy of expression which distinguish him in his paintings quite as well as his engravings. It is always a surprise for foreigners, who have not the habit of Hogarth, and know him only by his engravings, to find him so excellent a technician in painting. There is something beyond the excellent quality of his color, and its fulness; beyond the proper placing in the air of the objects he wishes to represent; beyond the subtlety of execution, either coarse or fine, of an enormous mass of all sorts of material, furniture, carpets, pictures on the wall; the outdoor surfaces of houses, and so forth —there is also, with all this, a certainty and manliness of touch which, of course, should belong to his moral character, but, of course, also imply study and constant perception. Johnson used the right word when he spoke of Hogarth's "curious eyes."

It seems more difficult to understand, or rather, to have a clear understanding of Hogarth's failing in some of his greatest qualities whenever he tried most strenuously in those subjects which most needed them. "I entertained," he says, "some

hopes of succeeding in what the Puffers in books call '*the great style of history painting;*' so that without having had a stroke of this *grand* business before, I quitted small portraits and familiar conversations, and with a smile at my own temerity, commenced history painting, and on a great staircase at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, painted two Scripture stories, the "Pool of Bethesda," and the "Good Samaritan." These I presented to the Charity, and thought that they might serve as a specimen, to show that were there an inclination in England for encouraging historical pictures, such a first essay might prove the painting them more easily attainable than is generally imagined."

It may be that some analyst will be able to give us the exact causes which allowed Hogarth to make such a singularly specific failure in his "historical" paintings. I mean by this conventional word the paintings of the "Pool of Bethesda," for instance, "The Finding of Moses," "Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn," etc. Properly his historical paintings are the great comic ones, "The March to Finchley," "The Election Series," indeed, all of his work which has a comic side. In the representation of a story, he seems to have needed this accentuation of comedy to keep himself from caricature. The true caricatures are his religious paintings. I confess to a certain inability when I try to explain and, if possible, excuse the genius of Hogarth, in these sorry instances. It would almost seem as if the spirit of reverence was an unaccustomed mood with this man who, however, certainly inculcated a solid respect for the average good and a contempt for evil.

His is not the only case, however, in English art. It might almost be said that except for something of Maddox Brown and something of the Italian, Rossetti,* there never has been any noble natural rendering of a religious subject by an English painter. It would, therefore, be unjust to single out Hogarth, and point out his failure. His work is but an exaggeration of the attitude of other English painters who have tried such subjects. They seem to act in their comprehension of the drama proposed to them as if they must abstain from supposing it to belong to human nature, to the story of humanity, and to be merely such a representation as might be made in an orderly sermon or a tedious prayer. Charles Lamb, in his defense of Hogarth, has pointed this out. He ends one of his remarks in the direction that I am taking, with these words: "Our artists are too good Protestants to give life to that admirable commixture of maternal tenderness with reverential awe and wonder approaching to worship, with which the Virgin Mothers of L. Da Vinci and Raphael (themselves by their divine countenances inviting men to worship) contemplate the union of the two natures in the person of their Heaven-born Infant."

It might, therefore, be pardonable, as by a race instinct, that Hogarth should have failed in his religious stories; one might say that he is only to blame for having considered himself bound to undertake them. But he is also deplorable when he undertakes, let us say, "Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn." His heroes are nothing whatever, at the most; they may hardly rise to the height of being ridiculous. Like many a man accustomed to laugh at others, Hogarth does not seem to have had any perception of what might be ridiculous in himself. His astonishing humor stops at his own acts. When he attempted to ridicule an artist immeasurably greater than himself, Rembrandt, his caricature seems to be not any real attack on Rembrandt, but a distorted travesty of his own qualities and his own faults.

Here again, the disagreeable side of British character comes up—one feels the narrow hatred of the opponent or the superior, and the determination to carry off injustice by insolence. The great rival painter, Rembrandt—if we think it necessary to bring him down to the level of Hogarth—was a rival in all Hogarth's special qualities: the dramatist, the teller of stories, the master of composition, the great technical painter, the mind full of humor, but as grave as Hogarth is comic—a painter who of all other painters had that "curious eye" which Johnson gives to Hogarth, a man in whom tragedy and comedy were blended as in no other artist except Shakespeare, and in all this, the greatest perhaps of all painters, and yet a Dutchman. This distortion of Hogarth's

* I have purposely left out William Blake.

mind is a sad thing to dwell upon, but for us who are merely collating the facts, so as to understand Hogarth and his times, it is necessary to take in these marks of the time and of the place. It may even be that to see so simply, so straightforwardly as Hogarth the object of his dislike, that he might strike at it, a certain capacity for injustice was necessary and was developed by habit and by the combative spirit shown in his various quarrels and controversies. The wrong-headedness of the fighter may have followed him, even in his peaceful art. As usual, in the long run, it has turned against him. But the remainder is solidly good, and Coleridge was right, at least in his intention, when he speaks of "the same Hogarth in whom the satirist never extinguished that love of beauty which belonged to him as a poet." "Never entirely extinguished the love of beauty" is true, however unfortunate he may have been at moments when he was not a poet. And those are the cases of which we have been thinking. And Coleridge is right again in pointing out the gracious existence of some of his characters among crowds of deformities and vices. So that some such figure, in the words of Coleridge, "diffuses a spirit of reconciliation and human kindness."

These touches of sympathy or kind feeling not only make more tolerable the hardness, even the brutality of Hogarth's satire, but they add to the seeming truthfulness of the scenes depicted. They remind us of the existence of good in a world where evil appears to reign. They make more endurable that necessary exaggeration which must belong to the art of representation and which makes the bad to be punished, and the good to be triumphant, though we know very well that in some other form of art it might be shown how the innocent suffer, and the guilty go at large, with a moral lesson for good quite as powerful as the narrower justice of pictorial art.

THE SCHEME OF SUTCLIFFE, SWINDLER

BY WILLIAM HAMILTON OSBORNE

Illustrated by W. D. Stevens

SUTCLIFFE sat waiting at Steve O'Donnell's, in the little room behind the bar.

Sutcliffe was the man who in 18— sent fifty alleged drummers through the West, and mailed them from the East checks certified by his own private "bank"—checks which they proceeded to cash in hotel offices and bars. The whole thing was manipulated by Sutcliffe and a rubber stamp at this end of the line.

He was the man who, a few years later, in 18—, sold many vacant lots in New York city, owned by absentees and non-residents, and gave his deeds backed by the title policy of his own title guaranty company. This scheme was gigantic. After that they said he was the head of a syndicate of swindlers. But he wasn't. The syndicate consisted of Sutcliffe in the first place, and Sutcliffe's private stock of fine stationery and notarial and corporate seals. It was one man against the world, and nine times out of ten he won.

These are but two instances of the methods he adopted; he had a multitude of others.

He raised his head. A man stood in the doorway. "You're here at last, John Dawson," he exclaimed. "I've been a waitin' for you."

The man nodded his head. He looked tired and dusty. "You expected me then," he said.

"Yep. Your old man wrote me. Did you walk? What, all the way?"

The other assented. "Any money?" queried Sutcliffe.

"None," said the other, "except just enough to feed on the way. The lawyers got all there was to get."

Sutcliffe pulled out a roll of bills and peeled off two. "Take it," he said; "a

man feels better with money in his pocket."

"When did he go up State?" he continued.

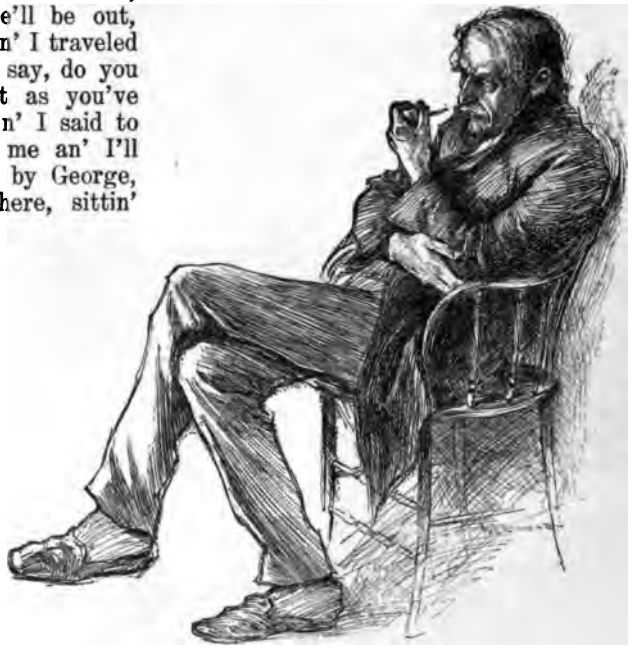
"Who? Father? Two days ago—in the morning."

"Fourteen year's a long time," sighed Sutcliffe. "I was in for six. That's long enough for me. With the allowance, though," he continued, "he'll be out, say, in ten year. Your dad an' I traveled a-team for many a year, an' say, do you know, I came to him, just as you've come to me, years ago. An' I said to him, 'Buck, you stood by me an' I'll stand by young John,' an' by George, John, I will. Now look-a-here, sittin' here I've been doin' a lot o' thinkin', an' I want to tell you— But say, what's the matter with me? What you want is to eat. Here, it's been waitin' for you. Sit down there an' eat it," he continued, "an' we'll talk afterward. Not a word now. You eat an' I'll smoke."

The one ate, the other smoked, in silence. Sutcliffe gazed long and earnestly on the young man's countenance. He was not a bad-looking fellow. Young—about twenty-five. Good square jaw, and a nose that stood out in the air. Good eyes, but a bit too much shrewdness in them. But stamped upon him, though only in a slight degree, was that strange, indefinable expression of face and manner that was stamped to an extent much greater upon Sutcliffe, and upon all men of that ilk—the innate individuality of crime.

"His face is a fortune to us," thought Sutcliffe. "He's the very man—the very man. Dawson," he said aloud, as the other concluded his meal, "I want to tell you something—something I've been thinking about for a long time. Now, see here, you're in this business to stay. I suppose you've about made up your mind to that. Lord, when I think of your father before you, and your grandfather before him! You're family's a credit to you, young fellow, let me tell you that."

"Now look here," he continued, "I'm goin' to stake you for all you're worth, an' you'll find out before I get through just *how* I'm goin' to do it. The big thing, Dawson, in our business, as you know, is to get the confidence of the people. It's a great business, but that's the greatest part of it. Once get their



Sutcliffe, swindler

confidence, and the rest is dead easy. Now look at me. No man ever saw me dressed up in my life. Rough clothes, rough voice, and rough manner. That's me. An' what's more, I always had a shave the day before yesterday. Why, if I went into a man's office, the first thing he'd think was that I was a tramp. In five minutes he'd begin to understand that I didn't care much what he thought. Say, in a week that man'd be pretty sure that I was a millionaire mine-owner or a cattle king from the West. I looked it, I tell you, and acted it. And there wasn't a time, when I was after big game, that I couldn't put my hand down in my pants pocket and pull out a roll like this, if necessary. Say, in another week that man'd be runnin' after me, seekin' my favor, 'stead of me seekin' his. When I got to that stage of the game, you can place your bottom dollar, Dawson, I

could do business with him to my own satisfaction, and have it all my own way. In a couple more weeks or so I had him cleaned out an he knew it. Those were my methods, Dawson, and there wasn't a man before me that ever thought of playing the game as I played it. And those methods—say, where they failed once they won twice. Why, say, you've heard about some of them. Look at that Burlingame affair, an' the way I did young Stevenson. You heard o' them."

He puffed for a minute or two in silence. "But I tell you, young John, I'm out of it. They're on to my methods, and they're on to me, 'specially since I went up. Say, there isn't a dodge from Maine to Texas where I wouldn't be spotted—that is, in anything worth while. But say, there was a time when I would spend as long as a year, or two year even, just layin' the foundation to get into a man's confidence. I did that with old Bently, an' after all I only got about four thousand out o' him. Still it was money. But I been thinkin' your father an' me made a mistake. Sometimes we'd make a strike, but never over five figures, and generally only about three.

He laid down his pipe and touched the other on the arm. "What I ought to have done in the past, and what I intend to do in the future, Dawson," he said impressively, "is to deal with nothin' less than six figures. I'm goin' to make a big strike, or bust, an' ten to one on it I don't bust, either. Look a here." He spread some newspaper clippings on the table. "Here's a fellow got away with over seven hundred thousand dollars—you understand—seven hundred thousand. Here's another got three hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Another four hundred and twenty-five—an' so they go. You know who these fellows are as well as I do—they're bank cashiers. But, see here, did any o' these fellows actually get away? No, indeed. Here, this fellow was caught—and this—and this. Say, do you think they'd ever catch me with seven hundred thousand? You know they couldn't. And where's the money these fellows took? Gone—long before they skipped. They'd been takin' it in driblets, long before they went. When they come out, they got nothing to show for it. Now, wait a minute, Dawson," he continued. "What's the thing that makes it possible for these fellows to steal and steal and steal for years? What is it? Why it's because they got the confidence of every mother's son in the bank, an' in the community, and that's what it is. That's the thing. An' why don't they get away with the stuff? I'll tell you why. It's because they're fools, instead of being knaves—that's all. Now d'ye see what I'm drivin' at? Put a man like you or me in a position where we've got the confidence of everybody—everybody, understand—and say, when the time comes to get away with a few hundred thousand, d'ye think they'd get *us?* But to do that thing a man's got to make a reputation, an' it takes years to make it.

"Dawson," he said, as he drew his chair nearer, "it'll be ten years afore your old man gets out. I'm goin' to sit down an' wait for him. I got about sixteen thousand saved out o' that last thing—the one I went up for—an' I'm goin' to wait, an' in the meantime I'm goin' to put you in a place where you can build up a reputation an' get the confidence of the community, an' when the old man gets out, if we can't light out o' here with six figures, you can count me out, that's all. There's just one place in the whole world we can go then and be safe."

"And that place?" said the younger man.

Sutcliffe drew his head down and whispered in his ear. The younger man smote the table with his hand. "Great Scott!" he exclaimed, with a note of intense admiration in his voice. "Great Scott! Sutcliffe. I never thought of that."

"First and foremost, Dawson," said the former, "is there anything agin' you? Nothing to live down? Is there anythin' that you been mixed up in?"

"Nothing at all," said Dawson. "The old man kept me out of it until——"

"How about education?" interrupted Sutcliffe.

"Pretty fair," said the other. "It's good enough. As far as that goes, I'll do, all right."

"Then, by George!" exclaimed Sutcliffe, "it's done."

"Now, John Dawson, sit down and listen to me. This is most particular business. Back here across the river is

this here town of Monroe. Town? Say, it's a city, or pretty near it. I know that town from one end to the other, and the devil of it all is, the town knows me. There's more money an' more business in that town for its size than there is in any other town in the United States. Now, I'll tell you what I'm goin' to do. I'm goin' to stake you to the tune of about five hundred to start with. You will go and drop down on that town from nowhere in particular. You're goin' to start up a small hardware business in a vacant store at No. 41 Main Street. No matter why. I know what I'm about, an' I know just how to work it. I know who owns the store, but you'll find out that for yourself. You rent that store for a year and pay him cash three months in advance. You inquire around an' pick out a good cheap boardin' place, suited to a man without any money to spare. You'll want to stock up your store. You'll go to a man whose name you'll know when you get there. Don't pay a cent of money except to the owner of the store an' your landlady. Everything else you get in that town you want to get on credit."

"How'll I work that?" queried the younger man.

"I'm comin' to that, young fellow. There's just one man there who doesn't dare to refuse to do me a good turn. I did him one—but that's another story. That's the cashier of the First National. You give him this note. Wait a minute."

He took out a sheet of paper, and wrote. He tossed the paper upon the table. It read:

VAN SLYCK:—The man who hands you this is an honest man. When he needs references, give them to him. Yours, No. 356 ×.

"That'll fix it. Deposit your money in his bank. And then——"

"But what's the use of asking credit if I have the money," protested Dawson.

"Confound it. Can't you see that the only way to get a standing in a place is to ask credit? The man that pays cash can't get any credit. You order a small bill of goods on thirty days, an' on the last day, neither sooner or later, you pay for 'em. You give your note for fifty dollars you borrow, and when it's due, not a day sooner or later, pay it back. That's the start. The time comes when you can borrow five, ten, twenty thousand, on the name you've got. The more money you borrow, the more credit you ask, the better standing you'll have. That's the ticket. Now here. I know all about the hardware business, an' I know just why it'll go over there, an' I'll go over the

"Sutcliffe drew his head down and whispered in his ear"

details of the thing with you to-morrow before you start in. You want sleep—that's what you want. But Dawson, see here, let me tell you this, now and for all. Never, under any circumstances, be seen with me. Never write me a letter. Never recognize me on the street. Never mention my name. By George, that's vital. We've got to play this game accordin' to the cards. When you need money you report to me here. You report here every three months anyway, an' we'll talk things over. But outside o' that, never have nothin' to do with me one way or the other. And Dawson," he concluded as he rose, "until the time comes, an' I say the word, don't forget that honesty's the best policy. This is a deep an' wide game we're goin' to play, an' you've got to be as honest as the day is long. Don't forget it, Dawson; don't forget it."

Dawson turned in and slept for sixteen hours.

"This fellow out here," said the salesman to the wholesaler, "wants this small bill of goods on credit. He says he's started up a small place on Main Street. What do you think about it?"

"Where is he?" said the proprietor, getting up and looking through the glass partition. "Oh! is that the fellow? Looks honest enough. Any references?"

"Only Cassidy, the owner of the place, and Van Slyck of the First National."

"Call 'em up then, and I'll talk to them."

"Seems to be all right," he said after an interval of five minutes. "I guess he can have them. Don't sell him any more, though, unless you see me about it."

Of course, nobody but the people that Dawson dealt with ever bothered about him. He went on, slowly at first, as was natural.

"You don't borrow enough money," said Sutcliffe, at the end of the first three months, "and buy more goods on credit."

"But," said the younger, "I don't need the money, and I don't want the goods."

"Never you mind," said Sutcliffe. "What you want to do is to borrow. Borrow it and put it in the bank, an' then pay it back. Give your note. Let your paper float around. And people'll begin to know you. That's what you want. But always pay when due. Be sure about that. As for goods, I've found a way to create a demand for those. You go and see the Mayor, an' ask him for some small orders from the town. The man that he'll refer you to will give you an order. See if he don't."

"'How are you, Alderman?'"

Sutcliffe was right. Whenever Dawson saw that man he got the order. The man himself didn't know why, but his immediate superior did. And Dawson didn't care why, so long as the demand came in.

Five years later John Dawson stepped into the office of the president of the First National.

"How are you, Alderman?" said the latter cordially. "What can I do for you? What is it now, eh?"

"Mr. Breslin," said John Dawson, "I want to enlarge my place over here still more, but this architectural iron business I've got takes a good deal of my money. I need just about thirteen thousand dollars for ninety days. The question is, can you let me have it?"

"Dawson, there isn't a man in town that we'd sooner lend thirteen thousand dollars or any amount of money to, than to you. Of course you can have it."

"I didn't know," replied Dawson uncertainly.

"'I introduce to you, ladies and gentlemen, the man known here, there, and everywhere . . . as John Dawson, the Honest Man'"

It was the eighth year of the compact between Sutcliffe and Dawson, and in the year of our Lord 18—.

It was in the fall of the year, and the town of Monroe was in the throes of a mighty pre-election contest.

"Gentlemen—fellow citizens," shouted the chairman of the meeting in the Town Hall, "there's not a man or woman within the sound of my voice—there's not a man or woman in this town that cannot say with me to-night, in all sincerity and truth, with the absolute conviction that he or she is everlastingly right—there's not a man or woman that cannot say with me to-night—Honest John Dawson."

"Hooray" yelled the crowd.

"Hooray" yelled Sutcliffe with the crowd.

"I say, is there one?—in the whole wide world is there one such man or woman?"

"No! No! No!" yelled the crowd.

And "No! No! No!" yelled Sutcliffe.

"Ladies and gentlemen," continued the chairman, "it is my privilege, and I have the honor to introduce to you, the citizens of the old, old town of Monroe—now the glorious new city of Monroe—I introduce to you to-night the man who, by the grace of God, and the votes of the Republican party, shall be and must be the next treasurer of the great city of Monroe. I introduce to you, ladies and gentlemen, the man known here, there, and everywhere, in town and county, as John Dawson, the Honest Man!"

"Hi! Hi! Hi! 'Ray! 'Ray!' Ray!" yelled the crowd.

"Three cheers for the Honest Man," yelled Sutcliffe, and pandemonium broke loose.

"Two more years," said Sutcliffe to himself that night. Two years more. And then——"

The city of Monroe was upon the top wave of prosperity. It had wakened up

from a conservative business town of the old style into a great city of modern enterprise. New public buildings were being built, public parks were being laid out, bonds were being issued. Enormous sums of money were being poured into the city's treasury, more than ever before; far beyond the amount of the treasurer's bond. The money was lying there to meet the vast public improvements that were being made.

"It's a good thing," the people said, "that we've got John Dawson in charge of all that pile. He's honest as the day is long. He's the right man in the right place. That's clear!"

"Dawson," said Sutcliffe, "in three-months' time the old man'll be out. In three months. I've got everything—everything, mind, down to the smallest detail—arranged and in order. We'll leave on a Saturday night for you know where, and that'll give us thirty-six hours start. Hell itself can't catch us with that start. Now, as far as you're concerned. In three months' time—I've estimated that in about three months from now you can lay your hands on something over two hundred and fifty thousand dollars."

"Sutcliffe," said Dawson, with a grim smile, "in three months from now I can lay hands on eight hundred thousand dollars, and not a cent less."

"By George!" said Sutcliffe with a fierce joy. "By George! we've struck it. I didn't think you had it in you, Dawson," he said with a glance of admiration. "Honest, now, I didn't."

Three months later, Sutcliffe, the swindler, sat waiting in the little room behind the bar, at Steve O'Donnell's.

He raised his head. A man stood in the doorway.

"Here at last, Honest John Dawson," he exclaimed. "I've been awaitin' for you. Come in. Have you got it?"

"I have," said Dawson as he laid

"'Sutcliffe, . . . look here, I can't do this thing'"

down a bulky package on the table. He remained standing. Suddenly he addressed the other man.

"Sutcliffe," he said earnestly, "look here, I can't do this thing. I've got to back out. There isn't a man, woman, or child in Monroe that doesn't trust me to the end. I know," he said simply, "that it isn't right or fair to you to take this stand, but, Sutcliffe, you've taught me to be an honest man, you've built up a reputation for me, and I can't go back on it. I can't do it. There's no use. I'd do this thing if I could, Sutcliffe, but I can't, so help me God!"

The elder man stood silent for an instant; then he stretched out his hand.

"Shake!" he exclaimed.

"John Dawson," he said huskily, "there's more than that to it, and its just this. You've made an honest man of me. By God, you have!"

They stood there for some minutes. Suddenly Sutcliffe roused himself.

"Say, Dawson, the old man'll be here in a minute. He's due here now. What'll we do with him, I wonder."

"We'll have to make an honest man of him, too," said Dawson; "that's all there's left for us to do."

"Lord!" exclaimed Sutcliffe with a grim and retrospective smile, "it'll be a sure enough tough job, but I guess we've got to do it, after all."

THE WATCHER

BY EMERY POTTLE

. . . And this is Easter dawn?
This mighty calm, this white suspense,
This palpitant irradiance?
A bird-song comes to me full-throated—and is gone.
Yonder the village lies in honest sleep,
Now here, now there, some startled cry
Of waking vibrates clear and high;
How wonderful and strange this vigil that I keep!
Ah, hush!
The lips of morning flush and part,
In rapture breaks the song of day:
"Make fair thy way,
O watching heart, O loving heart,
Here in the new-green land of Spring
Here in the solemn hour of dawn,
Put thou thy shining garment on,
And run with joy-winged feet to meet thy risen King!"

THE HISTORY OF THE STANDARD OIL COMPANY

BY IDA M. TARBELL

Author of "The Life of Lincoln"

CHAPTER VI—THE DEFEAT OF THE PENNSYLVANIA

AS has been pointed out several times in the course of this history, Mr. John D. Rockefeller adopted, as early as 1872, the theory that he could control the oil business if he could control the refineries of the United States. Briefly stated, his argument was this: "Controlling all refineries, I shall be the only shipper of oil. Being the only shipper, I can obtain special rates of transportation which will drive out and keep out competitors; controlling all refineries, I shall be the only buyer, and can regulate the price of crude as I can the price of refined." It was a very pretty theorem, and by the end of 1878 Mr. Rockefeller had demonstrated it in a masterful fashion.

A New Problem for Mr. Rockefeller

The demonstration, however, had demanded the introduction of one factor which seems to have been quite unforeseen. Mr. Rockefeller had found before the end of the third year of his third campaign that the lasting control of oil refining could not be achieved without the conquest of one of the great departments of transportation the pipe lines which gathered the oil from the wells and carried it to the railroads.

Now the pipe line system was in itself an intricate and extensive business, demanding constant fresh investments of capital and for its management a high order of executive and diplomatic ability. Nevertheless, when Mr Rockefeller saw that to obtain absolute control of the oil refining interest he must control the entire pipe line system, he did not hesitate at the bigness of the undertaking. Nor should we expect him to have done so. Nothing essential to his purpose has ever been too big for Mr. Rockefeller—just as nothing has ever been too small.

The Standard's First Pipe Line

He was not, however, inexperienced in pipe lines in 1877, when he concluded to take over the entire system. For four years he had been interested in them, and his holdings had been gradually increasing, more from the necessity of the moment, it seems to the writer, than for any definite purpose to monopolize the pipes. His first venture was in 1873. In that year the oil shipping firm of J. A. Bostwick & Company laid a short pipe in the Lower Field, as the oil country along the Allegheny River was called. Now J. A. Bostwick was one of the charter members of the South Improvement Company, and when Mr. Rockefeller enlarged his business in 1872 because of the power that enterprise gave him, he took Mr. Bostwick into the Standard. This alliance, like all the operations of that venture, was secret. The bitterness of the Oil Regions against the members of the South Improvement Company was so great for many months after the oil war that Mr. Bostwick and Mr. Rockefeller seem to have concluded in 1873 that it would be a wise precautionary measure for them to lay a pipe line upon which they could rely for a supply of oil in case the oil men attempted again to cut them off from crude, as they had succeeded in doing in 1872. Accordingly, a line was built and put in the charge of a man who has since become known as one of the "strong men" of the Standard Oil Company.

This man, Daniel O'Day, was a young Irishman who had first appeared in the oil country in 1867, and had at once made

so good a record for himself as a transporting agent, that in 1869, when the oil shipping firm of J. A. Bostwick needed a man to look after its shipments, he was employed.

The record he made in the next two years was such that it reached the ear of Jay Gould himself, the president of the Erie, over which Mr. Bostwick was doing most of his shipping. Now the Erie at this time was making a hard fight to meet the growth of a lusty rival, the Empire Transportation Company, which was handling oil for the Pennsylvania. So important did Jay Gould think this struggle that in 1871 he himself came to the Oil Regions to look after it. One of the first men summoned to his private car as it lay in Titusville was the young Irishman, O'Day. He came as he was, begrimed with the oil of the yards, but Mr. Gould was looking for men who could do things, and was big enough to see through the grime. When the interview was concluded, Daniel O'Day had convinced Jay Gould that he was the man to divert the oil traffic from the Pennsylvania to the Erie road, and he walked out with an order in his pocket which lifted him over the head of everybody on the road as far as that particular freight was concerned, for it gave him the right to seize cars wherever he found them. For weeks after this he practically lived on the road, turning from the Pennsylvania in this time a large volume of freight and making it certain that it would have to look to its laurels as it never had before.

O'Day's Oil-War Record

The next year after this episode came the Oil War. The anger of the oil men was poured out on everyone connected in any way with the stockholders of the South Improvement Company, and among others on Mr. O'Day. He knew no more of the South Improvement Company at the start than the rest of the region, but he did know that it was his business to take care of certain property entrusted to him. Resolutions calling on him to resign were passed by oil exchanges and producers' unions. Mobs threatened his cars, his stations, his person, but with the grit of his race he hung to his post. There was, perhaps, but one other man in the employ of the South Improvement Company who showed the same courage, and that was Mr. Joseph Seep of Titusville. Almost every other employee fled, the principals in the miserable business took care to stay out of the country, but Mr. O'Day and Mr. Seep polished their shillalahs and stood over their property night and day until the war was over. Their courage did not go unrewarded. They were made the chief executive representatives, in the region, of the consolidated Standard interests which followed the war, though neither of them knew at the time that they were in the Standard employ. They supposed that the shipper Bostwick was an independent concern.

It was a man of grit and force and energy then who took hold of the Standard's pipe line in 1873. Rapid growth went on. The little line with which they started became the American Transfer Company, gradually extending its pipes to seventy or eighty miles in Clarion County, and in 1875 building lines in the Bradford field.

The American Transfer Company was soon working in harmony with the United Pipe Lines, of which Captain J. J. Vandergrift was the president. This system had its nucleus, like all the others of the country, in a short private line, built in 1869 by Captain Vandergrift. It had grown until in 1874 it handled thirty per cent. of the oil of the region. Now in 1872, after the oil war, Captain Vandergrift had become a convert to Mr. Rockefeller's theory of the "good of the oil business," and as we have seen, had gone into the National Refiners' Association as vice-president. Later he became a director in the Standard Oil Company. In 1874 he sold a one-third interest of his great pipe line system to Standard men, and the line was reorganized in the interests of that company. That is, the Standard Oil combination in 1877, when Mr. Rockefeller decided that he must control the pipe lines as well as the refineries, was a large transporter of oil, for the directors and leading stockholders owned and operated fully forty per cent. of the pipe lines of the Oil Regions, owned all but a very few of the tank cars on both the Central and Erie roads and controlled under leases two great oil terminals, those of the Erie and Central. That up to 1877 the Standard people had aimed at controlling the other sixty per

cent. of the pipe line business the writer has no evidence.

The Great Rival Pipe Line

The Standard pipes had but one large rival—the Empire Transportation Company, handling a little over twenty-five per cent. of the oil of the region. This was the first organization which had gone into the pipe-line business on a large scale, and its history had been interesting and creditable. The Empire was first organized in 1865 to build up a freight traffic via the Philadelphia and Erie Railroad, a new line which had just been leased by the Pennsylvania. Some ten railroads connected in one way or another with the Philadelphia and Erie, forming a direct route east and west. In spite of their evident community of interest these various roads were kept apart by their jealous fears of one another. Each insisted on its own time-table, its own rates, its own way of doing things. The Empire Transportation Company undertook to act as a mediator between the roads and the shipper, and to make the route cheap, fast, and reliable. It proposed to solicit freight, furnish its own cars and terminal facilities, and collect money due. It did not make rates, however; it only harmonized those made by the various branches in the system. It was to receive a commission on the business secured, and a rental for the cars and other facilities it furnished.

Colonel Potts of the Empire

It was a difficult task the new company undertook, but it had at its head a remarkable man to cope with difficulties. This man, Joseph D. Potts, was in 1865 thirty-six years old. He had come of a long and honorable line of ironmasters of the Schuylkill region of Pennsylvania, but had left the great forge towns with which his ancestors had been associated —Pottstown, Glasgow Forge, Valley Forge—to become a civil engineer. His profession had led him to the service of the Pennsylvania Railroad, where he had held important positions, and it was in connection with that road that he now undertook the organization of the Empire Transportation Company. Colonel Potts —the title came from his service in the Civil War —possessed a clear and vigorous mind; he was far-seeing, forceful in execution, fair in his dealings. To marked ability and integrity he joined a gentle and courteous nature.

The first freight which the Empire Transportation Company attacked was oil. The year was a great one for the Oil Regions, the year of Pithole. The handling of the great output of oil pouring from that field was a serious question. There seemed not enough cars in the country to carry it, and shippers resorted to every imaginable trick to get accommodations. When the agent of the Empire Transportation Company opened his office in June, 1865, and demonstrated his ability to furnish cars regularly and in large numbers, trade rapidly flowed to him. Now the Empire agency had hardly been established when the Van Syckle pipe line, the first successful line, began to carry oil from Pithole to the railroad. This line of two-inch pipe was five and one-half miles long. It was worked by relay pumps and carried eighty barrels of oil an hour. The ease and cheapness with which it did its work revolutionized transportation, and one line after another was laid from the big oil fields to the railroads. The railroads saw at once that pipes were destined speedily to do all the gathering, and hastened to ally themselves with them. It was even reported that Gould and Fiske of the Erie were preparing to buy up all the lines laying, in order to cut off the oil supply of the Empire Transportation Company. Colonel Potts, to forestall any such movement, took a hand himself, and in the spring of 1866 bought a new line, nine miles long, running from Pithole to Titusville, which as yet had not been wet.

When the Empire Transportation Company took over this pipe line nothing had been demonstrated but that oil could be driven, by relay pumps, five miles through a two-inch pipe. Methods of handling and accounting for the oil, of insuring against fraud, fire, and waste, an entire new business system had to be devised for the new carrier. In less than three years the Empire had worked out a system of the efficiency of which it is enough to say that in all essentials it is the one in operation to-day. And as it developed ways of doing things, the Empire grew steadily and vigorously. Indeed, by 1876 the

company was the most perfectly developed oil transporter in the country. It operated five hundred miles of pipe, owned a thousand oil-tank cars, controlled large oil yards at Communipaw, New Jersey, was in every respect indeed a model business organization, and it had the satisfaction of knowing that what it was it had made itself from raw material, that its methods were its own, and that the practices it had developed were those followed by all its rivals.

Mr. Rockefeller Demands More Rebates

The pipe lines of the oil region were all rapidly coming under the control of one or the other of the great systems described above, when, in the spring of 1875, Mr. Rockefeller announced to the railroads that as he controlled practically the entire refining interests of the country they must give him a rebate if they expected him to allow to each what it claimed was its percentage of the oil traffic. Now, as we have seen, the Central road had long before the days of the South Improvement Company accepted Mr. Rockefeller's idea that one shipper handling the entire oil business and giving the railroads an agreed percentage of his business was much more profitable and convenient than many shippers, and it, of course, conceded the ten per cent. rebate without parley.* The Erie, under the presidency of Mr. Watson, the former president of the South Improvement Company, naturally agreed to Mr. Rockefeller's demand. The Pennsylvania held out for some time against the notion. A new constitution was adopted in Pennsylvania in 1874, which took a very decided stand against discrimination of all descriptions, and Mr. Scott, knowing full well that the Convention had him in mind when it framed the articles forbidding rebates, evidently was trying to keep himself within the danger line. Mr. B. B. Campbell, an aggressive oil producer, who could hardly be suspected of any sort of charity where a railroad was concerned, said in his testimony in 1879, when the Pennsylvania was under investigation, that he believed the road had strictly adhered to the contract of March, 1872, with the oil men, and that the enforcement of the letter of that contract was the ruin of its customers. It was certain that at least one of the largest shippers of crude oil the Pennsylvania had ever had, W. T. Scheide, left the road at this period, because they had "a peculiar idea," he said, "that all shippers should be placed upon the same basis." †

DANIEL O'DAY IN 1872

Mr. O'Day is now vice-president of the National Transit Company, one of the constituent companies of the Standard.

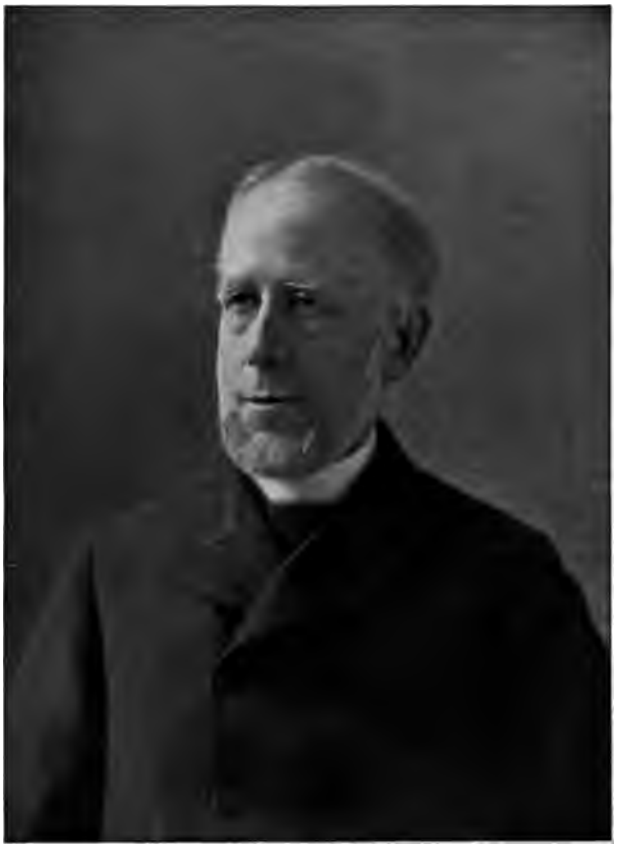
Colonel Potts Protests

Colonel Potts, as the head of the Empire Line, had great influence in the Penn-

* See statement of General J. H. Devereux, McClure's Magazine for December, 1902.

† Hepburn Commission for the Investigation of Railroad Discriminations, 1879.

sylvania conferences, and always fought rebates to a single shipper on the ground of policy. "In the first place it concentrates great power in the hands of one party over the trade of the road," he told an investigating committee of Congress in 1888. "They can remove it at pleasure. In the second place I think a large number of parties engaged in the same trade are very apt to divide themselves into two different classes as to the way of viewing markets; one class will be hopeful, and the other the reverse. The result will be there will be always one or the other class engaged in shipping some of the traffic. . . . The whole question seems to me to resolve itself into determining what policy will bring the largest volume in the most regular way to the carrier; and it is my opinion, based upon such experience as I have had, that a hundred shippers of a carload a day would be sure to give to a carrier a more regular volume of business, and I think, probably, a larger total volume of business in a year's time than one shipper of a hundred cars a day." *



COLONEL JOSEPH D. POTTS

After the liquidation of the Empire Transportation Company in 1877, Colonel Potts continued to hold, until 1891, the presidency of the Erie and Western Transportation Company, an organization operating, in connection with the Pennsylvania railroad, a large fleet of freight and passenger boats on the Great Lakes. He was interested in a large number of transportation enterprises, among them the International Navigation Company. Colonel Potts died in 1893.

Holding this theory, Colonel Potts opposed strenuously the rebate of ten per cent. which the Pennsylvania allowed Mr. Rockefeller in 1875, in return for a percentage of the oil business. Three years later, in a paper discussing the Standard Oil Company's career from its beginning, he said of this rebate and its consequences:

Colonel Potts's Opinion of the Standard

The rebate was a modest one, as was its recipient. Yet the railway Cassandras prophesied from it a multitude of evils—a gradual destruction of all other refiners, and a gradual absorption of their property by the favorite, who, with this additional armament, would rapidly progress towards a control of all cars, all pipes, all production, and finally of the roads themselves. Their prophecies met but little faith or consideration. The Standard leaders themselves were especially active in discouraging any such radical purpose. Their little rebate was enough for them. Everybody else should prosper, as would be shortly seen. They needed no more refineries; they had already more than they could employ—why should they hunger after greater burdens? It was the railroads they chiefly cared for, and next in their affections stood the one hundred rival refineries. Such beneficent longings as still remained (and their bosoms overflowed with them) spread out it steady waves toward the "poor producers" whom, not to be impious, they had always been ready to gather under their wings, yet they would not.

This unselfish language soothed all alarm into quiet slumbering. It resembles the gentle fanning of the vampire's wings, and it had the same end in view—the undisturbed abstraction of the victim's blood.

* House Trust Investigation, 1888.

NOBLE & DELEMATER WELL, FARRELL FARM, OIL CREEK, 1863

Showing method of carrying oil from well to wooden storage tanks

The final agreement with the railways was scarcely blotter-dried ere stealthy movements toward the whole line of outside refiners were evident, although rather felt than seen. As long as practicable, they were denied as mere rumors, but as they gradually became accomplished victories, as one refiner after another, through terror, through lack of skill in ventures, through financial weakness, fell shivering with dislike into the embrace of this commercial Octopus, a sense of dread grew rapidly among those independent interests which yet lived, and notably among a portion of the railroad transporters.

The chief "railroad transporter" who shared with the independents the sense of dread which Mr. Rockefeller's absorption of refineries awakened was Mr. Potts himself. As he saw the independents of Pittsburg, Philadelphia, New York, and the Creek, shutting down, selling out, going into bankruptcy, while the Standard and its allies grew bigger day by day, he concluded to prevent, if possible, the one shipper in the oil business.

The Empire Retaliates

"We reached the conclusion," said Colonel Potts in 1888, "that there were three great divisions in the petroleum business—the production, the carriage of it, and the preparation of it for market. If any one party controlled absolutely any one of those three divisions, they practically would have a very fair show of controlling the others. We were particularly

RAILROAD TERMINUS OF AN EARLY PIPE LINE

Abbott & Harley was the name of the second firm which went into the pipe line business. The oil was received from their pipe line into the iron tank standing on the hill. From the tank the oil was carried by pipe to a rack parallel to the track of the railroad. Oil barrels were distributed the length of the rack, each of them under a faucet from which it could be filled. As fast as filled they were loaded, usually on rack cars.

WOODEN CAR TANKS

BOILER TANK CARS

Wooden tanks mounted on cars succeeded the method of carrying oil in barrels. They were displaced by the iron tank car now in use, which was introduced by the Empire Transportation Company in 1872.*

solicitous about the transportation, and we were a little afraid that the refiners might combine in a single institution, and some of them expressed a strong desire to associate themselves permanently with us. We therefore suggested to the Pennsylvania road that we should do what we did not wish to do—associate ourselves. That is, our business was transportation and nothing else; but, in order that we might reserve a nucleus of refining capacity to our lines, we suggested we should become interested in one or more refineries, and we became interested in two, one in Phiadelphia and one in New York. It was incidental merely to our transportation. The extreme limit was four thousand barrels a day only."

The Standard Calls a Halt

It was in the spring of 1876 that the Empire began to interest itself in refineries. No sooner did Mr. Rockefeller discover this than he sought Mr. Scott and Mr. Cassatt, then the third vice-president of the Pennsylvania, in charge of transportation. It was not *fair!* Mr. Rockefeller urged. The Empire was a transportation company. If it went into the refining business it was not to be expected that it would deal as generously with rivals as with its own factories; besides, it would disturb the one shipper who, they all had agreed, was such a benefit to the railroads. Mr. Scott and Mr. Cassatt might have reminded Mr. Rockefeller that he was as truly a transporter as the Empire, but if they did they were met with a prompt denial of this now well-known fact. He was an oil refiner—only that and nothing more. "They tell us that they do not control the United Pipe Lines," Mr. Cassatt said in his testimony in 1879. Mr. Vanderbilt and Mr. Jewett soon joined their protests to Mr. Rockefeller's. "The steps it (the Empire) was then taking," said Mr. Jewett, "unless checked would result in a diversion largely of the transportation of oil from

CONSTRUCTING AN IRON TANK FOR STORING OIL

* The illustrations on pages 611 and 612 are from photographs furnished by J. A. Mather of Titusville, Pennsylvania, as most of the illustrations used in the preceding instalment of this History of the Standard Oil Company have been. Mr. Mather is the veteran photographer of the Oil Region, owning an almost complete collection of the oil men, oil wells and oil farms from 1860 until the present day. A collection unique, we believe, in the history of American industry.

Drawn by George Varian

LAYING A SIX-INCH PIPE LINE, CAIRO, WEST VIRGINIA

OIL IS CARRIED FROM THE WELLS BY PIPES TO TANKS ALONG THE MAIN LINE. IT IS FORCED THROUGH THE MAIN LINE BY POWERFUL PUMPS LOCATED AT INTERVALS OF FIFTY TO ONE HUNDRED MILES

our roads; the New York Central road and our own determined that we ought not to stand by and permit those improvements and arrangements to be made which, when completed, would be beyond our control." *

These protests increased in vehemence, until finally the Pennsylvania officials remonstrated with Mr. Potts. "We endeavored," says Mr. Cassatt, "to try to get those difficulties harmonized, talked of getting the Empire Transportation Company to lease its refineries to the Standard Oil Company, or put them into other hands, but we did not succeed in doing that." "Rather than do that," Colonel Potts told Mr. Cassatt, when he proposed that the Empire sell its refineries, "we had rather you would buy us out and close our contract with you."

When the Standard Oil Company and its allies, the Erie and Central, found that the Pennsylvania would not or could not drive the Empire from its position, they determined on war. Mr. Jewett, the Erie president, in his testimony of 1879, before the Hepburn Commission, takes the burden of starting the fight. "Whether the Standard Oil Company was afraid of the Empire Line as a refiner," he said, "I have no means of knowing. I never propounded the question. We were opposed to permitting the Empire Line, a creature of the Pennsylvania Railroad, to be building refineries, to become the owners of pipe lines leading into the oil field and leading to the coast, without a contest, and we made it without regard to the Standard Oil Company or anybody else; but when we did determine to make it I have no doubt we demanded of the Standard Oil Company during the

THE ROUTE OF THE PIPE LINE IS PATROLLED NIGHT AND DAY THAT BREAKS OR DISTURBANCES MAY BE PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO

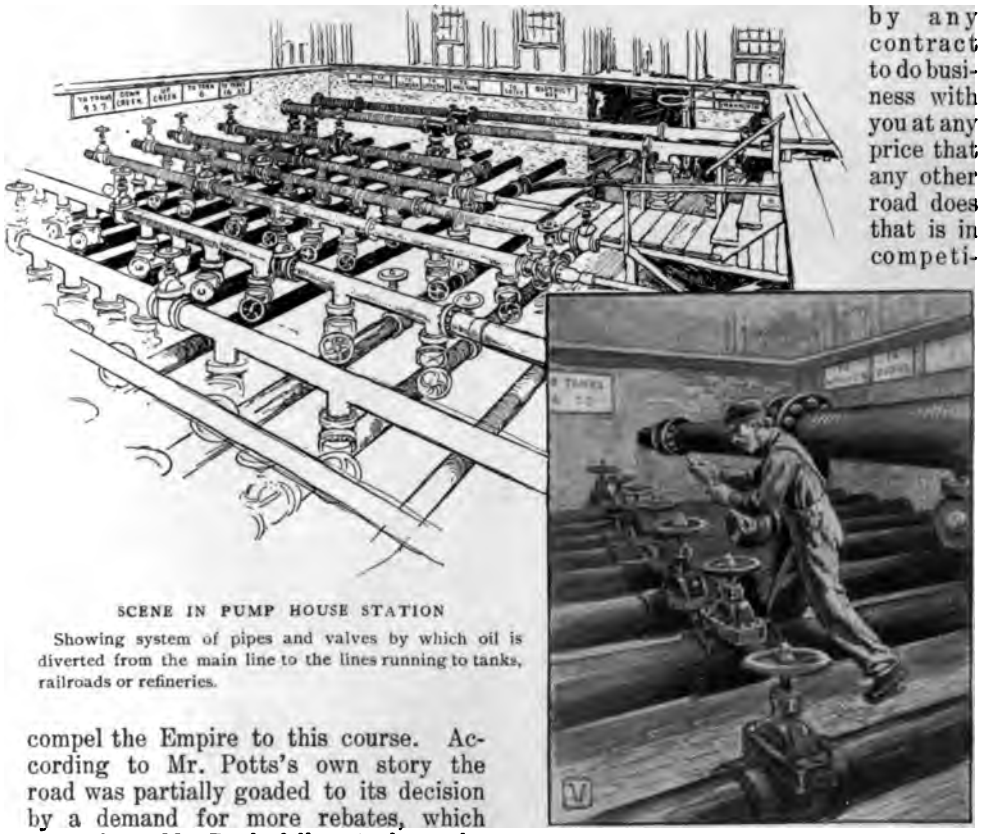
* Hepburn Commission, 1879.

contest to withdraw its shipments from the Pennsylvania."

The Pennsylvania Stands by the Empire

Backed by the Erie and Central, Mr. Rockefeller, in the spring of 1877, finally told Mr. Cassatt that he would no longer send any of his freight over the Pennsylvania unless the Empire gave up its refineries. The Pennsylvania refused to compel the Empire to this course. According to Mr. Potts's own story the road was partially goaded to its decision by a demand for more rebates, which came from Mr. Rockefeller at about the time he pronounced his ultimatum on the Empire. "They swooped upon the railways," says Colonel Potts, "with a demand for a vast increase in their rebate. They threatened, they pleaded, it has been said they purchased—however that may be—they conquered. Minor officials entrusted with the vast power of according secret rates conceded all they were asked to do, even to concealing from their superiors for months the real nature of their illegal agreements." Probably it was at this time that there took place the little scene between Mr. Vanderbilt and Mr. Rockefeller and his colleagues, of which the former told the Hepburn Commission in 1879. The Standard people were after more rebates. They affirmed other roads were giving larger rebates than Mr. Vanderbilt, and that their contract with him obliged him to give as much as anybody else did.

"Gentlemen," he told them, "you cannot walk into this office and say we are bound by any contract to do business with you at any price that any other road does that is in competition with us; it is only on a fair competitive basis, a fair competition for business at a price that I consider will pay the company to do it."



SCENE IN PUMP HOUSE STATION

Showing system of pipes and valves by which oil is diverted from the main line to the lines running to tanks, railroads or refineries.

Soon after this interview, so rumor says, Mr. Vanderbilt sold the Standard stock he had acquired as a result of the deals made through the South Improvement Company. "I think they are smarter fellows than I am, a good deal," he told the commission, somewhat ruefully. "And if you come in contact with them I guess you will come to the same conclusion."

The Standard Attacks the Pennsylvania

Spurred on then by resentment at the demands for new rebates, as well as by the injustice of Mr. Rockefeller's demand that the Empire give up its refineries, the Pennsylvania accepted the Standard's challenge, resolved to stand by the Empire, and henceforth to treat all its shippers alike. No sooner was its resolution announced in March, 1877, than all the freight of the Standard, amounting to fully sixty-five per cent. of the road's oil traffic, was taken away. An exciting situation, one of out-and-out war, developed, for the Empire at once entered on an energetic campaign to make good its loss by developing its own refineries and by forming a loyal support among the independent oil men. Day and night the officers worked on their problem, and with growing success. When Mr. Rockefeller saw this he summoned his backers to action. The Erie and Central began to cut rates to entice away the independents. It is a sad reflection on both the honor and the foresight of the body of oil men who had been crying so loudly for help, that as soon as the rates were cut on the Standard lines many of them began to attempt to force the Pennsylvania to follow. "They found the opportunity for immediate profits by playing one belligerent against the other too tempting to resist," says Colonel Potts.

A BREAK IN THE PIPE LINE

"We paid them large rebates," said Mr. Cassatt; "in fact, we took anything we could get for transporting their oil. In some cases we paid out in rebates more than the whole freight. I recollect one instance where we carried oil to New York for Mr. Ohlen, or some one he represented, I think at eight cents less than nothing. I do not say any large quantities, but oil was carried at that rate."

Rate Cutting: But One Outcome Possible

While the railroads were waging this costly war, the Standard was carrying the fight into the refined market. The Empire had gone systematically to work to develop markets for the output of its own and of the independent refineries. Mr. Rockefeller's business was to prevent any such development. He was well equipped for the task by his system of "predatory competition," for in spite of the fact that Mr. Rockefeller claimed

that underselling to drive a rival from a market was one of the evils he was called to cure, he did not hesitate to employ it himself. Indeed, he had long used his freedom to sell at any price he wished for the sake of driving a competitor out of the market with calculation and infinite patience. Other refiners burst into the market and undersold for a day; but when Mr. Rockefeller began to undersell, he kept it up day in and day out, week in and week out, month in and month out, until there was literally nothing left of his competitor. A former official of the Empire Transportation Company, who in 1877 took an active part in the war his company was waging against the Standard, once told the writer that in every town, north or south, east or west, in which they already had a market for their refined oil, or attempted to make one, they found a Standard agent on hand ready to undersell. The Empire was not slow in underselling. It is very probable that in many cases they began it, for, as Mr. Cassatt says, "They endeavored to injure us and our shippers all they could in that fight, and we did the same thing."

In spite of the growing bitterness and cost of the contest, the Empire had no thought of yielding. Mr. Potts's hope was in a firm alliance with the independent oil men, many of the strongest of whom were rallying to his side. At the beginning of the fight he had very shrewdly enlisted in his plan one of the largest independent producers of the day, Mr. B. B. Campbell, of Butler. "Being a pleasure and a duty to me," says Mr. Campbell, "I entered into the service with all the zeal and power that I have. I made a contract with the Empire Line wherein I bound myself to give all my business to this line." At the same time Mr. Potts sought the help of the man who was generally accepted as the coolest, most intelligent, and trustworthy adviser in matters of transportation the Oil Regions had, Mr. E. G. Patterson, of Titusville. Mr. Patterson was a practical railroad man, and an able and logical opponent of the rebate and "one shipper" systems. He had been prominent in the fight against the South Improvement Company, and since that time he had persistently urged the independents to wage war only on the practice of rebates —to refuse them themselves and to hold the railroads strictly to their duty in the matter.

Several conferences were held, and finally, in the early summer, Mr. Potts read the two gentlemen a paper he had drawn up as a contract between the producers and the Empire. It speaks well for the fair-mindedness of Mr. Potts that when he read this document to Mr. Campbell and Mr. Patterson, both of whom were skilled in the ways of the transporter, they "accepted it in a moment."

The Pennsylvania Passes a Dividend

"It was made the duty of Mr. Patterson and myself to get signatures of producers to this agreement," says Mr. Campbell, "in a sufficient amount to warrant the Pennsylvania road entering into a permanent agreement. The contract, I think, was for three years." The attempt to enlist a solid body of oil men in the scheme was at once set on foot, but hardly was it under way before troubles of most serious import came upon the Pennsylvania road. A great and general strike on all its branches tied up its traffic for weeks. In Pittsburg hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of property were destroyed by a mob of railroad employees. It is not too much to say that in these troubles the Pennsylvania lost millions of dollars; it is certain that as a result of them the company that fall and the coming spring had to pass its dividends for the first time since it commenced paying them, and that its stock fell to twenty-seven dollars a share (par being fifty dollars). Overwhelmed by the disasters, Mr. Scott and Mr. Cassatt felt that they could not afford any longer to sustain the Empire in its fight for the right to refine as well as transport oil.

The Standard Pays Fifty Per Cent.

While the coffers of the Pennsylvania were empty, those of the Standard were literally bursting with profits; for the Standard, the winter before this fight came on, had carried to completion for the first time the work which it had been organized to accomplish, that is, it had put up the price of refined oil, in defiance of all laws of supply and demand, and held it up for nearly six months. The story of this dramatic commercial hold-up

cannot be told in this chapter; it is enough for present purposes to say that in the winter of 1876-77 millions of gallons of oil were sold by Mr. Rockefeller and his partners at a profit of from fifteen to twenty-five cents a gallon. The curious can compute the profits; it certainly ran into the multi-millions. A dividend of fifty per cent. was paid for the year following the scoop, and "there was plenty of money made to throw that dividend out twice over and make a profit," Samuel Andrews, one of the Standard's stockholders, told an Ohio investigating committee in 1879. The Standard then had a war budget big enough for any opposition, and it is not to be wondered at that the Pennsylvania, knowing this and finding its own treasury depleted, was ready to quit.

The Pennsylvania Surrenders

It was August when Mr. Scott and Mr. Cassatt decided to give up the fight. Peace negotiations were at once instituted, Mr. Cassatt going to Cleveland to see Messrs. Rockefeller, Flagler, and Warden, who was visiting them there. Later, the same gentlemen met Mr. Scott and Mr. Cassatt at the St. George Hotel, in Philadelphia. "The subject of discussion at these meetings," said Mr. Cassatt in 1879, when under examination, "was whether we could not make some contract or agreement with the Standard Oil Company by which this contest would cease. They insisted that the first condition of their coming back on our line to ship over our road must be that the Empire Transportation Company, which company represented us in the oil business, must cease the refining of oil in competition with them. The Empire Transportation Company objected to going out of the refining business. The result of this objection Colonel Potts stated in 1888. "Our contract with the Pennsylvania Road gave to them the option, at any time they saw proper, upon reasonable notice, of buying our entire plant; they exercised that option." "Was that at your request or desire?" the chairman asked the colonel. "No, sir. It was at the request of the Pennsylvania Road through their officials."

The question then came up as to who should buy the plant of the Empire Transportation Company. "The Standard wanted us to do so," says Mr. Cassatt. "They wanted us to buy the pipe lines and cars; we objected to buying the pipe lines, and it resulted in their buying them and the refining plant.

"The negotiations were carried on in Philadelphia, Mr. Rockefeller and Mr. Flagler mainly representing the Standard. A substantial agreement was reached about the 1st of October. The agreement would have been probably perfected about that time except that the counsel for the Empire line thought it was necessary that they should advertise the fact that they were going to sell their property, and have a meeting of their stockholders and get their assent to the sale before the papers were finally signed."

This meeting of which Mr. Cassatt speaks was held on October 17th.

Funeral Oration of the Empire

Colonel Potts made a statement to the stockholders which he began by a brief review of the growth of the company from the point when twelve years before it had started as a new route charged with the duty of meeting formidable competitors. He pointed out that at the close of the twelfth year the company was the owner of a large fleet of lake vessels, of elevators and docks at the city of Erie, of improved piers in New York, of nearly five thousand cars, of over five hundred miles of pipe lines, of valuable interests in refineries, of all the appliances of a great business. In these twelve years, Colonel Potts told his stockholders, the organization had collected more than one hundred million dollars, and in the last year their cars had moved over thirty thousand miles of railway. He explained to the stockholders the condition of the oil business, which had made it necessary, in his judgment, for the Empire Transportation Company to go into the refining business. It was done with the greatest reluctance, Colonel Potts declared, but it was done because he and his colleagues believed that there was no other way for them to save to the Pennsylvania Road permanently the proportion of the oil traffic which they had acquired in the twelve years in which they had been in business. He reviewed, dispassionately, the circumstances which had led the

Pennsylvania Road to ask the company to give up its refineries. He stated his reasons for deciding that it was wiser for the Empire to resign its contracts with the Pennsylvania and go into liquidation than to submit to the demands of the Standard interests.

Colonel Potts followed his statement by an abstract of the agreements which had been made between the Standard people and the Empire. By these agreements the Standard Oil Company bought of the Empire Transportation Company their pipe line interest for the sum of $1,094,805.56, their refining interests in New York and Philadelphia for the sum of $501,652.78, $900,000 worth of Oil Tank Car Trust, and they also settled with outside refiners and paid for personal property to the extent of $900,000 more, making a total cash payment of $3,400,000. Two millions and a half of this money, Colonel Potts told the stockholders, would be paid that evening by certified checks if the agreements were ratified.

"Not knowing what your action might be at this meeting," he concluded, "we are still in active business. We could not venture to do anything that would check our trade, that would repel customers, that would drive any of them away from us. We must be prepared if you said no to go right along with our full machinery under our contract, or under such modification of that as we could fight through. We could not stop moving a barrel of oil. We must be ready to take any offered to us; we must supply parties taking oil. There was nothing we could do but what was done; nothing was stopped, nothing is stopped, everything is going on just as vigorously at this moment through as wide an extent of country as ever it did, and it will continue to do so until after you take action, until after we get these securities or the money. That, we suppose, will be about six o'clock to-day, if you act favorably, and at that time we shall, if everything goes through, telegraph to every man in our service, and to the heads of departments what has been done, and at twelve o'clock to-night we shall cease to operate anything in the Empire Transportation Company."

The stockholders accepted the proposition, and that night at Colonel Potts's office on Girard Street, Philadelphia, Mr. Scott and Mr. Cassatt, of the Pennsylvania Railroad, Colonel Potts and two of his colleagues in the Empire, and two of the refiners with whom he was affiliated, met Mr. Wm. Rockefeller, Mr. Flagler, Mr. Warden, Mr. Lockhart, Mr. Charles Pratt, Mr. J. A. Bostwick, Mr. Daniel O'Day, and Mr. J. J. Vandergrift, and their counsel, and the papers and checks were signed and passed which wiped out of existence a great business to which a body of the best transportation men the State of Pennsylvania has produced had given twelve years of their lives.

Absorption of the Pipe Lines Complete

The pipe lines thus acquired were at once consolidated with the other Standard lines. Only a few independent lines, and only one of these of importance—the Columbia Conduit—now remained in the Oil Regions. The downfall of the Empire was quickly followed by their collapse, and early in 1878 they were all consolidated with the United Pipe Lines and the American Transfer Company. Mr. Rockefeller was now master of the entire pipe line business.

The Pennsylvania Railroad, in return for its subjection to the Standard's demands in regard to the Empire, was insured forty-seven per cent. of all the oil shipped eastward. From the Standard alone it was to receive not less than two million barrels a year. The Pennsylvania was to allow the Standard such rates as might be fixed from time to time by the four trunk lines,* care being taken to provide that these rates should be dropped to meet lower rates which might be offered by the opening of competing lines. On these fixed rates Mr. Rockefeller was to have a rebate of ten per cent. The agreement with the Pennsylvania stipulated also that no other shipper should be allowed any rebate unless he guaranteed the Pennsylvania the same profit it realized from the Standard trade.

Meek Obedience of the Pennsylvania

The Pennsylvania fulfilled its new agreements meekly and faithfully. In February, 1878, the American Transfer Company, a part of the Standard Oil

* The Baltimore and Ohio came into the railroad pool in 1877, after resisting the Standard's overtures for some five years.

Company, it will be remembered, asked for a rebate of at least twenty cents on each barrel of crude oil received and shipped over the road. The Central and Erie were granting it, Mr. O'Day told Mr. Cassatt. The rebate was promptly granted In the summer an advance of the ten per cent. rebate was asked, on the ground that the independents were opening a new route which might injure Mr. Rockefeller's supremacy. The rebates were increased until oil on which the open rate to seaboard was $1.90 was shipped for the Standard at eighty cents. In November, 1879, the Acme Oil Company shipped oil from Titusville to New York for 66½ cents, that company alone receiving a rebate of sixty-three cents.

The Pennsylvania lived up as faithfully to its agreement in regard to rival shippers as it did to those concerning rebates. The independents, who in the summer of 1877 were preparing to ally themselves permanently with the road, were dropped immediately when peace negotiations were begun, and a letter of remonstrance they sent Mr. Scott at the time was never answered. The experiences of several of these independents have been recorded in court testimony. One or two will suffice here. For instance, among the Eastern refiners was the firm of Denslow & Bush; their works were located in South Brooklyn. They had begun in a very small way in 1870, and by 1879 were doing a business of nearly a thousand barrels of crude a day. They had transported nearly all their oil by the Empire line. After that line went out of business in October, 1877, the contract with Denslow & Bush was transferred to the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. This contract terminated on the first day of May, 1878. Some time in March they received formal notice of its expiration, and solicited an interview with the officers of the Pennsylvania Railroad in order to make some arrangements for the further transportation of their oil. Mr. Cassatt named New York. The meeting was held at Mr. Denslow's office, 123 Pearl Street. Besides Mr. Bush, there were present to meet Mr. Cassatt, Messrs. Lombard, Gregory, King, H. C. Ohlen, and C. C. Burke, all independents. When Mr. Bush was under examination in the suit against the Pennsylvania he gave an account of what happened at this interview:

Mr. Cassatt's Frank Language to Independents

We asked Mr. Cassatt what rate of freight we should have after the expiration of these contracts, whether we should have as low a rate of freight as the Standard Oil Company or any other shipper? He said, "No." We asked why. "Well, in the first place, you can't ship as much oil as the Standard Oil Company." "Well, if we could ship as much oil"—I think Mr. Lombard put this question—"would we then have the same rate?" He said, "No." "Why?" "Why you could not keep the road satisfied; it would make trouble." And he remarked in connection with that, that the Standard Oil Company was the only party that could keep the roads harmonized or satisfied. He intimated, I believe, that each road had a certain percentage of the oil business, and they could divide that up and give each roads its proportion, and in that way keep harmony, which we could not do. Right after that he made the remark that he thought that we ought to fix it up with the Standard; we ought to do something so as to all go on and make some money, and I think we gave him very distinctly to understand that we didn't propose to enter into any "fix up" where we would lose our identity, or sell out, or be under anybody else's thumb. I believe that he went so far as to say that he would see the Standard, and do everything he could to bring that thing about. We told him very clearly that we didn't want any interference in that direction, and if there was anything to be done, we thought we were quite capable of doing it. The interview perhaps lasted an hour. There was a great deal of talk of one kind and another, but this is, I think, the substance. This interview was in March, 1878, I think.

Another interview at which I was present was either in June or July. Mr. Scott was present.

Mr. Scott Corroborates Mr. Cassatt

This interview was brought about because we had been deprived, as we believed, of getting a sufficient number of cars we were entitled to. We had telegraphed or written to Mr. Cassatt—at least Mr. Ohlen, our agent, had, on several occasions, and tried to get an interview, and finally this one was appointed, at which Mr. Scott would be present When we arrived there we found Mr. Brundred, from Oil City, and Mr. Scott went on to state that he thought that we were receiving our fair proportion of cars. They tried to make us believe and feel, I suppose, that we were getting our due proportion, when for some considerable time previous to this we had not been able to do any business in advance; we could only do business from hand to mouth. We could not sell any refined oil unless we absolutely had the crude oil in our possession in New York, and Mr. Lombard, one of our number, had sold a cargo of crude oil, I think, of 9,000 barrels, and Denslow & Bush absolutely stopped their refinery for three weeks consequently, in order to let their oil go to Lombard & Ayers to finish their vessel, because they would only get three or four cars a day; and we stopped our place for three weeks to give them our crude oil, all we could give—our proportion—in order to

lift them out and get their vessel cleared. After trying to impress upon us that we were getting our proportion of cars, we asked Mr Scott substantially the same question we asked Mr. Cassatt in New York, whether we could have, if there was any means by which we could have, the same rate of freight as other shippers got, and he said flatly, "No"; and we asked him then if we shipped the same amount of oil as the Standard, and he said, "No," and gave the same reasons Mr. Cassatt had in New York, that the Standard Oil Company were the only parties that could keep peace among the roads. We stated to Mr. Scott that we would like to know to what extent we would be discriminated against, because we wanted to know what disadvantage we would have to work under. And we went away very much dissatisfied. All the information we got on that point was from Mr. Cassatt in New York, when he stated that the discrimination would be larger on a high rate of freight than on a low rate of freight, which led us to infer that it was a percentage discrimination. That is all the point that I recollect we ever got as to the amount of the commission. We told Mr. Scott that if they hadn't sufficient cars on their road we would like to put some on, and he told us flatly that they had just bought out one line and they would not allow another one to be put on; that if they hadn't cars enough they would build them. He seemed to show considerable feeling that afternoon, and he said: "Well, you have cost us in fighting for you now a million dollars" (or a million and a half, something like that—a very large sum), "and we don't propose to go into another fight." *

An Independent Who Tried Again

Not only were there men in the refining business who were willing to fight under these conditions, there were men among the very ones who had succumbed at the opening of the Standard's onslaught who were ready to try the business again. Among these was Mr. William Harkness, whose experience up to 1876 was related in the preceding chapter of this history. Mr. Harkness's next experience in the oil business was related to the same committee as that already quoted:

"When I was compelled to succumb," he said, "I thought it was only temporarily; that the time would come when I could go into the business I was devoted to. We systematized all our accounts and knew where the weak points were. I was in love with the business. I selected a site near three railroads and the river. I took a run across the water—I was tired and discouraged and used up in 1876, and was gone three or four months. I came back refreshed and ready for work, and had the plans and specifications and estimates made for a refinery that would handle 10,000 barrels of oil a day, right on this hundred acres of land. I believed the time had arrived when the Pennsylvania Railroad would see their true interest as common carriers, and the interest of their stockholders and the business interest of the city of Philadelphia, and I took those plans, specifications and estimates and I called on Mr. Roberts, president of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. I had consulted one or two other gentlemen, whose advice was worth having, whether it would be worth my while to go to see President Roberts. I went there and laid the plans before him, and told him I wanted to build a refinery of 10,000 barrels capacity a day. I was almost on my knees begging him to allow me to do that. He said, 'What is it you want?' I said, 'I simply ask to be put upon an equality with every body else, and especially the Standard Oil Company.' I said, 'I want you to agree with me that you will give me transportation of crude oil as low as you give it to the Standard Oil Company or anybody else for ten years, and then I will give you a written assurance that I will do this refining of 10,000 barrels of oil a day for ten years.' I asked him if that was not an honest position for us to be in; I, as a manufacturer, and he, the president of a railroad. Mr. Roberts said there was a great deal of force in what I said, but he could not go into any written assurance. He said he would not go into any such agreement, and I saw Mr. Cassatt. He said in his frank way, 'That is not practicable, and you know the reason why.'"

"The Good of the Oil Business"

Controlling fully ninety per cent. of the refining interests of the country, controlling the entire pipe line, or oil-gathering system, recognized by the four great trunk lines as the autocrat of the business, and able to bring them to his wishes by merely expressing them, able to raise the oil market to an unnatural figure and hold it there for six months, Mr. John D. Rockefeller, by the end of 1878, certainly had reason to be proud of his four-years' work. The "good of the oil business" was in his judgment worked out. There were people, however, who claimed that it was the good of Mr. Rockefeller, not that of the oil business, that had been achieved, and these people—"people with a private grievance," "mossbanks naturally left in the lurch by the progress of this rapidly developing trade," † the Standard officials described them—at the news of the collapse of the Empire Transportation Company began an onslaught on his creation through the press, through commercial combinations, through the courts and legislatures, which in its vigor and bitterness rivalled the Oil War of 1872. It was now to be seen whether Mr. Rockefeller was as great in defensive as he was in offensive operations.

* Commonwealth of Pennsylvania *vs.* Pennsylvania R.R., United Pipe Lines, Etc.

† Hepburn Commission of 1879.

(To be continued)

I AM MARRIED

BY CLARA MORRIS

Illustrated by W. Glackens

THAT night of the suspended marriage proposal was, on my part, devoted to a final séance with *Lady Macbeth*. When good-nights were over; when little dog Bertie, that she might not tease for my attention, had received an ancient pair of gloves to guard; when the house was quiet—quiet; then, indeed, with all my soul, I strove to make the great woman-criminal reveal herself, if only in some slight degree. I decided, too, upon a definite plan of action, for, ready as I ever was to profit by the inspiration of the moment, I should have felt myself reckless and presuming had I not carefully prepared business for each scene. If inspiration came, so much the better; but should it fail me there would be the carefully thought-out business that meant security, and security meant dignity, and where would dignity be required if not in the delivery of Shakespeare's stately measure?

Yet, because I had represented fairly well the heroines of modern drama, there were people who believed I was bound to measure *Lady Macbeth* by a strictly modern standard—bound to reduce to a colloquial tone and manner the majestic formality of her awe-inspiring language. These unpleasant anticipations, added to Mrs. Farren's fears and my own sick terror of the part, were in a fair way to make my *Lady Macbeth* a sort of human blanc-mange, colorless and quaking, when at the most critical moment a ray of encouragement came to me from an unexpected quarter. Miss Charlotte Cushman had once done me the great honor of coming in when her own work was over to see the last act of a play I was in. I had little to do, but she was generous in applause, and turning to her escort she remarked in her deep voice: "She is young and of the new school, I know, but I believe she is one of *us* after all. Do you see how she listens when the others are speaking, how she keeps in the character *all the time?* That's a woman who began at the bottom of the ladder, and I'm not afraid to wager she has been in the very ballet somewhere, sometime!" and she seemed much gratified when told she had guessed correctly, and on two or three occasions thereafter she alluded to me as "the last of the old school."

When the discussions anent the character of *Lady Macbeth* broke out, Miss Cushman was in Philadelphia, and the matter was brought to her attention by a young man generally known for his peculiarly clumsy flatteries. It occurred to him that it would be a nice compliment and grateful to the feelings of the great actress to hear the ideas of a lesser one ridiculed and grossly caricatured, and he closed an exaggerated description of the *feminine Lady Macbeth* —I stood for—with the laughter-choked cry: "And red hair! sandy red hair! may it please you! She expects an audience to submit patiently to a *Lady Macbeth* with sandy hair! But where the grandeur and terrifying force you have accustomed us to is to come from, upon my soul I don't know, for the Morris is no more than five feet two in height—ha! ha!"

And with calm, perhaps unconscious cruelty, Miss Cushman remarked: "Ah! about your own height, I imagine? But, young sir, you should know the power and force of the actress is not to be measured by the weight avoirdupois of the woman. The few minutes I once passed in the company of a frail little victim of homicidal mania is the most terrifying memory of my life." "Oh, yes —quite so! insanity *is* alarming!" stammered the little man; "but I was thinking of this young woman's presumption. To my mind, now, the traditions should be held sacred, and the idea of a mere little

emotional actress attempting a great classic——"

Then the stately head went up, a real Cushman flash came into the calm eyes, and with generous warmth she cried: "In God's name, what would become of the stage without the presumption of the young? We, who have succeeded, cannot live forever! Others must make ready to fill our places!" Then, turning to the lady who accompanied her that morning, she said with a smile, "My own luggage consisted in great part of youth and presumption when I began my career, and I like this girl's pluck in standing out for her own idea—besides, she's right. I have for years recognized the absolute womanliness of *Lady Macbeth*. Her reasoning is good. I have friends who rely to-day upon spiritualism for aid in well-doing, just as she thinks *Lady Macbeth* relied upon the witches for aid in wrong-doing. You cannot well escape from the perfect femininity of the character if you study her carefully. You both look amazed—but what can I do at this time of my life? I played the part in the traditional manner—the big, heavy style—and it was lucky for me that the public liked it, or I should have been short of a good drawing play; for though intellectually I am for the feminine *Lady Macbeth*, physically (she laughed) I am not well-fitted for the coaxing, purring, velvet-footed, supple hypocrite." Then, turning back to the unfortunate youth, who had tempted his fate, she finished him and the subject both, by saying: "As to the red hair, sir, I know Scotland and its people well, and I believe there are more flaxen, red, and sandy Scots than there are black ones—so she is justified in wearing red hair if it helps her to indicate the character."

"'Ah! about your own height, I imagine'"

Oh, the thrill of joy that went through my heart when I heard that this big-brained, thoughtful, experienced actress—the greatest *Lady Macbeth* of her time—declared for the femininity of that character. Her words of generous encouragement were like a strong staff to lean upon, until the public could decide whether or no it would support my uncertain footsteps.

Whenever the memory of that famous woman, Charlotte Cushman, is summoned suddenly to my mind, she appears not as *Meg Merrilies*—not as *Queen Catharine*, but as the stately gentlewoman whose crown of beauty came to her with age in the pure white hair that seemed to soften not only her expression, but the very outlines of the too square jaw and the majestic brow. So, often, I used to see her driving in the Park, frequently quite alone. Her gray silks, her swathing black laces, her regal bearing, her gentle courtesy, made the heart leap up in pride of her—for no royal woman in Europe looked so like the ideal *Queen Dowager*, as did that aged actress. And yet she never failed at the same time to suggest to me the idea of a supposedly extinct volcano. There was the lonely grandeur, the stern snow-crowned height and great surface calm—but now and again certain sounds, certain tremors, hinted strongly at the hidden fires still surging in that volcano of dramatic power and genius.

When, heartened greatly by the reported words of Miss Cushman, I had decided upon a general plan of action, two matters of mere detail came up for most anxious consideration. Every actress is sensitively alive to the pleasure of a warm reception—that being the technical term for the applause with which the audience greets the first appearance of an artist before any word has been spoken. Gen-

"Driving in the Park, frequently quite alone"

erally speaking, it signifies a courteous greeting corresponding to a lifted hat and pleasant salutation. But on occasions when the actress is a special favorite, the reception, enthusiastic and long continued, becomes a demonstration, which is inartistic and destructive of the illusion of the play, since it drags the actress out of her part, and in her bowing, curtseying, and smiling, she becomes Miss Jones or Miss Morris returning thanks to the public. A woman would not be human who did not enjoy to the last drop of her blood just such a greeting, even though her artistic sense condemned it. Surely I ought to know; and, by the way, I hope at this distance of passed years I may speak frankly of triumphs won, of favors received, with no more charge of vanity than is made against the silver-haired mother who recounts for her daughter's entertainment the conquests her beauty made in the past days of her acknowledged bellehood. Of course her beauty is gone, but legends of its past existence justify her gentle boasting. So, too, there are those still with us who have not only seen some nights of wild enthusiasm at the theater, but have done their own extravagant best to add to that fervor. Well, to return to the subject. Those joyous, long-sustained receptions that had become so sweet the artist in me suddenly realized would be simply ruinous in the case of *Lady Macbeth*. Think of it. The play is already running at high tide, and at her very first step she is up to her lips in tragedy.

"They met me in the day of success, and I have learned by the perfectest report, they have more in them than *mortal knowledge*."

She reads with eager intensity of interest as she enters, and there are but thirty-six brief words between that entrance and one of the greatest moments in the entire part:

"They made themselves — *air*, into which they vanished."

How impossible then would be the recognition of a reception. B-r-r! one's teeth were on edge at the thought. And yet, the public! it is sensitive, it is quick to take offense sometimes, and the actress who does not quail at the thought of vexing her "public" may exist, but certainly I have not met her yet.

So, on that night I was bracing my courage up to the point of calmly ignoring the reception that I knew would be not only a greeting but an assurance of a fair field and no favor, and hearty good wishes for my success; and what would they think if their courtesy was not acknowledged, even by a glance? I asked myself one moment, while in the next I was recalling a dozen proofs of the extraordinary quickness of perception shown

by the American public, and, and—well, I resolved I must take the risk—anything rather than see *Lady Macbeth* smiling and bowing and perhaps kissing hands and then trying frantically to get back into the rapt eagerness of the letter-reader. One other thing, a trifle, yet part of the whole: I decided to keep by me a great circular cloak of gray material to wrap about me in going before the curtain.

No actor or actress can be denied the honor of curtain calls, yet they do break the illusion of the play, and I meant to hide *Lady Macbeth* by at least the size and thickness of a cloak, and let Miss Morris go before the curtain, leaving the great Thane's wife in the play if possible.

I had done all I could, then I took the gloves from under Bertie's chin, and as she sprang to the foot of the bed, looking over for that never forgotten bear, I raised my hand to lower the gas and heard the clock strike three, and suddenly I wondered whether Mr. Harriott had rounded up his family yet.

"Bertie," I said, "suppose we were asked what family of Morris we belong to? Do you know, we'd have to say, 'If you please, we are not Morrises at all. Our characters are good—but we have no family—no family at all.'"

Bertie looked as if she thought I had said "rats," and I laughed. I could afford to, because I had related to my suitor with both emphasis and detail every disagreeable fact connected with my birth and my early life. I had also warned him of certain unpleasant penalties a man might have to pay for marrying an actress. For myself, I was sure that, if a man, I could never endure the impertinence of being referred to as Miss So-and-so's husband, and I inquired, too, as to the degree of violence he might be expected to show if brutally addressed as "Mr. Morris," by some hurried doctor, reporter, or conductor. I think *that* suggestion gave him pause, for his smile had certainly been a trifle forced, but I had done my duty; I had concealed nothing of the French Canadian father's perfidy; my legal, social, and dramatic status had been made quite plain, and—well, I laughed.

Next morning at ten-thirty, Mr. Harriott appeared bearing messages, invitations, and photographs of a family whose dimensions made me gasp, and whose general willingness to accept me on trust—as little boys say, "sight unseen"—brought a lump into my throat, and at eleven o'clock, all ringed and engaged, I was rehearsing with consciously augmented dignity the brave old tragedy, while on Monday evening yet another incident occurred that helped so to interline the scenes and speeches of the play with courtship, proposal, acceptance, and family recognition of the player, that it is almost impossible to unbraid the memories.

There are few plays that can more quickly turn a medium-sized theater into a veritable pandemonium than "Macbeth." The noise and confusion caused by extra people, the darkness, the extended brace for the tripping up of the unwary, the open traps for the swallowing up of the careless or the ignorant, the startling and disturbing appearance of the witches, the seeming frenzy of the stage-manager, the heltering-skeltering of gasmen, carpenters, and scene-shifters, the testing of the thunder and the lightning, the hasty and stumbling arrival of the musicians who are to give the "flourishes" behind the scenes and who swear volubly in foreign languages, thus escaping the forfeitures for all English swearing, the blue-burning cauldron, the snake-entwined *Hecate*, the fiercely barbaric looking *King*, *Thane*, or warrior—if all this is confusing to an actor, what must it seem to an outsider who sees behind the curtain for the first time?

On that Monday night I had gone very early to my dressing-room, that I might not get flurried over some trivial thing and lose my hold upon my part, and with head like fire and hands like ice I was looking in the glass and wondering miserably if any other *Lady Macbeth* ever had such modern-looking features—features that to my excited imagination flatly contradicted my perfectly correct woollen gown, my head drapery, and my rolled scroll letter. "Oh dear!" I moaned, contemplating my full-length reflection, "everything looks nice and Macbethy except my face! Oh, for a Greek coin-like profile!" and a knock came upon the door. "Is that for the overture?" I called. "All right, my lad, go ahead!"

But another knock sounded and the

callboy's voice replied: "It ain't me, mum, it's some gentlemen that wants you."

And just as the property-man tested his lightning flash, I flung open the door to find standing there, very close together, two old gentlemen, whose bewildered, discomforted faces suggested at once a pair of ancient babes in the woods. For a moment we stood helplessly staring, then a powerful resemblance told me who the sturdier, perfectly white-haired man must be, and I put forth my hands and drew the babes out of the hurly-burly into my room, that was by comparison an oasis of peace and sanity. And lo! with the closing of the door the bewildered ones became instantly a pair of shrewd, clear-sighted old business men, who were forming swift conclusions as to the manner of woman, son and nephew Fred was rushing so suddenly into the family. Mr. Warren Harriott (father), having been introduced, he in turn presented Mr. Frederick C. Havemeyer (uncle). They were beautiful old men, one sturdy, ruddy-white, and always in white neck-wear, the other lean, silver-haired, high-featured, slightly formal, gentle-voiced—the sort of man whom you expect to wear the winged Gladstone collar and black satin stock. They informed me that they had made some mistake, for Fred was to have met them at the door to bring them in, but since they had found me it was all right, and they would detain me only long enough to make an explanation and ask a question. The family were out of town, and among the most anxious to greet me was grandmother Havemeyer, but she was ninety years old, and not quite strong enough to come to the city just now. Fred's mother and sisters did not wish to delay their visit, neither did they wish to disappoint the beloved grandmother; so could I—would I, in consideration of such great age?—but I interrupted him to say swiftly: "Yes, I could and I would on any day save Saturday, that might be agreeable to them." And one pressed a hand and the other patted a shoulder, and both said: "You have a kind heart, my dear," and Mr. Havemeyer added: "When you have seen my mother, you will not regret waiving ceremony and your right to a first visit from our people for her sake."

"Two old gentlemen, whose bewildered, discomforted faces suggested at once a pair of ancient babes in the woods"

And I, being a past-master in the gentle art of mother-worship, felt a strong desire to embrace then and there this newly-met mother-worshipper. I could not help noting how Mr. Harriott's eyes kept turning to my hair, as I thought, with a slight frown, and suddenly I remarked: "This is not *my* hair, sir, it is a wig. I am just a common every-day brown in reality," and his hearty and relieved "Well, I'm thankful to hear that, my child," set us all laughing, and laughter being the key that unlocks the shackles of formality and restraint we

were chatting away quite happily when, with a crash, the overture burst forth. Instantly the bewildered, anxious look came back to their faces, and they drew close together again.

"We ought to go," remarked Mr. Harriott, nervously.

"Yes," I frankly acquiesced, "but before we say good-by, I will see you safely past those treacherous open traps —the stage is so dark for this act, you might meet with an accident." I opened the door to find Mr. Fred Harriott there, just raising his hand to knock. The joyful recognition that flashed into those two old faces, the certainty that now they would be safely piloted out of that pandemonium, was both amusing and touching. They turned back to me a moment —Mr. Havemeyer, with gentle-voiced formality, offered his congratulations and good wishes, and Mr. Harriott bluntly remarked: "You're a good girl, and I'm very glad to have you for a daughter," and bent his white head and kissed me right heartily—and that was how I came into possession of one of the dearest fathers in the world.

And while I was biting my lips hard and batting my eyelids rapidly to keep back the tears that might spoil my careful "make-up," some one standing by the stage-door said excitedly, as three gentlemen passed out: "Why—why, that was Mr. Havemeyer! what's he doing behind the scenes of a theater?" The door-man answered he was there to see Miss Morris.

"Oh, indeed! and Fred Harriott is Havemeyer's nephew, isn't he? Ah! everything's fair and friendly, too!" and next day "approaching marriage" notices broke out in various papers, and after that Mr. Harriott's family grew in importance and their genealogical tree reached upward higher and ever higher, until kings and emperors might have humbly sat beneath its towering boughs, and but for the nightly plaudits of the public, I might by comparison have felt myself a very worm. But, oh, joy! joy! *Lady Macbeth* had been accepted—even the "reception" stumbling-block some stranger's hand had removed from my path.

I had come upon the stage swiftly, scroll open, lips moving, eyes racing eagerly from line to line. The applause broke out—I stood and read. It increased in volume—my heart-beats choked me, but I read on. Would it go on forever? My knees trembled—my courage was failing me. The applause began to thin—the heart went out of it. I felt then disapproval distinctly — obstinacy only was keeping the reception up. I was just going to raise my eyes, when some one understood, and said, clearly and loudly: "Sh'sh! sh'sh!" then swiftly added, "brava!" and again, "sh'sh!" and like lightning, the house caught the idea. There was a quick, sharp round of applause—then perfect silence fell, as in a voice choked by rapid breathing I read: "They met me in the day of success."

Another happy accident came to me later on. I could ill support the dragging weight of the royal robes, while the crown was so cruelly heavy that the pain from it became at last almost unbearable. When in the banquet scene the tense watchfulness, the swift changes rung upon the emotions, the royal dignity, the queenly hospitality, the fine self-restraint and calm assurance had all been in vain; when the woman's whole splendid line of defense had broken down under *Macbeth's* second outburst of mad, all-revealing terror, the player was physically as shattered, shaken, spent as was ever *Lady Macbeth* spiritually. It was in the momentary pause that followed the exit of all the guests that I realized that, in addition to the weight, the unpadded edge of the metal crown was actually cutting my brow. *Lady Macbeth's* last line had been spoken. *Macbeth* turned and walked with sombre mien to the R. I. E., repeating his exit speech. As he reached the line:

"My strange and self-abuse
Is the initiate fear, that needs hard use,"

the *Queen*, unable longer to endure her suffering, raised both her hands and lifted the crown up from her head, and in the same instant the *King*, turning, noted the action with such a surprised frown that, quick as a flash, the *Queen* dropped it to its place again and bravely smiled into his face—while both were startled by the swift-following applause of sympathetic comprehension. He added his suggestive:

"We are yet but young in deed,"

"The crowd of curious idlers who haunt church doors when a wedding threatens"

and so made exit, and *Lady Macbeth* kept her forced smile till he was quite gone—then it faded. Slowly she removed the crown and stood looking at it, calculating all its cost, until tears trickled down her wan cheeks, when hearing a sound outside she hastily resumed it and with listless hanging arms and drooping shoulders, feebly dragged her royal trappings, her misery, and herself out of sight as the curtain fell.

That had not been the "business" I had prepared, but it was better as warm impromptu action is apt to be superior to coldly thought-out effects. And I find that I, who almost never keep a clipping, have kept one criticism of that night's work, because of the appearance in it of the quite unusual word "apocalypse": "At the fading of that bravely forced smile, the woman's face became a very apocalypse of woe," it reads. Where is *Polonius*, with his "mob-led *Queen?*" Would he say, "apocalypse is good!" or would he not?

But while I agonized in silent dread of the *great* test, the "sleep-walking scene," Mrs. Farren came to me in hideous witch's garb and put her kind arms about me and said: "My dear, God has blessed you with great originality. Stop torturing yourself like this, trust to yourself as the people out there trust to you—have confidence. For forty years I have believed utterly in the masculinity of *Lady Macbeth*, yet in three hours you have converted me to a belief in her femininity. Is that nothing, then? for, my dear, Mary Ann Farren has been a power in her day?"

"Is still," I answered, honestly, and was grateful for her thought of me and truly tried to follow her advice and could not foresee the time when she would laughingly count my seventh call before the curtain for that same dreaded scene, and dry the angry tears shed, because in the excitement a man had clambered on to the stage and triumphantly cut a piece from my beautiful white crêpe draperies to keep as a souvenir—a style of compliment that never recommended itself to my favor.

About three weeks later, quite after the manner of actresses generally, my marriage was hastily sandwiched in between two professional engagements. To avoid the annoyance of facing the crowd of curious idlers who haunt church doors when a wedding threatens, I deceived even my maid and my landlady as to the hour appointed for the ceremony, for it had become evident that some one near me was giving information out with lavish generosity—so, when the day came

around, all brave in *matelassé* and silver fox, with orange flower bouquet and groom's gift accompaniment, supported by my whole family in the person of my mother, I arrived at noon at Fourth Avenue and Twenty-second Street, before that Presbyterian church whose tenets I rejected, but whose eloquent pastor I greatly honored, and entering its parlor received a joyous surprise, for enthroned in an armchair, the center of an adoring group, grandmother Havemeyer, with smiling lips and eager eyes, sat waiting, and in a moment I was worshipping with the rest, while receiving her soft kisses and gentle blessing. And indeed she was the sweetest of ancient ladies. Her pretty white hair, her merry eye, the faint color on cheek and lip, all made her, to me, like a pale belated rose, and every one of her ninety years seemed to be represented by some separate grace or charm or virtue, some fair thought or fairer deed. Her grandson Fred was her special and particular chum, and she had stoutly maintained he should not marry without her presence—and there she was.

So, a bit later, the Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby, book in hand, began the marriage service, and I started out to attend devoutly every tremendously important word of it, when the strangely wrinkled condition of one side of Dr. Crosby's robe aroused an intense curiosity as to why one side and not the other should be so deeply creased, while faintly through all that, worked the hope that the ring might not fall and roll under the seats—it would be so embarrassing for whoever had to seek for it—and, "eh? yes!" and again, "yes!" and lo! I was Mrs. Frederick C. Harriott! and I had married not only my husband but his whole family. I, who had never had sisters nor brother, had them now galore! the dearest, the best, with father and adorable second mother for good measure! But now that the superstitious may not be deprived of their dues, let me say that Mr. Harriott having begun his wrong-doings in the way of luck by proposing on Friday, continued in his evil course by adding to his wedding gift of diamonds a fine opal, and finally reached his apogee of bad luck by clasping said opal about my throat for the actual service. I may add we were married on Monday—second worst day of the week; in the last of November—worst month of the year. As we left the church the crowd was already beginning to gather for the wedding that had been announced for a late hour. I was laughing happily over our escape, when I saw a look of annoyance coming into my lord's face, and our speed slackened strangely, and—oh, well! our driver had got himself all tangled up in a great funeral. Oh, no! I'm not through yet, for at the very moment we had stood before the minister another uncle, Mr. Havemeyer, the Mayor of New York, whose note of excuses and explanation grandmother was holding in her hand, had fallen dead from his chair, and by some odd coincidence had been caught in the arms of a man bearing the name of Morris.

There are omens enough to swamp half a dozen marriages—yet, dear me, that was in 1874—and this is, good gracious! this *is* 1902! and though the dear family I married is pitifully shrunken and small now, the husband—superstition to the contrary notwithstanding—big, ruddy and as English looking as if he had just left the 'shires, is sitting not far off, and not a sign of divorce decree to be found in this house! What's the use of respecting omens after that?

"Triumphantly cut a piece from my beautiful white crepe draperies to keep as a souvenir"

OSCAR'S CHANCE, PER CHARLEY

BY HENRY WALLACE PHILLIPS

Illustrated by Martin Justice

"BHOOOOOOORRR! Bhooooooooooorrrrr!" It was the hollow, melancholy, wild beast-howl of a fog-horn. We were drifting upon a tragic coast, where the great waves slipped up the cliffs noiselessly, to disappear upon the other side. At the time, I was talking to a person who had just been a sort of composite of several of my friends, but was now a gaunt bay mule. "Isn't it co-o-ld?" I said to him, and shivered. He looked me sternly in the eye. "Get up!" said he. The vessel struck a rock and trembled violently. "Get up!" repeated the mule, and there was a menace in his voice now. "Bhooooooooooorrrrr!" moaned the fog-horn. This was very dreadful. But worse followed. The waters gathered themselves and rose into a peak, the mule sliding swiftly to the apex, still holding me with his uncanny eyes. There came a shock, and Oscar said, "For the Lord's sake, kid! They've been braying away on that breakfast horn for the last five minutes. Hustle!"

I found myself upon my hands and knees; in a cabin, all right, but the cabin was on the prairie. I looked around, stupid with sleep. The familiar sights met my eye—Oscar tiptoeing about, bow-legged, arms spread like wings, drawing his breath through his teeth, after the fashion of half-frozen people. Old Charley sat humped up in the corner, sucking his cob pipe. The stove was giving forth a smell of hot iron, and no heat, as usual. On it rested a wash-basin, wherein some snow was melting for the morning ablutions. A candle projected a sort of palpable yellow gloom into the gray mass of icy morning air. I dressed rapidly. As I slept in overcoat and cap, this was no great matter. A pair of German socks and arctics completed my attire. Evidently I had been put upon the floor by the hand of Oscar. For this, when Oscar stretched his nether garment tight, in the act of washing his face, I smote him upon the fullness thereof with a long plug of chewing tobacco. "Aow!" he yelled, recurving like a bow and putting his hands to his wound. Promptly we clinched and fell upon old Charley. To the floor the three went, amid a shower of sparks from the cob pipe. "You dam pesky kids!" said the angry voice of Charles (the timbre of that voice, after traveling through four inches of nose, is beyond imitation). "Get off'n me! Quit now! Stop yer blame foolin'!"

Oscar and I swallowed our giggles and rolled all over Charley. "*Well*, by Jeeroosha!" came from the bottom of the heap in the tone of one who has reached the breaking point of astonished fury. "I'm goin' to do some shootin' when this is over—yes, sir, I won't hold back no more—ef you boys don't git off'n me this minit, so help me Bob! I'll bite yer!"

This was a real danger, and we skipped off him briskly. "Why, Charley," explained Oscar, "you see, we got so excited that we didn't notice——"

"There's Steve now," interrupted Charley, pointing with a long crooked forefinger to the doorway. "Well, Steve! I'm glad you come. I just want you to see the kind of goin's on there is here." Charles cleared his throat and stuck his thumb in his vest. "F'r instance, this mornin', I sittin' right there in that corner, not troublin' nobody, when up gets that splay-footed, sprawlin', lumberin' bull-calf of an Oscar, an' that mischievious, sawed-off little monkey of a Harry, and they goes to pullin' and tusslin', and they jes' walks up and down on me, same's if I was a flight of steps. Now, you know, Steve, I'm a man of sagassity an' *ex*periunce, an' I ain't goin' to stand fur no such dograsslin'. I felt like doin' them boys ser'us damage, but they're young, and life spreads green and

promisin' befo' 'em, like a banana tree; consequently I prefer jus' to tell you my time is handed in."

Charley was proudly erect. His arms stretched aloft. His one yellow tooth rested on his lower lip; his face, the thickness and texture of a much-worn leather pocketbook, showed a tinge of color, as the words went to his head like wine.

Steve looked at the floor. "Too bad, Charley; too bad," he said in grave sympathy. "But probably we can fix it up. Now, as we have company, would you mind hitting the breakfast trail?"

"After I've made a few remarks," returned Charles haughtily.

Steve dropped on a stool. "Sick your pup on," he said. Charley leaped at the opportunity.

"There *are* some things I sh'd like to mention," said he. We noted with pleasure that he wore his sarcastic manner. "F'r instance, you doubtless behold them small piles of snow on the floo', which has come in through certain an' sundry holes in the wall that orter been chinked last fall. Is it *my* place to chink them holes? The oldes' an' most *ex*-periunced man in the hull cat-hop? I reckon otherwise. Then why didn't they git chinked? Why is it that the snows and winds of an outraged and jus'ly indignant Providence is allowed to introdoose theirselves into this company unrebuked? I have heard a great deal, su', about the deadenin' effeck produced upon man's vigger by a steady, reliable, so'thern climate. As a citizen of the State of Texas fo' twenty years I repel the expersion with scorn and hoomiliation. Neverthe-*less* and *no*-withstanding, 'lowin' that to be the truth, did you ever encounter any thing in this here country to produce such an effeck? For Gawd's sake, su', if there's anything in variety, a man livin' here orter lay holt of the grass roots, fur fear he'd git so durn strong he couldn't stay on the face of the yearth. Ef it ain't so sinful cold that yer ears'll drap off at a touch, it's so hell-fire hot that a man's features melt all over his face and ef it ain't so solemn still that you're scart to death, the wind'll blow the buttonholes outer yer clo's'. I have seen it do a hull yearful of stunts in twenty-four hours, encludin' hot an' cold weather, thunderstorms, drought, high-water, and a blizzard. That settles the climate question. Then what is it that has let them holes go unchinked? I'll tell you, su'; it's nothin' more nor less than the tinkerin', triflin', pettifoggin' dispersition of them two boys. That's what makes it that there's mo' out-doors inside this bull-pen than there is on the top of Chunkey Smith's butte; that's what makes it I can't get up in the mornin' without having myself turned inter a three-ringed circus. But I ain't the man to complain. Ef there's anything that gums up the cards of life, it's a kicker; so jes' as one man to another, I tells you what's wrong here and leaves you to figger it out fer yerself."

He glanced around on three grave faces with obvious satisfaction. His wrath had dissipated in the vapor of words. "Nor they ain't such bad boys, *as* boys, nuther," he concluded.

"I will examine this matter carefully, Charles," said Steve.

"I thank you, su'," responded Charley with a courtly sweep of his hand.

"Not at all," insisted Steve with a duplicate wave. "I beg that you won't mention it. And now, if you would travel toward the house——"

"*Cer*tainly!"

And out we went into North Dakota's congealed envelope, with the smoke from the main-house chimney, rising three hundred feet into the air, a snow-white column straight as a mast, Charley stalking majestically ahead, while we three floundered weakly behind him.

"Ain't he the corker?" gasped Oscar. "When he gets to jumping sideways among those four-legged words, he separates me from my good intentions."

"'With scorn and hoomiliation,'" quoted Steve, and stopped, overcome.

"'I tells you what's the matter and leaves you to figger it out for yourself,'" I added. Then Charley heard us. He turned and approached, an awful frown upon his brow.

"May I inquire what is the reason of this yere merriment?" he asked. The manner was that of a man who proposed to find out. It sat on Charley with so ludicrous a parody that we were further undone. Steve raised his hands in depre-

cation, and spoke in a muffled voice that broke at intervals.

"Can't I laugh in my own back-yard, Charley?" he said. "By the Lord Harry, I *will* laugh inside my stakes! No man shall prevent me. The Constitution of the United States, the Declaration of Independence, and the Continental Congress give me the right. Now what have you got to say?"

"I dunno but what you have me whipsawed there, Steve," replied Charley, scratching his head. "Ef it's your right by the Constitootion, o' course I ain't goin' to object."

"Do either of you object?" demanded Steve of Oscar and me in his deepest bass. No, we didn't object; we fell down in the snow and crowed like chanticleer.

"Hunh!" snorted Charley. "Hunh! Them boys hain't got brains in their heads at all—nothin' but doodle-bugs!"

"Well, Charley," continued Steve, "as you don't object, and they don't object, and I don't object, for God's sake let's have breakfast!"

"I'll go you, Steve," replied Charles seriously, and we entered the house uproarious.

There in the kitchen was Mrs. Steve and the "company," a pretty little bright-eyed thing, whose color went and came at a word—more particularly if Oscar said the word. The affair was at present in the formal state—the dawn of realization that two such wonderful and magnificent creatures as Oscar and Sally existed. But they were not Oscar and Sally except in the dear privacy of their souls. Yet how much that is not obvious to the careless ear can be put into "Will you have a buckwheat cake, Mr. Kendall?" or "May I give you a helping of the syrup, Miss Brown?" It took some preparation for each to get out so simple a remark, and invariably the one addressed started guiltily, and got crimson. It was the most uncomfortable rapture I ever saw. However, they received very little plaguing. I can remember but one hard hit. Oscar was pouring syrup upon Sally's cakes, his eyes fixed upon a dainty hand, that shook under his gaze like a leaf. He forgot his business. Steve looked at the inverted, empty syrup-cup for some moments in silence. Then he said to his wife, "Emma, go and get Sally a nice cupful of fresh air to put on her cakes; that that Oscar has in the pitcher is stale by this time."

Oh, those cakes! And the ham! And the fried eggs and potatoes! We lived like fighting cocks at Steve's, as happens on most of the small ranches. The extreme glory of the prairie was not ours. We were wood-choppers, hay-cutters, and farmers, as well as punchers; but what we lost in romance, we made up in sustenance. No one ever saw a biscuit suffering from soda-jaundice on Steve's table. And how, after a night's sleep in a temperature of forty below zero, I would champ my teeth on the path to breakfast! Eating was not an appetite in those days—it was a passion.

Charley and I went forth after breakfast, Oscar lingering a moment, according to his use, to pass a painful five minutes in making excuses for staying that time, where no one needed any explanation.

"I wish to gracious Sally and Oscar would just act like people," said Mrs. Steve once in exasperation. "They get me so nervous stammering at each other that I drop everything I lay my hands on, and I feel as if I'd robbed somebody for the rest of the day."

The interview over, Oscar came out, burning with his own embarrassment, and made a sore mess of everything he did for the next hour. A man must have his mind about him on a ranch.

Once upon a time Steve came to Charley and me, literally prancing. We had heard oaths and yells and sounds of a battle royal previously, and wondered what was going on. When he neared us he moved slowly, his hands working like machinery. "I would like to know," he began, and stopped to glare at us and grind his teeth. "I should like to know," he continued, in a voice so weak with rage we could hardly hear it, "who turned the red bull into number three corral."

Charley and I went right on cleaning out the shed. We weren't going to tell on Oscar.

"So it's him again, heh?" shrieked Steve. "Well, now I propose to show him something. I'll show him everything!" He was entirely beyond the influence of reason and grammar. Charley had an ill-advised notion to play the paternal.

"'*Get off 'n me!*'"

"Now, I'd cool down if I was you, Steve," he admonished.

"You would, would you!" foamed Steve. "Well, who the devil cares what you'd do, anyhow? And if you tell me to cool down just once more, I'll drive you into the ground like a tent-pin."

I jumped through the window, and then laughed, while Charley administered his reproof with appropriate gestures. His long arms flew in the air as he delivered the inspired address, Steve looking at him, a bit of shamefacedness and fun showing through his heat.

"An' mo' I tell you, Steven P. Hendricks!" rolled out Charley in conclusion. "That this citizen of Texas, jus'ly and rightjus'ly called the Lone Star State, has never yet experienced the feeling of bein' daunted by face of man, nor hoof of jack-ass. No, su'! By God, su'!" He held the shovel aloft like a sword. "Let 'em come as they will, male and female after their kind, from a ninety poun' Jew peddler to Mangus Colorado, and from a pigeon-toed digger-Injun squaw to a fo'-hundred-weight Dutch lady, I turn my back on none!"

"You win, Charley," said Steve, and walked off. All Oscar caught out of it was the request that when he felt like reducing the stock on the ranch he'd take a rifle.

Poor Oscar! All noble and heroic

"'Them boys hain't got brains in their

sentiments struggling within him, with no outlet but a hesitating advancing of the theory that "if we didn't get rain before long, the country'd be awful dry." Small wonder that he burst out in the bull-pen one night with "I wish the Injuns would jump this ranch!"

"You do?" said Charley. "Well, durn your hide for that wish! What's got into you to make you wish that?"

"Aw!" said Oscar, twitching around on his stool, "I'm sick and tired of not being able to say anything. If the Sioux got up, I could do something."

"Oh, that's it," retorted Charles. "Well, Oscar, far's I can see, if it's necessary to have a war-party of Injuns whoopin' an' yellin' an' crow-hoppin' an' makin' fancywork out of people to give you the proper start afore your gal, it 'd be jes' as well for you to stay single the res' of your days. The results wouldn't justify the trouble."

Afterward Oscar told me in private that Charley was an old stiff, and he didn't believe he'd make a chest at a grasshopper if the latter spunked up any. That wronged old Charley. But Oscar must be excused—he was a singularly unhappy man.

To come back to what happened. Oscar that morning had the care of Geronimo, a coal-black, man-eating stallion, a brute as utterly devoid of fear as of docility. A tiger kills to eat, and occasionally for the fun of it; that horse killed out of ferocity, and hate of every living thing.

A fearful beast is a bad horse. One really has more chance against a tiger. Geronimo stood seventeen hands high,

heads at all—nothin' but doodle-bugs'

and weighed over sixteen hundred pounds. When he reared on his hind legs and came for you screaming, his teeth snapping like bear-traps, his black mane flying, a man seemed a puny antagonist indeed. One blow from those front hoofs and your troubles were over. Once down, he'd trample, bite, and kick you until your own mother would hesitate to claim the pile of rags and jelly he left. He had served two men so already; nothing but his matchless beauty saved his life.

Nowhere could one find a better example of hell-beautiful than when he tore around his corral in a tantrum, as lithe and graceful as a black panther. His mane stood on end; his eyes and nostrils were of a color; the muscles looked to be bursting through the silken gloom of his coat. His swiftness was something incredible. He caught and most horribly killed Jim Baxter's hound, before the latter could get out of the corral—and a bear-hound is a pretty agile animal.—We had to tie Jim, or he'd made an end of Geronimo. He left the ranch right after that. The loss of his dog broke him all up.

We fed and watered Geronimo with a pitchfork, and in terror then, for his slyness and cunning were on a par with his other pleasant peculiarities. One of the poor devils he killed entered the stable all unsuspecting. Geronimo had broken his chains, and stood close against the wall of his stall in the darkness, waiting. The man came within reach. Suddenly a black mass of flesh flashed in the air above him, coming down with all four hoofs,—and that's enough of that story.

A nice pet was Geronimo. An excellent decoration for a gentleman's stable —stuffed.

Well, Oscar turned him out this morning, and then he, Steve, and I went for hay. As it was toward the last of winter, all the near stacks had been used up, and we had to haul from Kennedy's bottom, eight miles away. When we started, the air was still and frozen, with a deep, biting cold unusual to Dakota; the sort that searches you and steals all the heat you own. We were numb by the time we reached the stack, and glad enough to have warm work to do. We fell to it with a rush for that reason, and because a dull gray blink upon the western skyline seemed to promise a blizzard. We were tying down the last load, when I heard the hum of wind coming, and looked up, expecting to see a wall of flying snow, and continued looking, seeing nothing of the kind. There I stood, in the air of an ice-house, when a gust of that wind struck me in the face. A miracle! In a snap of your fingers I was bathed in genial warmth. All about me rode the scent of spring and flowers! It was as if the doors of a giant conservatory were thrown open.

"Chinook, boys! Chinook!" I called, casting down my fork. They ran from the lee of the stack, throwing their coats open, drinking it in and laughing, for, man! we were weary of winter! First it came in puffs, at length settling down to a steady breeze, as of the sea. The sun, that in the early morning was no more than a pale effigy, poured on us a heart-warming fire. We hustled for home, knowing that the Chinook would make short work of the snow. In fact, we had not covered more than half the distance before the prairie began to show brown here and there, where it lay thin between mountainous drifts. We sang and howled all the way to the sheds, feeling fine.

Here Steve left us, to go to the house, while Oscar and I unloaded the sleighs.

Suddenly I felt uncomfortable, for no reason in this world. The land about us was rejoicing with booming of that kind, warm wind, yet a sharp uneasiness stopped me and forced me to raise my head. For three-quarters of a circle nothing met my eye but the vanishing snow-drifts. I reached the house; nothing wrong there. Steve was walking briskly out toward us, smoking his pipe. Then the corrals—all right, number one, two, three, four—Lord have mercy!

"Oscar!" I shrieked, and snatched him to his feet. He rose, bewildered and half angry, then looked to where I pointed.

Through the center of number four corral tripped Sally, dear little timid Sally, glad to be out in this lovely air, her eyes and mind on Oscar doubtless, and in the same corral, shut off from her sight by a projection of the sheds, stood Geronimo. And he saw her, too, for as she waved a hand to us, he bared his great teeth and clashed them together. The earth seemed to rock and sink from me. Every soul on the ranch was told to keep away from the corral with the two buffalo skulls over the gates, a warning sufficiently big and gruesome to stop anyone. What fatal lapse of memory had struck the girl?

She was beyond help. We were all of two hundred yards away, and Steve still farther; she was not a quarter of that from the brute. If we shouted, if we moved, we might bring her end upon her—and such an end! When I thought of that dainty, pretty little woman beneath those hoofs, I felt a hideous sickness. The man beside me said, "My God! My mistake!" A corral opened on each side of the box stall in which Geronimo was confined. One of these was usually empty, a reserve. It was into this that Oscar had turned the horse. The other was the corral of the skulls.

Geronimo leaped out. The girl halted, stark, open-mouthed, every sign of life stricken from her at a blow. Geronimo sprang high and snapped at nothing, in evil play before the earnest. It was horrible. We could do neither harm nor good now, so we ran for the spot. It was down hill from us to them. I doubt that anything on two legs ever covered distance as we did, for all the despair.

Geronimo reared and stood upon his hind feet, as straight as a man. He advanced, striking, looming above his victim. "All over," I thought, and tried to take my eyes away. I could not.

At that instant a white-hatted, gaunt, tall figure rushed from the stable door, a shovel in its hand, straight between the

"The affair was at present in the formal state"

girl and her destruction. There he stood, with his paltry weapon raised, unflinching. An oath came to my lips and a hot spot to my throat at the sight. No eye ever saw a braver thing.

At this, a dip in the ground and the eight-foot fence of the corral shut out all within. God knows how we got over that fence. I swear I think we leaped it. I have no memory of climbing, but I do recall landing on the other side in a swoop.

Geronimo had old Charley in his teeth, shaking him like a rat.

"Steve!" I called, "Steve!" And then Oscar and I charged at the wicked brute with our pitchforks. All that followed is a tangled, bad dream of hurry, fear, yells, oaths, and myself stabbing, stabbing, stabbing with the pitchfork. Then a gun cracked somewhere, a black mass toppled toward me that knocked me sprawling—and all was still. I sat for a moment, smiling foolishly and fumbling for my hat. Steve raised me by the arm. He still had his revolver in his hand, and his glance on the dead stallion. He asked me if I was hurt, and I said yes. He asked me where, and I said that made no difference. Then, as I came to a little more, I said I guessed I wasn't hurt, and looked around. Oscar had Sally in his arms. The tears were running down his cheeks, and he moved his head from side to side, like a man in agony. Her head was buried in his breast, her hands locked around his neck. It was well with them, evidently. But limp upon the ground, his forehead varnished red, lay old Charley.

We turned him over tenderly, wiping the blood away. Steve's lips quivered as he put his hand on the old man's heart. He kept it there a long time. Then he said huskily, "He's gone!" At the words the sound eye of the victim popped open with a suddenness that made my heart throw a somersault. It was as sane, calm, and undisturbed an optic as ever regarded the world.

"G-a-w-n H—l!" came drawling through the nose of Charley.

We laughed and wiped our eyes with our coat sleeves, and got the old boy to his feet.

"Same old Texas," said he, feeling of his head. The hoof had scraped instead of smashing. "Slightly disfiggered, but still in the ring."

He caught sight of the lovers. "Hello!" he said. "Oscar's made his ante good at last—bad hawse works as well as Injuns." We started to lead him by the pair.

"Naw, boys," he commanded. "Take me 'round 't'uther way. That gal don't want to see me now, all bloody and mussed up like this."

It was useless to try and make a hero of Charley.

MISS JANUMIT LATLIT

BY EMPEIGH MERWYN

Illustrated by F. Y. Cory

IT was on this wise that that pathetic, elusive, bewildering little personality first came into our childless lives.

We were comfortably established one hot afternoon on the piazza of the cottage, to which we had fled but yesterday from a Chicago August. My wife rocked lazily, her basket of embroidery on her lap, while I swayed slowly in the hammock, with a vague notion of reading, at some pleasantly indefinite moment of the future, from the magazine in my hand.

The prospect of a month's freedom from the office—where I had left matters in good shape—imparted an optimistic tinge to my mood. I began to expatiate aloud upon our good luck in having discovered this pretty Michigan lake, where we knew no one and need not be bothered by callers dropping in——

"Where we can't even hear the children in the next flat," Bess put in.

"Yes," I acquiesced, "the wide expanse of territory between us and that cottage just beyond the point forms a sufficiently large light-shaft to deaden sounds of——"

It was at this moment that we heard a wail of childish agony that brought us both to our feet.

"No, no, no—no—oh!"

On the grass plot between us and the lake a tiny girl, perhaps three years old, was running wildly and crying piteously. We caught a vision of a little face of terror, before she flung herself upon the ground, burying her face in her arm, shrieking and kicking.

Bess—not so fleet of foot as she was fifteen years ago—was nevertheless ahead of me, and bending over the little writhing figure, murmuring endearments.

The child sat upright, with flushed face, staring at us in surprise; in her grief and terror she had not seen us.

"What *is* the matter, you little, precious thing?" asked my wife tenderly.

She wore a dainty pink frock, her hair

"Running wildly and crying piteously"

was a mass of kinky yellow, her eyes were bluish-gray, and all else visible of her can best be described as peachy. Bess had gathered her up and was acting as though she actually was the fruit that she suggested.

"What made you cry, Baby?" I inquired.

The tot looked at me an instant, then the surprise to which the terror had given place changed in its turn to an enchanting smile.

"I Mish Janumit Latlit," she said, as if that settled the whole matter.

"'I Mish Janumit Latlit'"

I looked at Bess in bewilderment.

"She's telling you her name, stupid!—the little darling!" To the child, "What did you say your name is, Pet?"

"I Mish Janumit Latlit," she repeated.

"Janumit Latlit—what a name! And for such a little blossom! But why did you cry so, darling—Janumit?"

At Bess's question the baby's smile vanished, the look of fear and anguish returned, and clasping Bess's neck the child cried out, "Don' let her git me—don' let her fip Janumit! No, no, no!"

"Who wants to get you, Baby?" I asked.

She looked at me, her little countenance distorted with fear. "Janumit's 'tep-muvver," she said. "Don' let her fip Janumit! No, no!"

My wife's eyes grew wide. She rose from the grass, clasping the little pinky creature close, and looked around defensively. No pursuer was in sight, and we returned to the piazza, little Janumit submitting willingly to be borne away and cooed over by my wife.

Then Bess looked at me, her eyes still wide, and demanded: "Robert Evans, do you believe any *woman* could *whip* this little angelic thing?"

Resenting her accusatory attitude that made me—a perfectly innocent party, not even a spectator—*particeps criminis*, I began a witty reply to the effect that, considering the sex of a stepmother, it was difficult to foresee the exact channel in which her activity might discharge itself. But the child began to cry again piteously, the word "whip" evidently having suggested the cruel treatment to which she had been subjected.

"Don' let her fip me—no, no! Janumit wunned way, way off!" She struggled out of Bess's encircling arms and flung herself face downward upon the floor, screaming upon her little arm, as

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"Running wildly and crying piteously"

"Want to 'tay wiv' 'e nisch lagy an' 'e mans and play wiv' 'e pitty fings, Janumit? Want to, Janumit, *want to?* Marzhry let Janumit 'tay? Yesh, I guesh so!"

"Where is 'Marzhry,' darling?"

A strange look came into the blue-gray depths. "Marzhry all goned away," she said.

"Who is 'Marzhry'?" I asked.

"I hastily made a collection of articles"

"Marzhry's 'e uvver itty girl, way off in 'e cottage." She waved a silk-entangled little fist vaguely. "Ish is Marzhry's itty dwess." She patted her pink knee. "Janumit not got any pitty itty dwess—'tepmuvver tooked 'em 'way." The dreadful terror began to show on the little face, but my wife hastily created a diversion—with my new field-glass.

I was beginning to realize the meaning of the look on my wife's face—a determination on which any such trivial consideration as the legal rights over a child would go to smash. I concluded that it was time for me to set on foot some systematic inquiry tending to the discovery of the child's proper and lawful guardians. So I ventured to ask, "Where is your papa, little Janumit?"

"Papa not love Janumit now; 'tepmuver not let Papa love Janumit," said the pathetic little thing.

Bess gave me a terrible look. "Robert, you *shall* not ask such horrid questions!" But I felt myself sufficiently like a brute and hastened to cover my unfortunate remark by the offer of my knife and pocket-book.

Little Janumit abandoned her hammock-throne and began to play about on the piazza, trotting from hammock to chair and back again, re-arranging her treasures—which now included our jewelry—to suit her ever-changing fancy.

I talked seriously to my wife now in an undertone, urging upon her the necessity of learning something more definite about the child, and she finally allowed me to ask some questions—she herself always coming in upon me with some new offering, in time to prevent a recurrence of the weeping which too prolonged consideration of her stepmother never failed to elicit from Janumit.

Between us we managed to get from the child, in her intervals of play with her engrossing playthings, a tale of cruelty that would have roused a less susceptible pair than my wife and myself. Some of the details seemed too horrible for belief, and I felt confident that something must be attributed to childish imagination. But making due allowance here, it was plain that the child's stepmother must be a fiend—a creature designed by nature and molded by environment to sit for the portrait of the stepmother *par excellence*. My wife's eyes grew wider and wider; and while I am a man little given to emotional display, I found once that my nails had cut the palm of my clenched hand.

The climax came when Bess, who had the child on her lap, noticed a handkerchief drawn tightly around her arm, just above the wrist, partly covered by her sleeve, and pinned in bungling fashion.

"What is this, dearest?"

"Ish my hanchnafiss." The baby lifted big eyes of pathos. "I got hur-r-t!"

"You sweet little thing!" Bess lifted the hurt wrist tenderly, preparatory to

removing the awkward bandage, but the child screamed with pain.

"No, no, no! don' touch it—I got hur-r-t, I got hur-r-t!" She struggled down to the floor in terror.

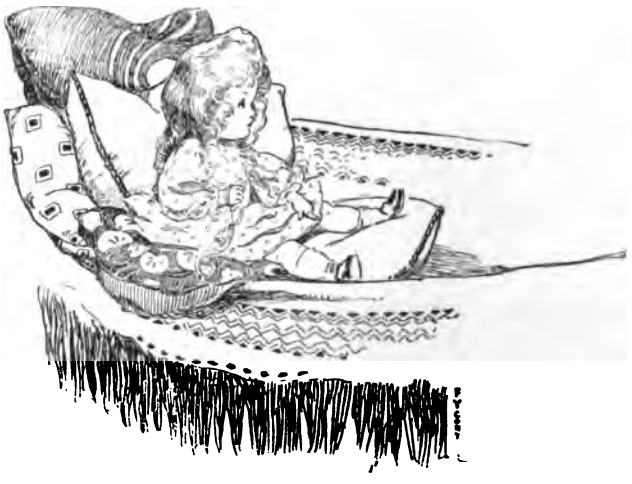
When Bess had convinced her that we would not interfere with the little injured arm, and had coaxed her back to her lap, I asked, "How did you get hurt, little Janumit?"

She stared into my eyes for a few seconds, in silence, as though reluctant, in her baby soul, to reveal the cruel truth. Then, with great, solemn eyes, she said in that irresistible baby patois—"I got hur-r-t yessady-day, 'tepmuvver hit Janumit wiv' a knife, a bid knife."

My wife began to shower passionate kisses over her face and neck and hair. I got up and walked hastily across the piazza and back. Bess is far from strong, and what we had been listening to—with the little victim before us—was enough to upset stronger nerves than hers. I was not surprised to find her sobbing and crying into the yellowy mass of hair.

Little Janumit manifested the same surprise as before at the caresses lavished upon her. And now when the "nisch lagy" began to weep, the child gazed in consternation. Then the flood of her own grief broke forth anew. The grief had been tearless before, but now she sobbed and sobbed, and abundant tears disfigured the pretty little countenance. I looked on helplessly at the two.

Presently she began to comfort Bess.



"The little peachy creature fell to playing contentedly"

"Don' cwy, lagy, don' cwy!" she begged, kissing her and clasping her neck.

This touching development brought Bess to herself. She put an end to her own sobbing, and devoted herself to calming the child. This, however, was not an easy matter this time. We have learned since then that the blessed little soul cannot endure to see anyone else crying—the sight of another's tears affects her more profoundly than the cruel experiences of "Mish Janumit Latlit" herself.

In desperation I produced my watch. I do not, as a rule, cherish the idea of beholding my watch in the clutch of immaturity, devoted to robust uses for which it was not designed. But I made this sacrifice willingly, and after we got her attention, I rejoiced to see the success of my measure.

Great was our relief when the sobs and tears finally ceased entirely, and the baby, tired out, leaned her yellow head against Bess's breast, the "pitty tick-tick" clasped in her plump hand.

Presently the long lashes began to waver and fall; and now we beheld that ever-beautiful phenomenon of childhood, when the seemingly tireless activity of the little individuality gradually yields to the peace of oncoming sleep.

"I so seepy," she murmured.

Then the blue-gray deeps were obscured by the white coverings deeply fringed with black—sleep reigned!

I shall not attempt to describe my emotions as I gazed at little Janumit asleep in my wife's embrace. Thus far we had not felt the lack of children. Youth and middle-age have many diversions, but a childless old age—I had thought of that before!

My deep-seated aversion to action on the impulse of strong emotion, my prudence, my apprehension of probable practical difficulties in the way of taking this child—well, if there had not been within me something very strong combating all those considerations, I knew the import of that look in Bess's eyes as she hugged the child to her breast. I have never

regretted that I concealed my feelings —partially, at least—putting forward the practical, prudent side; I am a generous man, and am willing to let my wife have the satisfaction of having taken the initiative in the adoption of little Janumit.

I waited until she began—as I knew she would—"Robert, *you* may be hard-hearted, if you like, but *I* shall never allow this child to fall into the hands of that inhuman—" She set her teeth. "And what is more, I shall keep her myself!"

"I know how you feel, my dear," I said indulgently, "I only desire to caution you against allowing your feelings to run away with you. A woman is all feeling——"

"Feeling!" indignantly. "And what is a man under such circumstances, I wish to know?"

"A man at least attempts to govern feeling by reason," I said mildly. "Now it occurs to me at once to wonder if there might not be some exaggeration in the statements of this child——"

"Robert Evans, this is no place for you to drag in that hateful pessimism of yours and air your knowledge of human depravity! The idea that such a *baby* could speak anything but the truth; I am *ashamed* of you!"

Squelched here, I began again. "But, my dear Elizabeth, there are matters that ought to be considered. There is heredity, for instance—now what do we know of this child's antecedents?"

"Heredity!" Look and tone united to wither me. "What do I care for heredity? Humanity is enough for me—especially such an adorable specimen of it as this.

"She is certainly a fine child," I conceded; "apparently without drawbacks, physical or mental. Everything seems to be normal, with the possible exception of her fantastic name."

"I like her name—it is so quaint, it seems to suit her somehow, the little dear! Now she veered round and took me unexpectedly. "Robert, you don't mean a word that you say"—her intuition is sometimes startling—"you are just talking to hear yourself talk—you want this child just as much as I do! We've been growing frightfully selfish—a child in our home will be our salvation. And this precious little blossom—if providence didn't bring her to us, what did, I should like to know!"

Unable to answer this, I mused a moment. Then I resumed—less hypocritically. "Granting the perfect eligibility of the child for adoption and our desire to avail ourselves of the apparently providential opportunity, you must reflect, my dear, that there may be legal obstacles."

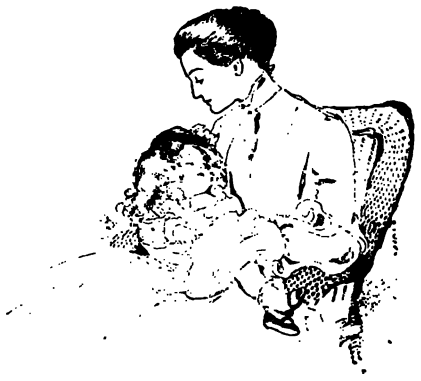
"What legal obstacles?" She braced herself to meet them on the spot.

"Well, the child is not ours, you see."

"Oh," indignantly, "it belongs to the stepmother, no doubt!"

"There is the father to be reckoned with. He may not wish to resign his offspring, and he would in that case have the laws on his side."

"Oh, then, the *laws* of this *civilized* land would take a helpless little child and hand it over to be beaten and abused! Very well, then I will *break* the laws—all of them, if necessary—and do the country a service, too!" Her idea evidently was that breaking a law constituted its repeal and erasure from the statute-books. "But my woman's instinct tells me that there is some way to evade such laws—and you will have to find it, Robert!" That is the usual way—her woman's instinct scents something, but I must hunt around and get it located when she needs to use it. "Do you think that any *jury* would tear this child from my arms and give it to a brutal, inhuman wretch?"



"Sleep reigned"

Bess's acquaintance with proceedings

at law is slight, and her ideas on the subject present an interesting vagueness. I would give a dollar for the mental picture that engaged her at that moment—herself a heroic figure, defying the law and its minions, melting by her eloquence the hearts of the jury come to snatch the child from her grasp. She pointed dramatically now to the little bandaged arm, that we had not dared to touch.

"Do you suppose," she breathed, "that the little thing had to bind that up *herself?*"

I arose and walked up and down, to banish a mental picture of my own—of a little shrinking innocent and an inhuman creature wearing the outward semblance of a woman! I do not know what my face said, but when I stood again before Bess and the sleeping child, my hat in my hand, my wife gave me a long look of perfect sympathy.

"'I hope that you have not been annoyed too much'"

"You may rest assured," I said decidedly, "that I shall investigate this matter. I know little of the laws of this State, but I venture to say that the statute-books contain some provision against cruelty to children. You would better keep the child inside—out of sight—while I go up to the hotel and make some inquiries. Then I will go at once to the village and consult the proper authorities."

As I descended the steps, the sound of voices came from the direction of the lake. A young man and woman were hurrying along looking in every direction.

"Now, don't worry, Milly," I heard the man say. "She'll turn up all right pretty soon—she never gets hurt, you know that! Probably they have taken her in at some cottage."

At this they both looked toward our cottage, and the man said in a voice of relief, "There she is—right there—on that porch! I see her pink dress."

They came rapidly toward us. I looked at Bess, and she looked at me, and hugged little Janumit closer.

The man stood at the foot of the steps. He removed his hat and stood there, smiling. "I hope, Madam," he said, "that you have not been annoyed too much. My wife and I went to the city this morning, and left our little girl with a friend. We have just come back to find that she slipped away and that they've been looking for her for an hour."

He was a good-looking young fellow of about thirty, with nothing in his appearance to make it impossible for him to be the father of such a beautiful child as Janumit. But what excuse can there be for a man, who, whatever his own disappointment may be in his second marriage, can allow his own child to be grossly maltreated!

I faced him. "You are Mr. Latlit, I presume," I said icily.

He looked at me bewildered for an instant, then a broad grin began to take possession of his countenance. A little note of laughter came from the young woman behind him.

I stood, a sort of defensive outwork against them, while Bess had risen, a statuesque figure, clasping the child still closer.

Indeed, under the growing pressure the child opened her eyes upon the scene. Instantly, when she saw the newcomers, she began to struggle, and, kicking herself out from Bess's arms, she fled—not to the remotest corner of the piazza, but straight into the arms of the young woman. The latter began straightway to behave much as my wife had done previously, acting under the evident delusion that the child was literally as well as metaphorically a peach. The young woman's hair was yellowish-brown, her eyes were blue-gray, and she was very good to look upon. She did not carry a knife.

"My name," said the man, still smil-

ing, "is Dent. Did she tell you that her name was Latlit?"

"Marjorie, you naughty little rogue, what have you been doing?" The young woman shook the child, but not in a fashion accurately to be described as stepmotherly. "Did you tell the lady that your name was Janumit Latlit?"

"I jus' a-playling, Mamma!" The small impostor let forth one of those insinuating and engaging smiles with which she is accustomed to make the path of life easy for herself. Then she recollected something. "Papa, did oo bwing my dolly-fwing?" she demanded a dozen times.

Bess had made some progress in the process of pulling herself together. "Do you mean that her name is not—" she began.

The young woman laughed pleasantly. "Her name is Marjorie, but she is always playing that she is 'Mish Janumit Latlit'. Where she ever got that ridiculous name we don't know."

"She rode away triumphantly"

"But she told us all about—" Bess stopped. "How could such a baby keep it up so long?"

"Oh, she plays it for *hours*, if I will only talk with her. Did you call her 'Janumit'?"

"Why, yes, of course."

"Well, that explains it—she thought you were 'jus' a-playling', too."

After a quick glance at Bess, the young woman resumed. "Sometimes I am a little worried for fear Marjorie will grow up untruthful." She spoke with an assumption of young-motherly anxiety, but she was playing for time—our attitude was peculiar, but we were yet the persons to whom she was indebted for taking in her little runaway. "But my husband thinks that it is just imagination."

"Imagination, pure and simple," said the young man promptly. "The adventures of Miss Janumit Latlit would make your hair stand on end!"

Bess would no longer serve as a model for a sculptor with a commission for a figure to be called Defiance, and I had so far recovered myself as to place chairs for our visitors.

The young woman, with a growing appreciation of what the situation might be, asked, a mischievous gleam in her eyes, "What has she been telling you? Lately, Janumit has had a cruel stepmother."

My wife's face grew red. The young people were politely striving to keep their amusement down. I reflected on the wisdom of honesty and candor.

"Well, we might as well own that we were a little wrought up by the child's story. To tell the truth, I thought it rather preposterous." I did not look at Bess, but she did look at me. "But my wife is very tender of heart, and I don't mind telling you that *she* had decided to adopt the child."

Bess now spoke with dignity. "I shall not attempt to conceal from you, Mrs. Dent, that my husband had just started out, when you came, to consult the authorities and find out the laws of this State for the protection of children."

Then we all gave up, and vented our varied emotions in the same way.

In the course of explanations, freely interspersed with laughter, Bess indicated the bandaged arm.

The mother seized it ruthlessly and, removing the "hanchnafiss," displayed a plump and flawless member. "She gets hur-r-t constantly," she explained, "so as to bandage the wound. She bandages my fingers and arms as long as I let her,

and then she gets 'hur-r-t' herself in every conceivable place. She is going to be a nurse, I think."

"If she isn't a confidence lady, or a dealer in gold bricks," said the father.

"Want to go home, wight *now!*" said the child imperiously. "Want to see my dolly-fwing!"

"But you said you would stay with us, darling," said Bess, with reproach that was not all feigned.

The young father surveyed the collection of valuables that covered the piazza and chuckled softly, as he rose and swung his offspring to his shoulder.

"Where is Miss Janumit Latlit?" I demanded.

"Goned *way* off! Way up in 'e 'ky, on 'e choo-choo cars!" with a last magnificent sweep of fancy.

Then she rode away triumphantly on the broad shoulder of "Mr. Latlit," to the cottage just beyond the point, where "Marzhry, the uvver itty girl," lived.

Illustrated by W. D. Stevens

SUMMARY OF CHAPTERS I-VIII—Young Doctor Neal Robeson has gone home for a rest to the little town in Western Pennsylvania where his father is the old doctor. He finds his father alarmingly aged, and the girl whom he loves, Eleanor Craig, seemingly on the point of falling in love with another man. This is Lindsay Neville, the son of a rich man from a neighboring city who has just built a big country house in the neighborhood. Eleanor, who is an orphan, with a younger brother to take care of, in order to add to her small income has begun drilling an oil well on her place. The boss driller, Ike Braddish, is a tough character, whom Neal, on the day of his homecoming, had seen fit to order out of town. Braddish did leave, but only for a while, and with a threat to return and "do" Neal "up".

Neal at length asks Eleanor to marry him, and is refused. Eleanor has also repeatedly refused to heed his advice to move away while Braddish is working on the place. As Neal is about to leave that evening, he hears near the house one of the drillers singing a coarse song. He attacks the man and is beaten insensible, while Braddish, who has come up, looks on. They carry him into Eleanor's house and revive him; but Eleanor, who has been nettled by his constant offers of advice, lets him go home without thanking him.

CHAPTER IX

Peter Casey's Day

EVEN in the dry verbiage of a newspaper report, Lindsay Neville's speech, accepting the nomination for mayor of Avalon, seemed to Neal interesting and illuminating. He wished he might have heard the speech delivered; a few sentences had the trick of repeating themselves in his ears.

"If I am elected," Neville had said, "mine shall be a policy of vengeance, not of conciliation. A compromise with honor is a victory for dishonor."

And he had stated that he would make it his first business to place three aldermen, four ward leaders, and "one who is greater than the mayor himself," behind the bars. The designations could not have been more definite had he mentioned names.

A stone had been thrown at him as he was leaving the hall. It had missed him, and the man who had thrown it had escaped. Neville had gone then to a street in the slums, the stronghold of one of the criminal aldermen. There he had spoken

from the tail of a cart, by torchlight, to a gathering crowd. There, too, he repeated his promises of vengeance.

"I have been threatened with death if I did not drop these charges," he said. "To-night, after repeating them, I was stoned. I have repeated them again. I shall go on repeating them. And not all the anonymous letter-writers in this State, and not all the other cowards who stand in the dark and throw stones shall cause me to alter or retract one word, or to deviate by a hair's breadth from my purpose."

And instead of stones and brickbats, there had been in this supposed stronghold of the enemy, applause.

Neal dropped the newspaper to the floor and sat on the piazza dreaming. It was the trait of which his father, not without reason, had been most apprehensive. Now he was picturing for himself the passages in Neville's night of triumph. With a hungry envy he felt that by this step Neville, his rival, had indeed passed into another world, where he could not follow.

That day his own horizon seemed drawing in around him. His mother had come to him and said, "We shall have you with us only two weeks longer, Neal," and he had answered, "Yes."

"It will be lonely without you," she had said to him.

"Oh, not more so than it was before," he told her cheerfully.

"Yes, more so—much more so."

He knew what she meant—"*without you, and without your father.*" And she knew that he understood. She did not plead with him to stay, but he read her longing. And the chilling question had come to him, "What if, after all, my place is here?"

For some days he had fought the suspicion that his father might have cancer. That evening he insisted that a physician from Avalon should be summoned to make an examination. The invalid protested, but his opposition was subdued, and the next day the Avalon expert came. He confirmed Neal's worst suspicions.

The old doctor bore the sentence with fortitude.

"It is what I knew myself," he said to Neal afterwards. "This must not make any difference in your plans. I am good for a long time yet. I can't afford to let you miss your chance."

But he was plainly troubled in mind, and at last Neal said to him:

"You have been worrying over something besides yourself."

The doctor confessed. "I've been a miserable failure, Neal. I haven't stored up riches on this earth. I've been satisfied to let my practice keep us going, after a fashion. I have hardly a thousand a year besides. The practice is worth between two and three thousand. But it's all right," he added with hasty cheerfulness; "that's not to make any difference in your plans. You've got to take advantage of that opening with Doctor Westgate."

Neal was silent. His horizon was closing in around him.

The doctor's thoughts had turned sadly to another theme.

"You will have to tell your mother about me, Neal. I—I can't."

The young man put his arm comfortingly about his father's neck and his cheek against his father's beard.

Mrs. Robeson, when she heard, wept awhile in her son's arms. And then, having heard the worst, which she had all along feared, she tried to take the most cheerful view. "I can't think that there is no hope," she said. "He means to be active for a long time yet, Neal. I am sure I shall be able to send you good news when you are back in New York."

So his mother was unwilling that he should change his plans; she did not want him to stay. He had surely misunderstood her.

Three days later occurred the anniversary of Peter Casey's death. Peter Casey had been the only man from the village who had been killed in battle; he had been struck down by a shell as he was carrying his wounded comrade and officer, Captain Robeson, from the field. And his memory had been honored twice annually, ever since: on Decoration Day, when the graves of the other veterans of the Civil War were visited, and on the anniversary of his death.

It was a fine still October morning when Doctor Robeson came down the stairs, his military hat with the gold braid on his head, his sword clanking from step to step. He alone of the village veterans

"sat round on tombstones or on the grass while the doctor told them how Peter Casey had died"

had won a commission in the war; and his comrades had asked him to lead them in their marches to the cemetery, and to wear his sword. Gaunt and pale as he was, there was yet a martial air about him when he wore these insignia, and there was still something splendid and heroic in the look of his eyes and the bearing of his head.

His family were on the porch. "You boys are going with me?" he said, and they nodded. His wife and daughter stood and followed the three with their eyes, as they passed down the road to the school-house, the place of rendezvous. When, half an hour later, the little company, the five veterans, the handful of soldier's sons, came marching by, carrying flags with which to decorate Peter Casey's grave, the two women were still on the porch, framed in by the vines, fluttering their handkerchiefs and smiling. The doctor saluted them with his sword.

John Robeson marched at the head of the procession, a member of the fife and drum corps; Neal walked at the rear among the sons of veterans, tramping on to the old army tunes that the boys were pounding out. His eyes rested on his father, marching with such proud—he feared, such painful—erectness, and he wondered of what the old man was thinking with all the martial music in his ears. Was he picturing his charge at the head of the regiment across the open field into the smoking, belching woods, at the edge of which he had fallen wounded, but conscious and able to hear from the hasty surgeon sentence of death? What thrills, what vivid memories!—or, unstirred by the old marching tunes, was he thinking, not of the past, but of the future? Then Neal saw, as the column made a turn, his father's face, gray and preoccupied, and knew of what he was thinking. He turned away his eyes in distress; they fell on another of the veterans, Blanchard, who was waving at a group of spectators his right hand, swathed in a brilliant bandana. On past Memorial days, when Neal had marched as now, he had been amused by this boastful decoration of the mutilated member, that at other times went unbandaged—Blanchard had lost a thumb in the war. Now Neal noticed it casually, as a trivial thing, heightening the contrast that Blanchard's face, red and bulging with health and unabashed satisfaction, made

beside his father's. And in his heart Neal wondered at the slight effect the most mighty experience might have upon a man. Blanchard had been in the battle with his father, had been under fire, and had seen men slain in their strength; had it done anything for him but enlarge his genial vanity?

Into the cemetery the little procession turned, and the drums were hushed. The sons of the veterans placed the flags about Peter Casey's grave, arranging them two by two, crosswise. Then they sat round on tombstones or on the grass while the doctor told them how Peter Casey had died. He told it every year, but they always asked for the story; he had the art of graphic narrative, and there was something noble in his manner as well as in his memories that appealed to boyish hearts. He was willing to repeat himself in this way, for he thought it was a good story for the children to hear.

When he had finished, and they were sitting in silence, Blanchard said:

"Boys, I'd like to have a few words alone with the Major and Neal. Would you mind waitin' for us down by the gate?"

The little company moved off. Blanchard standing in front of the doctor and Neal, who sat together on the bench by the grave, waved his hand.

"Not one of 'em—not even Casey himself—was the man and soldier you was, Doc," he said in his resonant voice.

The doctor shook his head deprecatingly.

"We all of us wanted to do our duty," he said.

Then his eyes fell under Blanchard's steady gaze.

"You don't mean that; you can't," Blanchard replied. "Neal, I guess I will have to tell you."

"It's not necessary," said the doctor, with his grave face downcast.

"I'm the judge. You know what your father's war record was, Neal, and what it's been since. But there's one thing I guess you have never heard. He'd never seen fight before the charge he was wounded in; neither had I. And when our regiment struck the battle edge and were told we should have a chance to show what we was good for, it made war seem a mighty different thing. I was a natural born coward; I'd enlisted, I guess, because I didn't have the nerve to stay at home when everybody else was goin'; anyhow when I looked out at that open field and thought of chargin' across it, and my place in the front ranks, with a couple of thousand rebels blazin' away at us, and us a perfectly good helpless mark, I turned sick—sick all over. I knew in half an hour I'd be a dead man, and there was just one way to get out of it, and I took it; I was that scared I wasn't afraid of anything but that charge.

"I watched my chance, and when I thought nobody was lookin'—we were strung out in the woods, you know, on the other side of the field from the rebels—I put my thumb to the muzzle of my rifle and pulled the trigger with my foot. I tell you, I can feel that wet spatterin' on my face now. And then I saw your father, Neal, had come up just behind and seen me. 'Don't tell, for God's sake,' I begged him; and then I went to the surgeon instead of to the front. And that's how I was wounded in battle.

"Your father never did tell a soul, not all these years, though I've been paradin' round Decoration Days, bold as brass, with my hand all done up to wave like it was a trophy of war. Funny idea of mine, ain't it?"

He looked out over the slab-encrusted cemetery with considering eyes. There was a bitter bravado in his speech that Neal had never before heard.

"I'll bet, Doc, you never applied for a pension," he remarked.

Doctor Robeson shook his head. Blanchard shook his also, whimsically, at Neal.

"Ain't it funny how much more forehanded some folks are than others? There was your father, his life like to have been cut short on the spot, a sick man ever since, and never knowin' what a bullet in his system was goin' to do—a bullet received in actual combat—and he never drawed a pension; just got back into the fight again. Reckless, wasn't it? And there was me; I knowed when I'd had enough, and I went home and drawed a pension of ten dollars a month till I'd built up a trade that could keep me fair without it. You see, I was more forehanded than your father." Neal was looking at him with a steadfast sympathy; it encouraged him to keep on in the bra-

vado of his speech, which made his story easier for him. "Viewed lib'rally, it seemed about fair. I reasoned that though I had disabled myself, I wouldn't have felt called on to do it if I hadn't enlisted to serve the country. It seemed right the country should owe me something on it. Strictly, I suppose, it was kind of irregular. I was glad to give up the pension when I felt able."

He hesitated; his eyes were fixed respectfully on the doctor, who still sat with bowed head.

"Your father is one kind of man, Neal, and I'm another, considerably lower," he went on. "Don't make the mistake of thinkin' I don't realize it. There's something finer in his blood than in the rest of us hereabouts. And he didn't stop showin' his fineness with the war. In all this time I have never knowed him to refuse a call, if it was six miles down the road in a blizzard, or across the river at flood-time. He has put everyone else first all his life."

Stepping forward, he laid both hands on the doctor's shoulders and looked down into his face.

"And you ain't well now, Doc; you ain't well, are you? And there's something troublin' your mind." The tears were starting from John Blanchard's eyes. "I wonder if I can guess what it is. You ain't been forehanded like me; you've been doin' things all your life for nothin' where another man would have done them for pay; and now, when you're thinking maybe that—that your work is about done, you're wonderin' how this boy here"—and he took one hand from the doctor's shoulder and, laying it on Neal's, stood spanning the father and son—"how this boy here is to keep on in the path you've marked out for him."

The doctor looked up with a gentle smile.

"No, Blanchard," he said. "I'm not worrying about how Neal will get on. That's my great satisfaction; I don't need to worry about him."

"Of course, that's so, too," said Blanchard. "But what I was meaning is this. I understand Neal's going back to New York, and I know things will be a mite slow with him there for a while, and it will take something keeping his end up and all that; and I just thought, in case anything happened, I'd be glad to—to advance money for expenses at either end of the line," he concluded awkwardly.

"Thank you, Blanchard," said the doctor, and if his speech was short, there was emotion in his voice. "I appreciate your kindness—very much. But—you won't feel hurt—it is out of the question."

Blanchard looked dejected.

"I wish't I could do it," he said wistfully. "I hope you understand why, Doctor. It ain't just because of your savin' me from shame, it ain't just as a personal token; I'd do it as representin' what everyone for miles would want to see. For here it is," he went on earnestly; "you was too fine a man to have wasted all your life amongst us poor ignorant hey-rubes; we're that dull here we can't even have interestin' diseases—nothin' ever doin' but indigestions and colds, and now and again maybe a good hard case of lung trouble, or some durned fool will chop his foot with an axe. And Neal is the same kind as you, and he hadn't ought to be let sacrifice himself. We folks here had ought to put up with a second-rater. We've got no call on such as you. And

"'Oh, Neal, I can't help being glad'"

yet, Doc," and Blanchard's voice shook a little, "I don't know how we'd ever get on without you—or somebody that was that much better and higher than the rest of us. When Neal came back here, I thought how nice for the place 'twould be if he could follow in your footsteps. And then I saw that wasn't to be. But we've grown awful fond of him this summer—all the folks has. It'll be a hard blow to Ralston across the river when Neal goes; don't know when I've seen a man chirk up the way Ralston has since Neal's been a-visitin' him. And that's the way all of us'll feel. But he had ought to go; no question about it; and that's why, Doc, I'd like to make it sure."

There was a moment's silence, during which Neal, with his arms folded, studied the ground. Then he looked up at Blanchard.

"It *is* out of the question, Blanchard, as father says," he told him. "But I want to thank you with all my heart for what you've said and for what you want to do."

"Then I suppose that ends it," Blanchard remarked sadly; and after another brief silence they all started for the cemetery gate. There they found Packer and the rest of the little company sitting on a grassy bank by the roadside under a great locust tree.

"Well, Blanchard," Packer grumbled, getting to his feet, "what *have* you found to chew over all this time?"

"She was silent while he watched her"

"Oh, just tellin' Neal one or two stories of the war," Blanchard replied. "Major, don't you think we might have some music going home?"

The doctor nodded. Pete Stilwell and Sam Dowse beat a flurry on their drums, John Robeson blew a twirl on his fife, and then the corps of eight launched out, fife and drum and cymbals, upon a marching tune. So they proceeded down the road; and near the village Miss Neville, driving in her polished, red-wheeled cart, turned into the bushes against the fence and halted to let them pass.

From Jim Casey she had learned the meaning of "Peter Casey's Day"; and now she flushed with a sudden emotion of pity and pride as the feebly-marching leader approached; she flushed with sudden response to the spirit of the crude music, to the waving of the bright new flag, and to the marching of the dusty men. And she sat up straight, smiling a little, holding the reins tightly and the whip in the attitude of salute, and with a salute in her blue eyes. Doctor Robeson, as he passed, raised his hat; the four other old soldiers raised their hats; the fife and drum corps went suddenly madly off the key.

That evening Neal wrote a letter to Doctor Westgate. After he had sealed it, he went to his mother and told her what he had done.

"You're going to stay here!" she echoed him. "Not going back to New York!" She was silent for a moment, and then she put her arm around his waist. "Oh, Neal," she said, "I can't help being glad. But I would never have asked it of you, my dear boy. I hope—perhaps sometime you can do what we all had hoped," she added wistfully.

"Oh, yes, that will come," he answered cheerfully, though he knew it never would. He could not abandon his family on less than a thousand a year while he adventured alone for a living in New York. And having taken the step which shut off his prospects, he was contented. If even a few poor and humble people could some time come to look upon him as they looked upon his father, he would have done enough with life.

CHAPTER X

Afternoon and Night; and then the Morning

"I SHALL be in Rehoboth to-morrow afternoon, and I must see you."

The line was from Lindsay Neville at Avalon. Eleanor read it with a calm face.

She rose and laid the note on her desk calmly, but her heart was beating hard. To-morrow afternoon!—why, that was now this afternoon! And he *must* see her! Reading of him with excitement in the newspapers, she had had the feeling that whatever lay in the path of his will must succumb; he was the indomitable man. And now her heart was throbbing to the unuttered frightened cry, "Can it be—am I—within his will?"

She got out the newspapers of the past week which she had preserved, and read again the reports of Lindsay Neville's campaign.

When she had last seen him, he had been no more than an ordinary man; now in less than a week he was a popular hero. She wondered if in face or voice or manner he might show the change.

To see her the popular hero was giving up hours when minutes counted.

Mayor, Congressman, Governor, Senator, higher still, perhaps. With his ability and wealth it would be merely a step from one office to another. It would be a brilliant career for a woman to share, and she did not distrust her own capacity.

Finding herself thus building castles, she thought, "I am foolish to suppose he is coming for this." Yet instantly the question rose, "If not for this, for what?" She had wondered, sometimes, if his interest in her had not been more than neighborly. And the brief, decisive note was the most pregnant intimation.

He came late in the afternoon, and at his first words she knew that he had come for her.

"I want you to take a walk with me—back in the hills, through the woods and fields—anywhere," he said.

The strain of his hard week had not robbed him of his buoyancy.

"You can escape for a walk in the country at this time?" she asked.

"For this walk—yes," he told her. "Besides—I had to come to reassure my family; each moment of each day they are wondering if I have yet been assassinated. These newspapers—" he made a sweeping gesture of disgust.

"I have been reading about you in them," she said. "You are carrying everything before you."

"I am going to win." He spoke with a confidence that recognized no other possibility, and that again imposed him on her as a man who might be overwhelming, terribly invincible—the kind of man that in his absence and picturesque stress she had begun wrongly to imagine him. Yet when she looked at him and saw the beaming youth in his eyes, he showed no rough and formidable aspect. It is not such men, she thought, that women come to, shuddering.

She looked ahead, not at him, as she walked. And what she felt was, "All that he has and is to be is mine." And when for a moment she glanced towards him, she was still full of this feeling and joyous with it; so occupied with the joyousness of it that even when she met the look of his eyes, she did not once dwell on the thought, "All that he *is* is mine."

They turned into a grassy woods path, now strewn with fallen leaves. Maple and ash blazed along their way, and the path wound until they seemed enclosed, with no outlet, in an enchanted colored forest. Lindsay Neville took off his hat and swung it in his hand.

"I love you," he said, looking down at the pink cheek which was now all that she

turned towards him. "I came to tell you —I took you out here to tell you. Eleanor, do you love me?"

She was silent while he watched her.

"Or if you don't, can't you—won't you?" he asked with a smile.

"But I do!" she cried, and turned her eyes towards his.

"Ah!" Something in the exclamation startled her. He seized her in his arms and kissed her, and she shrank in his arms at the warm human passion of his embrace and of his lips against hers. In all the tremulous, excited joy of anticipation, this had not entered, and she knew, and shrank again from the knowledge that he felt something that she did not, but that she must come to feel.

He had not been conscious of any withholding, and now, with his arm about her waist, still carrying his hat in his hand, he talked to her, robustly happy, gazing all the while at her with gay and sparkling eyes.

"We shall have the wedding—when? It's your prerogative—but it must be between the fifth of November and the first of January—between the election and the inauguration. We shall have a hurried honeymoon—I am sorry for that. But more of them—many of them—later."

"So soon!" Her voice echoed dismay.

"The sooner the better; we shall have more time for our honeymoon."

"Yes, but—so great a change—so soon! Well——"

"You resign yourself!" He laughed and pressed her waist.

"You—you have not told me why you love me," she ventured.

"Beast that I am!" he execrated himself. "Not to have sung your praises! Because you have a quick brain and a kind heart; because you have blue eyes and light eyebrows and golden hair; because you have fought your lonely fight so cheerfully; because you are a doughty, spry little creature; because your voice chimes somehow to mine; because you have this little waist—and this hand—and these lips—because you are *you*, Eleanor," he finished radiantly.

"They seem such flippant reasons," she protested.

"Flippant! On my soul, they are all sound, solemn, weighty reasons—any one of them reason enough—all of them together a mighty flood of reasons—that not even the sturdy, doughty little creature can stand against."

"But you must have known so many other girls," she wavered.

"There are no other girls," he asserted ferociously. "There are females—millions and millions of female human beings—but you are the only real, true, ideal girl."

She could not respond to his impulsive ardor, but he read her silence as contentment. And strolling back through the woods with his arm about her waist, he told her of the house that he had had in mind in Avalon, where he might make a home for her—on a street facing the park, with a little lawn and a maple before it and ivy climbing its bay windows; because she was going to the city, she was not to lose her view of grass and trees. He regretted humorously the absence of a derrick. Would she not come up with him the next morning and inspect the house—other houses? He would leave the choice to her.

No, she said, they must go together; yes, she could accompany him to-morrow—if he really thought the wedding must come so soon. As she harked back to this, the conditional clause, hesitatingly uttered, had a beseeching note. He laughed, and echoed unyieldingly, "So soon! I would name to-morrow!"

At this she shook her head decisively.

"It would be bad policy for you to get married so abruptly—rashly, in the midst of your campaign."

He acknowledged her wisdom.

"Already a sage counsellor," he said, pressing her waist.

She had an impulse to disengage herself and check his fondling of her; his repeated demonstrations, with his arm always about her waist, were distasteful; she felt vaguely, too, that by them he was humiliating himself, displaying an unmasculine softness. "But you love him; therefore it is your duty to give yourself up to him," her inward voice reminded her. "Besides, he will not always act like this."

So she did not oppose his displays of affection; she submitted herself to them—conscientiously—yet with a sense of oppression at each embrace and the impulse of a drowning person to struggle.

They came out of the woods, and he walked with her more discreetly.

"This evening I must spend with some politicians who are coming down from Avalon," he said, as he stood with her at her doorstep. "But to-morrow morning —you will be ready to go up with me, house-hunting?"

"Yes."

"Then, till the morning," and he gave her a farewell kiss — three kisses — and embrace.

It was done with an incautious openness; and she turned a quick, alarmed glance up the road; no one was in sight.

"Don't tell any one till— till you see me again," she said as he was leaving.

"Not even my family?"

"No." She shook her head. "I—I'd rather feel more— more settled about it first."

"Oh, the house and everything. Well just as you say —though I'd meant to spring it on them to-night."

"No, please don't."

He promised, with a delight in making small concessions to her, and with a kindly amusement at her unreasonableness. To defer announcing the engagement till the house they were to live in was chosen seemed to him an entertaining bit of inconsequence.

"She remembered that on a night not long before she had stolen to this window"

Eleanor went about her task of getting supper, outwardly and methodically intent, inwardly with a mind abstracted and confused. It puzzled her that she was not rapturously happy; it depressed her to feel she had no capacity beyond that of calm contentment. Then she doubted if she had even this; certainly the discovery that she could not respond to what was so strong an element of Lindsay's love was making her dissatisfied.

She was setting the table in a mindless way when Wilbur rushed in from outside.

"O Eleanor," he cried, "the big steel drilling thing broke off and dropped down the hole. Right while I was watching it. And Mr. Braddish got awful mad and swore, and Mr. McGuire swore and Bessie Robeson was there with me looking on."

"When was this?" asked Eleanor.

"Only a little while ago. And Mr. Braddish said there was a two-weeks' fishing job most likely, and they'd just have to get the tools up, because he wasn't going to drill through them and lose them. So they hitched a thing on to the steel rope that will sort of grab anything it settles down over—I couldn't see just how it worked—and then let it down and

began running the engine first fast and then slow, trying both ways to get a grip on the tools."

"It's too bad such a thing should happen," Eleanor said absently. "I hope it won't mean much loss to them." Then a thought occurred to her, and she turned from the table towards Wilbur: "Did—did you see me out walking, Wilbur? I went by along the road a little while ago."

"No, I didn't see you," the boy answered. "I was in the derrick watching them all the time."

"How did Bessie happen to be with you?"

"She came over here, and I invited her."

"And she was in the derrick all the time, too, and didn't see me go by on the road?"

"Yes, I guess so; didn't speak of seeing you anyway. Why?"

"Oh, nothing." And Eleanor knew there was no reason why she should fear having been seen. The announcement of the engagement was to come immediately. Yet somehow the thought that she might have been observed as Lindsay stood at the door-step kissing her, with his arm about her waist, had given her a sudden terror, akin to the shrinking, the sense of oppression, the impulse to struggle, with which she had submitted. Then, with the passing of this fear, she was stricken with a new dread: could it be that she was in some way unnatural, so to shrink in the arms of the man she loved?

That night she lay awake and heard the faint throbbing of the engine, and saw from her bedroom window the three torches hung upon the derrick flaring redly. Occasionally when a sudden burr of the engine, as its speed was quickened, caught her attention, she thought compassionately of the men groping night and day for the tools lying at the bottom of the hole. She, too, was sleepless and groping. Where was that joy and splendor of love thrilling through her veins to which she had looked forward? She had gained all she had been hoping for, only to find that the essence of all was lacking. Lindsay felt something for her that she could not bring herself to feel for him; and passiveness, with the shudder suppressed, was not love. She remembered thinking before he had spoken that he was not a man that a woman need go to with a shudder. This, as she now reviewed it, was mere apology for the insincerity she was about to commit. There was nothing definitely repulsive about his person; but she *had* gone to him shuddering. His corpulence and baldness, which she could not remember having found repugnant before,—she had conceived for them since the afternoon distaste. The pressure of his lips against her cheek—she wished to brush away the memory,' so unpleasantly distinct. She began to realize that she had thought of him only in the abstract, admiring him for moral and intellectual virtues and prompted in this admiration perhaps by baser, selfish motives—she applied the scourge; when he had shown warmth, she had been chilled.

The thought that she must be in some way unnatural, incapable of feeling the human part of love, and therefore of ever learning the divine, returned to distress her. And finding that she could not sleep, and grew more restless and disturbed in spirit as she lay awake, she rose and went to the window.

The night was dark and overcast, and the outline of the derrick loomed faintly; the thumping of the engine seemed nearer than the object itself. The unsteady light from the three flickering torches lapped the plank walk and the shed roofs, and leaped out to melt upon the dim shadow of the field. This field, lying dark and empty below her, had a strangely intimate aspect, in which there was a suggestion of assistance for her desperate mood if she could but find the key. And, gazing down, she remembered that on a night not long before she had stolen to this window to look timorously out into this field—on a night dark and damp like this. Now the key to the friendly suggestion was in her hands; and she gazed at the spot where, that night, with the sudden deadening of her heart she had dimly seen a man lying motionless, with two others bending over him.

And then, with a rush that left no space for intervening thoughts and emotions, she was at his side, with her hands under his head, feeling its lifeless weight and the soft curls of his hair. She knew now there had gone through her a throb of passionate warmth for him lifeless; she

remembered now how she had walked, supporting his head with her hand; and she felt now the tingle of her finger-tips pushed down and buried in his hair. At the time, all this had been without meaning; now, by the aid of what the afternoon and evening had taught her, she was able to translate it—to translate this and many other things. Her mind bounded back, eager as a hound upon a new trail; she remembered how, when Neal had held her hand and made his vow of achievement to her, she had had the same emotion of the finger-tips, the same blood-warming of the palm.

There was more than this now; there was the blood-warming of her whole body. She was not unnatural; she could know the human heart of love, and therefore the divine.

And clearly now she understood the cause of her shrinking from Lindsay Neville; it was the instinct of nature warning her against one whom, though he was not at all abhorrent, she did not love.

When the morning dawned, she had not slept, and she sat at the window reading by the early light until it was time for her to go downstairs and begin preparations for breakfast. As soon as the meal was over, she conceived an errand for Wilbur, and sent him down the road to Blanchard's store. Then, with a sudden nervousness, she ran to a mirror; she wondered that she should not look more haggard.

"he strode away up the road"

Sitting on the door-step, she waited and watched for Lindsay Neville. Soon she saw him emerge from behind the thicket of maples where the road made a turn; he approached at a rapid pace, and when he saw her, he snatched off his hat and flourished it boyishly. The salute made her sick at heart; she had not realized that it would be so bad as this.

"Good-morning, Girl," he cried as he came near. "All ready and waiting for me?"

"O Lindsay!" she answered him with a breaking voice, and then stopped to control herself. He stood before her, looking down with amazement and alarm. "I—I must not ever call you Lindsay any more."

"Why not?" he demanded blankly.

"Because—oh, it was wrong, so wicked of me yesterday afternoon; I was carried away by the thought—when you offered me the chance—everything—oh, can't you see how it was—what a temptation it was? I thought I loved you—because I admired you—but when you took me in your arms—I knew, I knew!"

"That—you didn't?"

She nodded, feeling under the gentleness of his voice and eyes a fresh excess of wretchedness.

"I—I couldn't feel what you felt—instead of answering it, I—I wanted to cry out."

"You wanted to cry out when I held you in my arms," he said slowly. "Am I so terrible? We have the same kind of

thoughts and aspirations, you and I—or I have read you wrong. It's part of being a girl, my dear; if you would only trust me—the feeling will come."

"Never. It only became clear to me while I lay awake last night," she told him in wistful self-defence. "What passed between us yesterday—it explained to me something I had not understood before about my feeling for another man. I can't explain this to you," she added hopelessly, "but it is true. And out of all my respect and admiration and liking for you, I know now that I can never build up love."

"Then," said Neville, putting out his hand and taking hers, "I hope that the love of the other man may prosper."

"It is not love for him either," she answered. "It is just—just that which I cannot feel for you."

"But out of which you may build up love."

"No," she said slowly. "No. For now that I have had this moment of your love, I shall never be satisfied with that of a man who is less than you. And he *is* less. Besides, to think that that feeling is more fundamental than all the rest—I am not willing to—to demonstrate that. No—I shall never marry."

"I am twice sorry for the poor devil that suffers by comparison with me," Neville said whimsically.

There was a moment during which they gazed at each other, both of them loath for the parting that meant the ultimate relinquishment.

"I hope your faith in your success at Avalon will not be shaken by—by my disappointing you here," Eleanor said.

"My faith in nothing has been shaken—neither in my success nor in women—least of all in you, Eleanor—God bless you."

Again he took her hand, to say good-by, and with a sudden impulse bent over it and kissed it. Then he strode away up the road, in the direction of the city and success, and the girl went into the house and wept because she could not love him.

CHAPTER XI

Wise In Her Own Conceit

BRADDISH had come to fill his water-jug at Eleanor's well, and had lingered to talk with her. From the information that he gave, it appeared that a fishing job usually demoralized the men; the work was tedious and monotonous, and it was not "get-ahead" work; it was the time when a boss driller was likely to have trouble curbing restless and reckless spirits.

"If it lasts much longer, I will have to get a tight grip on McGuire," Braddish said. "A man like him just cries for whiskey when he's up against a fishin' job."

The period when the human brute is preparing for an eruption is the most interesting time for studying him, from a woman's point of view. And out of the dullness into which she had sunk since the morning when she had said farewell to Lindsay Neville, Eleanor welcomed an opportunity to do good. Her timely appearance might be of moral support to Braddish; it might be as water to the seeds of righteousness which he was planting in McGuire.

That afternoon she proceeded to the derrick.

She arranged a bright, cheerful expression on her face; her blue eyes were alert, as always, her steps were tripping, her little chin pointed straight; she had the look of one who goes forth to reclaim souls and will begin with, "My good man." It was her least amiable and attractive expression; but this was almost the last time that it was ever to be worn.

Braddish was alone, and welcomed her. He stood at the "headache post," with his hand on the derrick wheel, racing the engine; he apologized for not being able to move.

"We're just on the edge of grapplin' them tools," he explained. "I can feel the thing grippin' 'em a little every time, but she always slides off. I'll bet we'll yank 'em out inside half an hour."

"I hope you will," said Eleanor. "After what you told me yesterday, I suppose it will be lifting a great weight off your mind."

"It will be lifting a great weight out of the hole," Braddish responded jocularly. "Now, then!"—his face became suddenly intent—"I'm gettin' more of a nibble every time. Arty!" he shouted in the direction of the engine-house. "Arty, come here!"

McGuire came running along the plank

"'Did you mean that?'"

walk. When he entered the derrick and saw Eleanor, he almost backed out again in embarrassment; he jerked his head downward once in reply to her greeting, and then let his eyes rest on the floor.

"You want to make a better bow to Miss Craig than that," Braddish told him, with a half-suppressed elation in his voice. "For she's brought us good luck. I've got the tools, Arty."

"The h—l—" McGuire began explosively, and clapped a remembering hand over his mouth. Then he retreated into a corner and watched quietly as the muddy cable ascended out of the hole. At last the grappler appeared, holding in its clutch the steel bit.

"Mebbe you will lead a cheer, Miss Craig," Braddish suggested. "I tell you, that makes me feel good. I didn't know but what we'd be hung up for two weeks. Make her fast, Arty;" and McGuire swung the grappler to the hook at one side of the derrick and then released the bit.

"And that is where it broke off?" said Eleanor, coming up to the bit and putting her finger on the ragged edge of the thread.

"Right there; yes," answered McGuire, putting his finger on the spot beside hers. And turning away, he filliped her finger clumsily.

She looked up, hot with anger.

"Did you mean that?" she demanded, and Braddish, staring, let the match he had struck burn out without lighting his pipe.

"No'm, I didn't go to touch you," McGuire said, and with his abjectness of manner there was also a hint of defiance as he added, "I wasn't meanin' no harm."

"Did he dare to touch you, Miss Craig?" asked Braddish.

"I am willing to consider it an accident," she replied stiffly.

Braddish stepped across the floor and seized McGuire by the collar of his flannel shirt.

"Now, then," he said in a menacing voice, "you just explain yourself."

McGuire stood passive and sullen.

"I didn't go to do nothin'," he said presently. "I just wanted to touch her hand. Sometimes I feel like it would do me good to touch a woman's hand."

Eleanor's heart flowed out in generous forgiveness.

"If that is all," she said. "Please let him go, Mr. Braddish; I'm quite satisfied."

The missionary-minded are often vulnerable in their conceit, and now Eleanor's soul swelled with rejoicing. She had indeed evoked the spiritual in the brute; if she had this power, what need was there of marrying? A dim future lay before her, in which she saw herself going about doing good. Not in a nun's veil—her mission should be broadly spiritual, like any woman's—it should not be attenuated to the merely religious.

She had an impulse to make things right with the pathetically humble, clumsy man—brute no longer. If a finger meant so much—she held out her hand.

"There," she said. "I'm sorry I misunderstood."

He took the hand and squeezed it sheepishly.

Braddish released his hold on McGuire's collar.

"It seems to be all right," he said. "But just remember, Arty, when you're dealin' with ladies, it's always well to make your intentions plain. Ain't that so, Miss Craig?"

"Are you nearly down to oil now?" she asked after a moment.

"Pretty near; within two or three weeks," Braddish replied. "I guess, after the churnin' up and down we've done the last two days, we might celebrate hookin' them tools. This is Saturday afternoon; Arty, I guess I'll give you and the boys a lay-off over Sunday. I don't know as you will see us at church, Miss Craig. We ain't much on that."

"You have so few Sundays off," she answered tolerantly. "If you should care to come round, I should be glad to see you and the other men in the afternoon."

The civilizing purpose was taking an aggressive lodgment in her mind. She was sorry when Braddish replied that the others would probably go up to Avalon for the day, but that he would be glad to come; he was not so conspicuously material for a refining influence to work upon. She would have preferred the rough, untutored McGuire; Braddish too nearly approached the gentleman.

"Was you going to Miss Packer's party to-night?" he asked her.

She replied that she was not, and he said he was sorry. "I thought some of lookin' in on it," he added.

When she had gone, McGuire turned to his chief for approval.

"You done well, Arty," Braddish assured him. "That was a good one about touchin' her finger so as to be made a better man. That was an A-number-one shot, that was. Blamed if I don't believe you've got a brain of some kind stowed away behind that monkey face of yours. But say," and his manner took on sternness, "don't try any more of that fondlin' act; once is enough for you. I'll do all of that that's necessary myself; when the time comes, I'll square things up with you somehow—you'll get your pay—but this case is my partic'lar, mind that."

"All right," said McGuire. "Say, what's all that about your goin' to a party to-night?"

"Straight," Braddish answered.

"Packer? Ain't that the name of the girl the little doctor took away from you?"

"Don't put it that way," Braddish said, with a black look. "But that's the girl."

"You've got another now; what do you want with her?"

"I ain't got either of 'em yet," Braddish responded viciously. "And in some ways Sally's all right, and I ain't ready to let her go."

"Did she ask you to the party?"

"No, she didn't. Sipe heard of it and told me."

"They'll throw you out if you wasn't asked."

"I guess I will have a look in."

"And then what will you do?"

"If it seems necessary, I guess mebbe I will raise a little hell."

"Say, take me along!" entreated McGuire. "We'll stack up against some whiskey, and if they try to throw us out——"

"No, you don't," Braddish checked him sharply. "I'm playin' a lone hand here. I'll stack up against some whiskey to begin with, for it's good for raisin' a

little hell; but that I will raise alone, and in my own way."

McGuire subsided, and after a pause Braddish went on:

"I've been pretty still since I've been on this job, ain't I? Well, I ain't ready to break altogether loose just yet. I don't want to do nothin' that might make trouble for us before we get all there is comin' to us out of this hole. That's why I shall mebbe raise only a *little* hell to-night. That's why I ain't yet took steps against the scut that made trouble for me with my girl. But say—he ain't been seen hangin' round the lady down here lately, has he?"

McGuire shook his head.

"Donovan and O'Brien ain't seen him. I asked 'em to keep a lookout while they're on tower. I've kept a lookout. Now what does that mean—when he used to be chasin' her up every day?"

"She turned him down?" inquired McGuire sagaciously.

"Well, if she did, Arty, I wouldn't wonder but what I might have had a hand in it," Braddish replied, his vanity making him oracular. "And you might think I'd be satisfied with that. But I have never been called a quitter."

That in some sense he justified this boast he showed by insisting on McGuire's remaining to put everything in order before breaking off for the holiday. And he did his own share of the work. Together they raked out the fire under the boiler, stored the tools in the corners of the rig, and then walked up the road.

(*To be continued*)

WHO WAS HER KEEPER?

BY MARY APPLEWHITE BACON

Not many descriptive articles could throw so much light upon child labor in the South as this little story. The author, Miss Bacon, is a native of Georgia and is thoroughly familiar with the conditions she has here described. In addition to making a recent careful investigation of a number of mills, to which she was afforded the freest access, she taught for four years in a mill town, where she had many factory children under her instruction.—THE EDITOR.

I

EARLY as it was when the young teacher reached the little country schoolhouse, some of the pupils were there before her—the Tilleys, who, living three miles beyond the creek, maintained with jealous zeal their distinction of always being the first to arrive, a girl of twelve whose morning it was to sweep, and a tall youth, who, in a corner by himself, was ciphering diligently on his slate, oblivious to what was going on around him. Along the red road, which the house fronted, other groups appeared at intervals, barefoot for the most part, and plainly clad, the little tin dinner pail or the home-made basket as much in evidence as spelling books and readers.

It was "laying by" time for corn and cotton; the three-months' free term had begun, and the number of pupils had suddenly gone up from fifteen to fifty. Their attainments were so unequal, and the books they brought varied so in date and authorship, that, many and long as were the hours of the hot July days, Lucy Dow found it hard to hear all the classes, and impossible to keep always profitably employed these children, with whom a few weeks of schooling had to go so far. She had hardly learned all their names yet, but she recognized this morning two new faces, and was struck by something unusual in both.

The boy, two or three years the elder, was holding on to his little sister in an excess of fear; but her clear brown eyes, lifted from the limp ruffles of the faded pink sunbonnet, had never looked upon anything not a wonder and a delight, and they had in them now a consciousness of

the importance of this hour and its promise of unimagined good that was as comical as it was charming.

She told the teacher—the boy could not be induced to speak—that she had been waiting for herself to get six years old, and this having occurred the Saturday before, her father had gone to town and bought her a book to come to school with, which Nathan was to use too. She produced it from a brown homespun satchel—a blue-backed speller, to the child a treasure so miraculous that if handled carelessly it might vanish into thin air.

"There's a b c's in it," she explained gravely, "but we don't know 'em yet"—including Nathan in her words, as she did always in every thought of herself—"we're goin' to learn 'em from you."

The narrow pine benches were already crowded, and Lucy let the two children sit on the edge of the low platform which held her own table and chair. If little Cassie had been sophisticated enough ever to plan for herself it would have been the place above all others that she would have chosen; as it was, she accepted its facilities with deep content, without apprehending that they or her use of them were unusual.

At first she was too much dazzled in this Eden, presided over by its gentle-voiced angel, to concentrate her mind on discovering how one letter differed from another in shape or sound; but by the third day she had grasped what was expected of her, and began forthwith to learn with a surprising quickness. Nathan in his timidity would have been left far behind, except that whatever he failed to learn at the teacher's knee she taught him herself, with glowing zeal, when they had slipped back to their places at the rear of the little platform.

She soon discovered that other pupils were studying the same book as herself, but were farther on in it. "Where is what they are saying?" she would whisper, creeping to Lucy Dow's side; and Lucy, putting an arm around her, would point to each word as it was spelled or line read, the child following with an absolute attention that missed nothing, whether understood or not. So it happened that, learning in a half dozen different places in the book at once, she was soon able to read; but whatever she acquired one day, Nathan was sure to know also by the next, his sensitive face flushing whenever he was called on to recite, and she watching him with a lovely smile of triumph.

One day, when the other pupils had gone, Cassie lingered, a great purpose in her face, which was reflected upon Nathan's. The sound of talk and laughter coming in from the red road hardly seemed to affect the sudden stillness that possessed the little schoolhouse. Cassie helped in her quick way to put to rights the disorder of the day's work, and then at last, catching at the white muslin apron which Lucy wore tidily in the schoolroom, and pressing it against her little pink cheek, preferred her request.

"I want you to go home with me—and see Ma—and all of 'em," she whispered, her brown eyes all affection and desire.

Lucy looked at the clock on her table. "It is nearly six o'clock now, Cassie, and you live—how far?—more than a mile from the crossroads you told me. I could not go and get back before it was dark. How will next Saturday do? If I come then, I can leave Mrs. Miller's soon after dinner and have a long time to stay with you."

The brown eyes expressed their satisfaction.

Nathan for once escaped from his shyness. "We'll come up to the crossroads to meet you," he said; "there's a tall persimmon tree there, and we'll be under it waiting for you."

They were there as he had promised, and she went back with them, the last of the way over a rocky field planted in cotton that was much overgrown with grass. The log house stood out in the field—one large room, a shed in the rear, and a rough porch in front. A few morning-glory vines made a slight shade from the afternoon sun, and two or three stalks of prince's feather were growing in the hard, sun-baked soil before the door with admirable courage.

The whole family were at the house to do honor to their visitor. There were two girls of ten or twelve, a boy nearly grown, and three round, ruddy children younger than Cassie, looking all about the same age. The father had in his face that dull submission wrought by the monotony of poverty and of ignorance long united; the

mother, as worn physically, seemed to have still retained something of a natural vigor and hopefulness.

"Have you been living long at this place, Mr. Purvis?" Lucy asked, finding a conversation which was largely interrogative on her part somewhat difficult.

"I come here last Christmas from over 'bout Candler's Creek," he said, "but I ain't had any better luck here than I had at the other places I've tried."

"He's sick a heap," his wife explained; "that's why we're so much in the grass. The child'n can't do much without him. We've got a right good crop o' corn, if it don't take it all to pay us out."

"Farmin's pore business when a body ain't got nothin' to start with," Purvis said.

"It must be," Lucy assented with sympathy. "But the children can help you more as they get older. Couldn't you have sent Jane and Missouri to school some this summer?" she added, her heart tender to the two girls as they sat there regarding her with fixed, unexpressive faces.

"They didn't seem to keer about it," Mrs. Purvis said. "Their Pa and me couldn't give 'em any start at learnin', and they didn't want to go not knowin' anything at all. Cassie there and Nathan they seem to take to their book sorter natchurl."

"Cassie takes to ev'ything natchurl," Purvis said. "She's been smart ever since she was a baby." The pride in his face was like a lighted candle. This small flower was the one blossom which redeemed for him the gray desert plains of life.

"I shan't teach here again next year," Lucy said when she arose to leave, "and here is something for Cassie to remember me by when I am gone." She laid a pasteboard box that held a wax doll, fine in white muslin and blue ribbons, in the little girl's lap.

If, instead, she had presented Mr. Purvis with a deed to a house and farm, the immediate effect upon the family would have been less striking. They gathered around the child as she held up the beautiful marvel, with a naïve interest and delight; but in a few minutes the instinct of parenthood had asserted itself.

"She never needed nothin' to make her remember you," Mrs. Purvis said, her hard, lined face tender with feeling; "but she'll thank you for this, and I will, too, long after you've forgot you ever give it to her."

As for Cassie, there was as yet no space in her baby heart for any conscious obligation. She was holding the doll out at arm's length and bringing it back to her breast with a beatification in look and gesture which the young teacher was wont to regard afterwards as the most exquisite expression of joy that she had ever seen.

With the dry heat of September cotton opened rapidly and the children began dropping out of school before even the brief three-months' term was ended. "But I'm going to come till the very last day," Cassie declared, clinging now, not to the white muslin apron, but to Lucy's slim white hand, and pressing it against her little round pink cheek; "Nathan and I both"—she had picked up a part of her teacher's English—"Ma said we might."

But when the last Monday of the session came, Cassie and Nathan were not there. On Wednesday Lucy went to see what was wrong. The little cabin was shut, and the place looked deserted; but presently she saw at the farther end of the cotton field Floyd Purvis and his sister Missouri. They had seen her and were coming to the house.

"Pa and all of 'em moved away day befo' yestiddy," the lad told her. "A man come here last week from the cotton fact'ry up in Chester lookin' for hands, and Pa decided all of a sudden to go. The man's promised to let us have a good house to live in, painted white, with three rooms in it. And we can ev'ry one get work, that will pay us cash money ev'ry Saddy night. Me and Missouri staid behind to finish getherin' the crop, and then we're goin' too."

Lucy was silent. These few lives, bound to no one spot by any social ties or by the possession of even a few feet of land, where land was so abundant—what was to be their destiny? And what the destiny of the little child, the first unfoldings of whose life were so full of promise?

The boy pushed open the cabin door and went in. "Cassie took on powerful because she didn't get to see you no mo'," he said, "and she charged me to give you these flowers and that little box there,

and to tell you she wasn't never goin' to forget you forever."

He took from a broken earthenware cup a drooping bunch of the red prince's feather that had been growing in the yard, and handed it to her, with a little dingy pasteboard box that had held some kind of medicinal powders. She did not open the box till she was by herself on the lonely country road. Inside was a minute curl of flaxen hair, which she recognized as having been cut from the wax doll's beloved head.

II

Two years afterwards Lucy Dow was visiting a friend in Chester, and one of her first thoughts was to find the Purvises and learn what had become of Nathan and Cassie. She went first to the mills, reaching there shortly before the half-hour intermission at noon. The throbbing of machinery, the flying wheels, the ceaseless repetition of the same noises made her dizzy, and she was glad when the tour of inspection was over. She had recognized among the operatives the two older Purvis girls and their father; but they had not looked up from their work, and she waited outside to speak to them.

"I can't work reg'lar," Purvis told her, "and I ain't a good hand and don't make but forty cents a day. Jane and Missouri get fifty, but we all have to lay off for sickess more'n we want to."

"How many hours do you work in the week?" Lucy asked.

"Well, we go in at six and come out at half-past six, with half an hour at dinner. I never counted it up to see how many that makes in a week. A right smart I reckon."

Lucy looked at the two girls, sallow-faced and apparently no taller than when she had seen them two years before. "I am glad to see that you do not let Nathan and Cassie work in the mill," she said; "but I had not supposed that you would."

The man's eyes fell. "Well, Cassie did work in it till here lately, when she was took sick," he said. "You know how she always has been about not lettin' anybody go ahead of her. She went on the night force a little more than a year ago."

"The night force—what do you mean by that?"

"The comp'ny's been runnin' the mill at night as well as in the day sence last September was a year," he explained, "and they don't generly let all of a fam'ly have day work. The foreman was opposed to Cassie workin' at night, but Floyd and Nathan was put on, and she wouldn't hear to Nathan goin' without she did, too."

"And how many hours of night work are required?" she asked faintly.

A young man who was near enough to hear the question answered it. "Sixty-six, ma'am; but there's been some talk in one of the papers that it oughtn't to be but sixty."

"Sixty-six hours of night work for a child of seven!" Lucy felt as she had felt when the noise of the factory was beating upon her ears. "And you say Cassie has been sick?" she asked almost mechanically, too shocked to know that she was speaking at all.

"Yes'm, she's been right bad off," he answered, speaking of her condition with that pitiful euphemism common when misfortune has become the one certainty of daily existence. "Our house is in the very last row," he added, as she turned away. "You'll know it by its bein' next to one with a little tree in front of it. And there's a wooden box on our front step, with some sort of flowers growin' in it that was Cassie's."

Lucy made her way to the dusty level, where row after row of cottages stood, all alike and nearly all equally bare of any suggestion of homelikeness or of individual taste and pride. It was easy to find the one occupied by the Purvises. The "tree" was a sufficient guide, and, when she got nearer, the box on the steps holding Cassie's little bunch of heartsease. Several little children were playing in a back yard, and a girl of five or six was pushing a baby in a home-made wagon of rough pine.

Lucy went up the steps and stood for a moment at the open door without knocking. The warm October sunshine poured into the narrow hall. Floyd Purvis was lying on a lounge asleep. In the room on the right his mother was mending a coarse garment, beside a child's bed. Lucy entered softly and went up to her side. "Do you remember me, Mrs. Purvis?" she said.

The woman's furrowed yellow face brightened. "I reckon I do remember you," she said heartily, "and there ain't nobody in this whole world that I'd ruther see. How come you to be here, and how've you been gettin' along?" she asked.

"I was visiting an old schoolmate over in Chester, and I am very well," Lucy said, noting unconsciously the new lines on the woman's face. "But I don't want to talk about myself. I want to know how things have been going with you." She saw that the little figure on the bed was her former pupil, but she could not speak of her yet.

"Well, I reckon we've done tolerble well," Mrs. Purvis said with fine reticence. She would not give pain to Cassie's friend. "Maybe not as well as he expected we would"—she always spoke of her husband as "he"—"but we've made out to live. I reckon you noticed the new baby out in the yard, and saw how the other little ones had growed."

"Yes, I saw them. Mrs. Purvis, isn't that little Nathan over there on the bed in the corner?"

The light shone full upon him through the blindless window, and flies were crawling over his little thin face and hands, but his sleep of exhaustion was not easily broken.

"He ain't lookin' so well sence he's been one o' the night hands," his mother said; "but he's a good worker and gets good wages, to be as little as he is."

"And did he and Cassie keep on trying to learn? Have they been to school any since you moved here?"

Mrs. Purvis shook her head. "There was a night school when we first came here. The lady that taught it come to see us, and got Jane and Missouri to go to it for a while—she did not take any as little as Cassie—but they was too tired to learn, and went to sleep over their book. The comp'ny's started a day school this year, and some o' the child'n gets to go to it; mine never has." She looked down at the little figure before her. "That was the only thing that ever made Cassie sorter worry about doin' night work. When the school started, it looked like she was just obleeged to go. Of course she couldn't after she'd worked all night. Her Pa tried his best to get her to quit, but we couldn't spare what Nathan was makin', and she wouldn't hear to quittin' without he could too. We had a heap o' sickness all the winter and spring, and it throwed us might'ly behind."

Lucy Dow went to the bed and touched gently the soft light hair that lay tangled on the blue veins of the child's forehead. She stirred a little, and her mother leaned forward and tried to attract her attention. "Cassie, honey, here's Miss Lucy come to see you," she said. "Don't you remember Miss Lucy?" The brown eyes were wide open now, but there was no look of recognition in them.

"It seems like her mind's done give way for now better'n two weeks," Mrs. Purvis said in a patient acquiescence in what was hopeless. 'I could see befo' she had that spell in the mill that she warn't exactly like herself. It looked like she had sorter quit keerin' for things, even for the baby. And she give up tendin' to them little heartsease she'd been so proud of. She didn't seem to have but jus' one idea, and that was to keep on goin' to the mill. And one night about twelve o'clock she fell in the spinnin' room, where she was tyin' the broken threads. The boss on that flo' found her and thought she had jus' gone to sleep, and throwed water in her face like he'd been a-doin' when the other child'n would fall asleep; but she didn't wake up, and she never did come to till they'd got her home and fetched a doctor. She ain't never been up sence."

"Don't you know me, Cassie darling? Don't you know Miss Lucy?" the child's friend said, her tears dropping on the coarse sheets as she bent over the bed. She felt gently for the little hands, that she might take them once more in hers, but they seemed to be clasping something tightly under the cover. Was that the figure of a doll whose outlines showed upon the little breast? Lucy lifted her eyes in questioning to the mother.

The woman nodded her head. "That doll's one thing she ain't never give up," she said, tears coming to her eyes. "She holds on to it tight that way all day long. But I couldn't say as she really knows what it is any more than she does anything else. It may be that she's jus' been used to havin' it with her so long."

Perhaps in some mysterious way the longing of the friend's heart communicated itself to the child's numbed brain. Perhaps some chord of memory vibrated again as the once loved face bent over her own. The little hand stirred under the cover, lifted itself into the air, and seemed to be trying to compass the weary distance to her teacher's cheek. Another hand raised and held it there for a moment. And then the heavy eyes of the child, once fountains of living joy, closed, and Lucy guided the thin fingers back to their touch upon the doll, and turned away.

THE QUICK-DECISION BOARD

BY GRACE S. RICHMOND

MRS. JACK pulled out from the pink-and-white-covered box which held Billy's clothes a coat, a cap, a scarf, and a pair of microscopic white mittens. Then she stood surveying them in doubt.

"I wonder if these are warm enough for to-day," she said aloud. She was speaking to nobody in particular, although Julius, at home for the holidays, lounged by the nursery fire. It was no place for him, but a sophomore, at home for the holidays, lounges where he will. Julius looked up as she spoke, but instantly buried his nose again in the pages of the automobile number of a popular weekly paper.

"It's rather cold," mused Mrs. Jack, feeling critically of the coat. "This isn't so warm as the blue one, but the blue is beginning to look soiled. I wonder if——"

She went across the room to a window and stood peering at a thermometer which hung just outside.

"Thirty-eight—nine," she read. "No—nearer thirty-eight. That's not so very cold, of course—and the blue does look soiled—Mary——"

"Yes-m," from the doorway, where a trim nursemaid, with Billy on her arm, stood waiting.

"You may put these on Billy. But put the heavier rug over him, and be sure he keeps his hands inside. He'd better wear a veil."

"Yes-m."

"Mary——"

"Yes-m——"

"Keep his back toward the wind. And don't let the sun get in his eyes. Take him about four times around the block."

"Yes-m."

Mrs. Jack, having seen Mary and Billy vanish down the stairs, went with some precipitation over to the thermometer again.

"It's barely thirty-eight," she repeated softly to herself, "and this is the warm side. I've always told Jack one could not judge of the temperature on the south side of the house. The sun was shining directly on it an hour ago, too."

She hurried across the room to the pink-and-white box, hunted through it and brought forth a blue cloth coat, at which she stood looking with evident distaste.

"It *is* dreadfully soiled," she murmured. "I must send it to the cleaner's to-morrow. But he certainly ought not to go out in the white one—and he sneezed twice this morning." She started for the door, then paused irresolutely. "Jack says I bundle him too much, and I suppose I do, but——"

She ran out into the hall and leaned over the baluster.

"Mary——"

"Yes-m——" faintly from below.

"You may put the blue coat on Billy, after all. Here it is—I'll drop it down."

Inside the nursery Julius looked up from a double-page illustration in color of a great red panhard and ejaculated: "Gee!"

"What is it, dear?" asked Mrs. Jack affectionately of her young brother as she came back. He had been at home only a day, and she still felt very tender towards him. He seemed to have grown broad-

shouldered and handsome, even since he went away in September.

"Did I speak?" inquired Julius innocently, with his eyes again on the fascinating page.

"I thought you did."

"I was thinking of going out," said Julius, "if it should be true that it is 'thirty-eight.' If it's only 'thirty-seven,' I couldn't go, for I've only one coat—here. My pale pink one is at college—and it's a little soiled."

Mrs. Jack laughed and rumpled his hair. "You are a saucy boy," she said. "If you were only fourteen months old it would make a great deal of difference what you wore."

"The kid has to wear a veil, does he?" sighed Julius, turning the remaining pages of the weekly with a flirt, and getting up to stretch himself. "It's like spring out to-day. I should think those red lumps of cheeks of his could stand it to go around four blocks without a veil."

"Is it really so mild?" asked Mrs. Jack, eagerly. Then she rushed to the door.

"Mary——"

"Yes-m——"

"You may put the white coat on baby after all. And—he needn't wear the veil—that is—yes, he *must* wear the veil——"

"Oh—*gee!*" murmured Julius, inside the nursery, and turned and looked at his sister curiously as she came back. She flushed a trifle as she met his glance.

"I hadn't been out to-day," she explained; "and it is so hard to tell anything by this thermometer."

"I suppose," said Julius, standing in front of the nursery fire and gazing down into it with a quizzical air, "if I should let fall one little word to the effect that perhaps there is a slight chill in the air after all, you would tear to the stairs and shout to Mary to put on the blue coat. I'll bet the girl is sitting down there now, not putting any coat on the kid—just waiting for you to get your mind made up so it will stay."

"You are very impudent," said Mrs. Jack, with one arm over his shoulder, "for a great big college boy who knows all about football and nothing at all about babies."

"I know enough to know that the brat doesn't want his arms rammed in and out of his sleeves six times before he can be ready to go out. He roars himself purple having 'em got into the armholes once. You'll have him all worked up into a lather, so when he goes out at last he'll take a ripping cold—veil and all."

Mrs. Jack looked uneasy, and Julius wickedly pursued his brotherly course:

"When I said it was like spring to-day," he went on, with his eyes on the fire, one arm holding his sister by his side, "I spoke without real knowledge. I only inferred that it felt like spring from the general look of things. I hadn't been out. And now that I think of it—the grocer's boy had his collar turned up when he brought the stuff in this morning. I know, for I was in the kitchen, and jollied him about the Patterson's waitress."

Mrs. Jack made a sudden movement, but it was thwarted by the arm about her waist.

"Hold on, there—" warned Julius.

"Please let me go one minute," she begged.

"Not on your life. Billy's going out in his white coat. The blue one is too soiled—it's to be sent to the cleaner's to-morrow."

"But if he should take cold, dear—he has quite a little cold already. Julius—let me go—why, how absurd!— Let me go!— I knew all along the child ought to wear the blue—soiled or not—it was simply my foolish pride—and he looks so sweet in the white——"

"You bet he does," declared Julius heartily, without relaxing his grip. She could make no resistance whatever, try as she might. He held her as one holds a refractory kitten, and stood laughing at the fire without moving from his place on the hearth-rug. "You've got to get over this nonsense," said he firmly. "You always were a girl to change your mind seven times an hour—but you've got it down to seven times a minute. It isn't healthy. Make up your mind and stick to it."

Mrs. Jack was looking very indignant, and something closely resembling tears shone in her lovely eyes.

"You are very unkind, Julius," she said, a little chokily. "It was only a natural indecision, when I hadn't been out—and the thermometer——"

"If you don't find that thermometer some morning, you will know it has met its just deserts. All I heard last summer when I was here was that it was too hot for a picnic or too cold to go in bathing, or too something or other to do anything I wanted to do. Does Jack live by a thermometer now? If he does he's deteriorated faster than I'd have believed."

"Jack upholds my care of Billy's health perfectly," said Billy's mother with great dignity; "and any trained nurse will tell you that one should be governed by rational rules in bringing up a little child—not go by the rough and bluff system such great, untrained boys as you might advocate."

Julius loosed his hold and fell back.

"Say—that's great language," he murmured admiringly, "'Rough and bluff system'—Jove—that knocks me flat. I'll remember that.—Hold on—don't you go to that door! Another minute and the poor kid will be safely out, getting what air he can through his veil.—Billy'll never be half-back on our team till he gets past wearing a veil.—I can tell you that. Hi—there he goes—" he hurried to the window, forcing his sister along with him. "Back to the wind, eyes out of the sun—Mary's a jewel. She'll take him four times around the block, and then he'll come in and the fun will be all over for to-day. 'Such a lot of fuss for so little'—that's what the kid would say if he could.—Yes—you can go now. I'm going out myself. Got a veil you can lend me?—oh, say—don't hit so hard. You might hurt me. Think how long it is since you've seen me. Here—give me a kiss—yes, you've got to—you owe it to me for taking a fatherly interest in Billy."

He ran down the stairs and was out of the door before Mrs. Jack had finished pinning up the curly lock he had disarranged. She watched him from the window, and saw him, swinging along the street, overtake Billy in his sleigh-cart, and stop for an interview. Julius was devoted to Billy, and Mrs. Jack enjoyed the fact. But from her window she saw him do a most unwarrantable thing. He was untying the baby's veil and taking it off. Mrs. Jack could see that Mary was giggling—and, she thought, protesting; but Julius stuck the veil into his own pocket, pinched the "lumps of cheeks," at which Billy waved his arms and crowed—and then went tramping on down the street, without a glance up at the window where Mrs. Jack stood invoking wrath upon his good-looking head. She did not call back Mary, however, and provide Billy with another veil.

Next morning Jack paused on his way from the breakfast table to the door, watch in hand. He had the commuter's morning car to catch.

"What do you say to going into town with me this morning, Bud?" he said. His wife's name was Rosamond, but it had long been of small use to her, except for the signing of formal notes. She was small and pink and sweet, so it did not matter seriously what she was called.

"Oh—I—why, I don't know—" began Mrs. Jack.

"You said you had still some Christmas shopping, and you wanted me to go to Joynden's with you. I could spare an hour this morning. It will be the only day I can before Christmas."

"But I couldn't get ready for this car, Jack," said his wife, getting up in a fluttered way. "I'd like to go—if you could go to Joynden's—but——"

"I'll wait over one car for you," offered Jack, his eyes upon his watch. He had a decisive way of speaking, and the air of a man who has no time to waste, and does not intend to let other people waste it for him. Julius looked up at him as he stood in the doorway, and from him to Mrs. Jack, in her pink morning-gown, the picture of prettiness and indecision, standing with one hesitating hand on his arm.

"I suppose I could get ready," she considered. "Though I was going to Frances Langley's—I don't know whether to—I wonder if—Julius," she turned to him—"could you go too? I want your help about the present for Grandpa."

"All right," said Julius promptly.

"Still—I could go to-morrow better—and there will be a matinée to-morrow——"

"Hurry, please, dear," said Jack, very gently.

"Oh, of course—you want to catch your car. Well—if you are in a hurry, perhaps you'd better—and Julius and I can come later.—Or—no—no—I believe I will go with you——"

She fluttered past him toward the stairs. Jack turned back into the room, where Julius sat finishing his coffee, and took up the morning paper.

They could hear Mrs. Jack giving directions to everybody as she dressed—principally to Mary, concerning Billy. Julius caught the words "white coat" and "veil" and chuckled to himself. At the end of ten minutes Mrs. Jack's voice called her husband.

"Yes—" responded Jack, going out into the hall and looking up at the top of the stairs, watch in hand again.

"I don't believe I can possibly go this morning after all. You'd better catch your car and I'll——"

"I've lost this car," said Jack, with great calm of manner. "And I can't go with you to Joynden's any other day."

"Oh—then I suppose I must—" The words were lost as the speaker rushed back into her room.

Julius followed Jack out into the hall, and stood before the fireplace, overcoat on and hat in hand. Jack got into his outer apparel and took up a similar position on the opposite side of the rug. The two listened to the voice above. It was a charmingly musical voice, with a delicious little accent acquired somewhere or other, and never lost, under any circumstances. It made her most commonplace utterances worth listening to.

"If it should come off colder while I'm gone, Mary, be sure to keep the nursery fire very bright. Billy may have a very little beef tea with his porridge at luncheon, and some orange juice if he wants it. If it gets below thirty-five—Mary—can you read the thermometer?—Come here and let me——"

"*Bud!*" shouted Julius, at which Jack closed his lips, opening them again the same instant. "We must be off in five minutes."

"Put on his white coat," Mrs. Jack was saying, as she came to the head of the stairs. "But if it goes lower than that—the blue one—and the veil——"

Julius put his hand hastily into his overcoat pocket and jabbed something into its most remote corner, with a fleeting, wicked grin.

Mrs. Jack paused suddenly, half-way down-stairs.

"Oh, Jack," she said—and her husband and brother looked admiringly up at her. Mrs. Jack was not very much more than a girl, in spite of Billy, and she knew how to dress beautifully. She looked very young and very charming as she stood there, her cheeks bright with the haste she had made. "I don't believe I'll go after all," she said slowly. Julius made an inarticulate sound in his throat expressive of great displeasure, but Jack only stared at her patiently and asked, "Why?"

"Well—I—I can't explain in such a hurry, but it's really most inconvenient. I'm sorry about Joynden's, but Julius can help me with that to-morrow——"

"No, I can't," said Julius promptly. "To-day—or not at all. I can't go to-morrow."

She looked at him curiously. "Why, I thought you——"

"Decide quickly, dear," said Jack, putting his watch back into his pocket, and buttoning up his overcoat. "We've two minutes to get to the corner."

Mrs. Jack still paused, irresolute. Her brother made a dash up to the landing where she stood.

"You're in a class by yourself!—You're a corker!" he shouted. "Of course you're going, after all this fuss."

He picked her up, protesting, and bore her down to the front door.

"I'll make your mind up for you while I'm here," he declared grimly; "then maybe you'll get into the way of knowing what you want to do. Come on."

"Jack!"—began Mrs. Jack, but her husband said quietly:

"We shall miss the car, Bud. Please come."

And Mrs. Jack went, looking very pretty and quite sulky—a state of things which lasted for fully ten minutes. Then she was herself again; and a good comrade she could be, so that the three had a merry time of it.

When Jack had left them, after the errand at Joynden's—a most important one, since it meant a combined Christmas and wedding present to some people who were the Elliots' most intimate and beloved friends, Mrs. Jack turned to Julius.

"Now that the dear boy is out of the way," she said, "we'll go to Carrington's and get his Christmas present. I want your advice."

"What are you going to give him from Carrington's—a sideboard or a brass bed?"

"Neither—silly child. It's to be a chair, a lovely big comfortable one—all his own."

"When, by any chance, nobody else is sitting in it. Well—I'm glad it isn't cravats. 'd hate to help a woman pick out crav. for another man."

"I shouldn't ask you to," said Mrs. Jack, proudly. "I always get Jack's myself—I know just what suits him."

"The saints and all you do!" groaned Julius. "That accounts for it. I've been wondering what on earth was the matter with the poor duffer. He used to be the last word on style, too."

"You are perfectly insufferable," said Mrs. Jack with dignity, and led the way into Carrington's without deigning to address another word to him.

The matter of the chair took a long time. Mrs. Jack forgot her ire, and began to appeal to her brother, in the difficulty of deciding between three, which seemed equally attractive at about the same price.

"Shut your eyes and choose," counseled Julius at last, settling back in the chair he preferred and yawning ostentatiously. "Jack will be just as unhappy in one as in another, for all I can see."

"What do you mean by that?" demanded Mrs. Jack.

"No man would give a cent for any of them. They're too pad-dy, and too mushy, and too rock-y."

"Why—they're regular men's chairs."

"That's the matter with 'em. They're got up for women to give to men. The men themselves buy another sort."

Mrs. Jack looked desperate. The salesman was smiling—at the corners of his mouth.

"If you think you know—I don't believe you do, at all you may just pick out what you think is a man's chair."

Not on your life. It isn't Jack that's to be suited—it's you. Get the chair you like and he'll be satisfied. He'll sit in it—when you are in the room—and tell you it's lovely—he's getting to be just patient ass enough."

"Julius!"—Mrs. Jack turned her back on him.

"You may send up this chair," said she to the salesman, indicating one of the three. "Mrs. John Westfall Elliot, 610 North Wharton—no—wait—I believe I will take *that* one—yes—the middle one. Please see that it comes out on one of the morning trains, so my husband won't see it.—Thank you—yes, I will send you my check.—Come, Julius."

She walked away, looking over her shoulder toward the chairs as she went. Suddenly she turned and hurried back.

"I will take the first one I ordered after all," she said hurriedly, in a low tone. Julius looked around at her and grinned. Then he scowled, for even as the words left her lips her eyes were studying the other chair—the third, and the one he had selected as the most comfortable of the three.

"What do you think?" She appealed to the salesman. "My brother seemed to like that best. Do you think it is the most desirable?"

"It is a very fine chair, madam," said the salesman, with the deferential air of his kind. "You could not make a mistake if you took it, and if the young gentleman prefers it——"

"It doesn't harmonize quite so well with the library furnishings," deliberated Mrs. Jack. She had said this seven times already, but the salesman bowed. "The library is done in Flemish oak, you know. This is not quite so dark, but— Now the first one goes perfectly."

Julius sank down on a luxurious davenport at a little distance, and closed his eyes. He seemed to slumber. Mrs. Jack went over all the ground once more. She did not appeal to her brother again.

All at once that youth sat up with a subdued and diabolical chuckle. He felt in his pockets and produced a pencil and an envelope. Upon the envelope he fell to work—apparently on a sketch of some sort, and as he worked he snorted softly from time to time, as with an amusement which he could not entirely suppress.

Mrs. Jack selected a chair, and apologized so sweetly to the salesman for the amount of his time which she had taken that his patience and good humor lasted to the very door, although she changed her mind twice on the way to the first floor. At the hotel café, where the two went for luncheon, she slipped away from

Julius to the public telephone box, and when she came out she confronted him.

"Telephoned 'em to send the other after all," said he. "I knew you would. But you needn't bother to get back any more messages. I ordered the firm to send you all three chairs, and let you have it out at home. It will be cheaper in the end than sending back and forth."

"Julius Broughton!"

"I did. It's all right. I wasn't going to spend the rest of the day trotting back to deliver your changed mind. I've got tickets for the Philharmonic. My nervous system needs soothing—it's all upset."

On Christmas morning Jack sat in the chair which his wife gave him—it was neither of the three from Carrington's, but one of a quite different style, from Hinsdale and Lorrimer's—and pronounced it perfect. Julius looked on and winked at his brother-in-law when his sister was not observing.

"I knew you'd like anything she picked out," he said. "Oh, Bud—er—I'm glad you like the turquoise ring—but I've another little gift for you up-stairs. It was too large—that is, too cumbersome—or at least—I thought I'd like you to see it first in the nursery, where it belongs. So it's up there. Let's all go up—huh?"

"You are a dear," said his sister, with a rapturous sigh as she held her hand, with Julius' gift upon it, up to the light. "This is so sweet. In the nursery—Jule?— What can it be? Of course we'll go up."

In the nursery Julius caught up Billy to his shoulder, to that youngster's ecstatic joy. "I'll take care of the kid while you go down, Mary," he said behind Billy's back to the nursemaid, and so disposed of all but the family.

"I don't see—" began Mrs. Jack. Then her eye caught sight of something hanging upon the wall over Billy's little white crib, and she walked over to it, her lips forming themselves into an "Oh!" uttered with an expression which meant several things.

"I call that pretty neat," observed Julius modestly. "Cost me a lot of work, and I knew you'd prize it on that account. Then it'll be such a saving to you of time and brain-fiber."

Jack burst into a roar—which he instantly subdued at sight of Mrs. Jack's face. He could not be sure whether she was meaning to laugh or to cry.

A great circular sheet of blue bristol-board hung upon the wall—the nursery was done in pink-and-white—ruled off by heavy lines into cartwheel spaces. In each space was carefully printed certain words, and in the center of the dial swung a pointer. Below were printed the directions for using the contrivance, and above stared the words, in large black letters—

"QUICK-DECISION BOARD."

The directions ran as follows:

"Examine the thermometer carefully three times and strike an average of readings. Then formulate question in mind, turn around three times, and spin pointer. ABIDE BY DECISION. The dial cannot err."

In the spaces of the dial were printed the answers to the supposable questions. They ran thus:

"By all means.
Certainly not.
Of course.
On no account whatever.
Sure Mike.
Without the shadow of a doubt.
Let her go Gallegher.
No—by Jove—no!
Yes.
If you love Billy.
Yes, yes, yes—and hurry up.
Instantly.
Never."

"You see how it works," said Julius. With Billy hanging at a breakneck angle over his shoulder, he advanced to the dial. "For instance—you read the thermometer. It says '32° Fahrenheit.' You think to yourself, 'Does Billy need his rubber boots for a short spin around the block?'—You turn around three times—that is indispensable—you may not see why, but it is.—Then you spin the pointer. See?—Ha!——"

He turned around triumphantly. The pointer had stopped at the unequivocal reply—"No—by Jove—no!"

Jack ran hastily down-stairs. Mrs. Jack walked over to the window and stood looking out. Julius performed half-a-dozen acrobatic evolutions with Billy, and likewise disappeared.

Half an hour later Jack's voice sounded up the staircase.

"Bud, dear?"

"Yes—" said Mrs. Jack's voice. It was a very sweet and silvery note. Jack and Julius, in the lower hall, looked at each other.

"I've sent for a sleigh and pair. The sleighing is magnificent. Will you go? It will give us an appetite for our Christmas dinner."

"Yes."

"Will you take Billy?"

"Yes."

Julius vaulted over the stair-rail in front of his brother-in-law and dashed up-stairs. At the top he met his sister.

"Oh—er—does Billy need his veil?" he demanded.

"No."

Julius seized her arm and pulled her back into the nursery. The Quick-Decision Board no longer hung over Billy's crib. In the nursery fireplace a large, black, ashy pile fluttered up in flakes in the draught.

"It cost me three good hours' work," complained Julius regretfully.

"I had another gift for you," said Mrs. Jack tenderly. "I consulted your board to find out whether I should give it to you or not. The board said 'On no account whatever.' So of course I can't."

"Oh, say!" said Julius. "What was it?"

It was a particularly handsome little scarf-pin, and it reposed daintily in the lace at Mrs. Jack's throat. Julius eyed it enviously. She laughed.

"It's very cold," said she. "If I take Billy with us may he wear a veil?"

"Sure Mike," said Julius, with a somewhat sheepish grin. Then he carefully extracted the pin from his sister's neckwear, and bent and kissed her.

"You're all right," said he.

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THIS is your cup — the cup assigned to you
From the beginning. Nay, my child, I know
How much of that dark drink is your own brew
Of fault and passion. Ages long ago —
In the deep years of yesterday, — I knew.

This is your road — a painful road and drear.
I made the stones — that never give you rest;
I set your friend in pleasant ways and clear,
And he shall come, like you, unto my breast;
But you — my weary child! — must travel here.

This is your task. It has no joy nor grace,
But is not meant for any other hand,
And in my universe hath measured place.
Take it; I do not bid you understand:
I bid you close your eyes — to see my face.

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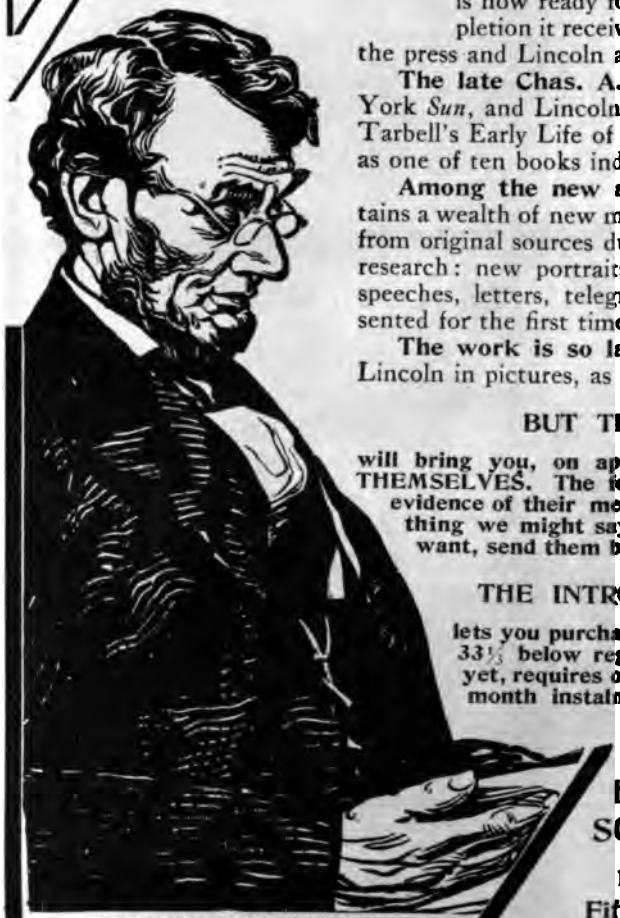

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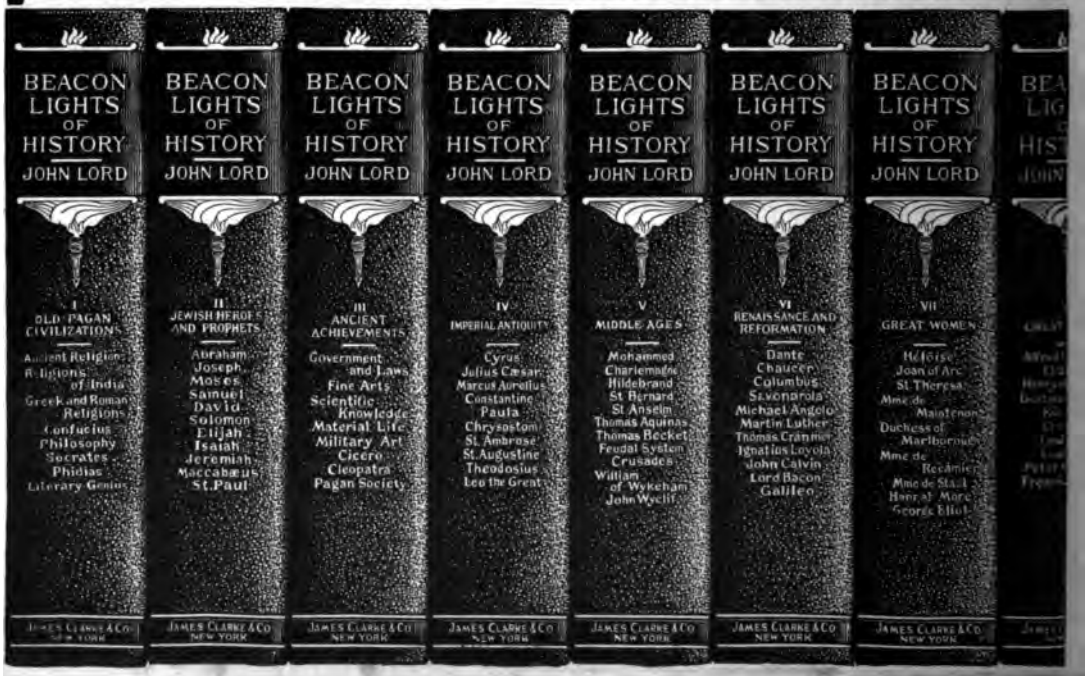

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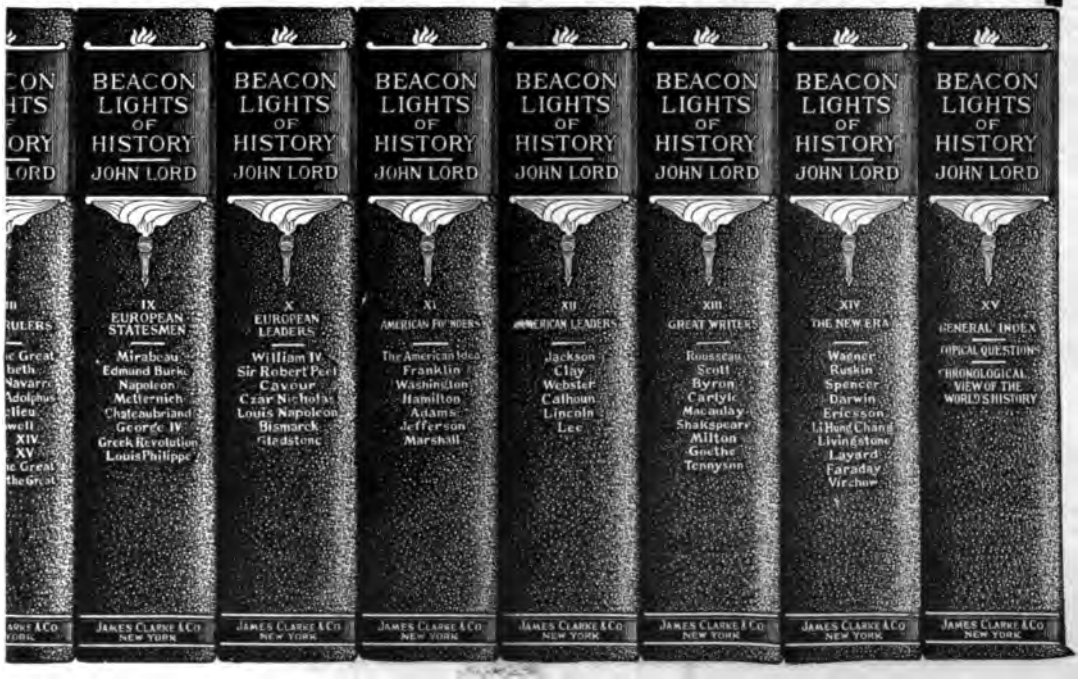

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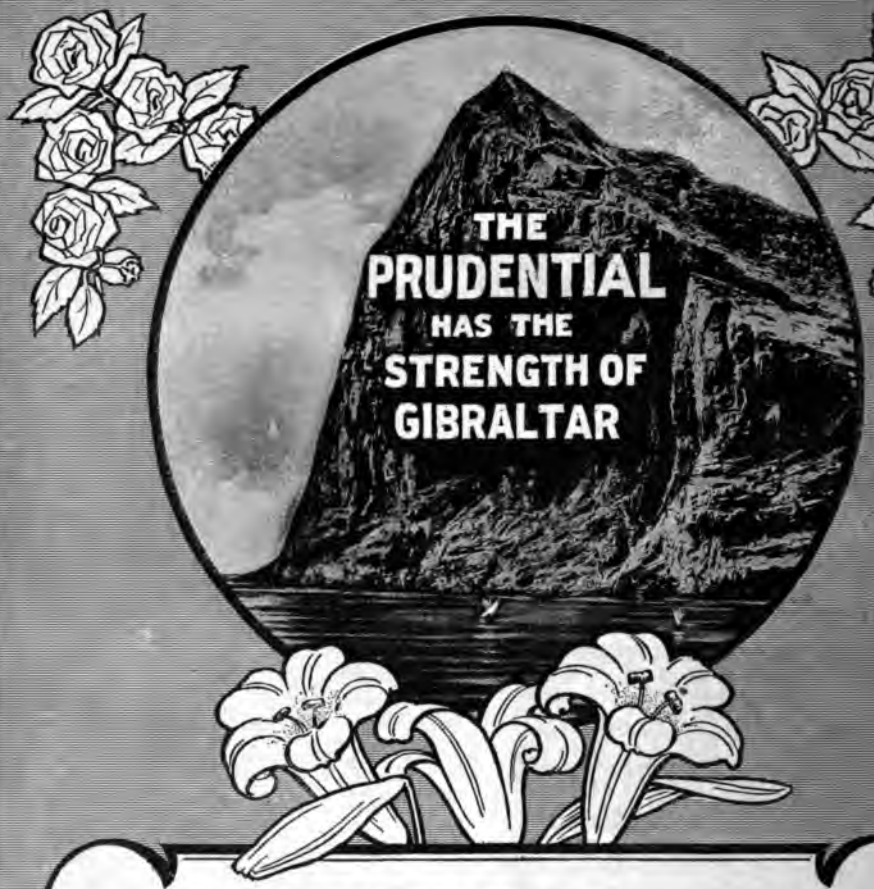

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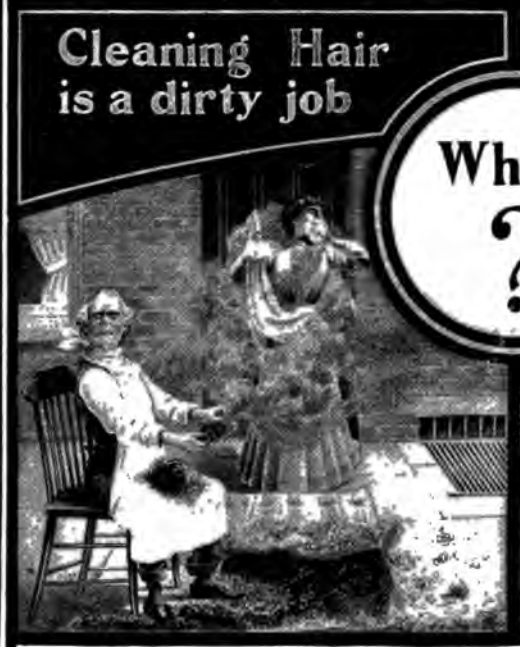

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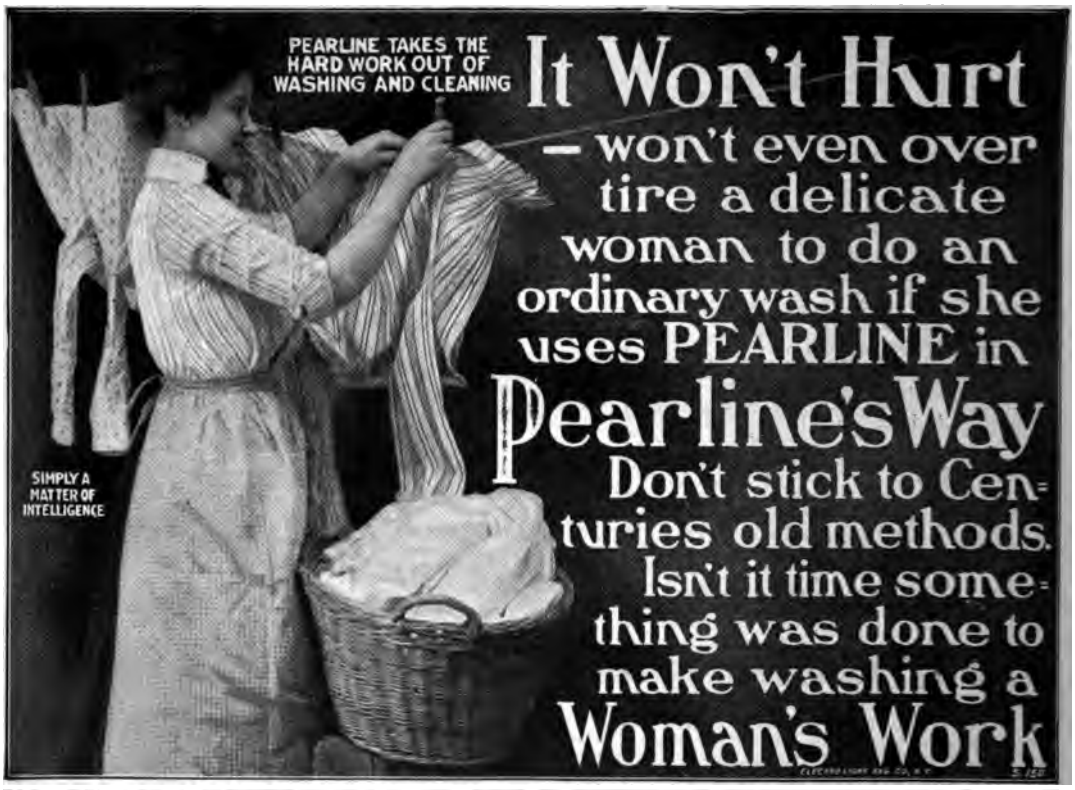

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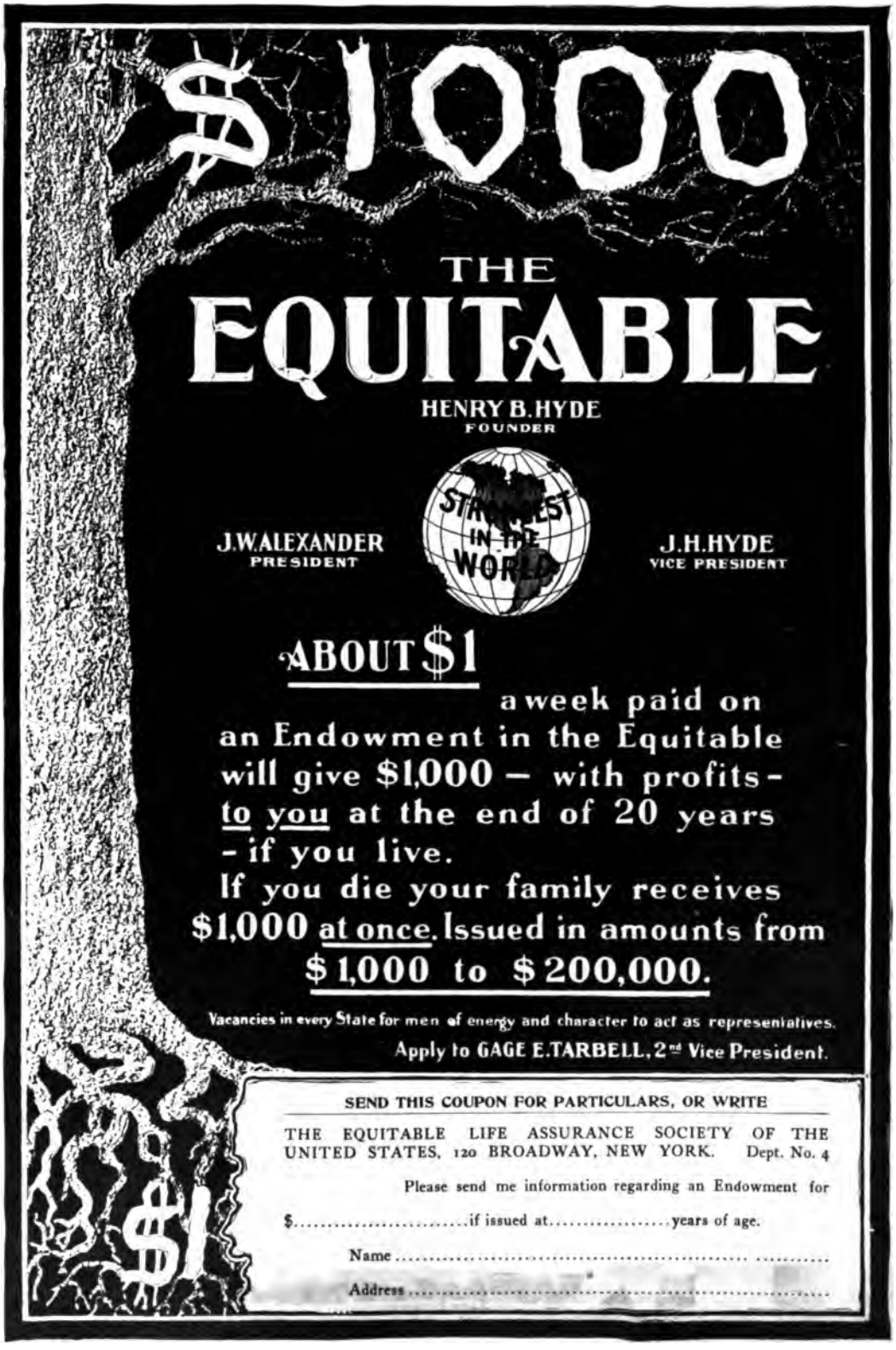
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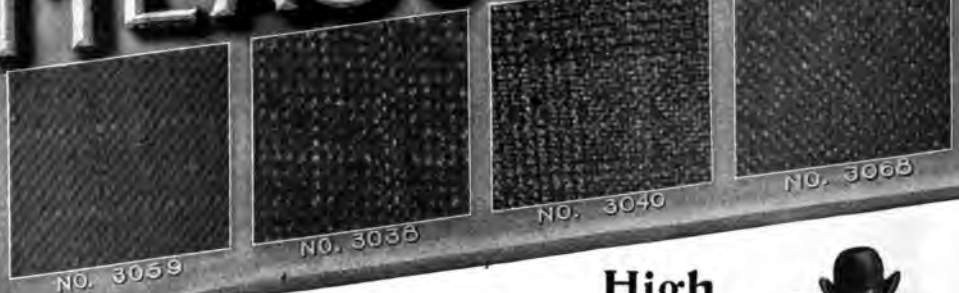

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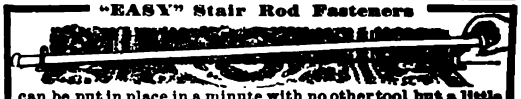

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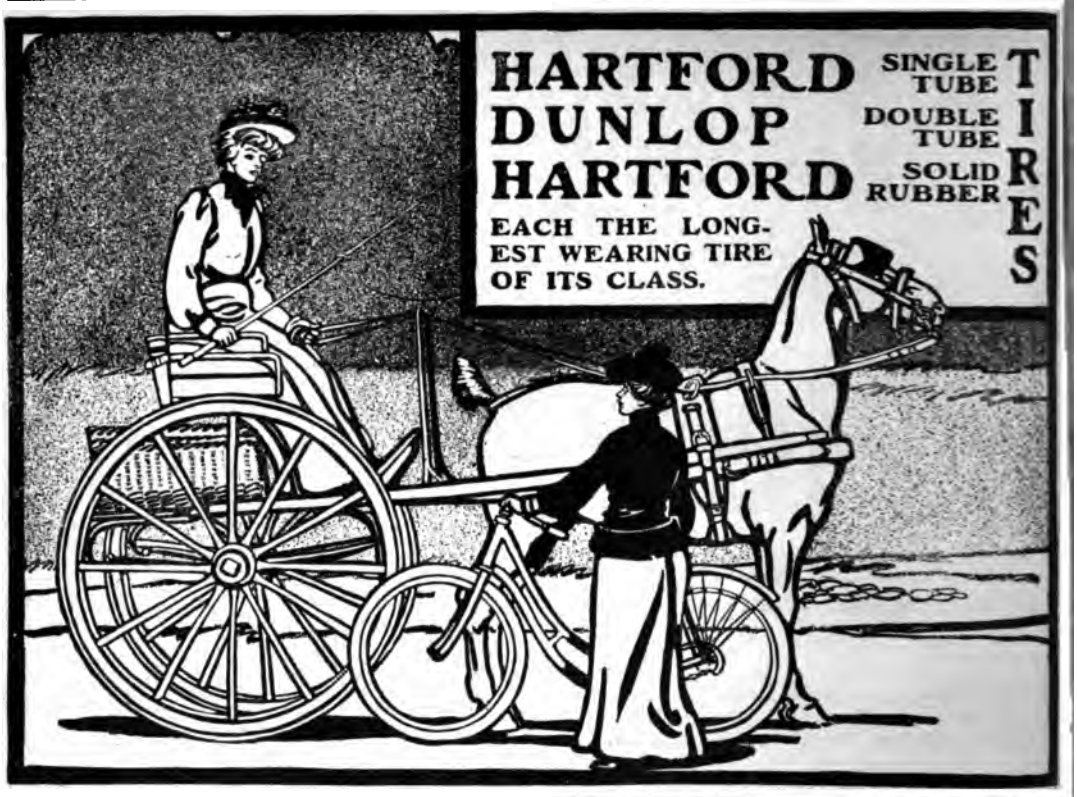

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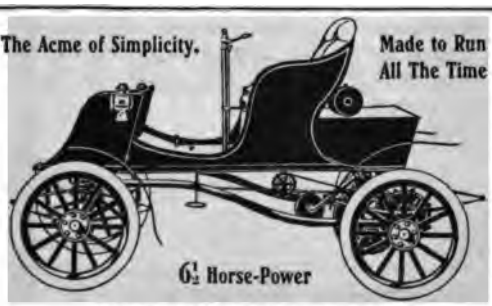

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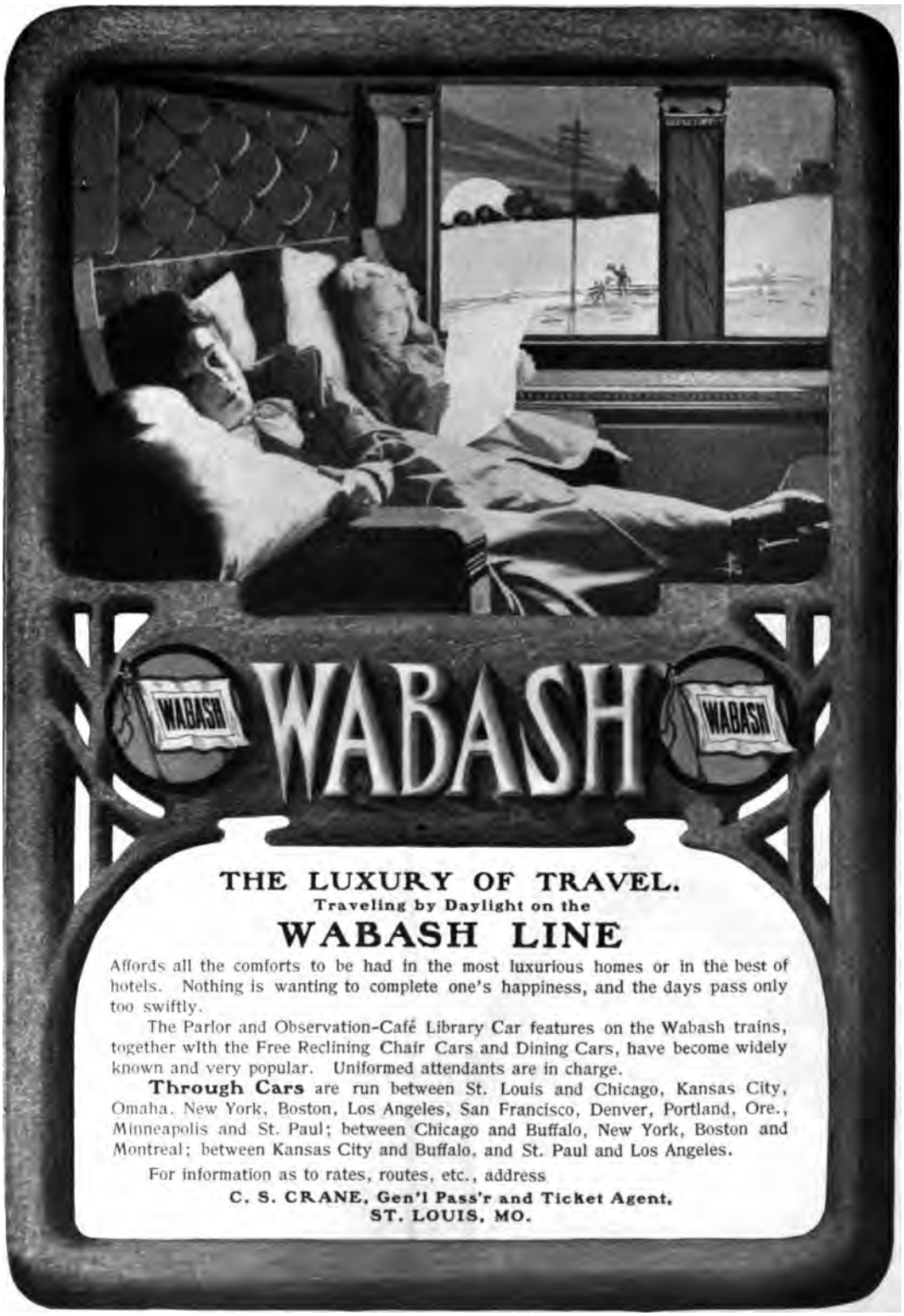

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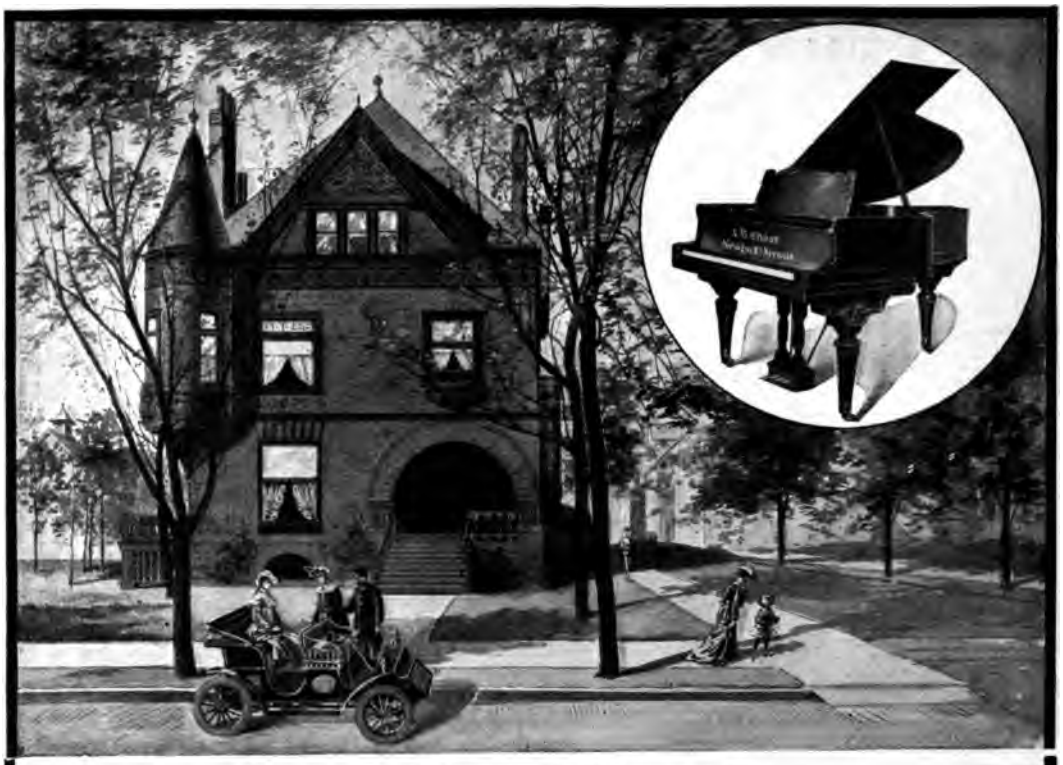

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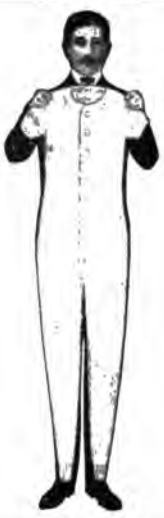

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The process of knitting Lace Knit is our own. Mr. Lewis' best thought was devoted, for twelve years, to inventing a machine that would make an elastic cell-like stitch, because such a fabric **means skin ventilation** and that means **summer comfort.** Lace Knit certainly gives comfort. It is not high-priced and its durability is remarkable. We make it up into Lewis Union Suits and single piece garments. We get letters like this every day:

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24 Samples Free Write us; we send samples and a blank for your measurements. The underwear is made to your measure and a fit guaranteed. This is especially a boon for stout people and those difficult to fit. An interesting free booklet tells about it. Write for it.

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Self-Supporting "Good Luck" **Self-Adjustable**

No belt or suspenders necessary. Can be worn with or without these.

Trousers $3.50

Cool and comfortable. No wrinkling or sagging. Faultless fit.

The "Catch-On" patent can be obtained only on "Good Luck" trousers. It does away with the unsightly fullness in front caused by belt or at the back caused by buckle-strap. The slack goes into the lining inside the pocket and does not show.

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$12 SUITS

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A poor hat, or a "hand-me-down" suit of clothes may worry the wearer, but give no bodily discomfort—with *shoes* it is different. *Most people have trouble with their feet.* A pair of **Ralston Health Shoes** solves the problem. *Ralston* exclusive lasts are the foundation of *Ralston* construction. They are so truly anatomical that perfectly-fitted **Ralston Shoes** need no "breaking-in." They feel like a glove. Note the sectional cut—see how the sole, instead of being straight and hard, conforms to every foot curve. *Ralston* dealers will show you a shoe cut open.

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Genuine Patent Corona Colt Kid (used in all our Patent shoes).

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1902 thin model, 16 size, 21 jewels, 17 jewels, is the best time-keeper made. No exposed winding wheels.

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The chairs and couches may be had either with seats and backs of braided fibre or with cushions of mural cloth filled with the fragrant fibre from the long leaf Southern pine.

The joints are mortised and pinned, giving a construction that insures strength and durability.

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It Isn't Heavy
Weighs but 4 pounds
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It gives that *chic* finish and dress to the bed in day-time. It is a cylinder of corrugated multi-ply paper, easy to handle, wonderfully strong, never wears out. Cover with lace or other material to match the spread.

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Superior finish throughout.

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Made of a vegetable fibre which is absolutely non-absorbent, free from all oils, and cannot mat nor pack down. There are twenty reasons why it is superior to the best hair or cotton mattresses. Will send you an Ezybed on
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31

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Hot-Air Pump,

which lasts a lifetime, and does the work of many servants, far better, too, than they can ever do it. It gives you water in abundance and also insures you against fire. It is the greatest labor saver that any household can employ, and supplies more comforts than any other appliance obtainable.

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Patent pending. (CUT OF NO. 15 CABINET.)

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Full size tools; best quality; fully warranted and sharpened ready for use.

	Height	Width	Depth	Contains	Price
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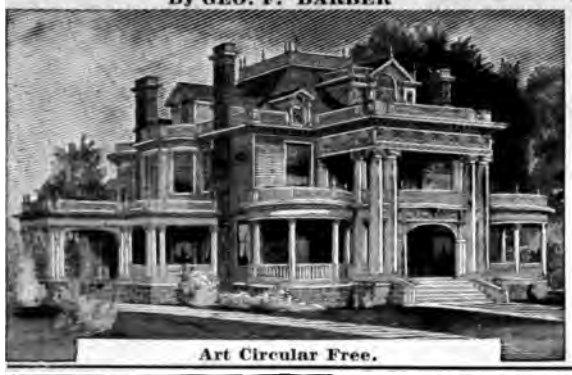

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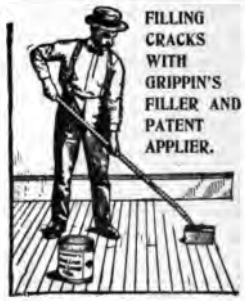

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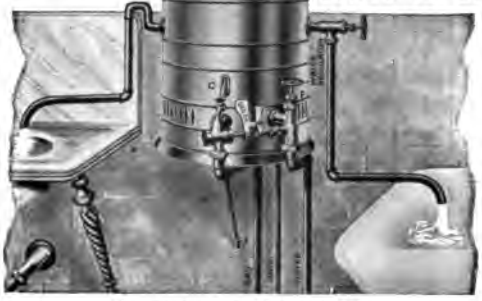

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Your Cigars Free For a Year

A simple business proposition. What you ordinarily spend over the retail counter for **cigars for one year,** will, if spent with us, the manufacturers, furnish you with another year's smoking **free. We save you 50 per cent.,** not by price cutting, but by cutting out the profits and expenses of the jobbers, salesmen and retailers who each make a profit out of you, not out of us. We now sell exclusively to the smoker **direct in any** quantity you wish the same identical time-tested, popular brands of cigars that we formerly made **for the wholesale** trade in case lots at precisely the same factory prices formerly charged them, shipping **your choice of these** same brands **direct from our factory to you.**

We do not claim that we make the best cigars in the world, but we do claim that **we can suit you, and if** actual trial does not confirm all our claims, you will get

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Send for our illustrated catalogue explaining everything, or for **$1.00** we will send a trial package of twenty-five assorted sizes and blends; or for **75** cents twelve ten cent straight and three for a quarter values; or for **50** cents twelve five and ten cent values, each separately wrapped and described, showing **how two for a** quarter and ten cent cigars can be bought in boxes of 25, 50 and 100 for from 4 to 6 cents each; **others from 2 to** 3 cents each. **Transportation always prepaid.**

References—Any bank, any agency, or our customers in every portion of the United States.

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As nearly as our statistician can figure it out, there are 14,816,735 houses in the country where Jap-a-lac is needed—and that in each of these houses its use would save at least twenty dollars a year. A quart can of

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TRADE-MARK

costing 75 cents (at all paint dealers) will make old chairs, picture frames, iron beds, and other furniture look like new. Jap-a-lac on the floor makes a model, beautiful and sanitary finish. Jap-a-lac and rugs are are much better than carpets and dust. With Jap-a-lac your floor may be made any color you choose. Natural Jap-a-lac is the model hard-wood floor finish. It is tough, elastic, and quick-drying. Water does not cloud it, and it does not crack and show white under heel prints. By the same token it is absolutely the finest finish for natural wood-work, and the builder of a new house will save the expense and irritation of a poor finish if he makes the acquaintance of Jap-a-lac before he varnishes. Jap-a-lac is sold by paint dealers everywhere, at 75 cents per quart can, and in larger packages for large users. It is made in thirteen lucky colors.

Oak, Mahogany, Walnut, Cherry, Ox Blood, Brilliant Black, Dead Black, Malachite Green, Natural (or clear), Blue, Ground, Flat White, Gloss White.

On request, addressed to department as below, we will send free booklet and samples of finished woods and demonstration of model floor. Our booklet tells how to make beautiful enamel of all colors. If your dealer hasn't it, we will send a full quart can of any color, express prepaid, to any point in the U. S. on receipt of 75 cents. Don't take any substitute. If your dealer does not keep Jap-a-lac, send us his name and ten cents (to cover cost of mailing) and we will send to any point in the U. S. a sample can (any color) containing sufficient to cover an ordinary chair.

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Comfortable, Substantial and Stylish Upholstering. Samples FREE. Our Price, direct on approval,

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Ship anywhere on approval, allowing furniture in your home five days to be returned at our expense, and money refunded if not all you expect.

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Quartered Oak, beautifully designed, substantially made and highly finished.

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Perfectly made, beautifully finished. Interior conveniently arranged with pigeon-holes, paper rack and private drawers.

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The ends are double strength curved glass, shelves adjustable, height 50 in., width 35 in. A graceful design, strongly made, finished in Golden shade and hand polished.

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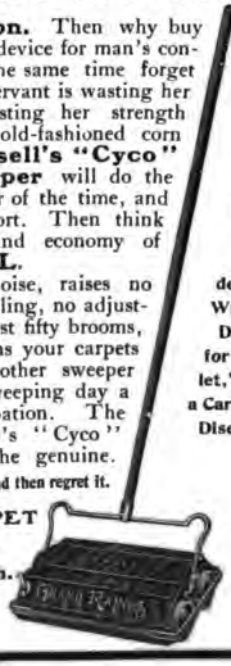

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LIGHT

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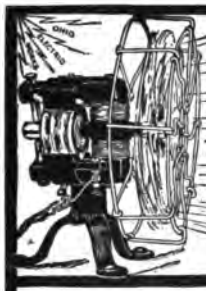

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By killing the germs that cause these diseases, without injury to the tissue, **Hydrozone** does the work.

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Will Make Hair Grow.

This appliance will massage the scalp, and force a healthful circulation. It will stop hair from falling out, and restore a normal growth where live follicles exist. It is used about ten minutes each night before retiring. Price, $35 00, which will be refunded in full if it does not give satisfaction within thirty days. For full particulars address:

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FOR IRRITATIONS, CHAFINGS, ITCHINGS, Rashes, Heat, Perspiration, Lameness, and Soreness no other application so soothing, cooling, and healing as a bath with CUTICURA SOAP, followed by gentle anointings with CUTICURA, purest of emollients. It means instant relief for skin-tortured babies and rest for tired mothers.

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The fundamental principle of the internal bath and its appliance, the **J. B. L. Cascade,** is roughly stated: **Every disease arises from the retention of waste matter in the system—Nature's drainage being clogged.** In the vast majority of cases the clogging is in the colon or large intestine. Positively the one harmless and efficient means of clearing away this waste is the internal bath given by the **J. B. L. Cascade.**

There is **no device or invention** in medicine which, for far-reaching beneficence, for scope of usefulness to sick and well, surpasses **the J. B. L. Cascade.** There is room here merely to touch upon the field, the vastness of which may be suggested to you by pondering on the question: "If external cleanliness is essential to health, how much more important is internal cleanliness."

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This wonderful treatment is in successful use by 200,000 people. It is endorsed and prescribed by eminent physicians. An abundance of letters from grateful people bear witness to its astonishing merit.

We want to send free to every person, sick or well, a simple statement setting forth this treatment. It contains matter which must interest every thinking person. If you live in New York you are earnestly invited to call, but if you cannot call, write for our pamphlet, "The What, The Why, The Way," which will be sent free on application,

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190-page book FREE: tells all about it.

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Produce each a disease having definite pathology. The disease yields easily to the treatment as administered at the following Keeley Institutes:

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This investigation we sincerely invite, since we devote our entire attention to the two maladies above named.

The remedies for these diseases are entirely distinct, and the fact that we are specialists in these diseases *only* should be sufficient for you to overcome your past prejudice, or what others cannot do, and investigate for yourself or some afflicted friend. *Not* patent medicines, and *not* found at drug stores, and only prescribed after analysis.

Note Send your name and address, and we will forward instructions, etc., and will make analysis *absolutely without cost to you*, or obligation to commence our treatment.

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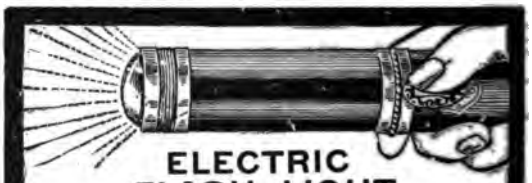

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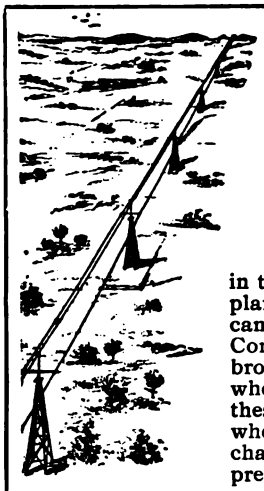

110 MILES OF STEEL TOWERS

The largest order ever placed for steel towers has just been executed by the Aermotor Company, Chicago. The order was for 1200 steel towers to support large electric cables. These towers are to be erected in the interior of Mexico, to carry electricity from an immense water power plant up to the mines, over 100 miles distant. The order for these towers came to the Aermotor Company unsolicited. The reputation of the Aermotor Company for building the best steel towers, for windmill and other purposes, brought them this unusual order. When the engineering and mining experts, who were placing the contract, were making up their specifications for these towers, they found no place in the construction of the Aermotor tower where they could suggest improvement. The sizes of some of the parts were changed to meet their particular needs, but the design of the towers remained precisely the same as the Aermotor Company perfected it years ago.

It was of very great importance to the company buying these towers to secure the greatest possible strength with the least material. These towers were to be placed about 500 feet apart. The weight of the long span of cables would be a very heavy load, to say nothing of the enormous side strain which might come upon the towers. Then, too, the contingency of one or more of the cables breaking, and throwing unequal strain upon different parts of the towers, had to be considered. The Aermotor Company guaranteed these towers to stand until the 3-inch, extra strong wrought iron pipe in the top should bend over. They stood this very severe test without the least indication of buckling in any part of the tower.

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Testing the Towers.

The tops of the corner posts of the Aermotor towers are dovetailed into each other and securely clamped together. This makes them as solid as though they were welded into a single piece. This patented device in the Aermotor tower brings all of the strain directly upon the corner posts where it belongs. The braces and girts have nothing to do but hold the corners in line. Because other makers are not able to adopt this feature, they are compelled to use a large amount of extra material in their towers, and even then their towers are not so strong. Weight often indicates weakness rather than strength. All the weight not needed serves only to bring additional strain upon the parts which must bear it.

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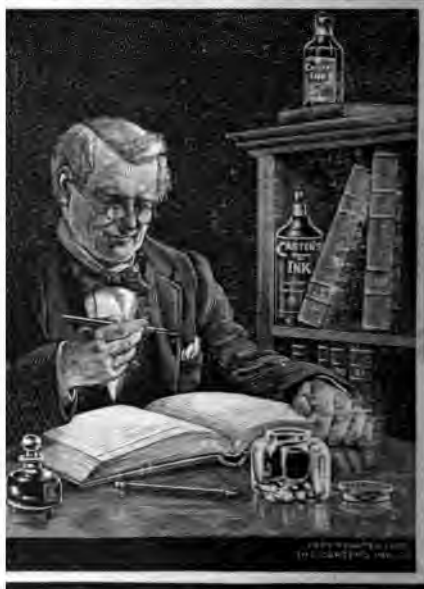

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There are dangerous adulterations of Borax sold. Pure Borax is sold in packages under the name

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$24 buys this genuine oak "Macey" desk, No. 27A, *exactly as illustrated*, direct from our factory at Grand Rapids, Mich., FREIGHT PREPAID east of the Miss. and north of Tenn. points beyond equalized), sent "On Approval," to be returned at our expense if it is not the best roll top desk ever sold at the price.

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A SCIENTIFIC KITCHEN UTENSIL (not a mere coffee-pot), producing a cup clear as amber, whether your coffee be ground, pulverized or steel-cut. Inexpert (even careless) cooks make a beverage pronounced perfect by coffee connoisseurs.

Poured through the patent strainer (which condenses the steam) into a table coffee-pot, your coffee is tastily served without loss of aroma, and is free from the woody flavor of coffee left to settle itself. The second cup tastes as good as the first. It needs no egg to clarify.

The Baker Coffee Maker pays for itself in a few weeks in coffee saved; is simple in construction and easily cleaned; substantially made of replated steel; sold by grocers, or sent, express prepaid, for $1.

Money refunded after 10 days' trial if you want it.

Send for descriptive folder.

BAKER & CO.

212 N. 2d Street, Minneapolis, Minn.

Coffee Importers and Roasters, originators of "Barrington Hall" the Steel Cut Coffee; process patented in the United States and foreign countries.

The Desire for Natural Food is Natural

Mothers, do you not know that children crave Natural food until you pervert their tastes by the use of unnatural food? Unnatural food develops unnatural and therefore wrong propensities and desires in children. Like begets like—pure food, pure minds.

SHREDDED WHOLE WHEAT BISCUIT

is a Natural Food, that is, contains all the properties necessary to perfectly nourish the whole body and mind. ***Made in the most hygienic and scientific food laboratory in the world.*** It has been thrice cooked, and, being crisp, compels thorough mastication, which insures perfect digestion, a strong body and a healthy mind. ***Sold by all grocers.***

Send for "The Vital Question" (Cook Book illustrated in colors) **FREE.** Address

The Natural Food Co., Niagara Falls, N.Y.

Good For Infants

invalids or any one else. From the meadow to your home, every process in producing and shipping is absolutely sanitary.

Highland Brand Evaporated Cream

flows from the can rich in every ingredient which enters into body and mind building. It furnishes the muscle—bone—nerve element—makes weak babies strong. Simply full-cream cow's milk, evaporated, sterilized and canned. Try it in your coffee or on your breakfast food. Most grocers sell it. If yours does not, give us his name and we will send you a sample can free.

Herbert Day's beautiful drawing, "Motherhood," size 11½ x 18 in., given away in exchange for 12 labels taken from pound size Highland cans.

HELVETIA MILK CONDENSING COMPANY
Dept. G, Highland, Illinois
"Where Model Dairy Farms Abound."

WELCH'S GRAPE JUICE

IT MAKES RICH RED BLOOD

In Welch's Grape Juice is offered the choicest product of Chautauqua County Concord Grapes. It is just pure grape juice, without addition or subtraction. The extreme carefulness in each step of the process from vineyard to bottle makes Welch's the grape juice acknowledged as best by physicians.

Welch's Grape Juice is a delicious home necessity. Use it as a beverage and table drink. Dainty desserts are made with it. In cases of sickness it may be given as sole diet.

Add one half water to Welch's and have it better than other kinds.

Sold by the best druggists and fancy grocers. If your dealer will not supply you send $3 for trial dozen pints by express prepaid east of Omaha. Interesting booklet free, 3-oz bottle by mail 10 cents.

THE WELCH GRAPE JUICE CO., Westfield, N.Y.

King Edward drank
WHITE ROCK at the
Lord Mayor's banquet

A Candy Receipt

COCOANUT CREAM BARS

Dissolve 1 lb. sugar in ¼ cup water; boil until it forms a ball when dropped into cold water. Stand a minute. Rub portion against sides of pan, quickly stir into bulk until milky. Mix in quickly pint Dunham's Cocoanut. Make into bars and stand.

Mrs. S. T. RORER.

Dunham's
Cocoanut

retains all the delicious, delicate flavor of the cocoanut—a natural, wholesome and nutritious food. The beautiful snow-white appearance is fresh, natural purity, carefully preserved and protected. These trade-marks on our triple cover dust-proof package.

Send your name and address on a postal for "Dainty Desserts"—54 receipts illustrated.

DUNHAM MFG. CO., 633 N. Main St., St. Louis

A GOOD DIGESTION

is assured if you insist upon having your soup seasoned with McILHENNY'S

Tabasco Sauce

It stimulates and promotes a healthy, vigorous condition of the stomach.

McILHENNY'S Tabasco Sauce

is a concentrated liquid pepper—purer than any ground pepper. It takes three years in the process of making.

A few drops of McILHENNY'S

Tabasco Sauce

in the basting of your roast will give a rich flavor and will be found a potent aid to digestion. Incomparable for soups and salad dressings. Try it and be convinced. At all grocers.

Write for booklet, with new and unique recipes. Address

McILHENNY'S TABASCO, NEW IBERIA, LA.

ALPHA SALAD CREAM is the ideal salad dressing for all varieties of salads. It is also the ideal sauce or relish for cold meats, canned salmon, shrimp or lobster, fish cakes, baked beans, cold slaw, cold cauliflower or asparagus, cold hash or on sandwiches.

ALPHA SALAD CREAM is absolutely pure. Never separates. Never spoils. Those who like oil can add their favorite brand with perfect results. Samples not mailable.

All Grocers

MARTHA TAFT WENTWORTH Recipe Book (60 recipes and suggestions) **SENT FREE** for grocer's name. This book includes premium list. Informs you how to secure **THE NEW GAME OF DIAMONDS FREE.** This game sells at 50 cents to $1, according to style and quality of board.

WONDERLAND PUDDING TABLETS. One tablet makes a quart of milk into a milk jelly, more delicious, refreshing and nourishing than other desserts. **Also make delicious ice cream.** Package of 10 Tablets by mail 10 cents. No samples.

THE H. J. BLODGETT CO., Inc.,
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EAT THIS
UNDERWOOD'S
ORIGINAL
DEVILED HAM

The pure and delicate Deviled Ham which has been on the market for years and years, and never found wanting. Sugar-cured ham and fine, pure spices is all that we use. It is delicious for sandwiches, at lunch, picnic, or tea, and in the chafing-dish. Our Book contains a lot of unique and practical receipts. We will send it FREE.

Underwood's Original Deviled Ham

may be bought at any good grocers, but be sure you see on the can THE LITTLE RED DEVIL.

Wm. Underwood Co., Boston, Mass., U.S.A.

DO IT NOW

Send to your grocer to-day for one package each of the four flavors of JELL-O: Lemon, Orange, Raspberry and Strawberry. So easy to prepare and pleases the taste of everybody. JELL-O is now being used by millions of families throughout the world, and is the most delightful dessert preparation on the market.

Sold by grocers everywhere. 10c. per package

Prepared by THE GENESEE PURE FOOD CO., LE ROY, N.Y.

The
DRESWEL
"The Silk that Won't Hold Creases"

The new Auerbach tangle—it can't wear out. Made of buttonhole silk, as strong as wire, woven into heavy grenadine silk!

The Dreswel comes in colors suitable for all complexions. It's a tie for women as well as men. The newest spring shape. 1½ inches wide, 50 inches long. In solid colors, with plain white or white and black edge. Every one of 'em is guaranteed. **Price, 50c.**

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BOSTON
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The Name is stamped on every loop —

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Lies flat to the leg—never Slips, Tears nor Unfastens
ALWAYS EASY

Send 50c. for Silk, 25c. for Cotton, Sample Pair.

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GOLD MEDAL PARIS, 1900—
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is not a **TALCUM** powder. It combines a luxury with a household necessity. Its use brings instant comfort for chafing, tender skins, and can be used to great advantage after shaving. It is absolutely free of any mineral substance that might endanger the complexion in any way.
Bijou box of powder by mail, 6 cents.
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VEGETABLE SICILIAN
HAIR RENEWER

Always restores color to gray hair, all the dark, rich color it used to have. The hair stops falling, grows long and heavy, and all dandruff disappears. An elegant dressing for the hair, keeping it soft and glossy. A high-class preparation in every way.

If your druggist cannot supply you, send $1.00 to R. P. Hall & Co., Nashua, N. H.

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THE MARLBOROUGH

FREED from all middlemen's commissions, the products of the Close Couch Company of Toledo, Ohio, are now sold at a price impossible under any other conditions. Fine leather couches at prices from 50 to 70 per cent. lower than at retail, and from 5 to 15 per cent. under the usual factory prices are worth investigating, are they not? **Write to-day for catalogue.**

The Marlborough, $32.50

No. 242. A phenomenally popular, large Turkish leather couch; genuine leather, best machine-buffed stock, No. 1; genuine solid mahogany mouldings; piano finish; spring edge; frame of selected seasoned hard wood; six rows of tufts, small, diamond-shaped; all hand work; genuine curled hair filling in cushions; buttons are all attached with double steel prongs, guaranteed never to pull out; contains thirty hand-tempered, single cone steel springs; size, 78 x 30 inches; ball-bearing casters. Would cost at retail from $50.00 to $70.00. The ordinary mail order factory price is $37.50. The Close Price, cash with order, $32.50.

The Marlborough is sent on approval

to responsible parties, and we authorize you to return the couch if it is not positively the best couch ever sold at such a remarkably low price. No discounts to clubs. No couches sold to dealers. We prepay freight to points east of the Mississippi and north of the Tennessee River. Liberal allowance to points beyond.

Toledo Bank References { First National Bank, Holcomb National Bank, Second National Bank, Northern National Bank, Merchants' National Bank, National Bank of Commerce

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THE "BRISTOL"
STEEL FISHING RODS

HAVE BECOME A STAPLE NECESSITY.

Fishermen—and women, too—are delighted with their action, and are pleased to recommend them. Send for our FREE CATALOG, and learn what it tells—then buy a rod and see what it will *do*. Address

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The
Beattie Cigarette Machine

is a handsome nickel-plated novelty that will roll a perfect cigarette from your favorite tobacco. It distributes the tobacco evenly, firmly presses it into shape, while the cigarette always has a uniform diameter. Makes a cigarette of long cut or granulated tobacco. Satisfaction guaranteed. Thousands in use. If your dealer can't supply you, the machine will be sent by mail to any address on receipt of **35 cents.**

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There are CHEATS being sold

by swindling upholsterers as

PANTASOTE

These cellulose imitations look like Pantasote, but their surfaces become hard and brittle, crack, scale and crumble, are dangerously inflammable, and generally worthless.

Pantasote grows handsomer with use, remains always flexible, never cracks, peels nor rots, is fire-proof, and can be cleansed with soap and water. It looks exactly like Morocco, wears as well, and costs but half as much.

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The name Pantasote is always stamped on selvage edge. Sample 6 x 15 inches for 2c. stamp and your upholsterer's name. A piece 18 x 18 inches for 25 cts. in stamps.

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$8.00 Buys this Vault

For the Home, Doctors, Lawyers, Professional People, and small business uses.

MEILINK'S HOME DEPOSIT VAULT.

The **only** absolutely fire-proof, water-proof and **damp-proof** vault made. Absolute protection from Fire, Water, Sneak Thieves, dishonest and curious people.

We make 15 styles and sizes—$8 to $23.50. Save you safety deposit box rental—just as secure—more convenient.

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The Meilink Mfg. Co.,
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$35.00 Desk for $23.00

This handsome office desk, made of **"Texas Mahogany,"** highly polished and well made throughout, direct from factory for only $23.00 if cash with order; or $24.20 if sent on approval. Satisfaction is guaranteed or money refunded, and returned at our expense.

Width, 48 inches; depth, 30 inches; height, 45 inches. 4 large drawers on left side with filing compartments, double drawer on right with 3 bookstalls and complete indexed letter files. Dust-proof roll curtain, automatically locking drawers, 2 extension slides, novel pigeon-hole arrangement. Rich in appearance.

Send for descriptive catalog. References: Hackley National Bank, Muskegon, Mich.

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Sent Free

I will send free to any address an illustrated booklet, "A Guide to Table Buying"—something every one who has a dining table or expects to buy one should have.

The best dining table to buy is a pedestal table fitted with a Tyden Lock. This Lock **draws the table together and locks it,** preventing it standing open at top or bottom. A pedestal table looks better, is more convenient to use, has more style than a five-legged table, and has no legs in the way.

The Tyden Lock is entirely out of sight, easily operated, made of steel, never gets out of order, and can be put on any pedestal table. If your table stands open, **write me** and **I will assist you** in getting the defect corrected.

HOW TO GET A TYDEN LOCK FREE.

Be sure it is on the pedestal dining table when you buy it.

Tables containing the Tyden Lock are made by the following manufacturers and sold to dealers only:

N. St. Paul Table Co., Minneapolis; Barnard-Cope Mfg. Co., Minneapolis; Nieman & Weinhardt Table Co., Chicago; Hastings Table Co., Hastings, Mich.; Chicago Table Works, Chicago; Charlotte Mfg. Co., Charlotte, Mich.; St. Anthony Furniture Co., St. Paul; Windsor Folding Bed Co., Chicago; Lentz Table Co., Nashville, Mich.

In buying a dining table bear these points in mind:

There is no excuse for buying a pedestal table without a lock; one with the Tyden Lock will always be satisfactory, and **any dealer** can get one for you.

If your dealer should tell you that the tables he sells do not need a lock, investigate before you pay your money. Every firm mentioned in this ad. will tell you different. **They have tried it.**

There are no better extension table manufacturers in this country than those using the Tyden Lock. If a pedestal table could be made satisfactorily without the Tyden Lock, some of these firms would have made them. **If a table is not locked** in the **pedestal** it will eventually sag and open at the bottom, and never be satisfactory.

A dealer may try to convince you a lock in a pedestal table is not necessary; **ask him** if he will **guarantee** to take back the table and **refund** the **money** if it eventually opens either at the top or bottom.

There are many so-called table locks, but the Tyden Lock is the **only one** that has proven itself satisfactory under all circumstances.

The Tyden Lock is now being used on over 15,000 pedestal tables, and there has never been a complaint or a dissatisfied user.

If a dealer tells you he has not found table locks satisfactory, remember that **I personally guarantee the Tyden Lock** to give entire satisfaction. **You run no risk whatever.**

Pedestal tables have been the highest standard of dining tables for over 100 years, and will continue to be.

E. TYDEN,
122 Greene Street, Hastings, Mich.

VIEW OF NEW YORK CITY FROM OUR PROPERTY

NEW YORK'S MILLIONAIRES

have, in many cases, made their fortunes in New York real estate. Shrewd business men are embracing the same opportunity to-day of securing a share in the tremendous increase of values of desirable property being opened up in the suburbs of New York. Our property,

GRANTWOOD-ON-HUDSON

on the Palisades, opposite Grant's Tomb, has already become a beautiful suburb; has macadam streets, flag walks, curb, gas, water, unexcelled sewerage system, schools, churches, etc. Sixty new homes built in two years; more going up now.

Lots sold in 1899 for $450 now bring $950. Values **have** doubled, and **will** double again in the same time. Two-thirds of this property has been sold. Only 15 minutes to downtown commercial districts. Immediately west lies

MORSEMERE

where we have made same improvements as at Grantwood. Large number of new houses, likewise $7,000 new R. R. Station, and beautiful Park, now in process of completion.

Lots at Morsemere, $150 to $700. At Grantwood, $700 to $1,000; as desirable as those sold for the same price in Harlem or Bronx (in the upper part of New York City) ten years ago, which now bring from $4,000 to $20,000 each.

Easy payments: $15 down and $5 monthly for lots under $700.

These properties have already proven their immense profit possibilities; but to demonstrate our faith in their future increase, we will guarantee that if the actual increased value within two years from your purchase (as determined by the selling price of similar lots at that time) is not equal to 15 per cent. per annum on your cash investment, we will refund your entire cash paid, with interest at 6 per cent.

R. R. STATION AT MORSEMERE

If interested, come to New York and visit these properties. We will pay your railroad fare. But don't delay. Take advantage of this opportunity at once. We strongly advise your reserving lots at once, as, owing to steady increase in values, prices will be advanced at least 10 per cent. within the next few months.

Write to-day for full particulars. Testimonials from buyers who have already sold at a profit, photographic views, etc.

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no better bicycles at any price.
Any other make or model you want at one-third usual price. Choice of any standard tires and best equipment on all our bicycles. *Strongest guarantee.*
RIDER AGENTS WANTED in every town to buy sample wheel at *special price* and take orders for our improved '03 models. *There's big money in it.*
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500 Good 2nd-hand Wheels $3 to $8.
DO NOT BUY a bicycle until you have written for our free catalog with large photographic engravings and full descriptions.
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Marble's Automatic Gaff

One of Marble's Automatic Gaffs will catch and hold any fish you can hook. You just reach out and touch the fish when near the boat and the gaff automatically seizes and holds him.

No. 1 gaff is big enough for bass or any fish up to 20 pounds in weight, **$1.50.**
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Either, finished in nickel, 50 cents extra.

Marble's Fish Knives are more satisfactory than others because handsomer and better made—85 cents and $1.00.
Send for catalogue F.
Sold by dealers or direct from the
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Best makes of Cameras from 10 to 60% below Manufacturers' prices.

SUPPLIES AT SIMILAR DISCOUNTS.

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Dozens of others in my bargain list. Write for it to-day.

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Full Size

Solid Silver, 50 Cents.
Saves time and temper.

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A full line of supplies. Write for particulars. Dept. A.
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Great gain in utility; no loss in convenience.

Folding Weno Hawk-Eye

with Special Equipment

A superb camera for amateur or even professional use. Latest features include long focus double extra rapid rectilinear lens, extension bed, rising and falling front.

Folding Wenos are pocket cameras using either Perforated Daylight Loading or Cartridge Film. They have two tripod sockets and reversible brilliant finder. Can be fitted with glass plate attachment.

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Hawk-Eye film is prepared for Development in the Kodak Developing Machine.

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is an evening of pure photographic delight. An "after-supper paper" for the amateur.

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Platinum effects; easy manipulation.

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Made with a Turner-Reich.

You cannot afford to buy a camera before you've seen and examined the new **KORONAS.**

You need an Anastigmat? We have two to offer: The **TURNER-REICH** and the **VERASTIGMAT.**

How about a Wide-Angle Lens in cells to fit your shutter? It's an **EMIL** you want.

Send for our Catalogue A.

Gundlach-Manhattan Optical Co.,
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No Camera quite so good as a

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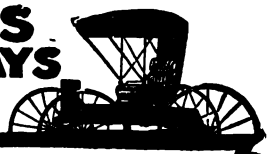

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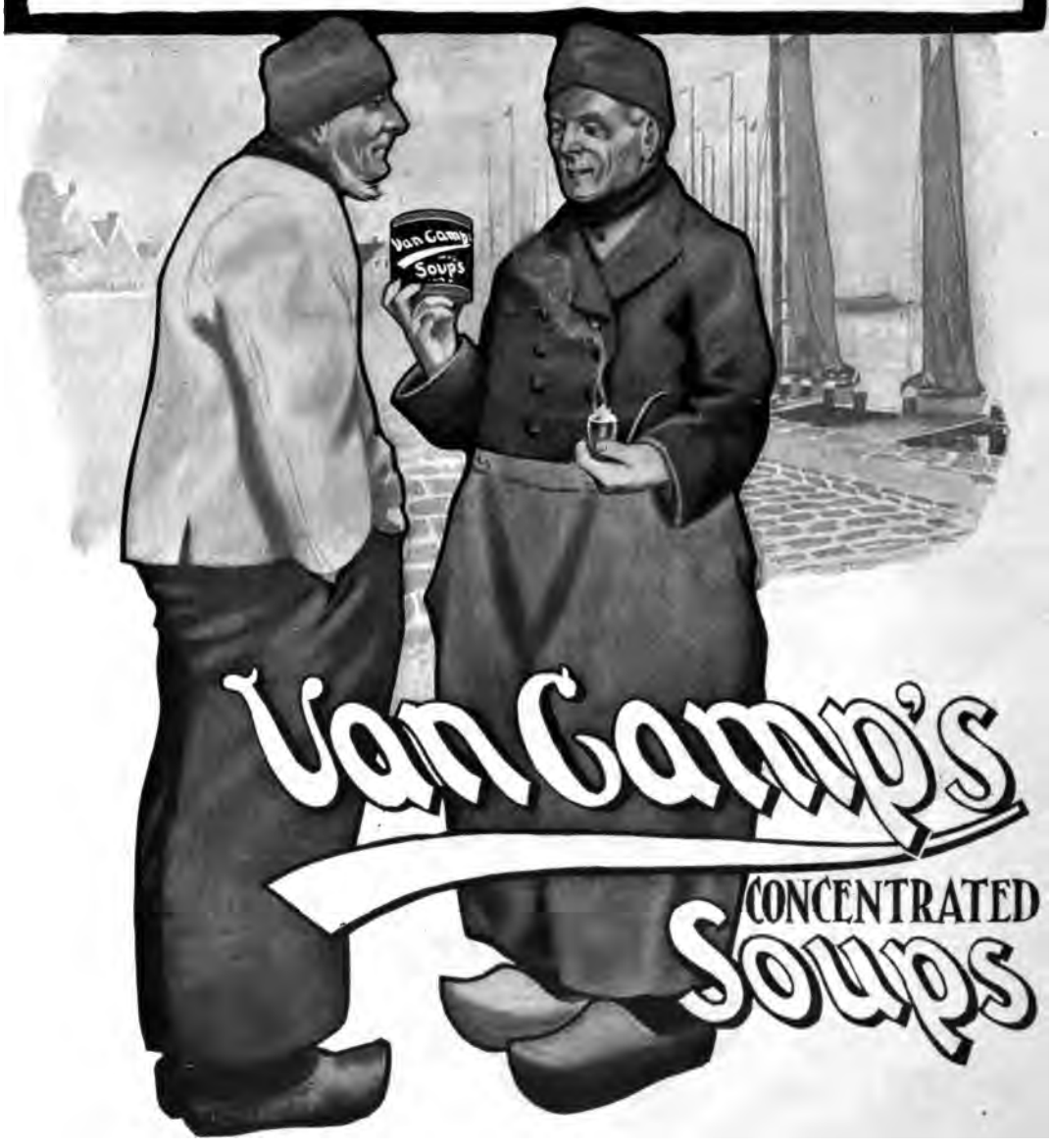

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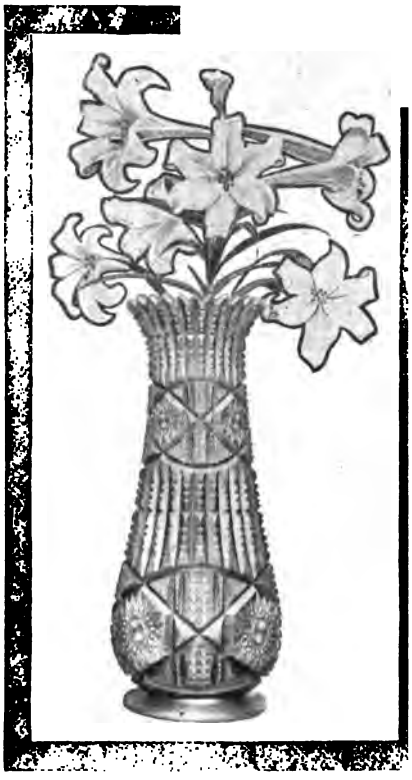

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